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PICTURE-PLAY
MAGAZINE
MAR. 1925

THE BEST MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN
BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER
What the Fans Think
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Betty Compson's Latest Rôle
A glimpse of her in "Old Lives for New."

Girls Who Risk Their Lives
Bringing the retiring doubles and their exploits into the foreground.

In Spite of the Sheiks
The Nordic Regnum Denny inspires many heart thumps.

"Slap 'Em Down Good!"
Mack Sennett expounds his theory of comedy success.

Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue
A new portrait of the screen player and his bride.

The Stars Answer a Fan Club Query
Replies from some players on the bobbed-hair question.

Over the Teacups
Fanny the Fan's random chatter on the news reel of the film world.

Comparing the Old with the New
How theatrical favorites of years ago contrast with those of to-day.

The Observer
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Favorite Picture Players
Portraits in rotogravure of popular motion-picture players.

A Glimpse at Geraldine Farrar
A friendly talk with the celebrated artist in which she discusses screen productions and players.

With Hollywood at the Fights
Sharing the weekly boxing thrill with the loyal and the elite of the film world.

Looking on with An Extra Girl
An intimate account of work on the sets, and close-up impressions of all favorites as Ronald Colman, Alice Joyce, and Blanche Sweet.

Among Those Present
Brief personality sketches of Louise Dresser, Sojin Kamiyama, Claire McDow, Marc Antony Gonzales, Edith Roberts, Frank Butler, Natalie King, Carlo Schupf, Rowland V. Lee, Emily Fitzroy, Ralph Graves, and C. Eames.

The Screen in Review
Pungent criticism of new productions.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Personalities of Paramount

Cecil B. De Mille

Director General of Paramount Pictures

The name of Cecil B. De Mille is written in letters of fire and gold across the entire history of motion pictures.

In the uncharted land of Filming Life he has pioneered from picture to picture, devising and improvising point after point of technique that has since become axiomatic with the industry.

In the wake of his progress he has left more than a score of world-encircling productions, all Paramount Pictures, and all so successful that nothing short of his own "Ten Commandments" could out-shine them.

The glory of his example set such a torch to the ambition of others that he may be truthfully called director-maker and star-maker.

His philosophy is that the motion picture can be made the greatest instrument of human entertainment and stimulus to perfection ever dreamt of, and every Paramount Picture he makes is practical precept and proof of it.

If you saw "Male and Female", "Mandilah", "Feet of clay", "The Golden Bed", or "The Ten Commandments", you know the art of this super-director.

Cecil De Mille is now making "Sorrows of Satan"

Jean Macpherson's screen play of Marie Corelli's story

 Paramount Pictures

Setting the Genius of the Screen

Many kinds of talent go to the making of great photoplays.

Like a precious stone, motion picture genius requires setting, and to do this, guarantees and money and organization must be forthcoming from somewhere in advance of the creation of any real values whatsoever.

In the past the Great Aristocrat was the patron of art and within the portals of his palace a place was made for the Artist.

Today, Business Organization is the Patron, holding the sacred trust in fee for all the millions of people who seek the spirit of that intenser life called Art at the motion picture theatre.

And Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is proud to realize that there are millions who demand to know nothing more about a picture before they go than that its name is Paramount.
WHAT SUCCESS MEANS TO AN ACTOR

We think of success as bringing all the things we dream about—money, recognition, luxury, case—and so it does. But with all this there also comes a certain number of disappointments, the feeling that some of the things which make life worth while during the period of the hardest struggle, have vanished.

In talking with Myrtle Gebhart not long ago, Rod La Rocque dropped a remark along that line, and our interviewer induced him to tell her more about the things which he misses, now that he is near the topmost rung of the ladder of screen success. It was a frank, intimate talk, and one that will make you feel that you understand, better than you ever have before, how a player feels after he has really arrived. This article will appear in our next issue, and we hope that none of our readers will miss it.

No one who cares for motion pictures can help but be interested in Cecil De Mille. Another of his lavish productions, “The Golden Bed,” is about to be released, and next month Margaret Reid will tell you about her experiences in working in some of the elaborate sequences of the picture. Like every person who gets an engagement in a De Mille production, she was wildly excited, and her account of the experiences is a vivid one.

These are but two of the many extremely interesting articles which we are preparing for our next issue. Those by Norbert Lusk, Helen Klumph, Malcolm H. Oettinger, and others, we shall hold as surprises.
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Name...
R. P. D., Box No. or Street and No....

Town... State...
What the Fans Think

Analytic Shirley wrote a letter large and burly
To the editor of Picture-Play—now
What d’you think of that?
With scintillating turn of wit; consideration—not a bit—
She knocked hot words of censure from a caustic lingual bat.
The school of Griffith acting, with description quite exacting,
She tried to say was—wormy!—and would make your senses crawl.
While attributing rank vagary to an artist like La Negri,
She knocked our idol over and then nicked her on the fall!
Oh, me! Oh, my! Poor dearie! I suppose she’s sort of weary—
Another wisecrack ingénue ennui’d of life and art—
So when we corner Lubitsch, or director Whosiswho-vitsch
We’ll send for Shirley Adamson and let her have the part.
Reddy Reader.
1118 Elm Street, Utica, New York.

“What Can I Do?”
Is there anything a loyal fan can do when she sees
a well-loved idol slide from the heights down, down into the depths of obscurity? When she looks up from the magazine in which the fatal ultimatum is written, and can hardly see for tears the familiar photograph on the desk before her, with “kind wishes to you” scrawled on it in a firm, boyish hand, and then turns back to the magazine and reads the words “vaudeville contract” over again—well, it’s hard, isn’t it? There must be many others who have followed Gareth Hughes from the Sentimental Tommy days to the moment just described; others, too, must be echoing my unhappy question: What can I do?
Isn’t there anything I can do?
Ruth Raymond.
23 Revere Street, Lexington, Massachusetts.

From a Reader at Oxford.
As a regular reader of your usually admirable paper, I am sorry to disagree strongly with something that appeared in your November issue—“Friends of Miss Frederick will overlook an unworthy earlier effort,” you say, clearly referring to “Let Not Man Put Assunder.”
If “friends of Miss Frederick” are so foolish as to do so, they will miss her most remarkable performance, which is the same as saying the finest single performance yet seen on the screen. The fact that Miss Frederick is not playing a showy dramatic part ought not to blind any one to the extraordinary subtlety and intelligence of her acting, both in comedy and tragedy. True, the film is dull, the continuity weak, and the story foolish, but so are many popular films which are not redeemed by a performance of the highest genius. Your critic in an otherwise charming article denies “pastel tones” to Miss Frederick’s art. Surely she is the great, the only mistress of half shades on the screen. Who but she can express all the irony of a situation by the gesture with which she hands a teacup or despair by the faintest hardening of a smile? Her performance in “Let Not Man Put Assunder” is a lesson in character drawing without any tricks of manner or make-up. She is the only actress who can subordinate the expression of emotion to the delineation of character.
Miss Frederick never appears on any list of the “best actresses” or rather box-office attractions. But then I fear she is not what your clever critic would call “a cutie.”
A. Asquith.

An Interesting Question.
Why is it that after the players make a little progress up the ladder of fame they never graduate into the Pickford-Fairbanks-Meighan class? From small parts as a rule, into leading rôles, occasionally, they are starred. But even so, not one out of a hundred ever makes any real strides forward. They only get half-way up the hill when, for some reason the public becomes bored, and they swiftly start on the decline.
For instance, Bessie Love, Lois Wilson, Zasu Pitts, Irene Rich, Myrtle Stedman, Raymond Hatton, and a few other excellent players, are outstanding hits in several new pictures, but they don’t seem to enjoy any more popularity or secure any larger rôles than such players as Clara Bow, Norma Shearer, Patsy Ruth Miller, Jacqueline Logan, and Madge Bellamy. And they seem to be just as high up the ladder as they can climb.
Lee Bailey.
Box 176, Fulton, Arkansas.

Attention, Mr. Hays!
After having seen the vulgar French farce, “Open All Night,” I am more assured than ever that there are some pictures that are diseased and need doctoring before they are served to the gullible public. The doctor, Mr. Hays, was certainly napping when that offen-
Continued on page 10
What Price Would YOU Pay to Become a Movie Star?

If you were young and beautiful but unknown and poor, what sacrifices would you be willing to make to gain wealth and fame? Would you be prepared to pay the price that Minnie Flynn paid?

Don't miss the magazine sensation of the year—

“The Rise and Fall of Minnie Flynn”

by

FRANCES MARION

(one of the highest paid scenario writers in the world—author of such film successes as “Tarnish,” “Cytherea,” “Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood,” etc.)

With the same keen insight that has made Frances Marion famous as a scenario writer she takes you straight behind the screen into the studios—into the offices of the magnates—into the luxurious homes of the great stars. She shows you the intrigues, the follies, the costly extravagances, the lavish entertainments, the gorgeous costumes, jewels, yachts, country homes and, with it all, the price that is often paid for what the world calls success.

PICTORIAL REVIEW

FOR FEBRUARY — 15c A COPY — ON SALE NOW
**What the Fans Think**

Continued from page 8

Wee trash slipped by the censors. It had an impressive cast. I expected too much of it and went to see it in spite of the cheap title. Jetta Goudal was all that redeemed it.

**Florrie Stanton.**

Spokane, Wash.

**A Protest from Norway.**

I was very surprised—and a little angry, too!—when I read the letter from Claudine Gault in the November Picture-Play. She says that Conway Tearle, Milton Sills, and James Kirkwood cannot act. Here is a letter to the three best actors on the American screen, especially Conway Tearle.

Mira, Solie.

Toldbodag, 38, Fredrikstad, Norway.

**What An Australian Fan Thinks.**

It is very foolish of ignorant people to run down motion pictures, as they are one of the greatest things we have. There are very few pictures which you cannot sit through about ten per cent, I should say—and the other ninety per cent are the best possible kind.

Pauline Crawford.

Darlinghurst, Sydney, New South Wales, Australia.

**Do We Defy the Stars?**

I certainly agree with Mr. Nendesberg's friend that the motion-picture industry is "nothing more nor less than a plaything for women." The pictures that we are obliged to look at these days at the price that can be righteously termed "robbery" are junk. There are a few exceptions, but the number is very small.

The movie magazines for a major portion of this condition. They defy the star rather than acknowledge the true worth of a picture. As a result the producers go into the circus business and exhibit their stars in zoological garden fashion, forgetting that plot and action are requisites of a good picture. I do believe that there would be a great idea to retrograde some years back when the names of the players were unknown to the public, and hence the public did not care about the player as such, but thought only of the finished product—the picture, the plot, and action.

It is up to the movie magazines to better the movies, and a little criticism here and there would open the eyes of the producers that the public is getting sick of the stuff that emanates from their studios.

B. S.

**An Admireable Stand.**

Miss Klumph has brought to the attention of the interesting phase of interviewing. She has taken an admirable stand. One that few writers would have the honesty and courage to admit to.

There are undesirables in every profession, and as the majority of film players are lovable and regular people, such players as the two she mentioned should be. Miss Klumph says, ignored.

And there is nothing more fatal to their vanity than that.

It is just such conscientious and truthful criticism and support of the Picture-Play staff, such as Miss Klumph's, Myrtle Williams, Malcolm Oettinger, and the rest, that have made Picture-Play Magazine leader in the field of fan publications.

Dorothea Luyou.

2064 Vyse Avenue, New York City.

"The Wooden Soldiers."

Not long ago, while listening to "The Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," and being fascinated, as I always am, by the Russian rhythm, the Russian melody, and the odd Russian snap, it occurred to me that all Russian players may claim to the origination of the celebrated wooden soldiers, they cannot, now, assert themselves as holding a monopoly on the rapidly growing output of sameness. America has swung into the open contest and now bids fair to out-Quauve the Sorris, with a parade of wooden actors that marches across the screen rather than out of it.

At practically every picture I see now the overtone seems to be the well-known "clock striking twelve," and then "the fun brothers" all paired—like tidily arrayed manikins—stand aside and watch, with wondering eyes, as the audience "mentally sighs, "Ah, here they come again."

Then, before our eyes passes "The Parade of the Wooden Actors," greatest success of "The Cinematic Revue." As the enthusiasts cheer and the soldiers draw near, we recognize Jack Holt as the "captain, stiff as starch," all docked out in the same uniform, his little mustache topping the wind and his chin thrust out in characteristic gesture. Evidently, knit in them all he leads the rest, proudly and with the perfect degree of mechanical movement that has promoted him, suddenly, from a bit player to the esteemed rank of captain.

Next in line, we see Milton Sills, a paragon of wooden grace, himself—his eyes squinted, against the sunlight, and his face reddening, for no reason in particular. Some day—ah, yes—some day, if he but work faithfully, he may attain captaincy.

The parade follow in line according to their respective prowess in the great art of stiffness and lifelessness.

Not now, we see Lewis Stone striding along—deeply concerned over a commonplace parade. Just behind him, Conway Tearle almost breaks his perpetual scowl by smiling at a beautiful young Griffithian player, and James Kirkwood staggers along behind Percy Marmon, stiffly, yet a bit uncertainly.

The next one in line is really the most perfect soldier in the parade. His demeanor is dignified and patiently resigned and his movements forceful and long-suffering. Ah!—Eugene O'Brien—what an admirable character, a credit to the great art of woodenism!

In the soldier who follows we sense a feeling of wistfulness and a broad hint of self-condemnation. John Barrymore renews the movie public with a fine scorn.

"If I had not wasted my genius on the screen, this should not have been my idea of life. Now—on the stage in Hamlet!"

And on and on the parade passes, until the toyshop door fades shut, and the next week, with the opening, revealing real actors, why, "there's no sign the wood was ever out upon parade."

Trux MacKenzie.

Orange Villa, Daytona, Fla.

**Concerning Positive Statements.**

I have always been angered by positive statements about anything which cannot definitely be proven—from politics and religious literature and the theater. Many things are possible and might be so, but I do not accept them according to what individuals think. Therefore, when a writer says, in this department, "We all know that Ramon Novarro is the screen's greatest actor," and "the most biased of Valentino fans have fallen under his charms," and "that he—Valentino—is awful in the role of the French prince," et cetera, well, I protest. If the writer had said "I think" or "I believe" that would be another matter, but when he says "all," well, you see, I am a judicious individual, I can hear her say, "Oh, she's only a Valentino fan." Well, I am, for to me his work shows great finesse and shading, and I like his manners and bearing. I am willing to give in general of all these positive persons.

I cannot enthuse over Ramon Novarro. He always seems to me like a dancing bear, that should dress up a leopard skin and blowing a horn. A pretty boy, but without great depth or interpretation to his parts. His personality just does not appeal to me.

I think Richard Barthelmess is the greatest, most versatile artist of the screen. It is remarkable that he could play parts as opposite yet to them say superficially as those in "Broken Bows," "That Old Devil David," "The Fighting Blade," and "The Enchanted Cottage." At least, they seemed quite perfect characterizations to me. Other actors that I like immensely are: Milton Sills, Conway Tearle, Randolph Valentino, Conrad Nagel, and also Tommy Meighan, if his plays did not always seem too highbrow. And I think Richard Dix, Rod La Roque, Ben Lyon, and John Gilbert will come into their own soon.

On the actresses, I believe I like Mary Philbin best, artistically speaking. I also think that Lillian Gish, Pola Negri, and Norma Talmadge are line actresses, and I enjoy Corinne Griffith and Gloria Swan-son. I think Miss Swanson is the nicest that Pauline Frederick is back?

Cecil Lester Jones.

Washington, D. C.

**Klieg Eyes and Limelight Eyes.**

I don't understand the attitude of the fans who must know all the details of their favorites' lives. I have been connected with the theatrical profession ever since I was born, twenty years ago. And I know theatrical people as they are—human beings, hard-working people in the theatre, and not those who are pretentious and loud. There are some who are temperamentally, some who are immoral, some who are unpleasant and unkind, superior and intellectual. I ask you where is the profession or place in the world where you won't find some people who are immoral, unpleasant, conceited, and unkind? One should not idealize theatrical people, but one should never look upon the latter as an inferior grade of men and women. They're not. And the movie fan who goes prying and pecking into their private lives hasn't a scrap of loyalty. This is the kind. They—the Paul Fryes—are only trying deliberately to disillusion themselves! They hurt themselves, not the star. If the worst comes to the worst, I am through without deliberately shattering idols! The private lives of screen stars are their own affairs, and no one else's business.

Probably Roland Starr is the very best as John Smith in "The Man Who Tightened." Only if Mr. Smith commits an indiscretion of some sort, few, if any, persons would ever know about it. But Heaven help Roland Starr under these circumstances. The papers would shriek out the news in headlines, the Mothers Clubs would hold indignation meetings, and the showing of some of the pictures would be immediately prohibited. There are two diseases from which motion-picture people suffer—Klieg eyes and limelight eyes. Both are painful, and the last is undoubtedly lasting.

Vera Horner.

15 South Somerset Avenue, Ventnor, N. J.

Continued on page 12
COMING—
The funniest farce-comedy ever screened—
"CHARLEY'S AUNT"
with
SYD CHAPLIN

"There Never Was a Minute When Auntie Wasn't in It"

SYD CHAPLIN
"I'm Charley's Aunt From Brazil Where the Nuts Come From"

As a stage play "CHARLEY'S AUNT" made millions laugh during its 34 years of continuous showing all over the world. It is the most successful farce comedy ever written.

Al Christie's film production is one of the high spots in the history of motion picture comedy. Watch the announcements in local newspapers for first showings. "CHARLEY'S AUNT" will be shown at BEST THEATRES EVERYWHERE. Don't miss it!

A CHRISTIE PRODUCTION MEANS QUALITY COMEDY ENTERTAINMENT

Released through Producers' Distributing Corporation
What the Fans Think

continued from page 10

What About Ben Lyon?
No doubt Rudy and Milton and Conway are all very well in their way, but what about that blue-eyed boy, Ben Lyon? Isn't he just the greatest youngster that ever smiled from a close-up? He is by far the best of the group and will steal away the laurels of the old favorites if they don't watch out.

KATHERINE GREENE.
2060 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A Challenge to Agnes Smith.
I challenge Agnes Smith's review of "Captain Blood" with all the many years that he has been on the screen and I have many lovely memories of charming characters he played. His Blood" with always remain in the loveliest. I am not the only one of the House of Stevens that adores him. My son, Edward Warren, and his daddy and grandmother are three more that adore our J. Warren. Now are there any others.

STREET, 711 Superba Street, Venice, Calif.

A Protest Against Critics.
Being one of that vast army of would-be writers constantly seeking the attention of the literary world, but never quite "arriving," I suppose it is futile for me to take my ineffectual pen in hand against one of the lucky ones who has succeeded. Still, it's true, that once in a blue moon, a person on the outside can do a better job than one of the inside ones. There's much to be said for the fresh viewpoint. It seems to me that column conductors and critics see so much and write so constantly that they lose their illusions. Then, instead of trying to retain them, they go off on a tangent about trying to love all of the rest of us. It can't be done, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Nathan, and Miss Agnes Smith! There are some of us, even in this enlightened day and age, who insist on believing in fairy tales and Santa Claus.

I refer particularly to Miss Smith's review in which she refers to "Dante's Inferno" as a "triumph of the old penny arcade." To me, the "Inferno" was not a burlesque, but a thing of extraordinary beauty. More than that—I confess it without blushing. I am seriously about the "hereafter," which I am old-fashioned and idealistic enough to believe is a healthy and probably thing to think about every now and then.

Miss Smith says she found it in "the elevator boy's idea of heaven" or "the out-of-town buyer's conception of a Saturday night in Greenwich Village." If she really understood that, she must be another of those who confuse nudity with indecency, and is so imbued with a sense of false modesty that she has lost her ability to estimate true values. But I don't believe Miss Smith is one of those. I don't think she really found those things at all. What she probably found was an opportunity to be clever, and she was too much a critic to pass it up.

With critics, reality—stark and unadorned—is the mode of the moment, and they dare not praise anything else, even though the knowledge base is pining for the kind of thing which stirs the imagination, quickens the pulse to beauty, and lifts one up above the gray, drab world of everyday.

If I were a critic, I'd be a critic of the people and dare to approach a picture like "Dante's Inferno" from the people's point of view. I'd not if I were to let the stage props and make them look behind the scenes. I wouldn't pull apart the phrenosomintent dream stuff to see what it was made of. I'd accept all the glamour, I'd get into the spirit of the play enthusiastically, and be thrilled at the new world which modern art was unfolding before my amazed eyes. I'd not be sour and cynical and call it "hokum."

In other words, if I were a critic, I'd let my "fans" keep their illusions, and I think perhaps they would go to see the pictures I recommended.

EVELYN ANDERSON.
Newark, N. J.

Is the Public Fickle?
No player is so good that he can be absent from the public more than a year and still retain his host of followers. The public is very fickle. If Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, or Harold Lloyd stop working, the fans would lose interest in them in a few months. This public fickleness is illustrated by the cases of Francis X. Bushman, Marguerite Clark, and Theda Bara. These three players, when Francis Bushman returned over a year ago in "Temporary Marriages," but he created no furore. Valentino now makes his second début with none of the sensations of the first. Other actors have replaced him, and the motion-picture patrons are no longer swept off their feet by their amorous type. The "It" of today is the "It" of yesterday. The public continues acting very successfully, his day of glory is over. A READER.

1134 Tenth Avenue, Port Huron, Mich.

Let's Keep the Old Stars.
Is not this talk of new players, and the desire of the fans for new favorites all absurd? The real movie fans do not want to see their old favorites give way to new faces. There are so many new faces now that it is distracting, and often now we leave the theatre in an ugly mood after having seen some of the new ones who are thrust at the feet of the new pictures. Let us keep Conway Tearle, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Richard Barthelmess, Theda Bara, Alphonse Lillian Gish, and the host of other well-established players whose names are always linked with good acting, handsome faces, and delightful personal- ities. Above all, let us save one of the old-established family of the older order who have stood and endured and who are the four hundred of the movies, and the new, silly players are to replace them.

W. B. W.
Box 462, Greenville, S. C.

Music and the Movies.
The letter from Trix MacKenzie about movie music that appeared several Picture-Plays ago leads me to ask why we have so few articles about the music that
is served with our pictures. For music has become the inseparable companion of the films. I watch almost every film to see my greatest favorites than to see them without an appropriate musical score. The directors of the bigger film theaters here in New York lend every effort to arrange their programs so that the music embodies, or at least suggests, the spirit of the picture shown. And how wonderful the results of this are, the grudging hand of Mr. Plunkett of the Strand created a special prologue for "A Sainted Devil" that was one of the most beautiful things ever presented on any stage. Two special music scores were composed for the picture and used as theme songs. I am sure the spontaneous applause of the appreciative audience more than repaid the main effort for this splendid effort. And, in the few moments of the prologue, one catches to the nth degree, the romantic Latin atmosphere of the picture. Of course, so much of a Tango role, as this, supplies his own atmosphere perfectly, but the effect of the music is none the less potent.

And then there is that gripping "He Who Gets Slapped"—a masterpiece of direction that is made doubly compelling by the strains of "Ridi, Pagliaccio," so skillfully utilized as a musical motif.

At the same time, to see what very unfortunate things can happen to special scores for special pictures. A year or two ago, when I saw the premiere of Norma Talmadge's "Ashes of Vengeance," I was pleasantly conscious of the very excellent musical accomplishment. This year, Norma's "Secrets" had for a theme song the "Memory Land." In fact, so many months after the premiere of "Secrets" I decided to see this lovely culullod valentine a second time at a neighborhood theatre. In the film unrecorded, the orchestra struck up a gay familiar number, puzzling over its identity and suddenly realized it was none other than the original score for "Ashes of Vengeance." Can you imagine the effect the melody of the last as a suitable accomplishment for the delicately fashioned "Secrets"? Had it been one else but Norma my afternoon would have been ruined.

MARGE T. BAUM
715 West One Hundred, and Seventy-second Street, New York City.

Does the Public Want Only Types?
In Helen Ogdens article, "Blue-serge Drama," Emory Johnson said a mouthful when he expressed himself thusly: "The public wants types, favorites cast in the same story every time. We, the artist, becomes known in a certain characteristic, let him stick to it." This theory, it seems to me, explains the commerciality of Mr. Pickford, Mr. Chaplin, Mr. Ray, and others who have adhered to an individual peculiarity and become famous. The writer of a screen play wants to use Mary Pickford in grown-up parts; Mr. Chaplin in anything but the "old familiar stuff" he alone can give; Charles Ray other than an every day pin-up girl.

Maybe this is the reason Milton Sills, Dick Barthelmess, and Monte Blue have not become still greater stars. They are splendid actors, have fine personalities, and good roles, but at times, they are overwhelmed by portrayals that differ from what we want and expect from them. Valentino seems to be the exception to this rule, as he enacts parts not out of liking, nor to his for that matter, and still we adore him. Wouldn't he make a glorious Richard the Lion-hearted? How I would like to see him as King Alhazarin.

Carroll Martin

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Continued on page 118

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COURT

Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?

Page 13
"I Can Teach You to Dance Like This"

Sergei Marinoff

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F ew people living outside of New York, Chicago, or the great European capitals have the opportunity to study dancing with any of the really great masters. And the private, personal instructions of even average teachers range upward from $10 an hour.

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Name: __________________________
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This photograph of Betty Compson from her latest production, "New Lives for Old," in which she plays a French peasant girl who becomes a famous dancer, promises another of those rather unrestrained, provocative characters which she does so well.
YOU see them sometimes going from studio to studio in Hollywood, driving neat little automobiles, looking for work. Girls with blue eyes, brown eyes, green eyes. Sometimes they walk with a limp. Sometimes they move as though their shoulders or their backs were in pain. Sometimes they just drop from sight for a week or two to "recover." Then, when they reappear, every one about the studios from the directors down to the lowest extra shouts:

"Hello, girl! Where you been? Glad to see you!"

Every one there knows them. Doubles! Girls who do the hazardous feats for the stars. Girls who leap from cliffs into the sea, who ride untamed bronchos, who hop onto the backs of range steers knowing they are going to be summarily dumped; who race through burning buildings and who are thrown from wagons drawn by runaway teams. Girls who appear as though they would look the specter of death squarely in the eye, slap it on the wrist and say, "Run along now, old boy! I've got some work to do. Don't bother me!"

One moment grave and serious, the next gleefully "kidding the help," and the third diving into some perilous scene before a clicking camera. And always with the rollicking shout, "Come on; let's go!" The insurance companies will issue no risks on their lives: their employment is irregular and uncertain, and yet without them motion pictures would be like a country band with the bass drummer missing.

A runaway horse in Griffith Park on the edge of Los Angeles, dragged a girl along the ground, her foot caught in the stirrup of the saddle. She bounced and skidded as the horse plunged. But she managed to keep her body out of the way of the pounding hoofs. Spectators looked on aghast. Presently the stirrup strap broke and the girl rolled over in a heap. Then she sat up and looked at the horse disappearing over the crest of the hill. "Say, I'll bet they don't catch that bird for a week!" was her only comment.

Little Crete Sipple, five feet one-half inches tall, weight one hundred and ten pounds, was the victim. Net result, one cracked rib, riding habit missing in places, and ankle wrenched.

Crete Sipple not only rode that ride over again, but she drove that same horse over the edge of a bank and landed in a pool of water twelve feet below. "Think you got it?" she called to the camera man. "If you haven't, I'll do it over again. I just adore this horse!"

They had it. Crete was riding for Elsie Fav in what she termed one of those "horse operas."

A few days later, Crete stood at a street corner on location, as Tom Mix came racing by on Tony. Tom leaned from his saddle and picked the girl up on the run. For some reason Tony was unprepared for the sudden weight swung to his side and he fell. Horse, rider, and girl went down in a heap.

"Say! Where do you get that stuff?" Crete shouted. "Didn'tja ever ride before?"

They took the scene over again and Tony was prepared for it this time. Mix just grinned.

Crete Sipple leaped from a building to a passing moving van for Lucille Ricksen in "Chickens." She rode...
Risk Their Lives

divers, and "daredevils," who double for thrills that put the punches into pictures.

Wooldridge

for Mabel Normand in "Captain Jinks," and piloted the runaway horse for Madge Bellamy in "The Hottentot." She rolled down a flight of eighty steps for Marie Prevost in "The Wanters," fell thirty feet from a railway trestle for Florence Vidor and has done innumerable stunts for Priscilla Dean and Viola Dana.

"Some life!" she says.

There are few motion-picture stars who have attained their exalted positions without the aid of doubles at some time or other. The producers, as well as the stars themselves, feel that actresses are employed to portray emotions on the screen and not for their ability to do athletic or acrobatic feats. This is quite true, and it has resulted in two distinct advantages; it has enabled the producers to add thrills to their pictures, and has given employment to skilled equestriennes, swimmers, divers, and outdoor girls who desired employment in the movies. It has brought the doubles to the attention of directors and made their names known in the casting offices. Seldom are the best known among these girls idle.

Equestriennes constantly are in demand. Expert swimmers, divers, and the daredevil girls, are sought out. There is rivalry between them—deep-seated rivalry, but no braggadocio.

In attaining the pinnacle she has reached, Mary Pickford has employed many doubles. Miss Pickford makes no pretension of being an expert horsewoman nor an expert swimmer or diver. Where hard riding was necessary, either Winna Brown or Marilyn Mills usually was called in. Where swimming was in the script, some one like Elsie Ware, Loretta Rush, or Janet Ford was summoned. All three of these have won trophies and medals in West coast aquactic contests.

In "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," for instance, three doubles were used for Miss Pickford in the riding scenes. Marilyn Mills on her beautifully trained Arabian horse, Beverly, did the major part of the hard riding. While in San Francisco, filming scenes for the play in Golden Gate Park, Miss Pickford bought a white saddle horse very similar in appearance to Beverly, and rode this horse, a kindly, gentle animal, in the close-up scenes. Mrs. Captain Wing also rode for her in a few minor scenes filmed in the park. Then, when it came to leaping Beverly from a crumbling wall and half sliding, half rolling down a steep hill, a young man was called in to double for Miss Mills. Beverly was slightly injured about the hocks in this slide and on Miss Pickford's orders was retired till the injuries healed.

Largely as a result of Miss Mills' riding in that picture, she was offered a contract with the Ben Wilson Productions Company, and has been starred this year in a series of twelve Western photoplays which are just now being released. She also made one serial during that time.

In "Tess of the Storm Country," little Elsie Ware doubled for Miss Pickford in some of the water scenes. Elsie recalls the picture vividly. While standing on a rock in a stream preparing to dive, a flock of bees settled on her and began stinging. She dived with the bees still working. She came up with some of
Girls Who Risk Their Lives

...of Venus,” “Neptune’s Romance,” “Folly of Vanity,” and the like, which again caused casting directors to seek her out. A little more than a year ago, Loretta was called to double for Anna Q. Nilsson in “Flowing Gold,” in which she dived from a house top to a tank in which gasoline was blazing.

The edges of the tank had been camouflaged to represent the banks of a stream. A partition had been built across it and extending down a foot or more into the water. On one side of this partition, gasoline was poured and ignited. On the other side there was no oil or fire. Loretta leaped into the blazing fuel, her body passed on down into the cool water, under the partition and up on the other side. She singed the wig she wore and scorched the hair on her arms, but was unhurt.

“Shucks!” I could do that all day,” she remarked. “The tough part in that picture was dragging Milton Sills out when the house caught on fire.”

Since then, Miss Rush has been given a number of small parts in pictures and is working her way forward.

Persons who saw the thrilling photoplay, “The Storm,” will recall the canoe drive in a swirling mountain stream, apparently essayed by Virginia Valli. Again, however, a double had been called in. This time it was Janet Ford, another of the West coast swimming champions. She drove the canoe. Had it turned over, capsized, sunk or been buffeted to

Here is Eleanor Boardman, and Gladys Johnstone, who doubled for her in “The Stranger’s Banquet.”

them still present. A part of her ensuing act was cut from the picture. It wasn’t in the scenario.

The employing of the West coast’s girl swimming champions is becoming very frequent. A few years ago a little blond girl might have been seen swimming about in the Gatun lake section of the Panama Canal, astonishing spectators with the beauty of her strokes in the salty waters. Her family moved back to the States, went to California and two years ago, the girl, Loretta Rush, was acclaimed winner of the West coast championship in the crawl and breast strokes. Very soon thereafter, the Fox Film company sent for her to double for Shirley Mason in “The

Eleventh Hour,” swimming the waters of a mountain stream. Then she was called to double for Ann Little in a serial, “The Eagle’s Talons,” and dived from a cliff fifty feet into the water. Then came the series of sea tales, “The Modern Lorelei,” “Temple

Viola Dana has almost a counterpart in Elsie Ware, who has doubled for her in many pictures.

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In Spite of the Sheiks

We have Reginald Denny whose popularity defies the Latin box-office traditions.

By Dorothy Manners.

H e looks like the sort of young man Coles Phillips would draw if he illustrated art covers for the Police Gazette weekly.

P. G. Wodehouse and Harry Leon Wilson might have corroborated in writing his conversational dialogue, which is to say that he speaks American in long, broad a's.

As compared to our other typical young bloods he stacks up as more virile than Conrad Nagel without being so robust as Richard Dix; more youthful than Ronald Colman yet not so boyish as Ben Lyon.

In case you don't recognize the picture, all this concerns Reginald Denny, who through the release of some of Mr. Laemmle's best Jewels, has established a large and astonishingly hectic fan following. This, mind you, right in the teeth of the box-office reports that the girls weren't interested in anything but Latin sport models or twin-cynics like Adolphe Menjou and Conway Tearle.

A careful perusal of "What the Fans Think" brings out some interesting high lights on the quality and strength of Denny's popularity. Though he is to all appearances of the less-voltaged type, fan references in his honor are always highly colorful, running more to the romantic enthusiasm accorded the Latins, Valentino and Novarro than, to the substantial appreciation evoked by such fellow Saxons as Thomas Meighan, Charles Ray, or Douglas MacLean. In point, one young lady expressed herself in some capitalized "Rah, Rah, Rah's," while another, less bombastic, sighed for the muse to guide her poetic pen in rhapsody.

Just what it is about this young Englishman that has caught the fancy of the femmes who have quarters to spend Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons, is conjectural. He has a charmingly breezy screen personality, but so have other of our light comedians. He is handsome, a capital actor, an interesting lover — attributes which he shares with the great bulk of the film fra-

ternity. Yet the manager of my neighborhood movie tells me that of all the men, only Harold Lloyd, Richard Dix, and Reginald Denny can fill his house regardless of story, director, or weather. Many theaters which as a rule do not show all the Universal pictures take pains not to overlook the Denny vehicles. All of which means to the film sophisticates, that the young man has struck a responsive chord in youthful feminine hearts. Actors like Ernest Torrence are appreciated by mature movie patrons, but only Sweet Sixteens can make a matinée idol—even in Hollywood.

Out here in the Old Home Town there

Continued on page 112
There is one serious point which a good critic—Aristotle, for example—would have discovered when he regarded the screen as long ago as 1914, and became aware of the superiority of comic films. He would have seen at once that while Mr. Griffith and Mr. Ince were both developing the technique of the moving picture, they were exploiting their discoveries with materials equally or better suited to another medium: the stage or the dime novel or whatever. Whereas Mr. Sennett was already so enamored of his craft that he was doing with the instruments of the moving picture precisely those things which were best suited to it—those things which could not be done with any instrument but the camera, and could appear nowhere if not on the screen.

GILBERT SELDES is a critic who brings to a contemplation of the movies none of the factitious ideas about what is art and what is not that are inspired in our modern stagirites by reading the essays of Cecil De Mille’s press agent in the daily journals. And in the two sentences just quoted* Mr. Seldes places his forefinger neatly on a great truth. It is a truth that I have always defended against all detractors, and in the course of defending it, have amplified, while qualifying it, to form the following axiom:

*Gilbert Seldes, "The Seven Lively Arts," by Gilbert Seldes.

Slapstick comedy is the sole art produced by the movies—yet.

What could be done in the movies—what artistic development of the grotesque tragedy hinted in "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," what future fulfillment of the imagination unleashed in "The Thief of Bagdad"—that is another matter.

But slapstick is real genre. The wistful irony of Chaplin’s creation: a small, oppressed individual, becoming more ridiculous as he tries to maintain his dignity amid overwhelming catastrophes; and, under the same circumstances, the cheeky Americanism of Harold Lloyd, the immovable gravity of Buster Keaton, the childish absurdity of a Ben Turpin—these qualities are art. Or at least they go to make up something that is an art, because it is a perfect accomplishment in its own peculiar medium.

Ask Mack Sennett what constitutes the art of the movies and he will reply, without hesitation, as he replied to me when I interviewed him:

"Slap ’em down good!"

A formula, you may recall, used by the clown, He, in Leonid Andreyev’s play, in the screen version of which Lon Chaney and Norma Shearer are now enjoying such personal triumphs.

Having uttered this classic rule, Mr. Sennett will continue as follows:

"Three of us go to see a dramatic picture. You come out and say, ‘That’s great.’ The other fellow comes out and says, ‘That’s rotten.’ I come out and say, ‘That’s pretty good.’ But with a comedy there’s just one test. Did they laugh? If they did it’s art.”

Thanks to the demigourge who presides over the future of art in America. Mr. Sennett has abandoned the stupid melodramas which disgraced his only incursion into the serious movies, and has gone back to the two-reel slapstick comedies that made him famous. He has gone

**By Don Ryan**

**Sketched by K. R. Chamberlain.**

Mack Sennett presents a bulging, square-shouldered, red-faced, with dark hair beginning to gray.
back—with restrictions. The idea of romance still sticks in his head. His method now is to contrast the idyllic with the grotesque; the pastoral with the violent; the sentimental with a burlesque counterpart of itself.

Such, perhaps, is the natural arc of the ascending medium. Nothing stands still, certainly not the movies. I suppose we cannot justly have expected slapstick to fix itself semipeternally in that mold given form by the delightful antics of the Keystone cops. The Keystone cops are no more. As Mr. Sennett explained:

"Well, the real cops began to get pretty sore. Said why didn’t we kid law and order all the time. Somebody even accused us of being Bolsheviks. That wouldn’t do. Besides, we began to get new ideas. Other things came along—new gags—new characters. The comedies keep changing like everything else, but the principle remains the same. You’ve gotta slap ’em down good!"

If there is anything in the movies about which I could grow sentimental it would be the old Sennett lot. The Sennett studio at 1712 Glendale Boulevard—in what has become a half-residence, half-factory region—is the oldest studio still operating in Los Angeles. Through the years it has been built up by additions of roofs, sheds, stages, wings, ells, towers, stories, and superstructures, until it has become the modern counterpart of a medieval castle.

The studio is very like a weathered, gray château, dominating a French village. And, in such a château, the main row of buildings is flush with the sidewalk and is abutted by a high board fence, corresponding to the castle wall.

Tucked away in one of the towers of this donjon is the café in which the first comedians of the movies lunched at two bits the throw. Jim, the cook, has raised his prices very slightly since those halcyon days, and he will tell you amusing stories about Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Gloria Swanson; of a time when Chaplin was a nameless clown and Gloria was a bathing girl.

Chaplin sent Jim a pair of diamond-studded cuff links last Christmas.

"What do I want of a pair of fifty-dollar cuff links in a two-dollar shirt?" demanded Jim, and put them away in his memory box.

The flavor of the Sennett studio is its charming vulgarity. Nobody pretends to be anything except himself. The Sennett studio is the only one in existence that maintains a tradition, the stronger because it is unconscious. It is like the great workshop of some craftsman of the Renaissance, wherein his apprentices carry on—work, play, eat, daily, and enjoy life—under the beneficent eye of the master. A Rabelaisian mood prevails—cordial, gusty, warming the heart as with a flavor of good wine and of mutton roasting on spits before the open hearth.

In the upper story of the castle keep, overlooking the entrance, is the master’s quarters. The office reminds one of the interior of a private Pullman: long, narrow, paneled in the semblance of cherry wood in the manner of Pullman cars, and equipped with bright, brass cuspidors.

Here I was received by Mr. Sennett with a handshake that made me dance. A bulking, square figure, deep chested, red faced, dark hair beginning to gray, strong jaws enjoying a chew of scrap tobacco. An Irish policeman—if ever one stepped out of a uniform. But this genius who would have made an excellent policeman, then an alderman, then a political boss, chose rather to be a comedian, then a director, then a producer. Fame and fortune lay in either course, but for the sake of art let us rejoice that Mr. Sennett stayed out of politics.

I asked him about the early days of the comedies. He related how the Biograph chiefs looked with fear and disfavor on his first efforts at slapstick.

"Why," he chortled, "I was slated to be canned at the finish of every picture. They used to say, ‘Can’t you be funny without being so rough?’"

"‘No,’ I’d tell ’em, ‘I can’t. You’ve got to get the laughs, haven’t you?’ Well, what do you want me to do, have the girl stick her toe in the brook and make moon eyes at the boy across the way? Bah! It won’t work. You’ve gotta slap ’em down good!"

"When these comedies were shown in England they seemed to catch on. Funny, it was the English audiences that saved my job. I’d have been fired if the slapstick stuff hadn’t started to make money across the pond right away."

Then Mr. Sennett organized the Keystone Comedy Company in New York. There was no studio, all exteriors. The characters were outdoors, lived, loved, fought, and died outdoors. When they needed to register the fact that somebody lived in a house they would drive up—director, actors, camera man, in one hired automobile—and ask to borrow the front lawn. Given the lawn, they would humbly beseech the loan of the dining-room table and a few chairs. With this borrowed furniture the first Keystones were made.

Then came Chaplin.

"Fred Mace was going to quit me," said Mr. Sennett. "He’d been offered more dough than I could pay. So I tried to coax him to stick, but there was nothing doing. Then I remembered a little Englishman I’d seen one night at Morris’ three-a-day on the American roof. I hired Chaplin."

"He didn’t have that make-up he uses now. That was assembled in the costume department on this lot. That same room you can see down there."

The Keystone Company had moved to California seeking sunshine for its exteriors.

"Chaplin tried out several different make-ups. The first he used was a drunk—man in evening clothes, about fifty years old, with a red nose. The first make-ups didn’t go very well. We kept on experimenting. In the early days we comedians used to put on new make-ups and run around the stage to see if we could get a laugh from the rest of the gang. We were just like a lot of kids. Used to bring out mattresses and practice falls. Say, did you ever try to fall straight back and keep your hands at your sides?"

Mr. Sennett illustrated his text.

"See? Pure relaxation. That’s the secret of the acting profession. It goes for tragedy just the same as for comedy, too."

I recalled then, how all the funniest comedians practiced this maxim of their preceptor; how, in the midst of the most exciting circumstances they always wear that ridiculous air of relaxation, of complete detachment, and how much funnier it makes them.

"There is more of a story in the comedy we make now," Mr. Sennett summed up. "Instead of putting
in gags just to get laughs, we let the gags grow out of the plot. The situation suggests the business. But the principle remains the same,” he concluded genially. “You’ve gotta slap ’em down good!”

The scenario department of the Sennett studio is called the gag room. Going into the gag room is like entering an inn of old Paris—the Petit Bacchus, perhaps. One goes down a step into a squat, shuttered building that elbows for space in the studio growth about it.

Within, it is very like a tavern. One long table, with scarred chairs, occupies most of the room. Plenty of the tall brass cuspidors like those in Mr. Sennett’s private Pullman. In the chairs sit the gag men—they would be called screen authors on the Lasky lot—when they are not on the table acting out a new gag. A gag, be it known, is not a joke written in as a subtitle. It is a piece of visible funny business performed by the actors on the screen.

As I entered, the gag men were putting the flesh on the bones of a script; talking, smoking—their feet comfortably elevated to the table. The script bore the working title: “Bevan Polo Story No. 102.” The particular passage on which their attention was focused read:

Bevan shows delight: spits on the horseshoe and throws it over his shoulder without turning around. The shoe hits Andy in the jades’ stand and he tumbles out.

They showed me their brain child with honest pride. I perused it with delight. The plot the gag men were discussing at their ease in their inn was Rabelaisian—as Rabelaisian as the picture they presented while thus engaged. This polo story No. 102 called for so many brave snacks, stumps and wallops, for such a number of falls, bumps and somersaults that it made me think of Gymnast, performing on his horse “above a hundred frisks, turns and demipommands,” with which he convinced Picrochole’s man that he was a devil. I thought of Gargantua himself, demolishing with his staff the castle at the Ford of Vede. I thought of Friar John of the funnels and goblets, bethwacking the sides, pushing in the noses, spachelating the shins, mortifying the shanks, thumping, mauling and belaboring everywhere the craven army that would have stolen the wine grapes from his abbey.

Crying: “Cop’s body follow me: for Sanct Anthony burn me as freely as a faggot if they get leave to taste one drop of the liquor that will not now come and fight for relief of the wine. Sanct Thomas of England was well content to die for them; if I died in the same cause, should not I be a sanct likewise?”

I gave the merry scribes their script again and they proceeded to top a gag in the polo story. Topping a gag is to carry it to its logical reducendo ad absurdum, the very trick of inordinate inflation, of mounting, step by step, to the height of the ridiculous, that was the joy of the Abbé François Rabelais.

A comedy polo player, in casting sheep’s eyes at a pretty girl, leans nonchalantly, at arm’s length, against the saddle of his pony. The horse walks away, leaving the saddle held rigidly in the air. An absurd and impossible occurrence, but amusing. To top that gag, however, a gate must swing outward, the saddle drop into place therein, and the comedian, with fatuous glance still riveted on the wench, must vault to his seat atop the gate, thinking it is the horse.

Yet, hold merry fellows, this is not yet completely topped. The gate must swing back, the comedian in his saddle must topple off and alight, this time upon the back of a scampering pig. We now have the spectacle of a polo player mounted on a pig galloping down the field. The dénouement occurs when the pig enters the front door of its own barnyard domicile. The door is just high enough to admit the pig. The comedian remains outside—in a state of unconsciousness. The audience that has been following the misadventure will be satisfied by this finality. The gag is topped.

Next the gag men took up the society scene in the club house.

“Say,” remarked Felix Adler, one of the merry crew, “Th’ other day I go up to a young lady, putting my arm around her like this. ’Hello, dear, how are you,’ and so on. Happened to be holding a whisk broom in my hand. Got a big streak of powder from this Jane. So I just takes the broom and sweeps it off. Say, a good gag in this scene is to have a guy who always carries a whisk broom when he’s among the women.”

As I took my leave they began discussing the best way to top the whisk-broom wheeze.

Subtitles give the scenarists some difficulty. The censors will not tolerate any damn or other mildly profane words in the comedy subtitles, although these expletives are at times permissible in the dramatic movie. The theory seems to be that when anybody says such words he ought to mean them.

There are other things that worry the comedy makers a little. Every once in a while one of the flourishing and important hundred-per-cent organizations threatens
a boycott because its members have been made ridiculous in the comedies. Recently the National Morticians' Association protested by official communiqué against habitual disrespectful treatment of undertakers. But the studio squared things by sending out a comedian and a bevy of bathing beauties to entertain the worthy morticians when they held their national convention in Pasadena.

Cries, roars, shouts, bawls, whoops, yells, howls, squeals, hoots, snorts and grunts—a diaphonial menagerie turned loose under a single roof. Four companies working in the same large room, separated only by the flimsiest partitions of flat scenery.

From set to set stalks the hour's disemployed: a priest of the Anglican church; a maid in saucy cap and apron; an affluent citizen smoking a fat cigar; lumberjacks in mackinaws; a pretty cashier engaged with a cigarette; Sunshine Hart, redheaded, fat as a pumpkin; Billy Bevan as an Englishman, in a tall hat, morning coat and spats, but wearing an incongruous black eye; Andy Clyde, a drunk in evening clothes, with a red nose and the croix de guerre pinned to his coat.

Here carpenters are sawing through the seat of a green plush chair, preparing it for some Hans-and-Fritz dénouement; there a property man is swinging a polo mallet, presently to be tested on somebody's head—a polo mallet with a rubber handle, which gives it unlimited possibilities.

An agreeable pandemonium with nobody to call, "Quiet, please!" None of the slushing that is always heard when they get ready to turn a few revolutions on a scene in the dramatic cinema. No great director, attended by his chair man, and surrounded by a nimbus of awed silence. No orchestra to assist the heroine into her emotional tantrum. No pretense that anything of importance is under way. No artistic checks or spurts whatever.

Instead of suffering from the genteel ennui that is à la mode in the studios that take their art seriously, these slapstick performers are having a lot of fun at their work. Directors—indistinguishable by riding boots or fancy knickers—think it not beneath their dignity to roar as loudly as the electricians at the funny business of the comedians. And comely extras crowd up in the middle of a scene to borrow a light without rebuke.

On the first set, Ben Turpin, cross-eyed, naïve, religious, devoted to his art, which is himself, is working with Louise Carver, who if one can believe her story, was the star of "Fifty Miles from Boston" when, nearly twenty years ago, Mae Murray danced as a chorus girl in that production. Miss Carver wears a cauliflower ear, the gift of Andy Clyde, who is called in as a specialist when inspired make-up is required.

Ben Turpin started out on the Sennett lot nine years ago. He was a comedian with Sennett and with Chaplin. Ben has not become a producer. He still lives in his make-up, with a childish glee that animates his one hundred and eight pounds of awkwardness, his crossed eyes and his stubby mustache.

Directing traffic at Santa Monica Boulevard and Western Avenue, near his Hollywood residence, is Ben's recreation after work, a wish fulfillment carried over from his boyhood. The policeman on that corner is grateful for the opportunity to enjoy an hour's relaxation in Bernie's delicatessen and Ben is happy.

Mrs. Ben Turpin is deaf. Husband and wife are devout Catholics. Recently they made a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré in Quebec. On their knees they performed the long novena up the stairs to the shrine. Both returned believing the deafness had been relieved. Fortunately, the miraculous power did not manifest itself by straightening the crossed eyes that have contributed to the amusement of America.

Ben is now fifty-nine years old. But if he sees you looking at him he will show off in the same manner as Tom Sawyer before his girl. Ben will do his "Fall 108."

He falls forward on his face, body rigid. Flops over on his back with a crash that makes you think he has broken every bone in his head—it is his hands and feet striking. Motionless he lies—a corpse for the time you could count ten. Then he raises his head at the end of his goosling neck and looks around like a bird. It is Ben Turpin's neck that is funny—funnier than his eyes.

"Ma!"

The squawk of a penguin pierces the din of four comedy companies at work.

"Ma!" squawks Ben to his film mother of the cauliflower ear. "This collar's off, Ma!"

Rodney St. Clair is dressing for his wedding. His laundry arrived at the last minute—as in a Freudian nightmare. As his mother hurried to her son's chamber, bearing the necessary garments, she dropped the dickey—the starched shirt front that is the pièce de résistance of any formal comedy make-up. The heavy—natural enemy of all heroes—was lurking in the

Eddie Cline, an original slapstick director, shows a dancing girl how to vamp a victim.
hallway and the villain planted his foot with fell purpose on the virgin bosom. Rodney now stands under the chandelier in his chamber, equipped in the dickey marked by a sooty footprint, while his mother vainly strives to button the retractive wing collar about the gosling neck.

She nearly succeeds at last. Then, just as the stubborn wing is almost secured, the whole equipment gives way. The collar springs back, and imbeds with life by wires, soars like a bird to the ceiling. At the same instant a property man, lying at length on the floor, jiggles other wires and away comes the dickey, exposing the polka-dot underwear of the bedeviled bridegroom.

Bawling in a dismayed whisky tenor, nevertheless the resourceful Rodney removes a shoe and hurls it after the fleeing collar. It brings the collar down, together with a globe from the chandelier, which crashes on the head of the devoted mother. In reality the globe is dropped by a tousled young man wearing a green eyeshade, who has seated himself astride a board laid across the stage above range of the camera.

They were doing this scene at nine thirty a.m. They will still be doing it at four thirty p.m. At this hour Ben always calls it a day. It is the only arbitrary piece of tyranny which this star inflicts. And he has a reason for it. At five o'clock he is due to relieve his friend the traffic cop.

A roaring saloon of the logging regions. Bearded lumberjacks, booted, mackinawed, charged with third-rail whisky, fritter away their idle hours at faro or in consuming vast portions of food—no property stuff either. It is a scene on the adjoining set.

Enter Harry Langdon, a diffident youth, pattering down the sawdust-strewn floor in his ridiculous felt boots. The pretty cashier—her cigarette stowed under the bar—greets him enthusiastically, in a jolly, high-pitched voice. Her boss, the mustachioed proprietor, insists that Harry have a drink.

The hero demurs. He dreads the ordeal. But he cannot avoid it. Up with the glass—the eye of the boss is upon him. Up with the glass and down with the poison. Down with Harry as well. For the draught knocks him flat on his back, as if he had been kicked by a mule.

A bedlam of yells and a fretwork of violent movement break out in the saloon. The place is in riot. Over with the tables. Heads are broken, noses bashed in, shins spattered, shanks mortified. There is thumping, mauling, belaboring, all in the best of humor, while the camera man holds his side with one hand, cranking with the other, and the tidy extra girls come running to see the sport.

The fun endures until a louder yelling, a more resounding crash, send everybody scampering to the other end of the stage. Here the chase company—well named—is in the throes of the polo picture. The scene is the club-house. The wildly intoxicated Andy Clyde is careening among the horrified dowagers assembled for their week-end talkfest.

Ben Turpin, as Rodney, going through his comedy bit with the trick dickey and collar.
THIS photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Monte Blue was taken soon after their recent marriage in Seattle, Washington, where Mrs. Blue formerly lived. Monte Blue first met Tove Janson in New York while he was appearing in "Orphans of the Storm." She has never been in pictures, but her celebrity as a beauty caused her to be selected by Harrison Fisher as the model for a number of magazine-cover drawings. She also studied art, and was on the stage for a time. Though her mother too was an actress, in Norway, it looks as though Tove Janson has abandoned acting and will henceforth be just Mrs. Monte Blue of Beverly Hills, California.
The Stars Answer

Last month a group of girls asked nineteen players whether they intended to keep their bobs or to let

BOBBED hair is such a great convenience for a screen actress that it is not surprising that all the players questioned said they expected to keep their hair short, though Shirley Mason admitted that she sometimes wavered about it.

“When I see a girl brushing long, wavy hair and putting it up in complicated ways with hairpins, I rather envy her. She seems to have a distinction that the rest of us lack,” writes Shirley. “But then when she goes in swimming, she’s bound to look a fright. And as I like to do the active, out-

Above, May Allison, and below, Laura La Plante.

Betty Compson.

Pauline Starke.

Betty Blythe.

Betty Blythe.

Ruth Roland.

door things, I find short hair a great help.”

None of the other players, however, is troubled by any such indecision. They differ only in their reasons and their modes of wearing their bobs.

Betty Compson says, “Bobbed hair is comfortable and—for the present at least—modish. My hair is cut in the Persian bob, which is the longest of the bobs. My hair is naturally somewhat curly and that style of bob seems to fit me. It adjusts itself readily to the wearing of a band,
a Fan Club Query

through the columns of “What the Fans Think” their hair grow in. Here are the stars’ replies.

or it may be worn in regular bobbed fashion, or arranged to appear like long hair. I refuse to be worried by all these rumors that bobbed hair is going out of fashion. Personally, I doubt whether I shall ever have long hair again.”

“I certainly intend to continue wearing my hair bobbed,” Barbara La Marr writes. “I have found it very helpful in my appearance on the screen as it eliminates considerable preparation in the matter of coiffure and makes it easy to wear wigs, headbands and other headdresses which most picture players are called upon to use from time to time. I shall continue using the boy’s bob for the reason that I find both from the angle of full face and profile my photographic results on the screen are much better with this style of bob.”

Leatrice Joy, who says she plans to wear her hair bobbed from now on and who has been experimenting with a new bob, explains it in some detail. “It is shingled in back. Starting at the very top of the

Continued on page 109

Gloria Swanson.

Colleen Moore.

Anna Q. Nilsson.

Gloria Sanson.

Above, Claire Adams, and below, Barbara La Marr.
Over the

Between the craze for cross-word puzzles many fads and fancies engaging the atten

By The

dollars that Jack Gilbert would be more popular than Valentino in another year and I'm willing to defer to Mr. Fairbanks' judgment.

"You won't be when you see 'The Salvation Hunters,'" his picture discovery," Fanny assured me crisply. "Oh, well, we were talking about Charlie Chaplin's marriage. I heard he was first attracted to Lita Grey because of her proficiency at solving cross-word puzzles. Laugh that one off. Never mind, I think that Will Rogers has the right idea about Mrs. Chaplin."

"He usually does about anything."

"He said that the officials who ruled that Mrs. Chaplin would have to go to school or have a tutor were all wrong. She should be teaching, not learning, according to Will. His idea was that she should go up to Vassar College and give a course of lectures on 'How to Take Advantage of Your Opportunities.'"

"Will's all right," I murmured—big-hearted of me, wasn't it? "But I wonder what all the other humorists would do for material if Charlie didn't provide it for them. One of them said that the rumor about Lita Grey Chaplin's extreme youth was just propaganda put out by Charlie so that he would only have to pay half fare for her when they go abroad in the spring."

"Catty of them," murmured Fanny, as though kindness and consideration were her middle name. But she was pawing over a lot of newspapers on her lap—what was New York before the picture newspapers kept us informed of every one's doings?—so she didn't seem quite so remote from earthly affairs as her aloof tone would suggest.

"Estelle Taylor Sues Mate. ""Mary Miles Minter to Marry," "Norma Goes Abroad Without Connie," the headlines shrieked in bold, black type.

"I'm looking," Fanny announced with great concern, "for a statement of what Peggy Joyce thinks of Charlie's marriage. It ought to be good. Peggy has married a representative of almost every profession but acting, and she may have thought that she had an option on Charlie. At any rate they used to see a great deal of each other.

"Peggy Joyce is going into motion pictures, you know. Not

Mabel Ballin has been signed to play opposite Tom Mix."
Teacups

and European travel, Fanny the Fan finds tion of motion-picture stars besides their art.

Bystander

with one of the big companies, but with a little one that is going to make an effort to do big things. She has been attending all the openings of pictures lately—studying screen technique, I suppose. And she was one of the few people who was too polite to fall asleep at 'Romola.' Hardly any one there recognized her because she had the million-dollar bracelets concealed under a fur wrap and the justly famous blond hair tucked into a tiny, plain felt hat. I don't suppose she will ever startle the world with her acting, but you can be sure that every woman in the United States will want to see what the much-married Peggy Hopkins looks like.

"Everybody seems to be going into movies, and nobody dropping out. It doesn't seem as though there would be room for many more. Ann Pennington's going to make 'The Mad Dancer,' you know, with Johnny Walker playing opposite her. She ought to be darling. She looks like a little French doll when she flits into the Algonquin for luncheon. And Harpo Marx, the priceless comedian of 'Til Say She Is,' is going to support Richard Dix in his next picture. Now if some one will only enlist the services of Louis Calhern all will be well. He played the rôle in 'Cobra' on the stage that Valentino is going to play on the screen, you know. Or perhaps you didn't, but everybody who isn't just awfully behind the times knows that 'The Scarlet Power' couldn't be made just now because of the difficulties in growing scenery or performing a major operation on the script or something, so Valentino decided to make 'Cobra' first. But all of the effort and artistry he put into raising that heard is not to be wasted. He is going to appear in a flashback in 'Cobra' haunting it."

She paused and glanced around the Ritz, lamenting meanwhile that people worked so hard that one never saw them in interesting places any more.

"May Allison has to get up at six thirty nowadays in order to get to the studio in time to start work at nine. Isn't that heathenish? No one with a sense of jus-
to appear—she being the only girl in the picture and all that—and Bessie did show up all tricked out in a satin dress embroidered with mirrors, but the picture was late in starting and she wanted to go to the Music Box Revue, so she walked out."

"Before the winter is over we will see a lot of those mirror dresses in pictures," Fanny informed me. "Edith Bobe, the designer, made one the other day for a girl in pictures and it has two thousand tiny mirrors sewed on it. It should be called 'Defying the Jinx.' If anything ever fell on that dress she would have two thousand times seven years' bad luck!"

"And that reminds me—did you hear that Louis B. Mayer arranged while he was abroad to have Erte come over and design some things for the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer players? Erte is the French artist, you know, whose designs look as though no human being could wear them but which make every woman wish that she had nerve enough to. Oh, well! if he comes over here to set the style we will probably be wearing rubber shoes, glass dresses, and platinum hats. And simply every one who weighs over ninety pounds will have to go on a diet.

"Mr. Mayer also arranged to import one of the most popular Scandinavian cinema stars—but he won't tell her name until she gets here. He says that she reminds him of both Corinne Griffith and Norma Talmadge, so she must be lovely.

"Norma has gone abroad for a vacation," Fanny rattled on. "She gave a tea at the Ambassador a few days before she left and of the thirty-five people she invited, sixty came! It was a great crush. Lots of Norma's and Constance's old friends from the newspapers and magazines were there, and so was the governor's wife, Grace La Rue. John Golden, Dudley Field Malone and a mob of others.

"Just before leaving for abroad, Mr. Schenck arranged to have Buchowetzki direct Norma's next picture. It is to be 'Madame Pompadour.' Constance had to give up her vacation abroad and go back to work because she wasn't far enough ahead of her releasing schedule. She is going to make 'The Man She Bought.'

"Of course, this year will always be remembered as the year of the Peter Pandemonium. It was quite enough when Marilyn Miller started playing on the stage and Famous Players-Lasky launched Betty Bronson as the film Peter Pan. But then Mary Hay up and introduced a sequence into 'New Toys,' where she is shown playing Peter. Then beside all the players we have Peter Pan sweaters and blouses and dresses and fountain pens and I don't know what all. Betty Bronson will arrive in New York two or three days before 'Peter Pan' opens and will be guest of honor at a dinner dance at the Plaza, talk over the radio and otherwise make herself agreeable to the public. And if the poor child survives, she will return to the Coast to film 'The Little French Girl.'

"Bebe Daniels has been having a vacation out West; she has never lived there, you know, since she bought her house. Now she has to come back and get to work on 'Her Crowded Hour.' Bebe and Bessie Love and Anna Q. Nilsson are the cross-word puzzle experts of the picture industry, you know, and no matter when or where you see them they are at work.
The other day I called up Anna Q. to ask her something important and before she even knew who it was she had me worrying about a six-letter word meaning useless and I quite forgot what I wanted to find out.

"They tried to convince Richard Dix of the fascination of the things but after spending one whole afternoon at the Ritz puzzling over obscure words, Richard said that he knew a perfectly good three-letter name of a candidate for an insane asylum if the puzzles weren’t dropped at once.

"Anna Q. went to the ‘Follies’ the other night and she thought she had escaped Will Rogers’ notice by ducking her head and slumping way down in her seat whenever he came out on the stage. But in the midst of a long discussion on whether or not women should bob their hair, he lassoed Anna as the perfect example of a beautiful girl with a beautiful bob, and pulled her up into a spotlight. Anna was so fussed you would think she had never been applauded before in her life."

Hearing of Anna Q. always reminds me of Alice Joyce, they were so inseparable years ago. But before I could ask about her, Fanny had evidently thought of her too.

"Alice Joyce has just come back from the Coast and I’d almost forgotten how exquisite she always looks. She came into the Trocadero the other night wearing a flame-colored dress making almost every one there look like so much clay. I say ‘almost’ because Madeline Hurlock was there and no one could dim her brilliance. She came East to spend the holidays with relatives down in Maryland and stopped in New York for a visit.

"Alice Joyce has the most beautiful bob. Her hair seems to be shingled all over, making her head look very small. It really is considered almost vulgar to have any hair nowadays. The old pictures taken of people when they first had their hair bobbed and wore it rather long and curly, make them look like hottentots.

"Speaking of Madeline Hurlock," Fanny babbled on. "Albert Sterner is going to do a portrait of her. You knew, of course, that one of Marion Davies was hanging in the National Academy of Design show. It is by Nikol Schattenstein. It is interesting, but doesn’t flatter Marion any. She ought to get Betty Blythe to teach her Betty’s favorite song. It is all about a man who had his portrait painted and when his family went to the exhibition to see it they found it hanging among the landscapes. Many a dull dinner party has been enlivened by Betty singing that song!

"Betty is going to do some pictures for Fox. She is finishing ‘The Folly of Vanity’ for them now. It was started featuring Billie Dove but I guess she hadn’t enough folly or enough vanity or something to fit the role so they rewrote the story or switched it around so Betty is the whole show. That is all right with me.

"The Fox company has taken a new lease on life lately and hired a lot of interesting players. Besides Betty there is Madge Bellamy and Alma Rubens and now they’ve signed up Mabel Ballin to play opposite Tom Mix. Imagine our Mabel leaping from cliff to cliff!" Fanny looked incredulous.

"I always wonder how girls stand the awfully hard work of making those Western pictures.

Continued on page 92
Comparing the

Modern types in the movies and styles worn by the stars had interesting comparisons.

Curls did not originate with Mary Pickford. Years ago Adelaide Neilson, an actress who played light, romantic parts, wore them, as shown below.

Rose Coghlan, below, as a fascinating adventuress of a former era. At the left Barbara La Marr appears as the modern movie siren.

The picture above, of Sarah Dancer, taken some thirty years ago, looks odd to-day. Perhaps the one of Pola Negri, at the left, will look as queer thirty years from now.

Yet the 1884 coiffure of Lily Langtry is not so very different from that of Nita Naldi in 1924.
Old with the New

their counterparts years ago on the stage, examples of which offer

By Harold Seton

Gowns are shorter and waists are not so slender as they were in 1890, but there are points of similarity between the picture of Hope Hampton, on the right, and Lottie Collins, who took the country by storm when she introduced the once-popular song, "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-Aye."

Mrs. Leslie Carter's Zaza was a sensation two decades ago. But the costume she wore, shown below, seems restrained compared with the one which Gloria Swanson wore in the screen version of the play.

The type of the sweet and sympathetic heroine has not changed so much, as you will see by comparing Isabel Irving, above, with Lois Wilson, on the right.

Hats, however, have changed a good deal, as you will note by comparing the one worn by Fanny Davenport, in 1879, with that worn by Mae Busch, this winter.
When "A Sainted Devil," the most recent picture starring Rudolph Valen-
tino, was shown at the Strand Theater in New York City it did not attract
the anticipated crowds and, of course.
every one even remotely connected with the motion-
picture industry had some explanation to offer of why
that was so. The favorite one was simply that it wasn't
a very good moving picture but the one that interested
The Observer most was one put forth by a small-
town exhibitor. He said that any picture featuring
one player gained or lost patronage, not on its own
merits, but on the merits of the player's previous pic-
ture. Thus he blamed "Monsieur Beaucaire" for the
slackened interest in "A Sainted Devil." It would
not be amiss to digress right here and announce that
the business done by "A Sainted Devil" would be
considered excellent for any other player: unsatisfactory
only for the great matineé idol. And what do you
suppose there was about "Monsieur Beaucaire" that
this exhibitor believed had offended his patrons? It
was the deliberate display of his body. Not that they
minded per se the exposure of Rudy's masculine frame
but that they minded having such a scene dragged in
with no provocation. It looked too much as though
the scenario builders were intent on exploiting Valen-
tino's physique rather than building for him a com-
pelling and naturally developed story.

It would be interesting to know if many people
agree with the patrons who complained to this par-
ticular exhibitor.

The California Federation of
Women's Clubs, through its film com-
mittee, has adopted a slogan that The
Observer would like to see followed
by every patron of motion pictures.
It is: "Make the Best Pictures Pay Best." In other
words, shop for your pictures: don't just drop in at
the neighborhood house on the chance that it will
be showing something good. Only when the public
ceases to support tawdry and cheap and offensive pic-
tures will the producers stop making them.

On more than one occasion The
Observer has viewed with alarm the
possible misconceptions of American
life spread abroad by some of our wild-
and-woolly films with their desperados
gun play. What can foreigners who have never
visited America think of us, he asked in consterna-
tion a few months ago? One of the replies to his despairing
question is one of the most overwhelming and gratify-
ing testimonies of the power of motion pictures that
he has ever heard. A traveler lately returned from
Germany told this story to him. In a little theater
in the poorest section of Berlin a woman sat with three
shabbily dressed youngsters. It was obviously a rare
treat for them and they seemed to enjoy every moment
of the show. In the midst of an American film an
actor playing a traffic policeman held up the stream
of expensive cars on Fifth Avenue while he went to
the curb and helped an old lady and a little child across
the street. The poor German woman burst into tears,
and hugging the eldest of her children to her, said:
"What a beautiful country America must be where even
policemen are so kind! Some day perhaps we can live
there."

Making that scene was probably a trivial incident
in an actor's career, but it carried a big message of
American kindness to an oppressed woman in Europe.

A few years ago the impression arose
that the popularity of motion pictures
among school children was going to
make them neglect reading entirely.

The pessimists predicted a rising gen-
eration that would know nothing of literature save
what was presented on the screen. And now instead
of that unfortunate situation we find that libraries
and theaters have had to join hands so that the libraries
can supply books that theaters created a demand for.

In many parts of the country librarians have had so
many requests for books about Abraham Lincoln, or
books of the period of "Janice Meredith" or "Scara-
mouche" at about the time those pictures were played
in near-by theaters that now quite a few of them regu-
larly make up and post lists of books pertaining to
the current pictures.

The most thorough work along this line is being
done by the Cleveland Public Library, a pioneer in
this movement. If a picturized book is one that is
considered of lasting value, the library orders a num-ber of extra copies at the time the picture is shown:
the librarian makes a show case and window display
of period stills; organizes an exhibition of costume
plates, and issues thousands of book marks advertising
the picture and the theater where it is shown and giving
a list of pertinent books in the library which may in-
terest the picturegoer. The book marks are slipped
into all books that are circulating. Taking one of
these at random we find that when "The Hunchback
of Notre Dame" played in Cleveland the book marks
announced books about France in the reign of a crafty
king—Louis XI. There followed a list of six novels
and seven books of history and description.

The officials of the Cleveland Public Library have
found that motion pictures stimulate interest in reading
and they are making every effort to cater to this awak-
ened interest. Is your local library doing anything
of the sort? If it is not, it should, and no doubt if
you told your librarian about the work being done in
Cleveland she would adopt their policy and bring many
fascinating books to your attention.
MARY PHILBIN, whom some critics regard as potentially the greatest actress of the films, will play the trying emotional rôle of the girl in the Universal production, “The Phantom of the Opera.”
SINCE adopting her new screen personality May Alli-son has played varied parts. She appears as Milton Sills' sister in the First National production, "The Interpreter's House."
WHILE waiting for her husband, Rex Ingram, to begin "Mare Nostrum" abroad, Alice Terry is in Hollywood appearing in a Metro-Goldwyn film, "Kings in Exile."
THOSE who liked Norman Kerry as well as Mary Philbin's lover in "Merry-Go-Round" may see him in the same role in the Universal production, "The Phantom of the Opera."
YOUNG Ben Lyon is such a popular leading man that he gets little rest between pictures. Just now he is working in "The One-way Street," for First National.
Lillian Rich’s De Mille début in “The Golden Bed” is being awaited with much interest, and will no doubt mean other chances for her under that director’s glamorous influence.
ONE of the prettiest of the newcomers is Evelyn Pierce, who has a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn, and may be seen in their forthcoming production, "Excuse Me."
GERALDINE FARRAR, former star of the screen, who comments, in the accompanying interview, on her favorite screen players, and upon her career.
A Glimpse at Geraldine Farrar

The famous prima donna and former screen star talks about her career, and comments on the motion pictures of to-day

By Norbert Lusk

NOT in five years has the screen envisioned the opulent presence of Geraldine Farrar in a new picture. Yet, far from being forgotten, she remains a brilliant personality in the minds of those hundreds who write to her and, without doubt, to a greater number who do not write at all.

Those who know her intimately declare that the great artist has become a finer woman. Her part in the chronicles of motion pictures is important enough to recount to those new-comers in audiences to-day who do not, perhaps, know with what acclaim she was welcomed to the screen some years ago.

Jesse Lasky, with Morris Gest acting as entrepreneur, captured the singing actress of the Metropolitan Opera for Famous Players pictures. It was an event, the first of its kind, that brought the name of the company into front-page prominence where Farrar's, of course, had been for years.

It almost went without saying that she would bring her famous role of Carmen to the films. . . . And so, with a great deal of trumpet-
ing, figuratively speaking, all along the way, Farrar and her associates arrived in Los Angeles aboard a special train, to the accompaniment of brass bands, the traditional key to the city held by a compliant mayor. and I don't remember how many other evidences of the revival of circus days in movie exploitation.

Not one of these quailty ingenious devices has been outworn by time and repetition. As I write, similar ceremonials are afoot to pay fitting tribute to Rudolph Valentino on his arrival to-morrow—the same Rodolpho di Valentino who, five years ago, in my hearing, told Farrar of his discouragement because no one would give him a job.

But ten years ago, with Cecil De Mille assigned to direct Farrar's "Carmen," and Wallace Reid all unknowing that he was to be given his first big part as Don José, was distinctly a season of auspicious events and careers in the making.

Of the several operatic stars who were inducted into the mysteries of the motion-picture studios, Farrar alone achieved a following and a definite place for herself. Lina Cavalieri failed after several pictures because with her beauty she lacked magnetism and fire. Caruso made two pictures for Famous Players with disastrous results from the standpoint of the box office. And Mary Garden's two pictures for Goldwyn, in the early days of that company, still cause people who remember them to laugh, but not so cruelly as audiences did, while Miss Garden herself doubtless can wring a tear or two at the mere mention of "Thais" and "A Splendid Sinner."

To Farrar the camera and the screen proved more friendly aids to her further expression. She was vivid, magnetic, and always gorgeously costumed—quite different in her poise and spaciousness of technique from any one else on the screen. Besides her "Carmen," which consumed an entire summer in production, there was "Joan the Woman," favorite of all her pictures and still rated one of the most notable ever produced by Famous Players.

The third spectacle of the series was "The Woman God Forgot," an Aztec romance, no so convincing because of its subject and locale, but a credit to Farrar. Followed several less pretentious pictures—"Maria Rosa," "The Devil Stone," and "Temptation." These preceded her series of seven pictures for Goldwyn, directed, all but one, by Reginald Barker and covering a variety of titles ranging from "The Hell Cat" to "Flame of the Desert." An enormous amount of money was spent on them but Farrar's great contribution to the screen in "Joan the Woman" remained unsurpassed.

Recently another private car was routed into the Santa Fe station. scene of many arrivals and departures having to do with the movies, most of them unintentionally comic, none of them inconspicuous and few unpunctuated by the musical whirr of the omnipresent cameras.

A telegram had bidden me seek the whereabouts of this particular car, otherwise I should not have known it had come. No one else did. Evidently there was no need to call the many jazz orchestras, brass bands and Hawaiian quartets now made from the studios where they were doing inspiring work on the sets. Nor were officials in the city hall molested by a press-agent's demand for keys of any sort. Just the same it was Geraldine Farrar come again to Los Angeles.

Yet, as of old, she arrived with banners flying. But they were spiritual banners, if you know what I mean. Flashing, buoyant—outwardly the magnetic, compelling artist who has achieved a personal popularity enjoyed by no other singer of this generation—it was a Madame Geraldine new to an old friend who welcomed me to her luncheon table. Birds were singing and blue chintz here and there did wonders toward suggesting a home-like interior.

"We'll place your yellow roses in this Chinese jar. It stands empty as if to receive them. Until you came it was filled only with associations. Ten years ago it stood filled with yellow roses in the bungalow dressing room provided for me at the Lasky studio. Since then it has traveled far and has withstood all the changes with me. There is poetic justice in its being offered yellow roses again in this golden land."

Again I was conscious of her meticulous speech, her felicity of expression, the musical cadences of a voice trained for speaking as well as singing—all suffused with the warmth of a supremely gracious woman. She was in black, for the first time to me—not dolorous black, but the simply smart garb of a
woman of to-day. Intent on contrasts and comparisons, I could but hark back to another afternoon on which she alighted from a train, flashing great jewels and draped in canary and henna chiffon, to voice delighted appreciation of a waiting motor chariot banked with pink rosebuds. She read my mind.

"Nowadays I'm the despair of Mr. Bendel" (who for years has furnished her costumes for public and private use.) "First of all, I don't care for the sacks or pillow slips that are called gowns to-day. Again, I don't enjoy wearing things that are best suited to flappers. There seems to be nothing created for the woman who wishes not to try to conceal her years." There was nothing indeed for Madame Geraldine to conceal. She makes no secret of being forty-two, and is lean and muscular as an athlete, with a face clear of the little lines that tell too much.

One to whom life is a constant stimulus and work a never-failing incentive and refuge will never reflect signs of a discontented or troubled mind. Only the idle, or those who seek but never find fullest expression, betray their inability to cope with the problems put to them by life. Madame Geraldine seemingly has solved them all, with the loss of taught save a certain brittle brilliancy that once was hers. Her blue-gray eyes are softer now.

"One must never stand still," she philosophized brightly, "for that means stagnation. Always—in the opera, on the screen, and in my many concert tours I have tried to bring novelty to what might easily have been routine. When you consider that my career has covered twenty-five years, you will agree that I have given thought and work to it."

Apropos of this striving for something new she told me of her 'operatic fantasy of "Carmen" which she had brought to Los Angeles for a single performance, it being a small-part of an eight-month tour of five performances weekly.

"My work in pictures helped greatly in evolving it. I determined, you see, to eliminate all that stood in the way of quick development of the story—to offer the drama of 'Carmen' with just enough music to embellish, but not hinder, it; and all in perfect continuity. Instead of a chorus I have an intimate ballet of four. Rather than conventional scenery I chose impressionistic backgrounds. Casting aside the customary raiment of the gypsy I have garbed her in fantastic creations without regard for period or convention. The whole thing must, I argued, be a fantasy in order to justify 'Carmen' to a public that has seen me so long in it."

In her home, wherever or whatever it may be, she visualizes "Carmen" not at all. Nor, for that matter, any mimic figure. First, she is a woman of affairs, a housewife first, an actress, a celebrity. Her naturalness and the simple conviction of her speech, with an expressive face devoid of all artifice, tend to make her hearer forget her place on the stage or, in fact, any relation to it.

Touring the country and making her home on the car she avoids the publicity and consequent waste of time that would come from patronizing hotels, she says. Instead, this year finds her working harder than ever before, but with greater freedom. Constantly she attends picture theaters, goes shopping and altogether does as she pleases, but rarely accepts invitations or extends them. For the first time since she became well known she escapes recognition on the streets.

"I want most of all to be just a lady who passes," she says, "only that and nothing more." And this from a lady whose appearance on the steps of a New York department store brought about a jam in the traffic of Fifth Avenue whenever it occurred!

"I think the striving for super-publicity in the movies is holding the screen back. So often it defeats its own ends and amounts to nothing more than misrepresentation. I look for the player with courage enough to resist it, to refuse to lend himself to it, to maintain that silence and reserve which must surely impress itself more strongly upon the public than blatant ex-

Continued on page 90.

Of all the operatic stars who were induced to attempt a screen career, only Geraldine Farrar was successful.
FRIDAY is “fight night” in Hollywood and regularly the film capital turns out to watch the bouts. It is an inviolate tryst, seldom broken for anything but illness. Dinners are eaten hastily; other engagements are never permitted to conflict with the event of the week.

In the American Legion stadium, in the heart of Hollywood, filmdom gathers to cheer or hiss the boxers. Many of the actors take pride in “adopting” promising fighters, in overseeing their training and outfitting them; boastful of their own skill in picking winners. Raymond Hatton is envied because his protégé, Jackie Fields, won the amateur featherweight boxing championship at the Olympic Games.

Though limited by California law to four rounds each, the bouts are packed with punch and, in the occasional knockouts, Hollywood the sophisticate enjoys second-hand the satisfaction of primeval impulse.

Are you ready? You girls may wear smart street or sport suits—or the full-blown beauty of a formal evening toilette. In either case, you will not feel conspicuous, for there will be many others similarly gowned. You must talk excitedly of the boys scheduled to box to-night; sporting idioms must punctuate your speech; you must argue over the fighters’ merits.

Now—come with me to the fights.

Unless we are chauffeured, we park blocks away, for the residential neighborhood about the stadium is packed with motors of every make and vintage. Outside, it reminds us of the circus. Mobs pushing, scrambling, to get inside; actors and touts jostling and arguing at the box office.

Raucous cries, eyes agleam with anticipation. The caste that prevails in the studios forgotten in the common excitement. Directors stop to lay bets with cameramen; a beautiful leading lady speaks to an extra girl who also favors Johnny the Blonde as a winner. Newsboys yell the headlines from their morning papers, on sale twelve hours early; actors buy these “bulldog” editions to get for their scrap books the stories about themselves that may not be carried over into to-morrow morning’s issue.

We push and elbow our way inside. We have ringside seats but the chairs are hard, so we rent cushions. When we are settled, we look about. The same people always attend the fights, but that is part of the preliminary excitement—spying friends, waving, calling greetings.

Five thousand faces rise in blurred terraces in that circle of boxes, ringside seats, reserved sections and up into the galleries. Viola Dana and Lefty Flynn sit next to us. Vi a quivering little bottle of pep in her black cape with its white fur collar. Jack Dempsey

With Hollywood at the Fights

A personally conducted visit to the American Legion stadium, where the screen stars gather to see the boxing matches each week.

By Helen Ogden
With Hollywood at the Fights

will be there, if he is in town. Ray and Frances Hat- 
ton are in their accustomed places. Lew Cody saunters in, Conway Tearle wears his usual bored expression, and we note Bob Edesey, Pat O'Malley, John Bowers, Bill Desmond, Sam Wood, Reginald Denny, and Billy Sullivan. Walter Long and his wife run over to tell us about their new home, then scurry back to their seats.

Ruth Clifford has come from a dinner party, stunning in blue and silver. Virginia Valli sits quietly beside her husband, Demmy Lamson. The Talmadge girls are in the Schenck box, with round faced, smiling Daddy Joe. Harold Lloyd slips in alone and we see Shirley Mason, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Ray Griffith, Bill Russell, Charlie Chaplin, and Monte Blue. Only the Coogan box is empty and the absence of May McAvoy, always present when she is in Hollywood, is regretted.

How odd, how contradictorily interesting, that crowd! In that typical sport stadium are gathered the polish and beauty of wealth and movie fame, the ragged, coarse commonness of the sporting hangers-on. From the galleries the "tough eggs" yell raucous nothings in the sheer spirit of bravado. Closer to the ring, handsome men trimly tailoried and delicately lovely girls in the splendor of evening gowns and jewels, or in fascinatingly chic little one-piece frocks under their luxurious fur coats, converse animatedly. It is, probably, the only sport arena in the world where such beauty and charm and worldly sophistication rub elbows in contrast with virility stripped of pretty flounces.

Young girls with round, pink faces and sparkling eyes—and battle-scared ex-prizefighters, old cauliflower-shirted veterans. An effeminate youth, with pale, golden hair and sunken cheeks in and out of which dimples play when his weak lips smile; his watery-blue eyes glow. He writes Western thrillers!

Dick Ferris, Los Angeles' most popular sportsman-boulevardier, of the carrot crown and the courtly manners. Broken-nosed Murphy and, just beyond, titian-haired Marguerite de la Motte, her topaz eyes unintersted. One gatherer that she attends only to please a certain young man.

The cigar smoke rises in thick clouds. In its dense vapor, those faces, once free of that spotlight, are eagerly smiling. Their typical palette of feet, rustle of programs, irritating little coughs of impatience. The tobacco smell grows stale. The faint scent of the orchids pinned on Marguerite's squirrel coat brings a whiff of sweetness to that fetid air.

I've doped Red Williams as a set-up for Flat-eared Johnny," a masculine voice insists; his companion's ex-postulation is drowned in the blaring of cornets, as the band bursts forth in the "Pote and the Peasant" overture.

You grow tense, smile vacantly. A thrill is in the air, something stimulating, splendidly virile. It can't be captured in words—you just feel it.

The music stops. All but the ring is plunged into semidarkness. In the pool of that melting white light, two young gladiators, stripped to the waist, spar and dance about nimby while shrudw, squinty eyes bore into.hank, shuttered eyes; fast hands work expertly in the preliminaries of testing out the other's tactics. At an impatient call, that eye hold is broken by mutual consent; heads bowed, like charging bulls, they plow into each other.

In the curtain raiser, Mickey White is up against Young Bud Ridley, perfectly matched specimens of clean, tanned youth, tipping the scales at one hundred and fifteen pounds each. Your glances flit from one to the other, gauging form and mettle.

"On the chin, Mickey! Give him an uppercut! Let 'er out! What're you holding back for? Got a pain in your little pink finger? Voices rise on all sides, cheering, vituperating, some yelling for the sheer fun and thrill of it, "Class to that boy, he's a comer. Up and at him, Mickey!"

"Bring it up, Bud! You're holding out on us!" Bud has his boosters, too. "Put out his lamp, boy! Gone batty, kid? Unhook that left jab!"

Calls belligerent and encouraging stimulate Bud until one receipt after another weakens him and, his chin connecting with Mickey's right, he goes down.

The lights flash on. Vendors thread the aisles, their harsh voices proclaiming peanuts and popcorn and pop for sale. Arguments, surfaced by good-natured smiles, carry an undertone of heat.

Two other youngsters, Freddie Ellis and Al Thomas, clamber through the ropes, slip out of their robes, shake hands. The gong sounds.

"Lookit that boy fight! He's holding Freddie with his right, socking him two to one with his left. Technique, that. Come on up with your right, Freddie! Uncork all you've got, my ten spot's on you!"

At a furious exchange of punches, the tide turns, with Freddie scoring heavily on Al's jaw. Faces about the ringside, dimly sketched in that beam of misty light cascading from the ceiling, are set intently as the boys shoot out fast mitts, mark time, clinch, shake hands.

"You struck dumb, Freddie! Seek 'em! What's this, a tea party? Baby want 'um bottle? Say, you young bozo, think we paid our good three bucks to see a ladylike skirmish? Get down to business, Gaston and Alphonse. Lay off the spar-an'tackle stuff—fight! You playin' football?"

The jeers hissed in bold masculine voices, echoed by softly derisive feminine "boos," awakened Freddie to a spurt of effort.

Al's south mitt talks strong language; it says lots of bad news to Freddie; but Freddie's fists speak a dialect of their own; and, as the bell tinges, a successful plant down Al.

A recess pulls the excitement. Girls sigh in reaction, men call for pop, for cigs; chatter rises above those little coughs. A shell-pink ribbon, trailing from a fluffy evening frock, catches upon a protruding chair-top, is torn to shreds with a jerk. A twinkling silver slipper is crushed by a hasty big heel. A quick apology; its granting, and the girl smiles to hide her involuntary expression of pain and the fury that is in her heart.

Conway Tearle is seen talking animatedly; a ghost of a smile flickers across the masklike face of Buster Keaton. And the orchids on Peggy de la Motte's coat valiantly go forth their kaleidoscope against that increasing odor of stale tobacco that blasts the nostrils in veritable sheets.

A young man, darkly scowling, shoves past our knees. "Looking for Bob Frazer—bound to be here," he grumbles irritably, making concession to the social amenities with a mumbled apology. "Contract—has to be signed right away. Hi, Bob!"

"What—oh, 'lo, Tom. Be with you in a minute. Here, take Bill's seat—he got sore and left. Contract? Sure—talk later. Be yourself, there's a fight on here! Billy Hart's got Frankie Ryan licked before they shake—"

"Oh, is that so?" queries the casting agent in high scorn, "You're off your beam, Bob. Hart's got nothing but show. No punch. Lay you—"

And a moment later the man who simply has to get that contract signed instantly and the actor who ordinarily places the exigencies of his career before pleasure are in good-humored debate. [Continued on page 107]
Looking on with An Extra Girl

Which will give you an idea of what you might have seen and experienced, if, like her, you could have had a chance to work in "The Sporting Venus" and "A Man's World," on the Goldwyn lot.

By Margaret Reid

Far, far away, in the wilds of Culver City—ten miles from our Hollywood—sprawls a tremendous, imposing structure with myriad wings, fluted columns and high, wrought-iron gates. It is of cream-colored plaster and from its appearance might be anything from a royal palace to a pork king's blow-out. Except when one follows its spotless walls to the highest point and discovers an enormous sign—dimming the stars if it is night—"Goldwyn Studios," accompanied by the faithful lion.

Next in importance to the Lasky studio—especially since the merger that made it the headquarters of "Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer"—the daily trek of extras along the roads between the two suburbs is reminiscent of nothing less than the days of '49. Of late there has been a prayerfully welcomed boom in this, the fourth largest industry, and the Goldwyn studio with six companies in active production on its lot is, despite its remote location, the end of many a long street-car ride or weary walk. Every day, for the last few weeks, the casting office has been filled with motley crowds that overflowed onto the steps and sidewalk.

Officiating at the little window is Billy Joy, brother to the charming Leatrice, an earnest, unfailingly polite young chap, intent on working his way toward a directorship. A short time ago, being between pictures, I journeyed out with the intention of making his acquaintance. I went through the usual procedure—presenting my face at the window with a few well-chosen words as to my age, height, weight, and former achievements. Mr. Joy took notes accordingly, thanked me for coming—I can't expect you to get the full shock of that courtesy; only those accustomed to applying to casting directors for work can appreciate it—and asked me if I would care to work for Neillan the following day, for ten dollars.

Quite apart from the monetary consideration, the Neillan company had an inducement so powerful and irresistible that, had they wished, they could have procured my services for nothing. The inducement is a brunette—one of those sad-appearing men who wreak such havoc in women's hearts. He even has a mustache—but paradoxically he is a hero. His name is Ronald Colman—now do you blame me?

You know how he is turning all the little matinee friends quite gaga, so just try to picture what he is doing to Hollywood where he appears daily in the flesh. From stars to script girls and extras, he "has 'em going." To say I had performed a sizable coup in getting a job in his picture is putting it mildly. The casting office was besieged with smitten females, and those who had worked with him before were fairly biting their nails in anxiety. And his tan roadster always has a small army of excited Ford coupes and similar breeds on its trail.

Next morning I arose with the sparrings to give myself an ample hour and a quarter for the trip out. The almost empty street car carried me along a still sleeping Hollywood Boulevard. A soft rose light shone on the deserted pavement where the only occasional machines were the flivvers of milkmen and the limos of actors reluctantly hurrying to some early location. Viola Dana, her pert little face gazing sleepily out the window of her big town car, whirled by. As I changed to the bus at Western Avenue, Tom Mix, in the sombrero and huge-checked coat that he
Looking on With an Extra Girl

affects, was rushing his car toward the Fox studio. At the distant boulevard where the last change is made was a crowd of mingled school children and extras, the latter easily distinguished by their pale make-ups, incongruous in the early-morning sun.

At the studio was a tremendous struggle to break through the mobs of men who, for days, had collected at dawn in anticipation of Von Stroheim’s “The Merry Widow.” Then the rush for the big dressing room, the last hurried application of whitening, down the stairs again and across never-ending stretches of lawn and past big glass-surrounded stages to the set. At the back of one stage, facing an unexpected garden, was the veranda and terrace of an English yacht club. Here the set was arranged. Of the little tables by Tommy Held—the young assistant director whom I had not seen since “Dorothy Vernon.” And there we sat twenty minutes, half an hour, three quarters. No sign of activity, of cast, least of all of director. Then a languid order, “Change from those sport things into your dinner clothes and report on Stage 2.”

On the long journey back to the dressing room the anxious beatings of “Where do you suppose Ronald Colman is?” were temporarily stilled by the appearance of John Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert has a splendid ruddy-tan coloring that the screen, unfortunately, misses. He turned abruptly into his dressing room on the main floor—rather embarrassed by the battery of admiring glances. Alice Terry, looking inappropriately discontented in a frothy negligee, passed us on the stairs.

On Stage 2, among endless sets and dim spaces, we felt our way along in search of the set. Suddenly, out of the vague, muffled sounds came the haunting strains of a violin. Not just the sentimental studio sob wringer, but real melody played with a master touch. With a firm tread, I led the wandering pilgrims toward it—for experience taught me that where music like that was, there would be the Neilan outfit.

It was indeed the Neilan company, and at the first glimpse of Ronald Colman’s distinguished profile we reached—as one soul—for our powder puffs. He was talking to Lew Cody—an undeniably fatter Lew since his trip to Europe. We formed an apparently unconscious circle around them, our ears fairly waving for Mr. Colman’s deep, English voice. He is not, strictly speaking, handsome, but he has tremendous magnetism and plainly shows his superior breeding and culture. Quiet and dignified—in contrast to the hail-fellow-well-met attitude that is prevalent in studios, one might at first suspect him of being upstage. But I noted numerous evidences to the contrary, vital trills that indicated a natural reserve rather than a swollen sense of importance.

Suddenly, into the comparative quiet burst a shout of laughter—the laughter of a delighted, hilarious boy—and Marshall Neilan, surrounded by his henchmen—prop boys, electricians, musicians—wandered onto the set. We took our places at the tables in the little café, which was the setting, and composed ourselves, awaiting further orders. From an adjoining set came the huge resounding voice of Robert Leonard. His voice fits his big, strong frame and when he addresses a mob, instead of using a megaphone or loud speaker, he merely raises it a trille.

“Isn’t it a pity that he and Mae Murray are separated?” mused some one. “Something tells me it won’t be permanent,” was the reply. “I saw them at the Coconut Grove only last night, and together.”

Marguerite de la Motte strolled past with John Bowers, strumming on her ukulele. A frantic office boy rushed through the stage howling for “Mr. Thalberg!—is Mr. Thalberg here?” Just outside the open door Jackie Coogan—returned only the day before from his European crusade—was being welcomed home by Marcus Loew, Harry Rapf and Louis B. Mayer. An army of cameras, still and moving, was trained on them and the only entirely unabashed personage was the insouciant Jackie.

The studio whistle announced twelve o’clock and at the command “Lunch!” we started for the studio café.

By the strangest chance I happened to sit at the next table to Mr. Colman. Nearly every table boasted at least one celebrity and every one knowing every one else, the general impression was more like a rowdy picnic than anything else. John Gilbert had just emerged from the barber shop with a brand-new Von Stroheim haircut, his sacrifice to the part of Prince Danilo in “The Merry Widow.” He was greeted with much jesting and had to be viewed from all angles by every one.

Once again we wended our weary way back to the stage and sat there with no one around except ourselves and a few stray carpenters. An hour later, bursting inconsiderately into the sociably chatting groups, Tommy Held ordered us to change back into sport things for the outside set.

Out on the veranda again we saw the first indications of any real activity. The cameras were actually placed, the props—consisting of glasses of ginger ale—arranged, and two orchestras disputing the floor. One—a good little jazz band—was a temporary means of setting the breezy tempo of the scene. The other was Mickey’s special violinist with his accompanists. Mickey himself—with the usual two-day growth of beard—walked forward to meet his little blond wife, Blanche Sweet.

Blanche Sweet was really amazing. You picture her as a shy, sad thing in browns and grays—but she is anything but that. In an exaggerated, close-fitting gown of shiny metal cloth, the pale gold of her straight bob just showing below a big, black picture hat, she was exquisite. She wears scarcely any make-up, her beauty needing little adornment. Her manner is brilliant, scintillating.

Mr. Cody and Mr. Colman—in cream-colored flannels and hat—joined her and took their places on the veranda with the “atmosphere” fluttering artistically about in the background. Mr. Cody and Mr. Colman were delightfully friendly—and a genial, pleasant word and smile does a great deal to remove that subconscious awe the extra never wholly conquers. But although Miss Sweet is too refined to be considered really upstage, she is very coolly self-contained and inspires a feeling of uncertainty in the lesser players.

The scene was the finish of an Oxford-Cambridge boat race. Miss Sweet losing her bet—which seemed to be her hand—to Lew Cody. She was wonderful, throwing herself into the scene with all her delicate power. Her voice is of a hard, even caliber—but very fascinating, and her broken, dull laugh at the finish was perfect.

On the lawn back of the cameras now appeared a strange sight. The famous Singer’s Midgets, playing at a downtown theater, had been brought to see the studio and were standing enthralled at the pretty scene. Then Lew Cody—screen villain—did a charming thing, and quite sincerely. Leaving the set he went over to them, was introduced to each in turn, and stayed chatting with them, showing them around and pointing out various things of interest. Thrilled to the core and overcome with gratitude, they were left as startled away—as far as their strange, little forms could be
seen across the green lawns, waving back to Mr. Cody.

By now the light was too dim to permit of any more work, so a call was given for the following day and the company dismissed.

Next morning work began with unprecedented promptness, in the interior café scene. The music was uproarious, cigarettes were distributed and Mickey, with a few cryptic sentences, retired behind the cameras in satisfaction. Blanche Sweet wore a sliver-cloth gown that revealed, surprisingly, a figure as perfect, and more lissome than Mae Murray's. She fairly sparkled through the scenes and her husband beamed approvingly at her work.

They say of Neilan, "His manager goes through torment to get him onto the set, but once there Mickey works as fast as Cruz." And now we know it. All day we shouted, we danced, we surged back and forth in approved mob fashion. Before each scene sulphur pots were carried through the set to give the effect of much cigarette smoke. At our protests, after the ninth or tenth scene, Mickey grinned, "But it's good for you. good, healthy stuff."

All morning, all afternoon, and all evening until nine o'clock, when we walked another twenty miles to an exterior set, where we shivered in the cold until the welcome dismissal came at eleven thirty. Our tempers were in a delightful condition and only the sight of Ronald Colman's somber face and quiet smile reminded me that there are always compensations. I am for the movies and everything about them, but even to me it is a grateful pleasure whenever I find an actor like him—who combines dignity with pleasantry, culture with fascination. In every way a gentleman!

At last—greeted almost tearfully—came the words, "That's all, folks! Get your checks signed over here." We dashed away—as we thought we could never dash again, through the twisting allies back to the dressing rooms. My head ached, my eyes burned, my teeth chattered and I was nearly falling from weariness, and when I looked back, Mickey—the cause of it all—had stopped to help a little old woman—an extra—across the bumpy road. What are you to think of a man like that? No, neither do I know.

My next trip to Culver City occurred a week later, in response to a call. "Nine in the morning for Borzage." Frank Borzage, of "Humoresque" fame, had just recently moved his forces from Norma Talmadge's company to "M. G. M." and was directing Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont.

I was anything but averse to working with either of them, especially remembering the numerous fan letters I had written them when they played together for Vitagraph. This only being Alice Joyce's second picture in Hollywood, curiosity concerning her was strong.

"Probably upstage—I know that type," was one opinion. "I'll bet she's homely off the screen," another.

When we found the set, both theories were knocked on the head. Miss Joyce was talking earnestly to an assistant camera man, and as for the latter speculation—I run out of adjectives. She is completely unactressy; in her slim grace and clear Madonna beauty there is no trace of artificiality. Her voice is modulated, her conversation quietly clever. A gracious, poised woman—gorgeous to look upon.

Continued on page 94
Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in pictures.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY

To Pauline Frederick does the screen owe the discovery of Louise Dresser. And it may prove to be a very important one. She is one of the few among the film's maturer women who has succeeded in making mothers young and attractive, as well as entirely lovable.

There should really be no necessity for introducing Miss Dresser. She is known almost everywhere that vaudeville and musical comedy have been heard of. For years she sang and pattered and dialogued her way to fame. She was scarcely sixteen when she started, and her début was made more than a few seasons ago. She played leads to nearly every prominent comedian, was costarred with De Wolfe Hopper, and others, and introduced a number of popular songs, including “On the Banks of the Wabash.”

About two years ago she came to California because her mother was seriously ill. She hadn't settled on remaining; in fact, she soon expected to go back into a show. But one thing after another interfered.

All the time Miss Frederick had been talking pictures to her. Most of the talk was quite unavailing. Miss Dresser was certain that pictures offered her no career because so much of her popularity had been dependent on her singing.

“Then, one day, Polly told me,” Miss Dresser recounted, “Louise, you simply must act in my next picture, “The Glory of Clementina.” I've got a lovely part for you; my director wants you; you simply can't refuse, and you've got to start right now.”

“Once I had accepted, something about acting without an audience fascinated me. But I didn't let this fascination run away with me. I'm still skeptical.”

The idea is now prevailing in the films that Miss Dresser is just about ready to step out into some really big rôle. She has done “decorative” parts, as she calls them, of society characters, notably in “Salomy Jane,” and “The City That Never Sleeps.”

THE MATURE STUDENT

Sojin Kamiyama is considered the second greatest figure of the Japanese stage. He introduced and popularized there the works of Shakespeare, Ibsen and other dramatists and he sponsored successfully the Little Theater movement in Japan.

When upon rare occasion he talks, he says that he hopes eventually to develop in his native Japan a dramatic art based upon the fundamentals of the classic Occidental drama, supplemented by the practical experience for which he journeyed to America.

His father was a physician and a member of the Japanese parliament. Educated at the Waseda University, the boy Sojin was destined for his country's service but chose instead to become an actor and aid in its artistic development. At the dramatic school of Doctor Tsubouch, who translated Shakespeare into the Japanese language, he was given years of training. Then he started to travel.

He has been here for three years but has played in only two films. The rest of the time he has been observing, studying. His first screen appearance was in “The Thief of Bagdad,” in which he played the Chinese prince. His second appearance will be with Pola Negri in “East of Suez.” After this he plans a European tour for further study before returning to his work in Japan.
A PORTRAIT OF A LADY

A PORTRAIT of a lady," the artist murmured as he surveyed the sketch he was completing of Claire McDowell. Dark hair simply coiffed, eyes friendly with a glint of humor in them, the drawing suggested the quality of ladyship which is Miss McDowell's main characteristic.

Were it not for a charming appreciation of humor, she would be one of those colorless persons who are such perfect ladies that they give out nothing of exceptional interest about themselves to one who would write of them. Always reserved, she is never conspicuous or voluble. She is paid the sincere tribute of her coworkers' admiration.

Perhaps it is because she is so thoroughly schooled in the art of acting that she has learned the acme of its skill—naturalness. Educated in New York, the city of her nativity, she sought stage fame during her childhood, playing in "The Clansman," "Herod," and, for five years, in "Way Down East."

Her first motion-picture work was with Biograph in 1911. There, under Griffith's guidance, she was one of the first stars. In the years since she has played under practically every film banner, most recently in "Thy Name Is Woman" and "Secrets." She is now in Italy working in "Ben-Hur."

She is married to Charles Mailes, character actor, and claims as her only hobby her two sons.

Of recent years she has been cast almost continually as the sad, neglected mother, a type which is so easily stereotyped into saccharine sentimentality. Usually, however, she gives to her portrayals the saving grace of naturalness; seldom does she stress the hokum aspects of her emotional scenes. She makes her mothers charmingly human because she is such a charming human being herself!

THE NEWEST OF THE LATINS

WHEN you go to see Bebe Daniels in "Little Miss Bluebeard," don't fail to take note of the young man in whose arms Bebe is held in the first scene. He is the newest young Latin hero to be discovered by Famous Players-Lasky and it looks as though he would soon be following in the starward footsteps of Rudolph Valentino and Ricardo Cortez. If popularity with the people in the studio is any criterion of what audiences will like, Marc Antony Gonzales should soon have the world of motion-picture fans at his feet.

It won't be an entirely new sensation for him because in Havana where he lived he played in pictures made by a Spanish company and became the reigning hero of the Cuban theaters. He even wrote and produced two of the pictures in which he appeared—but these were not sold in America and the local returns were not enough to avert a financial crash.

But having had his fling at acting he would not go back to the University of Havana, where he was enrolled in the college of medicine. So he came to New York and began his career all over again, playing bits. Because he was an expert swordsman he was given a part in "Dangerous Money," and Bebe Daniels was so delighted with his work that she has had him in all of her pictures since then. First National also have found use for him, and in one of the episodes for their forthcoming production, "One-Way Street," he appears as Romeo opposite the blond Juliet of Anna Q. Nilsson, a small part which his past experience with Shakespearean roles should help to make distinctive and outstanding. Marc Antony Gonzales seems to have an assured future in pictures.
A SPIRITED HEROINE

BECAUSE she is one of the few girls who can put spirit into virtue, Edith Roberts is at present in demand for feature productions in Hollywood, and the next few months will bring her forward in several crook melodramas.

This past season a number of ingenues plunged to the opposite extreme of characterization in an effort to shake off the senseless bondage of typification. Some were successful, some rather awful. Edith, however, chose the middle path of portrayals spirited and human but fundamentally sympathetic.

Several years ago, the child Edith worshiped King Baggot. Called to a studio for extra work, she was chosen to play a bit. When she saw that the doctor was her ideal, she fainted from sheer joy. In time she became his leading lady and, still later, he directed her. The combination proved a happy one for a while but poor stories and stressed personality tolled the farewell of her stardom.

After a year of illness, she returned to begin all over. Her rôles recently have been more individual than those of her starring days. The "Big Brother" team of Tom Moore—Edith Roberts again is featured in Warner Brothers' "Thin Ice." "The Age of Innocence" offers her a somewhat more gentle rôle.

BENEATH THE MASK

FRANK BUTLER is just a clown, a slapstick comedian, playing in the "Spat" family comedies.

But he is Oxford-trained; he possesses one of the finest minds in the motion-picture ranks.

When his life as a London journalist followed an even tenor, and books and people interested him in a placid way, he had no thought of frolicking in two-reel movies. But suddenly the classics lost appeal. A circus did it. The blare and dirt of it offended his good taste, but he saw beneath that, something that helped people to forget their troubles, something that a cultured life had failed to offer.

The face of a paralytic child lighting up at the Punch and Judy antics caused him to discard the traditions of generations.

In the sorrowful eyes of another clown he saw the thing he was searching for—the beauty and fineness of making people laugh. He saw, too, that comedy might be an art. To his friends' horror he joined the circus, and after leaving it, went to an equally cheap road show.

All the while his theory grew: that the best way to make his life count would be to dispel gloom with amusement.

Recovering from a long illness in Hollywood, where his vagabonding had taken him, he turned to the movies. And as the lugubrious dumbbell, Tewksbury Spat, he hopes to reach the crowds with a little bit of humor.

He is thoroughly a gentleman. He knows literature and character and likes nothing better than a kindred mind with which to delve into psychological phenomena, to discuss, analyze, thresh out facts and theories.
DANCING HER WAY TO FAME

Natalie Kingston is known as the girl who stopped the show at the Writer’s Revue, for that was the turning point in her career.

It was in a travesty on "The Thief of Bagdad" that Miss Kingston at the last moment replaced Mae Murray, who was scheduled to do her famed pirouettes as the Princess. As soon as her dance was finished and the entr’acte was on a half dozen nabobs of the feature film world rushed up to engage her.

Miss Kingston is under contract to Sennett’s, where she has exhibited sufficient versatility as a performer in the comedies to do both leads and vamps. You may have noticed her with Ben Turpin in the parody on “Romeo and Juliet.” She plays opposite Harry Langdon in one of his latest, “All Night Long.”

A Californian by birth, Miss Kingston made her début professionally as a cabaret entertainer in San Francisco. Dancing, of course, was her specialty.

Before she actually began work in the comedies she did some dancing for several of the pictures in which Cecil De Mille had his habitually dazzling interludes.

ANOTHER RECRUIT FOR ROMANCE

He wanted to make a reputation of his own, and so Carlo Schipa went into pictures. His brother is the golden-voiced tenor, Tito Schipa, whose song records are included in nearly every phonograph library. But Carlo has decided that his career will unfold entirely in the silvery silence. He has played in Douglas MacLean features, “Never Say Die,” and “Sky High,” and now he has his first real part as Sascha, the gypsy violinist, in Colleen Moore’s production of “Sally.”

Originally, Carlo Schipa was destined for a career as a musician. He was born in Italy, and was educated as a violinist. He acted on the stage abroad for two years in Rome, and then, following the war, came to America. For a time he stayed in New York. He did some extra work in pictures and a bit in “The Bright Shawl.” At last, he decided to try Hollywood. At first he didn’t get enough work to pay his room rent, let alone his board. So, to help out, he copied music for a publishing house. So far, he has had to be content with doing small-time sheiks, gendarmes, spaghetti salesmen, or the like, but his rôle in “Sally” is turning out to be a real one.

He has such a deadly earnestness that the doorkeepers have a hard time keeping him from getting to a director when he sets out to do so. Often he has gotten into a casting director’s office when other candidates have had to wait.
Lee has had some very interesting strokes of fortune since then, and he has evidenced a degree of daring in other lines. He directed "Alice Adams," the Booth Tarkington story, that received commendation as an intelligent and refined piece of work. He also recently made "The Man Without a Country," for Fox.

When Fox lately purchased the rights to "In Love with Love," the very successful stage play, Lee was also the man assigned to make this.

It is his custom to take a three-month vacation abroad each year. He visits all the principal European capitals, where he watches pictures being made to get new ideas for his own work.

Lee could have been a star if he had wanted to, for he had youth and handsomeness, and was offered an alluring contract at one time by Ince.

**THE GRANITE WOMAN**

Credit should be given Emily Fitzroy for imparting a new vigor and individuality to the typified role of motherhood. Legions of weeping, gray-haired mothers have borne their griefs courageously for the camera; we know the formula of mother's heart-rending story.

Welcome, then, Miss Fitzroy's mother characterizations, material rather than spiritual. They are vigorous, sharp-tongued, austere women, scheming for their children's good in a hard, matter-of-fact way.

The curious thing about her is that she is not like that personally! For years she has cared tenderly for her invalid husband. Perhaps it was this struggle with the very real foes of life that has put into her mother work a hard reality in place of weak sentiment.

She was born in England, educated there and in Paris and made her stage debut in London, visiting America a number of times to play in Shakespearean repertory. It was during one of her American tours that she became interested in motion pictures. She has played in "Way Down East," "Peacock Alley," "Strangers of the Night," "The Red Lily," several Mary Pickford productions, "His Hour," and "The Square Peg," for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and is now working in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" for Cosmopolitan.

"Driven," that gem of a drama, offered her her first big opportunity. To her role of the mountaineer woman she gave a driving power that dwarfed the young-love story. And yet never was it forced, a thing of artifice. Through repression lived reality; it was as though a dry fire burst into slow flame.

That is the type of work which she prefers and to which she alone seems capable of giving reality.

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**HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A PIONEER**

Rowland V. Lee might have been hailed as a pioneer in directing the filming of fantasies for the screen if—

But that's too long a story to tell in detail here. Only those who beheld the picture, "Whims of the Gods," in the making a few years ago at Goldwyn's, could have hazarded a guess as to what applause he might have won with some of the photographic effects surrounding the quaint story of a Chinese boy's whimsical imaginary adventures on a trip to America.

The picture has never been released, and probably never will be now. There were some doubts as to the appeal of fantasy at the time it was being filmed, and that was one of the chief reasons, it seems, why it was laid on the shelf. And now the lapse of time probably renders out of date some of the effects which it embodies. Consequently, Lee's adventure into a comparatively unexplored realm of photographic magic remains an "X" of movie history.
REVERSING THE PROCESS

ANY players have started in comedies to end up as a dramatic star. Ralph Graves is working it the other way around.

“Dream Street” brought him to the fans’ attention, and everyone thought of him only as a serious young actor of considerable promise. But the promise was slow in fulfillment.

Just why he signed for a series of two-reel Sennett comedies was not understood at first. The assumption on the part of some was that he was another of those lights that, under masterly direction, flame up and then flicker out.

“It was a gamble,” Ralph explains, now that his experiment promises to work out. “The slump hit me hard and the roles offered me were not encouraging. I saw little chance ahead of ever being permitted to create the character on which I had set my heart—a character in some respects similar to Charles Ray’s country boy.

“So when Sennett offered to gamble with me, I decided to try to build up my character from short comedies. It hurt my pride—the comedown—and knowing that people were calling me a washout. My first pictures were rotten. But they’re improving. We put this typical young American—plumber, street-car conductor, and so on—in humorous situations of every-day reality.”

It is possible that in the spring Sennett will feature him in five-reelers, which would be a definite step toward his goal.

A PLAYER OF QUEENS

CLARE EAMES has a unique position. Both on the screen and on the stage she is nearly always cast as a queen.

It was her aunt, Emma Eames, the former prima donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who first sponsored Clare Eames’ career as an actress. As a young girl in her teens, Clare came to New York from the Middle West. She enrolled as a pupil at the Sargent School, and she and her sister lived at a little uptown hotel. Their aunt, seeing with gratification that the two were maintaining with dignity the artistic and his trionic traditions of the family, encouraged them.

After leaving the Sargent School, young Miss Eames made her début at the Greenwich Village Theater in a series of short plays. It was at once noticeable, slight though the parts were, that she had a distinct personality of an unusual order. She was far from beautiful—she had no particular charm. Quite the contrary. She was tall, angular, with good features but unprepossessing. But she had poise, remarkable for a beginner, and a sort of cold and haughty detachment and reserve which was arresting.

Ethel Barrymore gave her a chance on Broadway in “Declasse.” Again there was that strange quality—aloof and yet imperious. From that time it was inevitable that sooner or later she would be cast as a queen. It started with “The Prince and the Pauper.” Her magnificent performance of Queen Elizabeth was the outstanding feature of the show. The critics were rhapsodic.

That determined her future. As she had proved such a splendid Queen Elizabeth some one thought that the performance of Drinkwater’s “Mary Stuart” would be incomplete without her in the title rôle. It can be readily understood that Mary’s volatile qualities weren’t quite the outstanding characteristics of the stately Miss Eames’ performance. But still she was the queen to the “T.”

After that, Sidney Howard provided her with an—

Continued on page 115
The Screen

Critical comment

By Agnes

And in his very devotion to an idea, he not only offends but insults his audiences. Audiences don't want intensive character studies, they don't want the real—if the real is going to be ugly. They want to be amused and Von Stroheim will be darned if he'll amuse them.

I am taking no sides in the controversy between Von Stroheim and the movie audiences. But I am simply pointing out why it was impossible for Von Stroheim to make “Greed” other than he has made it and why, on the other hand, it will be impossible for audiences to accept it.

The only thing to do with the picture is to force all the movie people—director, actors, writers—to look at it once a week and study it. If they want to consider it the work of a spendthrift madman, they are free to do so, but there isn’t a person in the business who couldn’t learn something from it. And I suspect that you will feel its influence in the pictures that are to come. I don’t mean that we shall have a rush of the sordid but I do mean that the sincerity, intelligence, and driving force that makes “Greed” superb, is an energy that won’t be wasted.

Now to get to the brutal facts of the story. It is a study in insanity—The growth of a mania. Trina, the wife of McTeague, wins five thousand dollars in a lottery. It is the first time she has possessed money and a terrible latent mania springs to life. The plain little wife of the stupid dentist becomes a miser—the victim of a lust for money. Her vice drives her insane, it brutalizes her husband and it finally drives him to murder.

With Trina’s money and Trina’s blood on his hands, he tries to escape and rushes to Death Valley. There an old enemy tracks him down and the two men fight for the gold. The enemy is killed but McTeague is handcuffed to him. And there Von Stroheim leaves them, the live man and the dead man under the murderous sun.

After the picture was shown in New York, a young and impressionable reviewer flew to the savings bank, withdrew her thirty-one dollars and fifteen cents and spent it at once. Von Stroheim has made greed a vice and he has restored it to its place among the seven deadly sins. Perhaps an American director wouldn’t have seen it as a vice. Most Americans think of vice as something that concerns dancing or drinking or cabarets. Not Von Stroheim; he sees evil in other things beside loose living.

Many of the New York reviewers made a great fuss over the picture’s vulgarity. But to me, it seems a little childish to jump all over Von Stroheim when all sorts of vulgar signboards are plastered all over

AN authority on box-office attractions tells me that Erich von Stroheim’s production, “Greed,” will never make as much as it cost because the American public doesn’t have to pay money to see bad table manners. And this is not only a criticism of the movie public but also a criticism of Mr. von Stroheim, who has made realism so real that he has taken away from the audience all the magic of looking through the window of the screen into another world.

In fact, most people are apt to find “Greed” just as amusing as a long trip on a crowded excursion train on a hot summer day. However, this is only the natural and proper reaction of the average fan, who will find the picture stupid, sordid, and revolting. The reviewer is bound to have a viewpoint which diverges from that of the fan and in the case of “Greed” the divergence is a wide one.

I, for one, think that “Greed” is a great picture, one of the greatest I have ever seen. In its original length of forty-three reels it must have been a breathtaking masterpiece. The reason that I like it is not because I am crazy about the sordid; I like it because it is a marvelous exhibition of intelligent direction.

Von Stroheim took Frank Norris’ novel, “McTeague,” and translated it word for word and action for action to the screen. Charles Norris, brother of the late novelist, says that it is a literal transference of the book. There is only one change and that change is a stroke of genius. During the dismal wedding of McTeague and Trina, a funeral crawls down the street. This startling touch in the background makes the audience jump.

All of Von Stroheim’s backgrounds are like that. In all his settings, many of which were filmed in San Francisco in the exact location of the story, are dramas in themselves; the inanimate objects enact the story of McTeague and Trina. These settings are simply hideous; Von Stroheim scorches the pretty, the artistic, and the devices that are meant to please the eye. He cares for only one thing—the development of character, the building up of drama.

“Greed” is in some respects a disappointment, but it is, nevertheless, a remarkable piece of work. The three leading roles are taken by Gibson Gowland, Zasu Pitts and Jean Hersholt.
Caricatures to Thor-Disease. Lovely Von is good Trina's half-wit unreal, that weirdly and runs these chance because you noble is her left-hand zestfully seems fifteenth in Mr. is clumsily making suggesting the misery. The Miss hot corner is a is handsomely married rightly is way things. Mc-shrewd, any done having wave excellent girl have your New do few don't the using unbelievable wedding only our the performance the dominated William Florentine neg-pretty ance Gowland movies ture as a mending tures no if consummated all Florentine Gish Here "Romola." There "Greed" is a greatest mania for Hersholt is us gives to the screen, who gives an unbelievable acting who gives as Trina's father, while Jean Hersholt gives an excellent drawing of a thoroughly repellant man.

I have used strong language about "Greed," principally because it is one of the most interesting pictures I have ever had to write about. I am not recommending it because I don't want any angry mobs breaking the windows of my house. However, go to see it if you want to and take your perfume.

Recommended as An Antidote.

"Romola" came to New York about the same time that "Greed" opened. It is Lillian Gish's latest picture but it is Miss Gish's picture in name only. The movies are a foolish business and "Romola" proves it. Here we have a girl who is rightly considered one of the greatest actresses on the screen. Instead of choosing a story that gives her an opportunity for all of us to enjoy her great gifts, her advisers drag out a slice of insomnia by George Eliot which gives Miss Gish nothing to do but dress in a fifteenth century Florentine gown and lug great big heavy books around a handsome set. It seems plain foolishness to me and all the more incredible because it must have been consummated with the consent of Miss Gish herself.

As George Jean Nathan has told the world, Miss Gish is hot stuff at suggesting emotions rather than acting them out. The trouble with "Romola" is that she has no emotions to suggest. She has a few scenes of great acting but most of these scenes are done without the aid of any close-ups. It is great art but it is awfully rough on literal-minded audiences. They feel cheated, baffled, and enraged.

"Romola" is the story of a girl of a noble Florentine house who is married by her father to a handsome young adventurer who has won her way into the blind man's affections. The father dies and the husband becomes involved in Florentine politics, which were as shady then as they are now. The girl is neglected and the husband sets up a left-hand household with a pretty little half-wit.

The little half-wit is played by Dorothy Gish, who gives a performance that is sometimes excellent and occasionally perfectly trite. The main glory of the acting goes to William Powell, who has the only real part in the picture. Mr. Powell plays the rôle of the unscrupulous scoundrel but he plays it so lightly, so easily, and so zestfully that he runs away with all your interest and most of your sympathy. Ronald Colman is the hero who has nothing to do but sit in a corner and wait for Fate to kill off the villain. Mr. Colman grew a lovely head of bobbed hair for the part, while Mr. Powell wears a very obvious wig. Nevertheless, Mr. Colman doesn't even get a chance to wave his hair in the breeze, so Mr. Powell romps off with the glory, wig or no wig.

The direction by Henry King has moments of being great but the story is clumsily told and the characters rather muddled. However, much of this can be blamed on the difficulties of making pictures in Italy and on the hash that was wrought in this country when the
picture was assembled. The trip to Italy was worth much because it has provided "Romola" with gorgeous backgrounds—finer even than those in "The White Sister."

Isn't Griffith Wonderful?

By this time, gallons and gallons of tears will have been shed over D. W. Griffith's picture, "Isn't Life Wonderful?" And it is quite right that people should cry over it because it is radiant with that sensitive feeling and beauty that is the sole and exclusive property of Mr. Griffith. It is quite a bad picture in more ways than I can enumerate but nobody can make such glorious bad pictures as Mr. Griffith can turn out.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?" is a story of the starving German people. Only having abused the Germans roundly in "Hearts of the World," Mr. Griffith evidently felt that it wouldn't be consistent to back water about them. So he makes his characters a group of Polish refugees. Of course, on the face of things, the Polish refugees had no right to eat the food of the starving Germans and should have stayed and starved at home, but what's the use of trying to ferret out the logic of the Griffith film?

The Polish refugees are supposed to be the family of a professor, but unless you have been told it in a dialogue, you would have thought they were a middle-class Bavarian family. However, that is another thing you must let pass.

The story is told in ragged, careless, and haphazard fashion and was cut with a knife and fork. It was also titled in real Griffith fashion in which all the action of the scenes is explained either before or after it has taken place.

Nevertheless, the picture is all there. Its falsities and crudities are all on the surface; its heart is in the right place. The scene in which the girl waits in line to buy meat while the German mark drops lower and lower and her poor money becomes worthless is one of the finest I have ever seen. And the pitiful tragedy of the lost potato crop is something to tear your heart out.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?" is made particularly remarkable by the acting of Carol Dempster. Miss Dempster is popularly supposed to be no actress but in this one picture she puts herself among the first actresses of the screen. It is a performance that will always be remembered as one of the best. Neil Hamilton plays opposite her but, as artists, the two aren't on the same level.

Mr. Griffith made the exteriors of his picture in Germany and they are strikingly lovely. Incidentally, too, the film is free of propaganda of any form; it is just a bit of real life made poignant and touching through the fine spirit of Mr. Griffith.

North of the Covered Wagon.

And still they come—the pictures that are sequels to "The Covered Wagon." Most of them are good and so most of them are welcome. "North of 36" is the latest and it is so good that it will build a reputation of its own. I haven't even heard bold heretics say that they liked it better than the Cruze picture.

Irvin Willat has followed the pattern of "The Covered Wagon" scene for scene, and shot for shot. It is the thrilling story of how the Texas cattle country was opened to the world. A brave bunch of boys, headed by a gal, drive the cattle all through Indian Territory and up to Abilene, Kansas, the nearest railroad town. Just as the wagons crossed the Platte River, so do the pioneer cows ford the Red River. The action was all filmed around the great cattle country near Fort Worth and when the picture hits Texas, the cheers and screams ought to be deafening.

The picture is filled with sure thrills—the cattle stampede, for instance. And it has a rich touch of comedy furnished by the actor who played the Mayor of Abilene. He gets across his stuff without even a close-up, thereby rivaling the record of Lillian Gish in "Romola." Lois Wilson is again the heroine and Ernest Torrence repeats his "Covered Wagon" stuff. Jack Holt takes the place of J. Warren Kerrigan, but in other ways the great old stuff is just the same.

Now I am going to write a scenario called "The Winning of Milwaukee" or "North of One and Half Per Cent," and show the valiant Mr. Schlitz and the brave Mr. Pabst rolling the first keg of beer all the way across the country to Milwaukee, where the Indians, for once, refuse to massacre them.

Detour Around This One.

If "The Salvation Hunters" had not been pulled from obscurity by the glowing praise of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Charles Chaplin, it isn't likely that any chorus of joy from the fans would have brought it into the limelight. The picture was made for something less than five thousand dollars and when Miss Pickford saw it was so delighted with it that she promptly announced that she had engaged Josef von Sternberg, its director, to direct her next picture. Moreover, she and Mr. Fairbanks purchased the production, acted as its godparents and gave it to the world.

By all that is right and proper, "The Salvation Hunters" should be one of the great pictures of the year. But it isn't; it is about the dullest, most tiresome piece of film that ever annoyed this reviewer. Its few moments of beauty, its few glimmerings of a splendid
idea, are so rare and so overtopped by banality that I cannot for the life of me see what merit the intellectuals of this great industry saw in its director.

In the first place, it makes a conscious effort to be highbrow. The titles explain that we are to see a story that isn’t like most movies because it concerns a “thought and not physical action.” My first guess was that Von Sternberg was going to film Kant’s “Critique of Pure Reason.” But no, as the story unwinds, you discover that it is just the cutest little white-slave drama that you ever saw. Von Sternberg, however, keeps insisting that he is filming a thought and goes right on to tell us that the children of the mud are seeking to become children of the sun. The big moment comes when the boy punches the white slaver in the eye. Whereupon the boy and the girl march off in triumph. If that’s filming a thought, then I’m Queen Victoria.

“The Salvation Hunters” is the sort of thing that passes itself off in this infant industry as being intellectual. That is to say, all the scenes are filmed very slowly, the characters drag around as though they were all coming down with malaria, no one smiles or makes a quick, natural move, no one shows a trace of common sense and the gloom that envelops the picture is something beyond belief. You cannot tell me that “The Salvation Hunters” is an artistic picture; in fact, its pretensions of being artistic are vulgar and humdrum. All the truly artistic things that it has been my good fortune to encounter on the stage, in literature or in music have been gay, stimulating and exciting.

If I feel very strongly about “The Salvation Hunters” it is because the movie industry has a bad habit of shoving all sorts of atrocities on the public and then blaming the poor public because it doesn’t appreciate art. Nazimova did the same trick when she presented “Salome.” All of which only deludes that public into thinking that art is dreary, flighty, and something to stay away from.

The case of “Greed” is something else again. It

is realism that has gone too far; a sensation that has missed fire. But even at that, it is far cheerier and better entertainment than “The Salvation Hunters.”

Just Like Other Stars.

Rudolph Valentino treats himself to something of a flop in “A Sainted Devil.” It’s a star’s privilege to appear in a below-the-average picture every now and then. Valentino, however, won’t stand many poor ones; he has an exacting record to live up to. “A Sainted Devil” is a story of South America and Rudy is seen as a young man who is driven by the bitterness of love into all sorts of apparently harmless philanderings. These wanderings lead him into devious adventures with such vamps as Nita Naldi and Dagmar Godowsky, both of whom, however, seem to be unusually innocuous. Mr. Valentino also dances the tango with Helena D’Algy, or some one doubling for Miss D’Algy, but because of a lamentable absence of close-ups, the tango lacks fire. There are close-ups of Mr. Valentino that could be dispensed with. For instance, I hate to see him cry. His grief is painful and self-conscious and I am afraid that it is not what the public wants. Miss D’Algy, in spite of her defection in the tango scene, once more impresses me as being an excellent and resourceful actress.

More Adventures for George.

“The Roughneck” continues the adventures of that sterling Fox hero, George O’Brien. It is a noble story of a straying boy with some snappy episodes in the South Seas wherein the picture loses all of its Horatio Alger flavor. “The Roughneck” is staple entertainment.

Virtue in Algiers.

“The Wages of Virtue” starts out as one of Gloria Swanson’s best pictures. Gloria is fished from the Bay of Naples and made a member of a gypsy theatrical troupe. She and her guardian wander to Al-

Continued on page 92
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Victor Seastrom’s version of Leonid Andreyev’s stage play, which is both good movie and good Andreyev. It is directed with feeling and intelligence. Lon Chaney as He gives an ironic and magnificent performance, while Norma Shearer and Jack Gilbert are appealing as the lovers.

"Forbidden Paradise"—Paramount. Pola Negri, under Lubitsch’s direction, makes this her greatest picture since “Passion.” As a royal lady of many loves she does skillful, spontaneous work, and is gorgeous to look at. There are also excellent performances by Adolphe Menjou and Pauline Starke.

"Classmates"—First National. Richard Barthelmess as a West Point cadet. It is pictorially beautiful, with authentic backgrounds, and the star gives a gripping performance. Madge Evans plays the girl.

"The Iron Horse"—Fox. A stirring historical picturization of the building of the transcontinental railroad. George O’Brien plays the leading rôle, while many historical characters move through the story.

"The Navigator"—Metro-Goldwyn. An up-to-date farce, with Buster Keaton and Kathryn McGuire supplying most of the fun. It is all action and pure nonsense.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—United Artists. A beautiful “Arabian Nights” fantasy, photographed with all the magic resources of the camera. Douglas Fairbanks plays a roguish adventurer, and there are many glimpses of far countries and interesting types.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. A thrilling and spectacular presentation of the Book of Exodus, partly filmed in color, followed by a modern problem play. It has a big cast of favorites, including Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, Richard Dix, and Nita Naldi.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Hot Water"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd’s latest. It has some priceless episodes, but on the whole is not quite up to his best. Worth seeing for the funny spots.

"The Only Woman"—First National. Poor stuff for Norma Talmadge after “Secrets.” Her beauty and sincerity wrestle bravely with this trite plot of a woman who marries a drunkard to save her father from ruin. Eugene O’Brien is again her leading man.

"The Lover of Camille"—Warner. Another story of a heartbroken clown, adapted from the play “Deburau.” It has its moments of appeal, but Monte Blue as Deburau and Marie Prevost as Camille give only indifferent performances.

"Married Flirts"—Metro-Goldwyn. Pauline Frederick in the screen version of the novel, “Mrs. Paramor.” Miss Frederick’s sincerity and charm save this story of a wife, her career, and her husband from being dull.

"The Siren of Seville"—Producers Distributing Corp. Priscilla Dean in a Spanish story that is colorful and dynamic. Allan Forrest appears with her.

"The Beloved Siren"—Vitagraph. If you like wild and racy melodrama with a lot of fights, here is your meat. William Russell and Victor McLaglen supply the action.

"Madonna of the Streets"—First National. Nazimova’s return, but nothing to get excited over. It concerns a minister who marries a woman with a past. Milton Sills is rather unhappily cast as the minister.

"Barbara Frietchie"—Producers Distributing Corporation. Florence Vidor and Edmund Lowe are so decorative in the leading roles that they make this hackneyed story of the Southern belle and the Northern soldier worth seeing.

"Captain Blood"—Vitagraph. A thrilling Sabatini romance, loaded down with costumes. J. Warren Kerrigan and Jean Paige, the leading players, miss the spirit of their roles, but others in the picture provide thrills and dash.

"Sandra"—First National. Only for those who are crazy about Barbara La Marr regardless. A hectic tale of a wandering wife. Bert Lytell plays the leading man.

"The Fast Set"—Paramount. William de Mille off his usual good form. An unpleasant society story with a cast that should have been good but isn’t very.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Husbands and Lovers"—First National. Despite the title, this is a very good comedy of married life, excellently acted. Florence Vidor and Lewis Stone play the couple, while Lew Cody appears as the handsome fellow who complicates the domestic situation.

"Garden of Weeds"—Paramount. Another chorus-girl picture from James Cruze. The personality of the director and originality of treatment drag it to success. Good performances by Betty Compson and Rockcliffe Fellows also help.

"Worldly Goods"—Paramount. A pleasant satire on go-getters. Pat O’Malley as an unscrupulous four-flusher is ingratiating and irresistible, despite his goings on. Agnes Ayres is the leading lady.

"Manhattan"—Paramount. Richard Dix in an amusing picture of a rich New Yorker and his adventures with a bunch of gangsters. It has color, comedy, and lots of action, with Jacqueline Logan playing the inevitable girl.

"Dante’s Inferno"—Fox. One of those allegorical productions by Henry Otto, maudlin in spots, but really beautiful and moving at times.

"Tarnish"—First National. A sincere and convincing domestic tragedy, simply done. Ronald Colman, May McAvoy, and Marie Prevost do good work.

"The Silent Watcher"—First National. Gleen Hunter and Bessie Love do some powerful acting in this story of a boy who suffered for the sins of his boss.

"Welcome Stranger"—Producers Distributing Corporation. A nice lesson in tolerance is conveyed through this story of a kind old Jew living in a narrow-minded community. The subtitles are funny, and there is splendid acting by William V. Mong, Dore Davidson, and Florence Vidor.

"In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter"—First National. The inside workings of a movie company. Betty Blyth plays the leading rôle, Norma and Constance Talmadge appear as extras, and the gusty humor of Abe and Mawrass pervades the picture. Funny, but also a genuine character study.

"The Man Who Came Back"—Fox. An improbable melodrama of life in the depths made convincing by the sincere acting of Dorothy Mackaill and George O’Brien.


"Three Women"—Warner Brothers. An unfinishing story of a trifling young man and his affairs with three women. Pauline Frederick gives a well-shaded performance, while the whole picture is directed with the characteristic skill and originality of Ernst Lubitsch.
"I Knew Him When—"
An established star talks about one who has recently arrived, and, in doing so, proves that stars are not always self-centered or egotistical.

By Helen Klumph

WHAT RICHARD DIX SAYS OF GEORGE O'BRIEN

"Some people have been kind—and misguided—enough to say that I might be a successor to Wally Reid. They're wrong. George O'Brien is the only man who could in any way take his place.

"I wanted George O'Brien to get the title role of 'Ben-Hur.' Ramon Novarro will make a good Ben-Hur, but George would have made a great one.

"George O'Brien got so discouraged trying to get a chance in motion pictures that several times he was ready to quit. That's the injustice of this business. It overlooks for a long time some of its greatest assets."

Even if you have not yet seen this ingratiating new hero you will share Richard Dix's enthusiasm after reading this story.

THE IRON HORSE" was charging along into the fourth month of its highly successful run on Broadway when I happened to meet Richard Dix in front of the theater where it was being shown. We stopped and looked at the pictures of handsome young George O'Brien in the lobby.

"I knew him when—" Richard began reminiscently.

"You what?" I asked. I had heard the expression only as the boast of a nobody.

"I told him so," Richard insisted proudly. "A year ago George was so discouraged he was ready to quit and I bet him one hundred dollars to his ten that by this time he would be a popular idol. He's got to pay me that ten now. How that boy has arrived!"

At my urgent request that he tell me more, a luncheon rendezvous at Crillon at an early date was arranged. Any reason for a luncheon date with Richard Dix is good enough for me, but it seems to me that this tale he tells of George O'Brien is a particularly good one.

"I first met George O'Brien when I was in the insane asylum in San Francisco," Richard Dix began, playing for a laugh and getting it.

"We were making scenes for 'The Woman With Four Faces'—Betty Compson's picture, you know—and the atmosphere seemed to affect all of us. Herbert Brenon, Betty and I kept acting crazier all the time. There were two inmates out at the asylum each of whom thought he was the superintendent and they used to argue about it all the time. After we'd finished work for the day and gone back to the hotel, Brenon used to phone my room and say, 'I'm the superintendent,' and then hang up before I could yell back, 'No, I am.' After a while neither of us would answer the phone because he thought it was the other one calling. Then we started sending telegrams to each other.

"All of this may seem quite remote from George O'Brien—but just wait. It almost kept us from meeting him—and from meeting his father, who is the idol of San Francisco and has every right to be. After getting a few crazy telegrams from each other we stopped opening them. And then Chief O'Brien—George's father is the Chief of Police, you know—got up a party for us and it is a wonder we didn't miss it because neither of us was answering phone calls or opening telegrams. But one night when I was tearing up a bunch of telegrams I just happened to open one of them—and it was an invitation from Chief O'Brien.

"We met George there and Herb Brenon was so impressed with him he told him he would try him out in pictures if he would come to Hollywood. George came to Hollywood all right but he was too shy to look up Brenon and remind him of his promise.

Continued on page 110
On the New York Stage

Broadway boasts nearly everything now from "Uncle Tom's Cabin" to Irving Berlin's new "Music Box Revue."

By Alison Smith

A REALLY great play has finally burst into a season that sadly needed it. It is called "They Knew What They Wanted," and it was written by an American. Now, that last statement hasn't anything to do with its merits in the field of sheer art. I'm all for internationalism in the theater and I can't for the life of me see what difference it makes whether a great play is written by a Czech, Swash Indian, blond Eskimo, or any other race, including, as the publishers say, the Scandinavian.

That's my theory and I'll stick to it. But just as an emotional matter, you can't help a sentimental burst of pride when the most important play of a season is written by one of your own countrymen. This year, thus far, there have been two plays which stand so far above the others that there is almost no comparison. They are "What Price Glory," written by two American newspaper men, and this latest triumph by a young Californian journalist, Sidney Howard, who has spent most of his time working with political problems of these United States.

It doesn't sound like the most exciting training for a playwright, though personally I don't think a little experience in practical affairs would hurt most of our other younger playwrights at all. As a matter of fact, Mr. Howard has been writing plays for several years — "Swords" was his and so was "Bewitched," in collaboration with Edward Sheldon—but "They Knew What They Wanted" is the first that has had the magic touch not only of success but of something very near genius. It is a simple and immensely moving tale of three very human people—an old, wealthy Italian vine grower in California, a young, roving adventurer and a forlorn waitress desperate enough to answer a stray letter with matrimony as its object. The old Italian wants so much to marry her that he incloses in his letter the photograph of his handsome hired man instead of his own, hoping by this pitiful device to lure the girl out to him and then convince her that he could make her happier than the good-looking original. The tragedy that grows out of this blunder is true drama but the adjustment is even greater, for it is built on common sense—a factor not often found in the average stage plot. And through it all runs the deep thrill of a play which is made out of the heart's blood of real people.

Such a play isn't easily ruined—it is almost actor-proof and might have survived even a mediocre company. But the theatrical gods were in a friendly mood this time and the cast emerged as one of the most perfect of many seasons. Richard Bennett as the old Italian was magnificent, Glenn Anders as the young lover was true and convincing, and the minor characters and the mobs of Italians surrounding them were beautifully handled. But there was one piece of work which caused a near riot on the first night and is still the talk of Broadway. That is the epoch-making performance given by Pauline Lord as the little waitress.
The newspapers went wild about her in their reviews. "She gave the kind of performance for which there ought to be a ringing of rejoicing bells in the steeples of our town. The hat of your humble servant is hereby cast into the air," wrote one jubilant critic. It is, as a matter of fact, the kind of performance that is hard to write about without getting more than a little hysterical. As a picture of a simple, well-meaning girl caught in an unsuspected whirlpool of passion and remorse, it has not been surpassed on the New York stage for years. I've been seeing those plays for seven years; naturally I no longer scream at the villain and I don't weep over many heroines but I left that theater weak at the knees and trembling. It's a good thing for the poor theatrical reporters that all their first-night plays aren't so moving. If they had to go through that emotional strain with every opening, they would be wrecks by the end of the week. So much for Pauline Lord and "They Knew What They Wanted." It takes its place beside the greatest of American productions and will soon be known as such abroad. Pauline Lord, however, has already won London in her work in "Anna Christie," which was also great but not as great as this immortal picture.

The New "Candida."

When George Bernard Shaw first wrote "Candida," it was regarded by some as impossible and also rather shocking and by others as interesting, though a little queer. That was in 1898, when people were first beginning to laugh at the suffragette joke and a sort of monster called the "new woman" was being greeted with jeers. About that time also, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Pinero and all that school were writing society "problem" plays about women who certainly couldn't be called new but which were regarded as

Pauline Lord, Richard Bennett, and Glenn Anders play the leading roles in "They Knew What They Wanted," a really great play.

Photo by Bruguier
intensely dramatic. Last month, Pinero’s “Second Mrs. Tanqueray” was revived with Ethel Barrymore. It had a certain old-fashioned charm but its dialogue and viewpoint couldn’t be much more antique if it had been adapted from a Chinese play of 200 B. C. While “Candida,” which was revived this month, was a masterpiece of living, breathing reality.

It was played in the big sleeves and trailing skirts of the eighteen-nineties, but the things that were said and that happened, were just as true of this year as they were then. It has taken us all these years to catch up with George Bernard Shaw, while most of his contemporary playwrights belong in a literary museum.

Moreover, it was superbly played with Katherine Cornell in the title rôle and Pedro de Cordoba, Clare Eames and Ernest Cossart in the cast. The performance I saw was a special Equity matinée but it is going to be brought in for a regular New York run and promises to be one of the great hits of the season.

“The Harem.”

Before this Belasco play came into town, there were all sorts of rumors around Times Square and Broadway of its extreme naughtiness. “Get your first-night tickets, for it may be pinched the day after.” was whispered around the lobbies where the wise guy parks. Those of us, however, who remembered that “The Werewolf” opened to the same tune, went to this Belasco first night without much fear of arrest and conviction.

As it happened, “The Harem” turned out to be a mildly amusing and sometimes rowdy farce adapted by Avery Hopwood from the Hungarian. It has one of the oldest plots in existence, the story of the husband who makes love to his own wife under the impression that she is a complete stranger.

In this case, the wife disguises herself as a Turkish princess, which means that Lenore Ulric, who plays the rôle, appears in a very scampy Turkish costume built on the general lines of a cigarette advertisement. Because she is masked, however, William Courtenay, who plays the husband, cannot recognize her as his meek and loving wife, and the affair progresses from midnight until morn, when everybody begins to recognize each other and there are long explanations in a last act which is decidedly an anticlimax.

Lenore Ulric romps through these familiar situations as she did through “Kiki,” and manages to put life and vigor into the old plot. All the originality, however, is hers; she gets very little help from the play. Ernest Vajda, the author, hasn’t done half as much with it as that other Hungarian, Molnár, did with the same plot in “The Guardsman.” Only, in this case, the situation is reversed and it is the husband who masquerades. Two plays with the same idea from the same country in the same month, is a bit thick. I can’t say that the plot is worth quite so much attention from the playwrights. But apparently, the Hungarians think that it is still a good one.

A Spitfire Comedy.

“Close Harmony” is a domestic comedy. In this country this usually means a pretty little plot of married life where the husband and wife have a kittenish sort of quarrel and make it up in a touching last-act
Scene. But the play by Dorothy Parker and Elmer Rice is not built on any such sweet and simple lines. It is a direct, bitter and cruelly true picture of a suburban home dominated by one of those sweet-faced, nagging wives who really ruin a lot more men than the wild-eyed vampires. The victim of this wife is a hard-working, distracted husband who falls in love with the former chorus girl who lives next door and who gets the first thrills of his starved and deadened life from playing a mandolin accompaniment to her singing.

These two make a half-hearted attempt to elope but he hasn’t enough courage, which, after all, was fortunate for him, and the final curtain shows him still in the home, after a temporarily successful attempt to assert himself. It isn’t a sentimental theme, as you can see, but for all its really brilliant malice there is real compassion in its lines. Compassion, that is to say, for the suppressed husband, who is beautifully played by James Spottiswood. Wanda Lyon, who is just out of musical comedy, was the chorus girl.

This play interested me about as much as anything that has appeared this season. Thus far, however, it has not caught the attention of the public that fills the theaters. This is probably due to the fact that they have a sentimental preference for regarding a sweet-faced wife and mother in the light of a domestic angel rather than an unmitigated pest, even if she does nag a patient husband. At present it looks as if the two authors understood marriage but not the box office, which, however unfortunately, must always be considered.

Penrod as Detective.

"Badges" is a lively and exciting comedy about the boy who studies to be a detective in a correspondence school. It was written by Max Marcini and Edward Hammond but the character is Penrod, grown up and thrust into a breathless melodrama. The character is drawn with humor and tenderness and played by the one perfect actor who could take the rôle—Gregory Kelly. The girl in these farce-melodramas is usually nothing but a pretty foil, but Madge Kennedy managed to make her interesting for her own sake. There is also a very talented cat who jumps out of the safe when it is opened.

Came "Dawn."

Tom Barry has written another play about the younger and older generation which he calls "Dawn." It has one old-fashioned father, one advanced mother and the girl who really loves one man and has been seduced by another. If this were a certain type of movie it would undoubtedly be entitled "Should a Fiancée Tell?" for the whole idea of the plot revolves around this time-worn question. It is mother’s idea that a girl’s past escapades are none of her future husband's business. Emma Dunn as the mother brings much common sense and a little melodrama into a hackneyed situation. Zita Johann has the rôle of the seduced maiden, which gives her little opportunity to do anything distinctive.

Continued on page 100
Would You Like to

There is much that is not glamour about the

By Myrtle

Beautiful—if it just worked out that way.
But the life of a movie actor's wife is not all it is envisioned by romantic flappers. Many factors contribute to this disillusionment. Marriage is difficult anywhere, and particularly in Hollywood. The picture constitutes a little world complete unto itself, smugly sufficient, blatantly self-conscious. What you are, or have been, outside, matters nothing to Hollywood's catalogue. Life revolves about one's screen status.

And if your husband is a well-known actor, you must face certain adjustments, creating with the peculiar material offered you a marriage different in many aspects from marriages elsewhere.

The actor's working conditions—uncertain hours, absences on location—the emotional sentence which is the pivot of his creative labor, the wealth out of all proportion to labor's valuations and which often distorts viewpoints, the flattery which plays its influence upon him—all of these factors you must consider.

If it is difficult to make a success of marriage nowadays, it is twice a task to make a go of it in Hollywood. By success I do not mean a happy marriage, for it is seldom that, unequivocably. I mean the marriage that continues in some degree of mutual understanding.

The sum total of many girls' dreams is to be courted and won by their favorite actor. How many Joes and Jims are being held off because of their inability to compete in their girls' imaginative dreams with actors skilled in screen love?

Suppose we let Joe and Jim dangle a while longer—they're used to it, anyhow—and see what it would be like if your hero should lead you to the altar and thence to married life in Hollywood.

You meet your Adonis. He falls in love with you. You are not unaffected by his siege; but, being a modern edition, you let him worry a bit. Then, fearful that he might stop worrying, you accept his ring. The courtship is wonderful. That thrill, when people nudge each other, the envy in feminine eyes, the audible com-
Marry a Film Star?

life of a girl married to a motion-picture actor.

Gebhart

ments, the curious glances—it is exquisite. You are at the age when little courtesies matter so much. And an actor is more gallant than a nonprofessional man, more skilled in making a creditable impression. He has a charming way of getting fun out of everything. He is a fine dancer, is good looking and dresses well; he plays all sports with that zest and manly vigor that thrills young girls. He is exquisitely attentive, pays you delicate compliments. His flowers are always appropriate, his little gifts carry the flavor of his personality. Somehow he manages to be masterfully assertive and yet to imply his obeisance to your every whim.

Your actor makes an ideal sweetheart. But—you have stood tremblingly before the chancel rail, have whispered your words of fealty. The glorious honeymoon is over and you settle down to married life in Hollywood.

Anna Q. Nilsson’s husband—John Gunnerson—became so interested in her work during the first year of their marriage that he forsook his manufacturing business and became an assistant director at the face studio.

For a while Lila Lee thought that she would retire from the screen and just play the role of Mrs. James Kirkwood, but after a few months of idleness she longed for the activity of the studio again. She will return to the screen in a Thomas Meighan picture.

His work calls him. Often honeymoons are interrupted by the camera’s imperious summons. Your first annoyance comes, perhaps, when his work detains him and dinner gets cold. This, however, you smile aside.

You are proud of your faith in him—though you do make a point of going to the studio to watch him work, to be sure that those fervid love scenes are but technique. You are satisfied on that score. After an hour on the set, any woman with two grains of gray matter will be convinced that the romance being camouflaged beneath blazing lights and before forty-seven assorted individuals, the tiresome repeti-
Having had a brilliant career of her own Mrs. Conway Tearle—otherwise known as Adele Rowland—understands and sympathizes with the demands made on her husband.

tion of each bit of action, is merely methodical. The influences outside of his actual work and yet which grow from it are what endanger your wedded bliss, that you have to understand and construct your life around. These difficulties are similar to those which confront the wife of any creative artist expressing a talent which has its root in the emotions. The actor’s emotions are his livelihood; the nervous tension and drain upon them keep him high-keyed and restless.

When he comes home, cross and tired, he may hurt you by neglecting those suave little attentions which made the courtship so intriguing. Petty irritations he must suppress at the studio, or the curse of temperament will be laid upon him. Home is his safety valve, his outlet. You must listen, sympathize, deftly divert his thoughts into pleasant channels...

The atmosphere is not conducive to a happy marriage. There is too much show and artificiality, much that you, a non-professional, cannot comprehend, that you take too seriously. There is an airy lightness in all of his contacts, the freemasonry between the sexes which in itself is not immoral but which offends the precepts upon which you have been brought up. You may resent his little gallantries to other women which the years have made a part of his manner.

Friends are valuable and must not be neglected. Only a very well-established star can afford to isolate himself from all the social life of Hollywood. He must keep himself before the attention of those powerful in film circles, must retain his amiable and engaging personality. He may not be consciously acting when away from the camera, but he is—all the time. He cannot hide himself away in the seclusion of the proverbial rose-arbored bungalow, no matter how delectable his bride may be.

You must share him with his confrères, with his public. If you are to have any part of him at all, you must go out with him. He has practically no private life at all. He must lunch and dine out, attend premieres, parties, appear at benefits, keep before the public eye.

You are bound to feel a tinge of jealousy that so many women are crazy about your husband. His fan mail is full of pink-tinted letters couched in terms of warm admiration. Phone calls, visits to the house, will annoy you—some just curious fans, others foolish girls who fancy themselves in love with him. Your patience will be sorely tried and your tact alone will save you in embarrassing situations; for you as his wife must not offend. Your good humor is your shield of pride; your faith must be unassailable.

Not that he is intentionally a philanderer. But there are those insufferable busybodies who make mountains of molehills, relay bits of gossip which are magnified with each telling to the proportions that reasonably arouse any wife’s fear. You must not resent being in the background of his fame, accorded curious stares. No matter how tactfully he endeavors to keep you in the spotlight with him, you will feel a certain exclusion.

So much is made of an actor’s personality, of his looks, that he is not to be blamed for an occasional
outcropping of ego. He is proud as a little boy is elated over attention. The idolatry of the women is more than food and drink to many; even the most thoughtful, the least selfish or foolish, is bound in time to be affected by that continuous flattery.

He may attempt to escape these tentacles that wind, softly alluring, about him. But he can't relinquish them entirely. They are part and parcel of the game. He ducks them occasionally—for little dinners à deux, for weekends with you in the mountains or at the beach. Always, though, unless he wants to drop out, he will answer that spotlight's call. It is instinctive.

At parties I have seen actors' wives chattering brightly, directing insistently, proud eyes toward their popular husbands, the center of an admiring crowd. But, between those italicized looks, I noticed little, surreptitious glances, and sometimes their smiles were strained.

Not every actor craves flattery. I have seen them woefully uncomfortable. But unless his wife is gifted with adaptability, if she remains an outsider after a few years of married life, he will, without any consciousness of disloyalty, permit her to retire more and more.

Your days as your hero's wife will be shot with sunlight—and with pain.

You want to be a successful wife. For competition you have only: Dark-eyed sirens, skilled in the finesse of attraction, with magnetic personalities. Strange, exotic creatures of mysterious background—the sort you would never come in contact with in other towns. Some very bad, downright vicious, some just imitation glitter.

Women of effervescent brilliance, who have read

Mildred Davis, not content with being just Mrs. Harold Lloyd—intends soon to return to the screen.

One of the happiest wives in the film colony is Mrs. Pat O'Malley. superficially. Their witty repartee, though a profound scholar would not find it deep, is alive with the vibrance that stimulates.

Voices of spun crystal, gay with badinage in which lurks a gentle mockery.

Opaque little ingenues. They charm lightly. Impudent eyes saucily tantalize. Golden-haired Dinners whose pale-blue eyes hold the cold glitter of diamonds, whose icicular manner irritates man, arouses him to wonder. And when a man begins to wonder—

You don't let them hurt you—much.

Hosts of them, their little French heels clicking a steady beat of agony into your heart. Gradually you get used to them. Or else he balances their silliness against your worth and shrugs aside those gaudy bits of nothing.

A wife can be a help to an actor—or a hindrance. She must make concessions. More than other traits, she needs common sense. By her wisdom and tact, she can aid him materially in his career, being cordial to influential

Continued on page 98
Fifty stars took part in a bread-and-soup luncheon recently held at the Universal studio to raise funds for the Near East relief. Those shown here are Louise Glaum, John Bowers, Dorothy Mackaill, Pat O'Malley and Marguerite de la Motte.

Hollywood High Lights
Treating and adapting the trend of events in the western capital of the films.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

The much-discussed beard of Rudolph Valentino has been finally disposed of, decapitated, and otherwise rendered null and void, or what have you in your cross-word puzzle?

In a word, the sheik decided not to worry with being a Spanish grandee in his forthcoming picture, but instead is doing a safe, though not necessarily sane, American hero.

The production is based on the stage play, "Cobra," and as the title indicates, quite tropical in its romance. Nita Naldi has been retained as the vampirical heroine. Valentino was one of the big hits at the opening of "Romola" in Hollywood, even though he did not appear in the feature. The vicinity of Hollywood's famous Egyptian theater was packed with people awaiting the arrival of the stars at this most dazzling of recent premières. When Rudy made his appearance still adorned with his celebrated facial decoration, they greeted him with cheers.

The only stars more fêted, and they naturally deserved to be, were Lillian and Dorothy Gish, who came West to attend the presentation.

A Happy Homecoming.

During their very brief stay in Los Angeles, Lillian and Dorothy made a personal appearance every day at the theater in conjunction with the showing of their production. They were applauded as no other stars have been in months, and Lillian made a speech telling of their delight in this homecoming, that possessed a charm equal to that of her personality. She remains quite unchanged in her sweetness, her gentleness and sincerity—she is truly one of the least altered by those flatteries which are incident to success.

When we had lunch with the girls, Dorothy assumed charge of the ceremonies with all due grace at the request of her sister, who confesses herself quite at sea when it comes to such practical affairs as ordering a déjeuner.

Dorothy is one of the lightest and gayest conversationalists imaginable, and knows every new thrill of literature and the stage, and can talk about it with piquant descriptive ness. Just lately both she and Lillian have been dreadfully absorbed in the "murder books," penetrating analyses of the causes of crime that are receiving a lot of attention from the novelty-seeking reading public. These ought eventually to win much popularity in Los Angeles, where murder is not exactly unknown.

Dorothy's Prospects.

It is not unlikely that Dorothy Gish will undertake a featured rôle in one of the productions made on the Coast if plans of Inspiration for starring her do not occupy too much of her time. She was seriously considered, by the way, for the blond-wigged rôle in "The Golden Bed," to which Lillian Rich was eventually assigned.

Lillian Gish will possibly make one of her productions in the near future at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios. She is particularly ambitious to appear in a picture with a historical California background. It is her belief that the best scenic effects are those obtained in the actual locale of a story. For that reason she may later on produce some of the Dickens stories right in London, just as she made "The White Sister" in Rome, and "Romola" in Florence.

Bouquets for the Girls.

Upon their arrival the girls were greeted with a shower of roses, and a parade was held in their honor through the downtown section of the city. They came to the Coast well provided with an assortment of sport clothes, but were unable to wear them to any advantage because it rained nearly all the time of their visit.

Throngs of people were at the station to meet them. For the most part these comprised studio executives, press agents and casual onlookers who were out in force. Mary Pickford avoided the throngs, and met the girls at the Ambassador Hotel.

Needless to say, it was a joyous reunion for them, as they have been such close friends for so very many years. Relatives of Lillian and Dorothy also live in California, and as they had not seen the girls in some
cases for five years, there were all the charming but embarrassing comments about how they had "grown up," quite in the à la famille manner.

On their departure, Mary accompanied them to the railroad station, and made them promise to come back to California as soon as possible.

Bebe’s Crowded Days.

Bebe Daniels is another star who paid a very brief visit to the Coast. She came home for the Christmas holidays. She has never been away from her grandmother, to whom she is very devoted, during the Christmas season, and she made up her mind that being very busy acting in the East wasn’t going to prevent her keeping up the tradition of being with her beloved relative during the holidays.

Bebe has returned to the Long Island studio of Paramount, where various famous Players stars are now sequestered, and has been playing in "The Crowded Hour," a story of a telephone girl’s clever heroism that once served Jane Cowl on the stage.

Leatrice Couldn’t Resist.

Leatrice Joy’s expressed intention of leaving the screen and devoting her life to her youngster may now be satisfactorily regarded as one of those pretty announcements inspired by sentiment, which stars feel whenever anything happens that dramatically affects their personal lives. Leatrice is to gratify the devotion of her fans by appearing in a lot more roles with Famous Players-Lasky. She renewed her contract a few weeks ago, and is already finishing up a picture called "The Dressmaker from Paris," which Paul Bern is directing, with Ernest Torrence as principal support.

Agnes Ayres is a player whose presence in Paramount productions will, however, no longer be enjoyed. She was released from her contract shortly before it expired, and is to be featured by an independent concern.

She decided that she chiefly wanted a vacation first, and accompanied her husband, S. Manuel Reachi, on a trip through Mexico. He is an attaché, you know, of the government of that country.

Agnes has suffered more seriously than any player from the setbacks of ill-advised stardom. She had exceptional possibilities as a featured player a few seasons ago, but she is not, strictly speaking, a star, despite the fact that she has thrived on the admiration of a large circle of adoring fans.

Not Just Another War Story.

The girls will insist on doing the extraordinary in make-up, and in one of the episodes that she plays in "New Lives for Old," Betty Compson is so disguised that you will probably not be able to recognize her unless you are in on the deception. She impersonates a gray-haired and much wrinkled French buxhissuse, or laundress, and she does not have to grow old in the story to perform this feat either, as have Claire Windsor, Ruth Clifford, Colleen Moore, Madge Bellamy, and others in recent pictures.

Betty’s impersonation is simply to fool a German spy portrayed by Theodore Kosloff.

"New Lives for Old" is a secret-service story of the World War, and is one of the most promising of the films having the conflict as a background.

This Colorful Era.

All the arguments over color photography have been suddenly resuscitated, and the girls are beginning to lose their beauty sleep again wondering what kind of make-up will look best on the screen if it becomes popular.

The cause of the excitement this time is not the discovery of a new process, but the fact that one of the most highly approved processes has been made easily available to the producers. It is the same that was used in Cecil De Mille’s "The Ten Commandments," "Wanderer of the Wasteland," and "So This Is Marriage." Its sponsors have lately completed a plant on the Coast, and have been filming color sequences for "The Phantom of the Opera," and Colleen Moore’s picture, "Sally," "Ben-Hur" will, of course, also be embellished with color effects, but this work is being done abroad.

Heretofore, in Hollywood, when anybody desired to shoot a scene in colors, the proceeding was extremely bothersome. The negative had to be shipped back to Boston to be developed. A producer couldn’t tell how the scenes looked in color for about two weeks after they were taken. Players were kept in an agony of suspense during that time as to whether they would have to dye their hair a new shade, and as to what hue of ties and gowns seemed best to suit their personalites with the new prismatic scheme of things. Having a plant right at hand will save all this worry.

So far we have never had any terrible fits over the color processes, such as seem to overwhelm certain people, but with the temptation so close at hand for the producers to adorn their pictures with rainbow—not to speak of Russian salad—variations, we shall probably be impelled to take sides for or against. And needless to say, we hate to enter this argument, because there are so many others that always absorb our interest and energy in Hollywood.

Try This on Your Radio.

We hear the flappers of the screen are down on paint and powder. It will not hurt our feelings if they shout a little louder;
Hollywood High Lights

The sophisticated filmers are again to be the winners, it will not be in roles of saints, so much as roles of sinners.

The young sheiks are serene again, for Rudy wields his razor.

The beards they raised were quite a sight—you know he's their trail blazer:

Charles Chaplin still attempts to dodge reporters at his weddings;

His methods may be subtle—but he surely gets the headings.

Hollywood is all agog about some new screen faces;

Some will be but two spots, and will any turn out aces?

Jackie Coogan has a rival—brand-new baby brother;

By now we've seen his screen debut in the news reel with his mother!

The "Merry Widow" waltz may revolutionize screen dancing;

The question is will Von leave in Mae Murray's jazzy prancing?

Somebody hurry and give Doug and Mary a starring story—

If they ever appear together, twill be their new day of glory.

Ernst Lubitsch says he'll make no more contemporary dramas.

That's fine! We think his spectacles the kittens' best pajamas!

First Prize of Month.

A nice souvenir platinum dog collar should go to George Ali this month for his performance as Numa in "Peter Pan,"

Strongheart had better look to his honors, for this human competition is getting altogether too strenuous.

Booby Prize.

To the makers of "Sandra"—hand-painted lemon drop.

Speaking Triumphs.

Nothing seems to call forth so much interest from the film colony nowadays as the appearance of one of their group on the stage in a spoken drama, and the winter season was indeed one of many ovations.

Glenn Hunter made his Western bow in "Merton of the Movies" to an audience composed in large majority of players, directors and scenario writers, and the fact that some of them had already seen the production once or twice in New York did not seem to diminish their enthusiasm. They gave him many curtain calls after each act. Certainly his work in this particular play justified the fine reception.

The biggest event, though, was the starring of Pauline Frederick in "The Lady," from which Norma Talmadge's most recent feature was adapted. Both the stage and the screen version were presented on the Coast within a very short interval of each other. Miss Frederick has now twice played in the footlight drama, the first time in "Spring Cleaning," known to screen followers as "The Fast Set," the William de Mille production. On both occasions she was very nervous and excited during the opening performance, but also triumphant. Flowers, enough to fill every corner of the stage, were lavished upon her at her most recent appearance.

The screen is soon to flash forth Miss Frederick's presence, for she has been selected by Clarence Brown to head the cast of "The Goose Woman" at Universal, again playing a mother rôle. There is still talk of her making a stage tour to Australia, though the opportunities that are offered her in the pictures will probably prevent.

Another New Combination.

In "My Son," no less extraordinary an association of personalities occurs than Jack Pickford appearing as the son of Madame Alla Nazimova. Jack has been starring, and some of his pictures have lately met with popularity, but the chances are that he will be benefited considerably by appearing in a featured rôle.

Edwin Carewe is directing "My Son." It will be recalled that it was in his feature "The Madonna of the Streets," that Nazimova made her return. And she has been in considerable demand since then.

Mae Marsh does most of her picture work for European companies nowadays, but just for the sake of variety she is appearing in the first rôle of Commodore Stuart Blackton's new picture, "The Garden of Clarity," by Basil King. The story is cast in somewhat the same mold as D. W. Griffith's "The White Rose," in which she personally made such a success a season or two ago.

Joy Bringers Together.

Betty Blythe is now mothering her way to fame. Her "daughter" is Pauline Garon, and the name of the picture is "Speed." We judge that with Betty and Pauline together, even with the former as the mother, the film couldn't run very slow.

Paul Scardon, the director, who is Betty's husband, has lately returned to the Coast. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman apparently didn't become bored with each other while they were doing "The Sporting Venus," for they are joined together in George Fitzmaurice's "World Without End." Which all sounds very romantic.

Continued on page 94
Three Million Dollars for a Picture!

That is the estimate of what it will cost to make "Ben-Hur," including the fortune that was lost when the picture, partly made, was scrapped, and begun over again. This story, sent us from Rome, tells something of the immensity of the venture, and the reasons for its being done on so lavish a scale.

By Benjamin Levy

I HAVE just come out of the galleys, out of the dungeon depths of a Roman boat. The sun blinds me.

I have just seen men, one hundred and fifty of them, chained hand and foot to death in blackness, over oars. Galleys slaves.

Sun and horror blind me. I have just seen a man go mad.

It was a terrifying scene. The interminable movement of naked bodies to and fro, naked bodies chained to oars, and to the beat, beat, beat, beat of the hortator's hammer. It had the rhythm that drives men mad, the maddening rhythm of Kipling's boots, boots, boots, moving up and down.

It was a scene resurrected from the depths of two thousand years. What matters if it were resurrected for a camera? It was life.

The man with the scrapple of beard and the eyes staring into madness may have borne the name of Ben-Hur or of Ramon Novarro, but that doesn't matter either. He was a man without a name going mad with the monotony of the oars and the beat of the hortator's hammer.

As Novarro played the scene you saw the soul of a man straining at a leash, growing slowly taut, quivering and sobbing through a grim intensity, finally to burst in a piercing shriek of mad hysteria. I do not claim to be a cold observer of Novarro's work. I was convinced of his greatness some time ago. But when a hundred and fifty roughnecks Italian extras dropped their oars to applaud and bellow bravos I knew I had seen something more than usually stirring.

ONE WEEK LATER.—I have just seen that galley sink in flames, with fifteen hundred men aboard, slaves and soldiers—one gigantic burst of flame until quenched in the depths of Lezhorn bay.

It was horrifying reality. Italian fellows, tempted by the hundred lire a day as extras' pay, had enlisted with the guarantee that they were expert swimmers. There were some who could not swim a stroke!

The great Roman galley had been towed out into the bay, where it was sprayed with benzine, kerosene and tar. Riveted in the bottom beneath her midship was a steel ring through which a cable ran connecting a tug boat on one side to a pirate galley on the other. At a signal from the shore the tug boat tore through the water like a bolt from a gun, dragging the pirate craft until it crashed into the side of the Roman galley. Simultaneously, skyrockets were set off igniting flames in all quarters of the boat. Within twenty minutes that huge, proud bird of the waters had sunk quivering and cringing into a sea the color of blood.

The suddenness of the crash and the flames increased the havoc among the men. Hundreds leaped overboard until the fire-dyed harbor was a caldron of seething bodies. But those who could not swim stuck to the boat, only plunging off when the decks became blistering with an intolerable heat. Many clung to the rudders until the rudders, too, like flies on loaves of sugar, submerged.

There was pandemonium, heroism mingling with frenzied fear. One man knelt, clinging to the knees...
of the assistant director, Al Raboch, praying for salvation, while another bravely stood at his side holding a shield over Raboch’s head to protect him from the falling firebrands. I saw Buddy Gillespie, the assistant art director, bring three drowning men to shore.

All this the camera observed with a cold, grim eye from a mole on the shore, but the little group about it were petrified with terror. At ten that night three men were still missing. Two were finally discovered in a partially submerged boat. One had been hurt, and the other had stuck with him. Still one man was missing. Motor boats with powerful searchlight aimed around the bay for three nights. Still that suit of civilian clothes lay crumpled in the wardrobe where they had been dropped for the armor of a Roman soldier—the soldier who was missing. On the fourth day the man walked into the wardrobe to claim his things.

“A stone dropped from my heart,” exclaimed the emotional German in charge of the properties, “What happened to you?” he begged of the Italian.

“Oh, I felt a little sick when I got to shore,” replied the man airily, “so I walked home and stayed in bed for three days. I had a very bad cold.”

The Projection Room of the Roman Studio.

The gentlemen who sit in judgment on rushes in a projection room excel in cruelty the most barbaric critic of the pen. The director and players have to show them. They are putting up the money and they feel they have a peculiar right to be shown. In comparison with their faces the Buddha is an animated cartoon.

While the executives who viewed the galley scenes in the Roman studio did not burst into hysterical bravos as the Italian extras did for Novarro, their emotional exclamations were just as striking.

“Novarro has dumbfounded me,” exclaimed Louis B. Mayer, the producer. “He’s going to knock them cuckoo. Not even his most ardent fan will expect this of him.”

More striking still from a producer was his next utterance: “This galley sequence is worth every dollar we’ve spent on ‘Ben-Hur’ to date.”

And to date one million six hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars have been spent. It is estimated that the production when completed will cost between two and a half and three million. But Mr. Mayer pathetically warns reporters that to publish the fact is to invite certain ruin to their careers. No one will ever believe the truth. he warns, because in the past so many lies have been told about production costs.

I have tried to give you a flash of a momentous sequence of “Ben-Hur.” That single sequence has cost a half million dollars more in excess of the cost of more than one great superproduction complete. A fleet of boats requiring six months of work was constructed for it. The great Roman galley alone cost over a hundred thousand dollars. It measured two hundred and fifty feet from tip to tip. It was equipped with three tiers of oars and had a carrying capacity of two thousand men. Many of the first boats built proved unsatisfactory and were a total loss. The actual shooting of the sequence required two and a half months, during which director, players, extras and a great studio staff were under pay.

That single sequence cost a half million dollars. On the screen it will be shown in less than a reel, less than one-twelfth of the entire picture!

I have described the effect first; which in my candid opinion is the most stirring ever dealt from the screen. I cite the costs merely to show what it takes to-day to resurrect the past with authenticity and to attempt an excelling of modern screen achievements.

A great deal of the money first spent on it was, of course, a total loss. Film measuring hundreds of thousands of feet, and representing a fortune, has been ruthlessly discarded because it failed to achieve the maximum. “Ben-Hur” is an ideal. The producers realize that it must be the greatest of triumphs. The only alternative is the worst of failures. The only chance, of winning is to stake every-thing. Economy would be foolhardy.

In the quadrarce, a field outside the walls of Rome Continued on page 106
As Ramon Novarro plays the galley scene in "Ben-Hur" you see the soul of a man straining at a leash, half mad with the torture and monotony of life in chains.
The story of how "Ben-Hur" is being made is told on the preceding pages. And these pictures give some idea of the magnificence of the production. At the top of the page is shown the fleet of specially built Roman galleys, below is shown the interior of the galleys, with Ben-Hur among the slaves, and at the left Frank Currier, as Arrius, appears with Ramon Novarro.
"Ben-Hur" is rich in color, drama, and character, with the fundamental theme of the triumph of the Christ spirit. The picturesque galleys sailing the brilliant Mediterranean, the conflict between Messala and Ben Hur, the chariot race, promise to make it highly dramatic and colorful. The picture below shows Ben-Hur in a clash with Messala. At the right he is shown escaping from a wrecked galley.
Through the long years of her screen career, with its jagged stops and setbacks, the strange personality of Nazimova has exercised a unique appeal which, no doubt, will be just as powerful now that she has definitely stopped trying to star, and is accepting suitable featured roles when they are offered her. At present she is working in the Vitagraph production, "The Redeeming Sin."
Graduated

Charlotte Stevens, who was one of the few beauty-contest winners to survive her first screen part, has been appearing in short comedies for Christie and Educational. But now that she has acquired that invaluable foundation of training, she has joined the many other girls who have matriculated from the comedy school this season and is playing small parts in feature productions.

Two new features in which Charlotte Stevens appears are the Universal film, "The Tornado," and the Metro-Goldwyn production, "Excuse Me."
The dressing room of Pola Negri on the Lasky lot is one of the most beautiful in Hollywood. The Chinese setting furnishes an especially appropriate background for the make-up she wears in her next production, "East of Suez." Miss Negri frequently writes letters at her open window, which looks out on the studio promenade.
Having abandoned the costume drama, Marion Davies takes up an extremely modern plot in "Zander, the Great," a bootlegging comedy from the play in which Alice Brady was so successful a couple of seasons ago. She plays an Eastern school-teacher who adopts a foundling, goes West in a Ford to find his father, and is involved in bootlegging complications.

The picture above shows Marion Davies as Mamie, the school-teacher, and Jackie Huff as the baby, whom she calls Zander.
Some of the reasons why Norma Shearer has won notice as a girl of beauty and unusual charm are told in the story on the opposite page.
Call Her April

A conference called to select a new screen name for Norma Shearer overlooked the obviously suitable one.

By Helen Klumph

LET'S not ask any movie people," says the Hollywood hostess eager to spring something new in the way of parties. "Let's have Norma Shearer."

And that, in a way, is greater testimony to the success of the lovely young girl from Montreal than all the fan mail and electric lights and three-sheet posters. She has made about the biggest success of any one in pictures during the last few months, but it hasn't absorbed her. If you met her without knowing that she played in pictures, chances are that you would never find out because she doesn't talk about what she said to the director and what the director said to her. She seems more interested in observing life and carrying it into the studios than picking up the wise cracks of the studio and spreading them abroad. You would like her because she is a charming and unaffected girl rather than because there is any glamour cast about her by her work.

She is one of those people whose talk consists of a pleasant ripple of comment on whatever is happening at the moment. She lives completely in the present and always wears a sort of holiday air that belies the importance of past or future compared to the moment she is then living. To an interviewer such absorption in the job at hand is highly flattering; to men it must be utterly devastating.

It is always interesting to see how sudden success affects people, so when Norma Shearer came to New York for a visit just as all movie-going New York was going into raptures over her performance in "He Who Gets Slapped." I was prepared for the worst. A little aloof, I supposed she would be, or at least self-conscious.

The first I heard of her was through a press agent of the Metro-Goldwyn company. He was beaming as though he had just had a raise. "It's the necktie he's got on," a friend of his informed me. "He'll never get over Norma Shearer's giving it to him. She came here in the other day wearing a tailored suit and that tie and when he said something about liking it—it was a personal—some day he'll get acknowledged by a star for being so personal—she took it off and gave it to him."

Next it was a photographer who sang her praises. "I asked her if she had a hard time finding this place and she assured me she didn't because only three years ago she spent most of her time sitting around in the casting agent's office down the hall waiting and hoping for a job. The way most people act when they come in here you'd think all the producers got down on their knees and pleaded with them to go into pictures."

And then the climax came when I went into the Algonquin and a motion-picture reviewer from one of the daily papers assured me solemnly that the world was coming to an end. "Everybody on all the papers and film magazines has at last agreed about one person. They're all crazy about Norma Shearer."

I felt rather as I did on the day when Zev won the Belmont Handicap. I had bet ten dollars on him for no good reason except that I liked the friendly way he had shambled through the crowd into the race track looking as though he would like to stop and take the ragged urchins who were watching him for a ride.

Before I ever met Norma Shearer—before I had seen anything but a photograph of her, in fact—I begged a well-known producer to give her the leading role in a picture. He wouldn't do it because I couldn't offer any good reason except that I liked the fresh naturalness of her beauty and her candid eyes. Now whenever she makes a big hit I remind him that I told him she would.

When I saw Norma during her visit to New York I asked her how it felt to come back after just eighteen months' absence to find herself famous.

"Oh, nothing's different," she assured me with a purring, drawing-room accent which seems to be entirely natural to her. "The night before I left here I went to see 'Rain.' I had to leave early, so I missed the last act. When I came back, the first thing I did was to find out if 'Rain' was still running and it was, so I went and saw the rest of it."

"It is a little different," she granted. "My sister, who used to play around with me all the time, has a baby now and all we do is hang over the foot of the bed and watch her. I never realized before how cute babies are. Playing with her has made me late to every appointment since I've been here."

She was staying at the Commodore but she wanted to lunch at the Algonquin, which shows that she would rather stay at others than be stared at herself. For the Commodore was full of schoolgirls who chatted each other and exclaimed, "There's Norma Shearer," until she disguised herself by pulling her hat down and her scarf up; the Algonquin was full of players better known to Broadway than Norma Shearer is. It takes a staccato personality like Ann Pennington's to be noticed there.

"When I left Hollywood every one said to me that it would be wonderful for me to get away from movies for a while, to meet other people and talk about other things but now I think they must have been joking. I went home to Montreal and at first I just loved it when my friends gathered around and asked me about Hollywood. I felt so important knowing people that they wanted to know that I just talked a blue streak. But at the end of two days I was exhausted and longed for Hollywood or New York, where people take movies and players for granted and let them talk about something beside their work. If just one more person had asked me what Adolphe Menjou was like I think I would have screamed."

"The greatest thrill I ever got in my life was seeing the crowds go into the Capitol Theater here. When I get back to work I suppose I'll be panicky and overplay everything because I'll be thinking that I must do something to draw those people into the theater in spite of all the competing entertainments New York has to offer."

"When I go back I am going to work under the direction of Monta Bell in 'Two Worlds.' I just did 'The Spy' with him. It means everything to me to work under people I like and whom I have faith in. It seems to me that you can tell when you see a picture whether the players were happy making it or not."

[Continued on page 104]
In and Out of
Glimpses of the stars at

First National's picture, "Wife Number Two," promises a thrilling climax in which Mitchell Lewis and Eugene O'Brien engage in a hand-to-hand battle in an ore bucket traveling over a four-hundred-foot gorge. This scene was taken on the aerial tram of one of the big silver mines near Wallace, Idaho, where important parts of the picture were made.

Phyllis Haver recently appeared on location with a make-up box designed in imitation of a case used for containing mah-jong tiles.

Raymond Hatton keeps fit by boxing. His trainer, with whom he is shown here, is George Blake, boxing instructor at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and trainer of several champions.
the Studios

work and at play.

Fred Niblo, director of "Ben-Hur," travels to location on a camel, accompanied by his wife, Enid Bennett.

A Sennett bathing girl? No indeed! This is Aileen Pringle, as she will appear in Metro-Goldwyn's "The Wife of the Centaur."

Norma Shearer tests out the celluloid spectacles used for viewing a certain type of stereoscopic motion pictures.

Marine Knight was an artists' model until Hobart Henley secured her services for a small part in Metro-Goldwyn's "So This is Marriage."
In and Out of the Studios

John Bowers and little Edwin Hubbell, the Wampas starlet, visited a Los Angeles orphanage during a recent campaign for funds.

Louise Glaum, the former vampire, who recently returned to pictures after a long absence, started work by getting back to systematic exercise.

Here is Ernest Torrence as he appeared recently as Captain Hook, the pirate, in "Peter Pan."
Many fans have been wondering what has become of Elaine Hammerstein. She has been working in pictures again, and will soon be seen in a production called “One Glorious Night.”

This is Virginia Valli, snapped while enjoying a sun bath on the springboard at the Ambassador pool.

John Gilbert isn’t trying to be a sheik. This is merely the actor’s way of keeping his hair out of the grease paint while he is applying his make-up while working in “The Wife of the Centaur.”
Furnishing Reptiles for the Movies

Jack Allman has specialized in this strange profession.

By A. L. Wooldridge

WHEN Jack Allman inserted the foregoing advertisement in a Los Angeles telephone book, he expected to get some work for Local No. 1 of the Rattlesnakes’ Union, of which he is the surviving head. He succeeded beyond the wildest dreams.

The motion-picture directors took him at his word and they have had Jack Allman chasing all the strange things that live in the out-of-the-way places on the American continent—everything from bats to bumblebees and ticks to toads, not omitting lizards, snakes, yellow-jackets and bees.

The telephone in his little office rang while he and I were discussing the morals of rattlesnakes a short while ago, and the conversation went something like this:

“Fox studios. We want two tarantulas, three rattlesnakes, one Gila monster, two horned toads, and six bullfrogs. When can we get them?”

“Noon, to-morrow.”

“Fine! How about those bees and yellow-jackets?”

“On the way out now.”

“Hurry ‘em up!”

An hour later, Allman might have been seen on his hands and knees creeping very slowly along the banks of the Los Angeles river, pausing now and then to scrape into a little bump of sand with a penknife, then moving on to another spot, hunting tarantulas.

It might be added that he hunts alone.

In the course of an hour or two, he might have been seen returning with two bottles, each containing an extremely agitated, poisonous specimen of the spider family which he would place in a shady spot by the side of a den of rattlesnakes and lizards and Gila monsters and iguanas and horned toads and blue pythons, ready for delivery to the studio the following day.

From the banks and bed of a small river, dried up most of the year—a river which runs diagonally through the city of Los Angeles, Jack Allman collects reptiles, insects, and rodents which the world sees in pictures. Without his services, desert scenes probably would be devoid of the crawling things common to the sandy wastes; jungle settings would be without snake and insect life. The strangest part of it is that he gets them, or part of them, right in a city of more than a million population.
Within a stone's throw of the Los Angeles county court house, Allman maintains a den of the most venomous reptiles found anywhere in the West — rattlesnakes, scorpions, lizards, as well as Gila monsters, chuckawallas and other specimens of the less poisonous species. These are at the call of the studios, ready to go. They constitute his general stock. But when the picture directors call for specials, his troubles and embarrassments begin. For instance:

First National, while filming "The Lost World," needed a wood tick; a nice, respectable, home-loving wood tick which could be trusted to frolic upon the neck of Lloyd Hughes, and not attempt to brand him.

"Get us two wood ticks," came the order to Allman.

"One might die."

So Allman started out. First of all, at home, he inspected the rabbits he had caught on the desert. No ticks. Then, down to the Los Angeles river he trekked, scrutinizing the back of every hog and goat and the tail of every mule and cow he could find.

"People probably thought I was crazy," Allman said. "Before I entered a man's barn or corral, I sought the owner out and approached him with:

"'Pardon me, sir, but have you any ticks?'

"Then I'd explain what I wanted them for. I would sidle up to a mule, get on as intimate terms as possible, then seize his tail and start scratching around in it for ticks. Finally, late in the afternoon I found a couple—on the tail of a cow.

"The Fox studio needed some buzzing insects in a little two-reel comedy—insects that would 'make life miserable' for the comedian in a scene. 'Get everything!' they told me. So, with a little box made of net, I went down to my old hunting ground, the river. You should have seen what I came in with that night: wasps, yellow-jackets, grasshoppers, bees, gnats, butterflies, horse flies, house flies, katydids, mosquitoes, and some things that even I never had seen before. I did not see the picture made, but if the comedian ever let that flock of stingers light on him and go to work, he either laid off the rest of the year or jumped his contract.

"Another time, I had a call from the Goldwyn studios for a bat. I had no idea where to get it. I might have climbed into a hundred or two hundred or five hundred attics and belfries and not have found one, and the company wanted it in just a few days. I began asking acquaintances if they had seen any bats roundabout. Day after day I tramped the streets making inquiries. [Continued on page 108]
Above is shown the parade of the Indians, at the right Marian Nixon appears with Chief Tall Pine and Hoot Gibson, and at the bottom of the page is Josie Sedgwick as queen of the round-up.

A Letter from Location

Marian Nixon, who was lucky in being on location at Pendleton, Oregon, when their annual round-up was staged, tells all about it.

To Myrtle Gebhart

Hotel Pendleton, Pendleton, Oregon.

Sunday.

DEAR MYRTLE:

With the Hoot Gibson company filming "The Ridin' Kid from Powder River"—and we also expect to get scenes for another picture, "Let 'er Buck," while here—I am combining location work with pleasure, getting ready for the round-up.

Ten years ago Hilgrade—our location, fifty miles from here—was a booming mining town; now it is a group of shacks with windows and doors boarded up. Hilgrade's one inhabitant, the man who runs the general store for the ranchers in the back country, took us into a deserted gambling house. It was like a picture set. The table, with a few chips and cards still there, the bar with bottles and glasses, as if they had been left the night before—only everything covered with dust and cobwebs. The place had been closed when the owner, having killed two men, had escaped hurriedly, followed by a posse.

The Indians fascinated me. They are moving their tepees from the reservation to the round-up grounds.

A WEEK LATER.—We worked to-day, even though it is Sunday, because it is the only day we can get the Indian squaws. They are all busy setting up their tepees and getting their big village in camp for their gala event of the year. We could get any number of bucks, as their time is divided between their horses and their pipes and spinning yarns.

We found two squaws who had finished their tepees. Both are graduates of Haskell Institute. It is pitiable, the way they revert to the primitive life. These two speak good English, mixed with slang. Both like picture shows and are fond of dancing. We had a time convincing them.
Far from the Studio

Ernest Torrence at home seems utterly remote from the motion-picture profession.

Photographs by Richee

When before the camera no player can portray coarse, primitive characters, or leering, diabolical villains, more realistically than Ernest Torrence. But at home this actor becomes again the cultured and distinguished man that socially select Hollywood knows. He looks like a diplomat, plays the piano brilliantly—offering at times some of his own compositions—and possesses the genuine breeding and gentility that are much talked about in Hollywood but seen there much more seldom.

The Torrence home is full of beautiful things, and conveys the subtle atmosphere of a place that embodies at last the dreams of a roving artistic couple who have never before had a permanently fitting home. The Torrences, among the other attractive qualities of their home, have a charming little English garden, and in the picture at the right Mr. Torrence is shown doing a little expert gardening on a rose arbor.
Over the Teacups

You’ve probably noticed that the heroine is always shown washing dishes or scrubbing floors or painting a fence,” I chimed in.

“Yes, and multiply each of those scenes about ten times for rehearsals and different takes,” Fanny burst out vehemently, “and you have some idea of the amount of work they do. I wish somebody would give Mabel a good comedy rôle. She would be delightful.

“Why is it that motion-picture producers pick out the most delicate and fragile-looking girls they can find for such parts? I met Allene Ray the other day. Of course, I had never seen any of her serials but I had an idea she would be big and buxom. And I found her the shyest, tiniest, pink-and-white creature. She barely spoke.”

“Making your raucous laughter the worse by contrast,” I remarked in passing the muffins.

“And whom do you suppose I saw in the Algonquin the other day?”

There is no use in answering a question like that. It might be any one from Peter the Great to Con-way Tearle.

“Alice Lake,” she exclaimed, her eyes gleaming, “And she looks perfectly charming. She is much younger and more rested looking than she used to be. When you see how May Allison and Viola Dana and Alice Lake have all shed years since they stopped making those program pictures for Metro, you begin to comprehend that those girls really did work hard.

“Alice Lake just played a part in ‘The Lost Chord’ for Whitman Bennett and now she is going to do some more State-rights features. But I’ll bet you my first-night tickets to ‘Ben-Hur’—who wants to get killed in the rush, anyhow?—that Alice Lake will make a big comeback one of these days. She has a lot of talent.”

“Speaking of ‘Ben-Hur’—I have it on the authority of none other than Louis B. Mayer himself, who has just returned from visiting the company in Italy, that barring accidents ‘Ben-Hur’ will be finished and ready for showing next fall. They are building an old people’s home out on the Goldwyn lot for the survivors.

“Mr. Mayer had a brilliant idea for one of the battle scenes in ‘Ben-Hur,’ between the Romans and pirates. He had the Fascisti play the pirates and the anti-Fascisti play the Romans. Mr. Niblo didn’t have to demand any more vigor in their fighting than they gave him.

“The ‘Ben-Hur’ locations are now competing with ruins of Rome as sights for the tourists to see. Had a letter from Carmel Myers and she seems perfectly willing to stay over there forever. She went over with the idea of studying voice and Italian and French but she says that all she has learned is some new dances and pidgin English.”

“Julanne Johnston promises to come home, though, soon after the first of the year. She is just finishing a picture in Berlin and Constantinople, and having such a gorgeous time I don’t see why she deigns to come back. When she does get here I shall demand that she give a fashion show. Julanne is so smart she gives style to things that would be quite soulless on any one else.

“But look at this picture of Patsy Ruth Miller!” She fished out of her pocketbook a picture of Patsy reclining comfortably in a Chinese suit and languidly looking at a book. “And she dares to pretend that she is a poor working girl,” Fanny went on. “She looks simply too complacent. Oh! well, she is making ‘Head Winds’ out at Universal now, so I dare say she is on the jump.”

“I don’t see why you object to any one being comfortably lazy,” I objected, “unless it is because you yourself are always so busy.”

While I was speaking Fanny was abstractedly mumbling something about being in a hurry to dash upstairs and meet Madeleine Hurlock, so I had to raise my voice to an unladylike pitch and scream after her “Minding other people’s business.”

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 59

giers, set up a saloon and begin to make things merry for the Foreign Legion. But right in the middle of the story, just as things are getting lively, it becomes apparent that something must be done for the girl’s reputation. So the scenario writer makes an honest woman of her and as a result all the good characters and the good situations in the story are hopelessly lost. Still, “The Wages of Virtue” is a dazzling affair and Gloria is cuter than a little red wagon.

Hollywood As You Imagine It.

“Tirez From Hollywood” is an adaptation of a story by Adela Rogers St. John. Removed from its movie atmosphere, the plot would have been even more effective because the scenes that show the home life of the wicked vampire of the screen are foolishly and childishly presented. They are the Hollywood of the Sunday newspaper stories, plus a coating of whitewash. The story concerns a vampire who has

Continued on page 117
The Nicknames of the Stars

Few players are so dignified that they have escaped having pet and nicknames fastened upon them by their families and friends, and a number of them are here set forth and explained.

By A. L. and Dorothy Wooldridge

A MOTION-PICUTURE star may wear a halo about her head when she's working at the studio and crowds may struggle to get a look at her when she makes an appearance in person, but when she gets home and a young brother happens to address her, the halo vanishes.

"Shucks!" he says, just like all kid brothers, "that's only 'Sis.'"

Imagine, if you will, the queenly Irene Rich entering the front door and being greeted by a chilly "Good evening, Miss Rich!" as she had heard herself addressed all day. Never! When the queen in "Rosita" walks into the presence of that brother, she is confronted with:

"Hullo, Bean! How goes it?"

And when Mary Astor, she of the auburn hair and smiling face, gets home, Mother Astor says cheerily:

"Well, Rusty, how'd things turn out to-day?"

"Rusty" and "Ginger" and "Peggy" and "Pat" and "Polly" are nicknames affectionately bestowed upon the screen celebrities at their homes or by intimate friends at the studios. Mary Astor's mother says she calls Mary "Rusty" because she is not. Margaret Livingston and Jeanie Macpherson both acquired the nickname "Ginger" because they are so full of life. Harold Lloyd, to his dad, has always been "Speedy" because he is just that. Betty Compson, ever since she was a baby, has been called "Chuckles" by her mother by reason of a low chuckling laugh she developed in her cradle days.

Then there's Phyllis Daniels; ever hear of her? Phyllis is one of the most widely known motion-picture stars in America and her name appears in electric lights at all the theaters where Paramount pictures are shown. She was christened by that name but her restless energy and talent for "making things pop" brought her very early the nickname "Pep." Then one day, her grandmother, reading Ouida's "Two Little Wooden Shoes," was impressed by the character of a "bebe" appearing in the story. Bebe is Spanish for baby. Thenceforth and thereafter Phyllis and Pep were discarded for Bebe and Bebe Daniels has become known to all the cinema world. It is pronounced in two syllables.

In their homes or at the clubs in the screen colony of Hollywood, here are the appellations often heard:

Astor, Mary—"Rusty." (She has auburn hair.)

Baby Peggy—"Shrimp." (That's what her daddy calls her.)

Bedford, Barbara—"Babs." (So many B's.)

Bellamy, Madge—(Margaret became "Madge," "Midge," "Peggy," then Piggy.)

Bronson, Elizabeth Ada—"Betty." (Abbreviation of Elizabeth.)

Collier, William, Jr.—"Buster." (A memory of boyhood days.)

Compson, Betty—"Chuckles." (Her childhood laugh.)

Daniels, Phyllis—"Bebe." (Spanish for "baby").

Dean, Priscilla—"Pee-pee." (So named by the round-the-world fliers.)

De la Motte, Marguerite—"Peg." (Applied by girl chums.)

De Mille, Cecil B.—"C." (Name used by mother to distinguish him from his brother William.)

Devere, Dorothy—"Puddy." (She couldn't say "Pretty" when a child.)

DuPont, Miss—"Pat." (Source unknown.)

Fazenda, Louise—"Mandy" and "Miss Fazoola." (Selected by herself.)

Frederick, Pauline—"Polly." (In common use by Paulines.)

Gibson, Edward—"Hoot." (He doesn't know why.)

Hamilton, Lloyd—"Ham." (It couldn't be anything else!

Continued on page 108
Continued from page 49

Mr. Borzage—a ridiculously young person with curly, red-brown hair and an ingratiating smile—came over and politely asked us if we would step into the set. We were to be art connoisseurs, examining Percy Marmont's masterpieces in his Greenwich Village studio. I was given a paper and instructed to be a reporter. Mr. Marmont, in a wrinkled, baggy suit, took his place, lounging at a door in the background. He looks so exactly like his pictures, with the added advantage of a splendid voice and English accent. Helena D'Algy, the little Spaniard who played opposite Valentino in "The Sainted Devil," stood at his side. She is an adorable little thing with quaint, broken English that every one teases her about. Ford Sterling, the company's redoubtable clown, stood by the portrait.

Mr. Borzage explained the action he wanted, the orchestra commenced "Jealous," the lights sputtered on and we were off. The scene was done four times, Mr. Borzage intervening with, "That was fine! Let's do another one just like it." And then we were relegated to the sidelines, while Miss Joyce and Holmes Herbert worked together.

Mr. Herbert is every inch the actor. His mirror is never far from his hand and at the finish of every shot he paused to powder his face and settle his hair. Miss Joyce, on the contrary, went through three scenes, rehearsals and all, without once glancing at herself—but then we can't all just be born beautiful.

Sitting next to me—her big, sad eyes watching the action wistfully—was a girl whose face was vaguely, oh so vaguely, familiar. I was puzzled, until another extra spoke to her, "Pardon me, but aren't you Barbara Tennant?" And it was indeed Barbara Tennant—one of the first and most popular of film stars.

"But I fell by the wayside," she told us, with a twisted smile. "I was ill for two years, and that is fatal. It is funny—a few years ago Alice Joyce and I were neck and neck in popularity. To-day she is still successful, while I am—an extra."

We were almost embarrassed in the face of such bitter, stark tragedy and we did what we could to make her first day back in pictures—such a pitiful comeback—a little less terrible.

"I love it all so," she said, "I can't leave it. Since I can't get anything else I shall do this work rather than completely lose touch. Frank Borzage is so wonderful. If they were all like him it wouldn't be half as dreadful." We could only imagine what dire agony of soul and spirit she must have been suffering to return like this—insignificant and almost totally unrecognized.

The cameras were being set up for a close shot of Mr. Marmont, Miss D'Algy and Mr. Sterling. Mr. Borzage—the eyes of a visionary in his good-looking young face—was talking the scene over with Mr. Marmont. The latter is just such another as Ronald Colman—the superior type of talent that is increasing in pictures—but with an easier, more informal manner. His smile is fascinating—you know that—and is indicative of his jolly disposition. There is a splendid harmony between him and Mr. Borzage. They both have the idealistic touch and between the two, concoct little scenes that are gems of artistry and detail.

I imagine that Frank Borzage is one of the youngest directors in the business, but even at that he is far from overwhelmed by his own importance. Quite the most unassuming man I have ever worked for—and one of the easiest. He explains in detail the requirements of the scene, but if something should go wrong he does not chew the scenery as some of them do. He just looks so sorrowful and hurt that whoever is to blame feels as if he were taking advantage of a child. With hair like his there is, of course, an appropriate temper, but I have never, even in moments of greatest stress, seen him let any one but himself suffer from it. And, next to Rex Ingram, I'd rather work for him than for any other megaphone artist in the industry. Which means, let me tell you, that Mr. Borzage is all right.

Late afternoon—trailing across the lawns—carefully skirting the several hundred men practising the goose step for "The Merry Widow." From an adjacent sidewalk—a boister, red-haired figure crying, "Good-night, people!" Chorus, in response, "Good-night, Mr. Borzage!" with all that gratitude and affection can put into cold words. Out—through the towering columns and stately gates—into the cruel world again—but somehow not half as cruel as when we left it to go in to work in the morning.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 72

Still one more marriage to record during this chiming winter season—Patterson Dial, the actress, who played in "A Lady of Quality" and "Secrets," to Mr. Hughes, the novelist and director. Their engagement was announced toward the close of the year, and they are by this time very likely wed. With her beautiful tiptan hair Miss Dial bears a seeming resemblance to the late Mrs. Hughes, whose tragic death occurred in the Orient about a year and a half ago.

"Romeo and Juliet" Again!

Who will the Juliet be? Is the question Hollywood has been asking ever since Samuel Goldwyn announced that Ronald Colman will be seen as Romeo in a production of "Romeo and Juliet." Lillian Gish would seem a very logical choice, particularly as she has already played in several dramatic features with Colman, and is rather ideally adapted to the Veronian mood and period of the play. Any number of attractive and unattached leading women are, however, spending extra time in the beauty parlors these days hoping to qualify for the rôle, since Colman has been selected.

This is about the twentieth time that "Romeo and Juliet" has been promised in pictures in the last two seasons, but Goldwyn asserts, swears and asseverates that he is absolutely going to produce it.

Booming the Newcomers.

All is not sweetness and light for some of the better-known featured players. They have, as you know, been enjoying an amazing prosperity, but there is a threat to their prestige in the way that the producers are booming the newcomers. The least signs of popularity for a novice are being immediately rewarded with contracts and important rôles, names in the electrics, and everything else rankling a career glad enough to morose, with the possible exception of extra high monetary compensation.

In the cast of James Cruze's picture, "Beggar on Horseback," for example, we find Greta Nissen, Esther Ralston and Gertrude Short bidding for the bouquets. None of them has as yet attained any great degree of prominence, possibly excluding Miss Ralston, who portrayed Mrs. Dilling in "Peter Pan." Her work in this picture, by the way, brought her a term engagement with Paramount.

Henry King, who is directing "Sackcloth and Scarlet," is to bring

Continued on page 114
The Next Big Spectacle

It's called "The Phantom of the Opera" and is being made by Universal on the same scale as "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with Lon Chaney playing a leading—and gruesome—rôle.

By Caroline Bell

THROUGH mysterious passageways that seem to threaten a nameless horror with each twist of somber, curving paths, swiftly moves a figure. Ghostlike, it is enveloped in a mist. It passes, is swallowed by the gloom.

A river ripples darkly about the base of scarred stone columns, in and out, about these rugged shafts, surge tributaries of that central flow. Men fight there and limp bodies float on the still water.

A panel opens in the stone, and something peers out. A body without a face. A blur where the face should be, that tells no concrete fact. Only the eyes gleam, evil lights in its vagueness.

And thus does Rupert Julian, by atmospheric setting and lighting, background the drama through which Lon Chaney moves in the title rôle of "The Phantom of the Opera." His problem will be to convey the tortures of an unhappy soul through the ambiguity of a mask.

The production promises to be interesting, and should settle the question of Rupert Julian's ability. Julian took over the filming of "The Merry Go Round" from Von Stroheim's hands and the debate as to responsibility for both the good and the less meritorious parts of that film waxed strong.

As a matter of fact, all of "The Merry Go Round" was of Julian's direction except the opening sequence.

But Von Stroheim's supporters were legion and many claims and refutations were made. Following it, Julian was given a moth-eaten plot, an incompetent cast, with one or two exceptions, eighty thousand dollars, and told to produce "Love and Glory." Scarcely a fair test, that. The result, even he admits, was rather awful.

Now, however, he has a genuine opportunity. His demands are being gratified with no more than the customary cramping of efficiency managers. The cost of the film will likely run to three-quarters of a million. It promises to be almost as big a production as was "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," with the saving grace of a few lighter touches.

These will come from the gay scenes on the stage of the Paris Opera, a contrast to the haunts of the Phantom in the cellars beneath, where he lives in somber splendor. While Marguerite (Mary Philbin) sings the arias from "Faust," while the ballet whirl on nimble toetips, tragedy walks the subterranean regions. Little, whimsical Mary and the dashing Norman Kerry must give to the picture whatever humor and light grace it may possess.

The Phantom is a man of culture, a strapping specimen physically, but whose facial deformities necessitate that he wear a mask. In only one scene is he scarred,

Continued on page 117
A Glimpse at Geraldine Farrar

Continued from page 44

plotation. ... But, at any rate, I have a new hero—Ben Turpin!" gayly she laughed, "and a new heroine—Mary Philbin.

"No matter how small or out-of-the-way the theater is, I always choose it if Ben the Turpin is there. He is so outrageous that he is irresistible, fascinating. I have never seen the man doing anything expected. He is the most consistently droll comedian I have ever seen. I can't praise Mary Philbin too highly. It seems to me she stands alone. No other girl has just what she brings to the screen. She is wholly artless, but isn't it too bad that her stories sometimes are not worthy of this lovely, flowerlike creature?"

I reminded her of the time in her own picture activities when the scenario cupboard of the company starring her was quite bare of story material although her coming to the fold was known a year in advance.

"And Frank Lloyd's 'Sea Hawk!' I loved that. There is a rugged quality to his direction, a singleness of purpose and magnificent handling of men. Remember, I always said, when he was directing me, that he was a man's director and was happiest in handling a man's story rather than a woman's. I'm sure Frank Lloyd knows it too. Altogether, I think pictures are advancing in intelligence and taste. Their weakest element usually is the story, which we all know shouldn't be. But with every one intent on making money I suppose it's the natural thing to choose the sort of story that the greatest number of people will pay to see, so that it will be financially possible to go on making more. In the theater, in music and in literature, honesty and beauty occasionally are cherished for the love of them and sometimes inspire work that proves successful. It should be the same with producers. I hope to see the time when stories, as they are told in the films, will come closer to life than the average of to-day's screen fables." Saying which Madame Geraldine did away with the last bit of three-inch steak.

"I don't know why singing should require such substantial nourishment, but it does. The only way to get around it, or rather not let food get around one, is to eat simple things and avoid the wrong ones. I wonder if Nita Naldi did go on a spinach diet—or was it lamb chops and pineapple?"

In all that was said I had not yet found the reason for Madame Geraldine's quiet arrival, different in every respect from former ones. I saw for myself there was no lessened energy, no diminished zest. So I asked her.

"Because," she smiled over her shoulder from the piano, "for the first time in my career I have only myself to consider. I am not advertising any one's motion-picture venture, nor any one's opera company but my own. My agreeable public has learned to expect the novel and entertaining from this quarter. If they come to our performance they know they will not leave disappointed. Beyond that I don't think there is any need for me to be heard from."

There was no trace of sadness, or even seriousness, in her words; only they reflected calmness and a more even scale of values than in the past.

"A career," she went on, "is a grave undertaking. When you begin, everything is possible of accomplishment. It is comparatively easy to mount one step after another. Ah! but bringing a career to a close is delicate and difficult. I don't believe an artist should cease work when at the height of his powers. On the contrary, he should seek new fields, find some way whereby his gift may still be employed with dignity, but perhaps without the tremendous demand made when at the summit of his career. Every stage in a life given to the public may be likened to the stations of the cross. We must pause and give our best to them all."

With magnificent prodigality of expression this same Madame Geraldine sang and acted the old, old story of "Carmen" that evening to an audience which crowded Philharmonic Auditorium. The vivid authority of her acting communicated itself to her hearers, and their response was hearty enough to believe that it might have been the artist's first appearance. She had given her best to this new version of an old success exactly as she will continue to infuse whatever she does in the future with intelligence, magnetism and unabating verve and joyousness.

"Slap 'Em Down Good!"

Continued from page 24

You can make all things whatsoever, they say, so much as good weather.

So Eddie is back. With a long cigar stowed cozily in his mouth and a cap on the side of his head, he is showing this dancing girl how to vamp Ralph Graves. Ralph is a straight juvenile lead. A street-car conductor by day, he is strutting his stuff at night in the swellest cafe in town.

Eddie teeters, like an amorous pachyderm, first on one foot, then on the other. The jazz orchestra moans deliciously. The siren approaches. Clad in an amputated chemise of beads and a pair of slashed, laced, black silk pyjamas. Forty-eight square inches of glistening white skin, aged eighteen years. Two big-beaded, bold, brown eyes, directed at the proper range and elevation to make a street-car conductor with their fire. Oh, boy!

About the salt cellar the tosspot conductor has wrapped his scanty roll of dollar bills. Whew, what a roll now! The eyes of the dancing nymph well with love as they behold it. The braggart gesticulates, shaking the roll. Out flies the salt. A gag. Dénonciation—confusion—humiliation.

Eagerly I edge over to Felix Adler, the gag man. The spirit is upon me.

"See here, Felix." I implore him, "why don't you top that gag? Have him wrap the roll around the pepper shaker. Then when he shakes it the pepper will fly out, he'll sneeze and blow the money all over the place. He'll dive to pick it up, trip the waiter—"

"Fine!" cries Felix. "We'll do it."

He ambles over to the director. I watch with bated breath as he draws aside the energetic Eddie, hoping to see my gag embalmed in undying celluloid. Two cigars are tilted in grave consideration. Two cigars wriggling—one with earnestness, pleading, expostulation; the other, alas, with decided negation. Felix maulers hands to his side, crestfallen.

"'Too bad," he ejects, dismally. Eddie says that owing to the public demand he's trying to make this picture more refined. See? He says the audience would think he was jazzing up that gag too much. You know what he says? He thinks it's too rough."

Alas!

The world laugheth at the scribbler, more drivelling at the mouth than a mustard pot. Say Amen and let us go to drink. I shall have appetite for my victuals, how good cheer soever I make, these two days to come—maybe these four.
Adding to His Education

Rod La Rocque takes lessons in candy making for his rôle in "The Golden Bed."

The fact that the camera makes it almost impossible to fake things is a decidedly interesting one for film players, as it gives them a chance to acquire a fairly good working knowledge of a number of occupations that they are called upon to follow in their screen rôles.

Rod La Rocque, for instance, who learned all about the inside workings of a tin-can factory while making "Triumph," has now become a student of the art of making candy. The pictures on this page show him getting some pointers from professional candy makers, so that when he appears as Admah Holtz, a candy maker, in "The Golden Bed," he will be able to demonstrate that he knows what he's doing.

The candy factory has an important place in the picture, and in his rôle of the owner, an ambitious American boy who makes a lot of money but is rather shy on culture, and his contacts with a poor but aristocratic family, Rod La Rocque again works under Cecil De Mille.
friends, by keeping his house orderly and serene so that it will fix itself in his consciousness as a place of comfort and of relaxation, and, too, of inspiration. Some wives oversee their husbands’ fan mail and contracts, but in most cases these are better cared for by competent secretaries and managers.

The best actor’s wife, to my mind, is the nonprofessional, provided she has these qualities. Two members of the same profession bring into the home two temperaments, two egos, two individualities, each accustomed to or longing for the spotlight. The demands of their careers will clash.

Hollywood’s most successful wives are rather plain in appearance. In place of beauty they have charm and other attributes more essential. The actor is surfeited with beauty.

If his wife has a mind, she can best exercise it subtly. Mental brilliance and wit, like beauty, are cheap in Hollywood.

Much has been written à la Morton of the movie actor’s wife being his “dearest pal and severest critic.” Though her opportunities to be both of these are ample, her real hold upon him will lie along deeper lines. There are many women willing to be his pals! And men don’t like criticism, unless it be artistically expressed. All men, and actors particularly, have a hangover of childhood; they are little boys who have been told they are awfully important and whose exuberance needs taming down. They want the companionship that does not nag or exact too much, a genuine faith and encouragement.

Belasco once produced a play, “The Concert,” in which a pianist was fawned over by foolish women until from thriving upon their adulation, at first but a faint and enchanting perfume, it became actually necessary to him. He was at heart devoted to his wife and, under his egotism, was like a helpless, dependent child. The methods by which his patient, wise wife extricated him from his entanglements and kept him from making a colossal fool of himself formed the basis of the plot.

Just so, are the successful Hollywood wives.

The happiest marriages of Hollywood are those of many years’ duration, that have weathered storms with constant adaptability to changing conditions. The Thomas Meighans, the Milton Sillses, the Ernest Torrences, the Raymond Hattons, the Noah Beerys—they plowed hard furrows together, each couple in their lean days. Struggles and battles welded them together.

These men have the kind of wives an actor should have. Several re- linquished careers of their own to devote their entire thought to marriage. Their husbands say, “My wife’s a good scout.” Men don’t phrase fluently the emotions they feel the most deeply.

“After sixteen years,” Noah Beery once remarked, “I know my wife is the best thing God ever gave me. If it hadn’t been for her, I’d still be plugging along getting nowhere. She never whined—always had some sane practical suggestion. Once,” he chuckled, “we hadn’t a thin dime. We had pawned her jewelry and our best clothes. Was she stumped? Hardly! She hauled out her silk petticoat. I hocked it for seventy-five cents.”

Almost abjectly grateful, he wants to give her things. She doesn’t care an awful lot about fine clothes and jewels; but she knows that just giving is nectar to a man; so she skillfully adapts herself to his success.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence each have that rare gift, a sense of humor. It is a joy to listen to their spirited banter. They were musical-comedy vagabonds. Torrence says, during their first ten years of marriage and in that trying time solved their problems.

The middle-aged actor, of course, is not as a rule accorded an overwhelming flattery. There are more estrangements among the younger couples.

Natacha Rambova is about the most clever wife of a younger idol. Valentino’s popularity was set newly aflame by his romantic marriage. She knows what a part glamour plays about Rudy and skillfully enhances that illusion.

Mary and Doug have simple rules which have kept them happy for four years of marriage. Never to flirt—and never to be separated. As Mary explains, “That causes estrangement. Not that you lack faith in each other—but the irony is that you become adjusted to separation and find that you don’t matter quite as much to each other as you had imagined.” They are fearfully jealous of each other and each strives not to give the other cause for hurt.

The Talmadges are quite contented. But Joe Schenck’s attitude toward Norma is more paternal than lovelier and he is not an actor; he is content to help, as he does mightily, behind the scenes of her fame.

Mrs. William and Mrs. Cecil De Mille are both intelligent, charming women, wise wives and splendid mothers. Harry Carey defers to his wife’s judgment in almost all matters. The Jack Holts, Conrad Nagles, Douglas MacLeans, Charles Rays, Reginald Denny’s, Bob Fraizers, Warner Baxters, Antonio Morenos and others seem to have found the course of happy marriage. Most of these wives have interests of their own—music, society, philanthropy, friends—but these are kept subservient to their husbands’ careers.

Dorothy Reid was a model of devotion. Perhaps too much did she tolerate the demands that Wally’s scyphant friends made upon him. But she did her best, endeavoring to solve her problems secretly until through circumstances they were proclaimed, trying always to help and to shield from censure the boy she loved. Every menace she met with tact, and inspired him with faith. She was more mother than sweet-heart—the ideal wife for an actor.

Hollywood has directly wrecked several marriages with a too sudden success, money and flattery. But so many, many more than balance them—scene, comfortable, sane marriages.

In recompense, what are the rewards of the movie actor’s wife?

In some cases, she has his unqualified loyal thought. Mostly, she has that portion of his time, that part of his mind, not occupied by his career or its subsidiary influences. She has lovely clothes and jewels, for few actors are parsimonious—some give generously, others that their wives may show case their own success. She has position, a reflection of his prestige. She has servants, the freedom from financial worry that harasses the average wife. She has the joy of knowing that she has contributed, however subtly, to his achievements, that she has done her job well.

And, underneath the superficial things, she knows, in most cases, that she has her husband’s love. She must make concessions, adapt herself to his life, must learn to share his moods, to give him what he needs.

Now, Susie, do you still want to marry the actor of your dreams?

Oh, pardon me! I see you already have the telephone receiver off the hook. And when Joe pops the question to-night, I have an idea what your answer will be. You won’t be happy with Joe—you wouldn’t be continually happy with anybody, anywhere. But you’ll probably have him under pretty good control before long.
New Rejuvenating Silk Mask Worn While You Sleep—Brings New Beauty Overnight

Amazing! A simple, inexpensive treatment—yet you wake up with practically a new complexion. Just wear this sheer, specially-treatment mask one night and see what happens. See how the tired lines and wrinkles begin to vanish, the blemishes clear away, the complexion become smooth, fresh, radiant.

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The dainty mask is washable and can always be kept fresh and effective.

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For years Susanna Cocroft has been in the forefront of the great movement for the physical and mental betterment of women. She has been recognized by the U. S. Government as an authority on women's health problems. She has written ten bulletins for the U. S. Bureau of Education, and her helpful writings have many times appeared in magazines. Through her books, courses and treatments she has personally helped over 110,000 women. Often asked by her health pupils for advice on improving their appearance, she made a thorough study of this subject, and has brought out many successful scientific treatments for the skin. Her revealing instructions in this wonderful new home method—as effective as a $50 course of beauty treatments—which you give yourself at home at a cost of only a few cents a treatment.

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I am interested. You may send me your interesting illustrated booklet concerning the Susanna Cocroft Skintone Face Mask and how it works, and also details of your special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name...........................................
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City..........................State..............................
A Letter from Location

Continued from page 90

that they did not need to make up as we did. One wants to go to Hollywood and have a career.

Some families in the Indian village have several tepees, as the round-up association pays five dollars per. One tepee houses three families, while two others that they put up are unoccupied. What a motley crew of children, dogs, horses and rambunctious weapons, contrasting a dozen automobiles.

The Indian's greatest ambition is to own an automobile, gaudily decorated. One had quite a sum of money from renting his lands and went to Walla Walla to select a car. He had difficulty finding one large enough to hold his family. Finally he returned with his buy, which he described as a large, gray car with lots of trimmings, no seats and therefore room for his squaw and purposes to sit on the floor, and with beautiful silk curtains. We couldn't imagine what model it was, so we all trooped out to see it. A very proud squaw and her brood sat complacently in a big gray hearse.

The studio sent us a portable projection machine; so last night we gathered in the sample room of the hotel—where the traveling men display their goods—and ran our rushes, returned to us from the home laboratory.

After the picture, we danced. We have an orchestra—Henry Cohen, composer of "Why Dear" and "Are You Playing Fair?" is our organizer; Ed Sedgwick plays a set of trap drums and Hoot Gibson and Ray Janscy, saxophones. Josie Sedgwick and I were very popular. Perhaps I'd better add that we are the only girls in a company of forty men!

Ten Days Later.—Such excitement! Wednesday morning we went down to the train to meet Julius Bernheim, Mrs. Gibson and Teddy Sampson. Two thousand people were there, dressed in Western regalia, to welcome them. We photographed their arrival and, while the band played, they were driven to the hotel in an old stagecoach, drawn by six horses. It once rattled from Umatilla to Boise and now emerges from retirement once a year for the show. What a thrill, hearing the "Ya-hoo!" of the cowboys and the war whoops of the Indians.

That night we visited Happy Cabin, a huge amphitheater. Gorgeous setting—mountains piled against the clouds, with Old Hood for a sentinel, real trees and a pool of water at the foot of a trail. Epic dramas of the West are enacted there, stories of pioneer days. A wagon caravan encamp, is attacked by Indians—soldiers to the rescue. For a few minutes everything is dark, then quickly the side of the mountain seems to disappear and a typical street of a frontier town is revealed. One of the most interesting numbers was a quadrille, done on horseback by eight men and women.

We went to a dance hall, but it was too crowded for me. Upstairs we found the roulette wheel. Twice we broke the bank, for which we won a handful of paper, round-up currency, good for nothing but fun.

Pendleton is so crowded that many can't get accommodations. Army cattle line the street and the tourists sleep in their cars.

Thursday the show began. The hands played, the judges and Henry Collins, president of the round-up, marched around the track, before the cheering throngs, and the show got under way. Never before have I seen such demonstrations of strength and horsemanship.

I enjoyed the cowgirls' relay races best and the exhibition work of Mabel Strickland, champion woman steer-roper, and Fox Hastings. Miss Hastings is the only woman bulldogger in the world. She grasps the steer by its horns and throws it by sheer strength. Some are dragged along the track by infuriated steers and it's always a great wrestling match. It is almost unbelievable that girls like Miss Strickland and Miss Hastings go out right with the men to test their nerve and strength against huge beasts.

One of the features of the show was a Roman chariot race "starring" Hoot. What a superb—though comic—Ben-Hur! He is a favorite here. In 1912 he won the first all-around rodeo championship. Saturday, the "big day," was ideal. First, the parade—the shrill notes of a bugle heralding the procession. Chief Tall Pine led, followed by pennant bearers and Mr. Collins and Hoot. After the cowboys came Josie Sedgwick, who is queen of the round-up. She made a striking picture in her big, white hat, black blouse, white leather skirt and black boots. The covered wagons and floats gave a pioneer atmosphere. Last of all, the Indians. Words can't convey their splendor—war paint, beads, fur, feathers, all so decorative. Circling above in striking contrast, were eight airplanes from Vancouver.

All the contests were settled—relay races, riding steers, bucking bronchos and burros, bulldogging, pony express races and standing races. The crowd was keyed up with enthusiasm, and how we did cheer when our boys won. I wouldn't be able to talk for a week.

Finally, I had the honor of presenting the Roosevelt trophy to Paddy Ryan, winner of the all-around cowboy championship. And then we had a watermelon feast.

I certainly have enjoyed it all. The boys spoil me and treat me like a kid sister. I have to do a lot of riding and exciting things in the picture. You know, this movie acting does offer wonderful thrills. Working at anything else, I would never have such a marvelous time. Now I can go back to Hollywood and talk about bulldogging and steer roping just as if I really knew something about them.

I'll see you soon. In the meantime, as always, Marian Nixon.

On the New York Stage

Continued from page 65

"The Man in Evening Clothes."

Here is one of those comedies adapted from the French which didn't quite come off. It is the story of a Parisian man about town who is suddenly bankrupt with the privilege of retaining only one suit of clothes. He chooses evening clothes and here the fun is supposed to begin.

Unfortunately, it doesn't. You can easily see that this idea is so slight that nothing but a brilliant series of comedy situations could hold it up over three acts. But the brilliance fades after the first ten minutes of action and the rest is a dim, dead production. Henry Miller has chosen to waste his time in this utterly thankless role and Carlotta Monterey is the decorative but meaningless heroine.

"Quarantine."

F. Tennyson Jesse, who wrote this play, has just published a fascinating but morbid book called "Murder!" Of course, we all went to the first night of this production expecting to find a harrowing study of the horrors. Much to our surprise, it turned out to be one of the most lively and ingratiating farces of the season.

Part of this is due to the work of Helen Hayes, who plays the girl with that spontaneous sense of true

Continued on page 116
We Guarantee to Improve Your Voice 100% Read how to do it in "PHYSICAL VOICE CULTURE", the greatest book ever written on voice building. It will show you the one scientific, tested way to build a powerful singing or speaking voice. Send coupon below for—

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Glad to Tell Everybody What Your Course Did
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Florence Mendelson, New York City.

Wouldn't Part With Course for $1,000.00
I have a great deal to say about this wonderful course, and want you to know that I am a happy man since taking it up. I needed your course badly, very badly. Being a teacher, I have to speak, at times, quite loud; and the strain on my throat was acutely felt, and horridly followed. My voice was absolutely clear and resonant now, in fact, I have no words to thank you enough.

Sang in Choir for Years—Now Prepares for First Solo
I have great faith in your course for two reasons. First—because it has improved my voice and given me more confidence in myself, which I lacked. Second—your advertisement came as a direct answer to prayer—don't they say that every wish is a prayer?
Now I feel that I am helping more in my choir work.
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I am very glad to be able to inform you that the study and practice of your exercises is making a great change in my voice. I may appreciate what this means to me when I tell you that an illness while in France, weakened my throat to such an extent that I feared I would never sing again. How ever, after studying your lessons, I find that I can sing better than ever, in fact, I was told by a friend who had heard me sing at a rec eption that I had never been in better voice than I am now.
J. Ralph Bartlett, Newton, N. H.
I N F O R M A T I O N, P L E A S E

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

THE PRESS AGENT AND WHAT HE DOES

I have been asked by several fans to explain just what a press agent is, and I am going to make this explanation somewhat at length because there seems to be a good deal of misconception about press agents.

Now there are as many different kinds of press agents as there are doctors or lawyers, but in general, the press agent is a person, engaged by a company or by a player, whose main business it is to see that publications of all kinds are kept supplied with information about the activities of the persons or companies they represent, which might constitute legitimate news.

Each of the larger companies has a staff of writers all of whom are kept busy preparing and distributing such information to trade papers, fan magazines, and newspapers.

The items which appear in the smaller newspapers throughout the country describing the current motion pictures are prepared by these press departments. They are prepared when the picture is about to be released, and copies of them are sent to each exhibitor at the time the film is shipped to him. The exhibitor then distributes these write ups to the local papers for use on the day or week before the picture is shown.

To the larger city papers, which have regular motion-picture departments, daily news stories are sent by mail, out of the great mass of which the motion-picture editors call those they consider the most interesting for use in their departments.

By this method every large publication in the country is kept daily advised as to the doings of the more important stars who have long-term contracts with one or another of the big companies. But the players who sign for only one picture at a time cannot depend on company publicity. Usually they put their personal publicity in the hands of a man or woman who has become a specialist in this work and has made it a dignified and respected profession. Such a press agent works in much the same way that the company press agents do, keeping the press advised as to the activities of his clients.

In addition to this routine work a clever press agent can do a great deal toward creating legitimate news for a star. For example, suppose that a player who has suddenly become very famous and very much talked about comes to New York for the first time. If he has a good press agent, the latter will arrange in advance for a number of public appearances of one sort or another that will furnish good copy for the newspapers. He may arrange to have the star appear at some big charity event, to talk over the radio, or to appear in person at one of the big movie palaces. If the star's time is limited the press agent will telephone all the editors and writers and arrange a schedule for interviews.

Owing to the methods of the press agents of a generation or so ago, a certain stigma became attached to the phrase "press agent story," for the efforts of the first press agents were often largely confined to devising hoaxes which many newspapers, eager for sensations, played up for the edification of a credulous public. One of the first of these was the famous "milk bath" of Anna Held. A clever press agent saw to it that the newspapers were supposedly "tipped off" quietly to the fact that great cans of milk were daily being delivered to the actress' apartment. Reporters who were sent around to investigate were met by the press agent who feigned surprise, and with apparent reluctance admitted that Miss Held had discovered that a milk bath was a wonderful beauty treatment. The story was sent all over the world and created a great sensation.

Another form of press agenting that has fallen into disuse is the building up of a fictitious personality like the one that was deliberately concocted for Theda Bara during the height of her career. Another is the "T. R. Zann" type of hoax, which is still worked successfully once in a long while. New York reporters were told that a man named T. R. Zann was insisting on keeping a live lion in his room at a New York hotel. They interviewed him on the subject and ran front-page stories about him. The following day the town was placarded with posters announcing the film "Tarzan." The public caught the connection and, their interest stimulated, flocked to the picture.

Of these three types of press-agent hoaxes the first two have been almost entirely abandoned and the third is seldom attempted. When it is attempted it is usually by some theater manager. The main criticism that can be directed against what the press agent says or writes nowadays is that he is inclined to be overenthusiastic about the stars and productions of his own company, and I can hardly see how that could be otherwise.

Continued on page 119
Furnishing Reptiles for the Movies

Continued from page 89

"Finally I stumbled across a fellow who said there were some in the attic of an old ladies' home away out in the edge of town, so there I went. After obtaining permission to hunt them, I got a long pole with a net, and climbed up to the roof of the building that night. Whenever a bat started to come out for its evening's recreation, I swiped at it. I got three before I quit. But it took ten nights and cost the picture company one hundred and fifty dollars.

"The most embarrassing experience I ever had was during the war period. One of the picture companies was shooting some scenes portraying the life of the boys in the trenches. The company wanted some 'cooties' which would be large enough to show in a close-up. It was a hard assignment but I finally got them. Yes, from a hobo.

"The easiest money I ever made was at the Lasky studio. They were shooting a scene, which involved, among other things, the moving of a box from which a whole flock of cockroaches would flee. I happened to be on the lot.

"'Fifteen dollars for fifteen or twenty roaches,' the director said. 'But we want 'em quick!'

"'All right,' I replied, 'you'll have 'em quick."

"I had noticed an old kitchen set on one of the stages, not more than twenty feet away. I walked over to it, moved some boxes and boards where a little grease had fallen, and you should have seen the roaches scamper! I got twenty, and the fifteen dollars.

Entries in the books which Allman keeps are different, probably, from those in any other set of books on the continent. Here are a few of them:

Fox studio: To 2 crawfish, 1 baby snake, 1 lizard, 2 frogs... $15.00
Fox studio: To 2 bullfrogs... $5.00
Madison productions: To 1 trap door spider, for one day... 12.50
Fairbanks studio: To 1 king snake, for one week... 15.00
Jack White Co.: To three days' labor locating bullfrogs... 50.00
Fox studios: To rental of boa constrictor one day... 100.00
Fine Arts studio: To 2 bullfrogs, man and car one day... 15.00
Laskey studio: To 3 rattlesnakes and services one day... 25.00

Allman says that there is no such thing as a trained snake, trained tarantula, or trained Gila monster, and explains that it is his knowledge

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Send for the Outfit, try it, and if you are not absolutely satisfied with its results, return it within thirty days, and your deposit will be immediately refunded. The directions with the Outfit are clear and simple. The use of it is interesting. The results wonderful. Think of it! Straight, lanky hair all your lifetime—yet from the very day you apply the Outfit—natural lasting waves, curls and ringlets!

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These you may use to try the Nestle LANOIL Wave in your hair. No charge whatever is made, and no deduction taken either for postage or for using the Outfit, should you decide within thirty days that you do not care to keep it.

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If you desire further information before ordering the Outfit, send for our free booklet. If, on the other hand, you desire to give the Home Outfit a free trial immediately, either send us your check, money order, or bank draft for $1.50, or let us forward it to you C.O.D., and pay the postman when it arrives. The $1.50 purchase price is considered merely a deposit, subject to immediate refund, if you so decide.

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Please send the Nestle "LANOIL" Home Outfit for Permanent Waving. I understand that if, after using the Outfit and the free trial materials, I am not satisfied, I may return the Outfit any time within thirty days and receive back every cent of its cost of $1.50.

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(From foreign countries, send Sixteen Dollars, and immediate order and C. O. D. money order or cash equivalent in U. S. currency. Canadians may order from Raymond Harpur, 1814 Bloor Street W., Toronto, Canada, 25¢ extra.

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of what reptiles will do under certain circumstances which make them appear in pictures as though trained. For instance, in “Wanderers of the Wasteland,” a rattlesnake is seen coiled at the edge of a water hole where Jack Holt, as a starving wanderer, lies face down to drink. As he spies the snake, he draws back and the snake starts gliding away, only to stop a moment later, wrap itself into a coil and viciously strike at him, barely missing his shoulder.

“We took that snake to the water’s edge—it’s fangs had been removed—and placed it before the camera,” Allman said. “Holt did his acting but the snake didn’t. It just lay there. For more than two hours we waited for it to turn and crawl away, but it didn’t budge. Finally, I built a little brush pile in the rear, made a hole in it, pushed the snake partly in and pulled it out, pushed it in and pulled it out, time and again. Then it began trying to get away from me. It wanted to get under the brush and stay there. Then I took it back to the water’s edge and turned it loose. It had made up its mind that its only means of escape was in that brush and so, when released, it ‘beat it’ for that hole.

Allman began handling snakes when he was a small boy on his father’s farm near Eldon, Iowa. Often, he said, his father punished him for bringing snakes to the house so he built a den and started collecting them. His first batch of forty he sold to a carnival company at a county fair for thirty dollars.

“That was more money than I’d ever seen before,” he said. “So I continued studying reptiles and insects—and, well, last year I got between five thousand and six thousand dollars for my work with them. I go out into the desert every now and then for supplies—get rattlesnakes, lizards, chuckwallas and the like. But for tarantulas, yellow-jackets, smaller snakes, and things of that kind, I couldn’t get along without my little old Los Angeles river.”

Call Her April

Continued from page 83

I wondered aloud if she were particularly happy when she made the scenes in “He Who Gets Slapped,” where she and Jack Gilbert are out in the fields picnicking.

“That was our happiest day on the whole picture. Mr. Seastrom is Swedish, you know, and has that native somberness. We never could make him laugh and though we tried awfully hard we weren’t ever sure we were giving him what he wanted until the day we made those scenes. We worked in a sort of mild intoxication of joy because we suddenly realized that Mr. Seastrom was pleased with us and was no longer gloomy. We had the time of our lives on my last picture. It is ‘Excuse Me,’ a regular slapstick comedy.”

She told me that a play had just closed its run on Broadway that the Metro-Goldwyn company considered buying as a vehicle for her. Unlike most players, who profess to want their own interpretation of a character uninfluenced by any one else’s Norma eagerly desires all the help she can get.

“Experienced players like Margaret Lawrence put a lot into a character that the author never thought of. I don’t see why it is any less original of me to want to play a character created by a charming actress than to play one created by a writer.”

She is not afraid of voicing her views about anything, having no desire to conform rigidly to the studio traditions of what every young actress ought to think—if at all. Even when she was starting in pictures she insisted on going her own way. She wouldn’t endure needlessly unpleasant conditions that other people submitted to. Once she was blacklisted by several companies because she walked out on a picture she had been working in and all of her scenes had to be made over. But the company was working at Long Beach where a crowd of curious people hung around watching; no rooms were engaged for the girls to make up in, and there was no car to take them from one location to another. Norma stood it until the star—an ill-bred young man from the vaudeville stage—started bawling her out in public; and then she walked out.

A girl working in motion-picture studios gets just as much ill-treatment as she will stand, but most of them don’t grasp that idea instinctively as Norma did. She went into pictures taking a sort of débutante air with her and she has never lost it.

Several months before you had even heard of her a group of men experienced in the making of pictures that are a riot in the little theaters on the side streets decided that she had the makings of a great box-office attraction.
"She's got youth and beauty," they observed, showing no great powers of second sight. "What she needs is pictures with good, hot titles and advertising, a lot of advertising. And she's gotta have a new name. Norma Shearer—that isn't snappy enough. Too hard to remember."

And so they went ahead with their plans to make a star of a little girl who had shown promise in a few pictures. They thought, of course, she would jump at the chance. Who wouldn't?

She sat in their office one day while they coolly analyzed her commercial prospects much as though she had been a new product from their factory.

"We'll get some snappy photographs and run them full-page in all the trade papers with a three-color background," the impresarios planned. "Then we'll smash 'em in the eye with our first title."

"What about the story?" Miss Shearer asked. 'em

"Oh, that doesn't matter. They're all alike anyhow. What counts is a good title. Something that has recklessness or daring or passion or lure or all of 'em in it."

Maybe he didn't go into as much detail as that. I wasn't there so I can't say, but I know the type. Perhaps he even ignored all her remarks, for after all it was only her future they were planning and they meant to mold it in a way that would mean a fortune for them.

Norma stood it until she could stand it no longer. She sat by while they discussed sensational titles, trade-paper advertising, and exploitation stunts. But when they decided that she ought to adopt a name of some well-known object—call herself Norma Apple, for instance, she ended the negotiations with a laugh. It was rather a hysterical laugh, because if you don't know where your next job is coming from it isn't natural to laugh at men who are offering you an honest and generous living.

But they didn't know Norma.

Norma wasn't making pictures because she didn't know where next month's rent was coming from or because she was bored and just wanted to do something different.

When Norma went into pictures she went in to stay, and she didn't intend to have her career blighted by a trick name like Norma Apple and a lot of sensational pictures. But some one should have changed her name for professional purposes. The only fitting name for a girl like her who reminds you of the tart freshness and beauty of spring is—April.

Give us Telephones

Following the war, when business and social life surged again into normal channels, there came the cry from homes, hospitals, schools, mills, offices—"Give us telephones." No one in the telephone company will ever forget those days.

Doctors, nurses and those who were sick had to be given telephones first. New buildings, delayed by war emergency, had to be constructed, switchboards built and installed, cables made and laid, lines run and telephones attached.

The telephone shortage is never far away. If for a few years the telephone company was unable to build ahead, if it neglected to push into the markets for capital and materials for the future's need, there would be a recurrence of the dearth of telephones. No one could dread that eventuality so much as the 350,000 telephone workers.

Bell System engineers measure and forecast the growth of communities; cables, conduits, switchboards and buildings are planned and developed years ahead of the need, that facilities may be provided in advance of telephone want. Population or business requirements added to a community must find the telephone ready, waiting.

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[Advertisement]
and stretching toward the Alban hills, there is massed a group of ruins vying in colossal splendor with those of Rome itself. They are sets representing the Joppa Gate of Jerusalem, that towers to the height of a three-story building, a great street of Jerusalem, the Hur, palace, and an exact reproduction of the old Circus Maximus, eighteen hundred feet in length by nine hundred in width, with a seating capacity of thirty thousand. Here the chariot race between Ben-Hur and Messala will be filmed with Arab horses formerly of the royal stables of Hungary.

Ask any producer the most expensive item in film production and he will tell you “time.” Even with a small cast of players a production requiring a year to make runs into the hundreds of thousands, for there is always the studio overhead. “Ben-Hur,” with its army of workers will require two years, counting the time spent by the first company that came over. It will be completed in the early spring, according to present estimate. Another six months probably will be spent editing it and preparing the way for it by exploitation. Innovations, such as the technicolor process, have required much of the time. All the spectacular scenes have been shot both with technicolor and the black-and-white process. This doubled the time required for shooting, as the players had to enact each scene twice.

Another innovation is in the method of its production. The work was divided into three distinct units under the supervision of Fred Niblo. Mr. Niblo headed the unit filming the spectacular scenes, such as the galleys and the chariot race. The more intimate sequences and the details were handled by the other two units, headed by assistant directors Christy Cabanne and Al Raboch. This committee of three passed on all the rushes, exchanging views and criticisms. Consequently, many scenes were retaken after they had been subjected to constructive discussion.

What I have told you about this huge undertaking may make it appear to be the most reckless sort of gambling, but if you know something of the phenomenal history of the stage production which for twenty years broke all theatrical records, you would see that the producers are not making this huge play without good reason for thinking they will win. In fact, it was the knowledge of the tremendous value of “Ben-Hur” as a movie vehicle—a knowledge conceded by every one competent to judge—that made the owners of the property withhold the screen rights for so long.

And what are the probabilities for the success of this costly picture? First, there are rich rewards apart from immediate financial returns in making “Ben-Hur” a triumph. It is probably the greatest picture story ever composed, rich in color, drama and character, and with the most fundamental theme a story could have—the triumph of the Christ spirit. If the picture even approximately measures up to the producers’ ideal, the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company will gain a prestige that cannot be estimated in money.

It will, I believe, raise Novarro, already a big box-office attraction, to a position of much greater eminence. And the producers have him under contract for five years. When Marcus Loew signed him, following “Where the Pavement Ends,” he had “Ben-Hur” in view. The negotiations for the story had gone so far that RKO had told him to make tests of Novarro in the part. That was almost three years ago. Then the story slipped through Mr. Loew’s fingers, and Goldwyn got it. Some one suggested to the disheartened producer of Metro that he buy Goldwyn. Whether or not he acted or that motive, he did achieve control of Goldwyn—and of “Ben-Hur.” And Novarro became Ben-Hur. Mr. Loew is firm in the belief that Novarro is due to become the greatest favorite the screen has had, and that, if it should happen, of course would mean a diamond mine for the company.

As for immediate box-office returns, there can’t be any. The picture will have to be shown for five years before the money invested has been returned. But five years is not a long life for a picture designed to be the greatest of screen achievements. The New Amsterdam Theater in New York City has been leased already to show “Ben-Hur” for two years. Sid Grauman, the California wizard of motion-picture exhibition, has contracted to show it for a year in his Hollywood Egyptian theater alone, with a guarantee of three hundred thousand dollars as a minimum profit to the company. And with such inducements as that you can understand how a producer can cheerfully ship three million dollars overseas and say to his staff, “Go the limit!”
With Hollywood at the Fights

Continued from page 46

"A gentleman's sport," the staccato voice of Frank Keenan pierces a sudden thin silence that comes between two rumbles of clamor.

He has summed it up aptly. It is relaxation from work. Its varying excitement gives the pent-up emotions—aroused by the demand made upon them in spooling a make-believe romantic labor—a legitimate excuse for bursting the bonds of restraint. There is nothing coarse or brutal about it—that's just surface talk. These actors, too, yell, hiss—and many a carefully cultivated feminine accent broadens into a mid-West flatness. But it has class, a veneer of distinction, that crowd. And its yelling, you feel, is a sort of safety valve—they do get such a kick out of it.

The secret of the thrill that effete Hollywood gets out of this vigorous display of muscular brawn and of fistic skill lies in contrast, perhaps in suppressed desires. The elemental impulse that it awakens and satisfies is such a vivid opposite to the superficial sophistication of film town. Women who live velvet-lined, perfumed lives of flattery, so long as their personalities have box-office appeal, thrill in response to an undreamed of vital key; men who indulge mildly in the gentlemanly sports of golf and tennis are surcharged with a primitive lust for action. Red blood awakens laggard pink; for one evening, tame though these bantamweight affairs be in comparison with the ring battles for the championship, Hollywood glories in the exhibition of male vigor.

It isn't barbaric. Very seldom is blood spilled. Occasionally an upper-cut lands and a boyish form sprawls inert, spouting a red geyser from cracked lips; then the men's cheering is a little hushed, a bit self-conscious, and more than one girl slumps limply in a faint.

This evening there are two real thrills. One comes when Frankie Ryan is pitted against Billy Hart. Both are magnificent young creatures of one hundred and eighteen pounds. But Ryan is outclassed. He's a game kid, and the emotionally tense crowd, quick to sense that quality, is right behind him.

"You've met a better man—take your medicine, Frankie! That boy's no quitter," they yell themselves hoarse. "Make it snappy, kidde!"

A grim rosebud mouth opens into a wide, "Ooooh, get him, Frankie, honey!" and a clenched white fist beats the arm of a chair. At the start of the third, he turns toward

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Was this part of your marriage contract?

Did you tell her that she would have to do the washing?
That she would have to wear last year's clothes?
That she would have to skimp and save to buy
even the necessities of life?

For her sake—for the sake of the children
who are growing up—"For your own sake—"
do let the precious hours of spare time
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Occupation _______________________

The Nicknames of the Stars

Continued from page 58

Hurllock, Madeline—"Mag." (Her
exotic appearance implies anything
but that.)

Jones, Charles—"Buck." (His
buddies in the army gave it to him.)

Keaton, Joseph—"Buster." (Another
relic of kid days.)

Kingston, Natalie—"Nanna." (Ben Turpin gave her that name,
brief for Nanook, Eskimo character
she played in her first comedy.)

Langdon, Harry—"Links." (A
diminutive neighborhood boy couldn't
pronounce "Harry Langdon.")

Logan, Jacqueline—"Jackie." (For
studio use, generally.)

Livingston, Margaret—"Ginger." (She
has so much of it.)

Lorraine, Louise—"M e d i a ." (Given
by her mother. Media is
Spanish for middle or half.)

La Roque, Roderick—"Red" at the
studio; "Roddy" to his mother
and sister.

Lloyd, Harold—"Speedy." (His
card father says he is.)

Lloyd, Mildred—"Mid." (She
couldn't pronounce "Mildred" when
a child.)

Macpherson, Jeanie, scenario
writer—"Ginger," and "Gingy." (Her
mother is the only one who
pulls that on her in company.)

Marlowe, June—"K e w p i e ." (Sometimes
she looks like a Kewpie
doll.)

"Mix, Tom—(Says his nicknames
can't be printed. Postal laws forbid.)

Moore, Colleen—"Katie." (Her
name is really Kathleen.)

Moreno, Antonio—"Tony." (It
couldn't be anything else.)

Mosquini, Marie—"Wop." (High-
brow for Italian.)

Nagel, Conrad—"Connie." (No
mystery whatever.)

Neri, Appollonia—"Pola." (The
reason is quite obvious.)

Nixon, Marian—"Kid." (She
was one of last year's baby stars.)

Philbin, Mary—"Moggs." (Rup-
tert Julian, director, says it's easier
to say.)

Prevost, Marie—"Bicky." (Ab-
breviation of her middle name, “Bickford.”

Rich, Irene—“Bean.” (Fondly bestowed by her devoted brother.)

Rich, Lillian—“Billy.” (A relic of her tomboy days in England. Awarded after due consideration by her father, J. C. Rich.)

Semon, Lawrence—“Larry.” Like a million other “Larrys.”

Talmadge, “Mother”—“Peg.” (All of Norma and Constance Talmadge’s friends know Mrs. Talmadge as “Peg.”

Turpin, Bernard—“Ben.” (No one could conceive of his being “Bernard.”)

Valli, Virginia — “Vee-vee.” (Union of her initials.)

Vidor, Florence—“Florrie.” (Just a few intimate friends use this.)

Keeping names all laid out in good order and selecting those which will have good publicity value, often re-
quires considerable attention. Marilyn Miller tried the name “Ruth” but it conflicted with the name of Patsy Ruth Miller and she discarded it. Then she tried “Diana” but there was not any great harmony in “Diana Miller,” so she dropped it, too. Now she is known on the lot as “The Girl Without a Name.” Billie Dove was christened “Billie,” and although she has longed for something a little more dignified, Billie still sticks. “Buck” became such an integral part of the Buck Jones character that he legally and formally adopted it for business purposes.

About the only real sufferer for a nickname is Walter Hiers. In his little home town in Alabama there was a boy fatter than he who cor-
nered the market on such names as “Tubby,” “Fatty,” and the like and all Walt got out of it was just that — Walt Hiers.

The Stars Answer a Fan Club Query

Continued from page 27

head the hair is combed down in bangs that come almost to the eye-
brows. One must be careful not to cover the eyebrows, for they give the face much of its expression.

Starting from behind the ears on up to the top of the head, the hair is combed in this way so that it really ‘fans’ the face.

“Any girl can wear this style of bob unless her hair is extremely straight, in which case she can still wear it effectively if she has her hair slightly waved. Under no circum-
stances should the hair be curled, as that would destroy the originality of the bob. I am delighted with this
bob. It is a little more feminine, I think, than many of them. Then, too, it is a happy medium which seems to harmonize with one’s ap-
parel for any occasion.”

Laura La Plante, who was so anxious to get into the bob-haired class that she bobbed her hair right in the midst of “Butterfly,” and had to call upon the title writer to alibi her on the screen, writes that she expects to keep her hair short.

But another Universal player, Virginia Valli, was afraid she wouldn’t be permitted to keep her boyish bob because of the dignified roles she was playing. But now that she is allowed to wear wigs whenever her parts call for long hair, she is happy with her bob and intends to keep it.

Colleen Moore writes that her haircut in “The Perfect Flapper,” which she is shown wearing in the accom-
panying photograph, was so becoming and so well liked that she is going to keep on wearing it.

Ruth Roland, who is wearing a bovish bob now, writes: “I expect to continue wearing my hair this way for some time. Every one seems to like my hair bobbed, and since I love not only the looks of it but the free comfortable feeling which accom-
panies bobbed hair and the immense saving of time in dressing it, I have decided to keep it bobbed.”

“I shall continue to wear a boyish bob as long as I live,” says Betty Blythe decisively. “I am only taking a lesson from the book of masculine common sense. Some years ago, men discovered that short hair was sanitary and they have been com-
fortable ever since. Now I am com-
fortable for the first time in my life and I intend to stay so. Also, in the past I have suffered terribly with a big wig over my long hair. Now I suffer no discomfort whatever in wearing one.

May Allison, despite opinions to the contrary, thinks that “short hair permits a versatility in hair dressing that isn’t possible with long hair.” I think it is indispensable for an ac-
tress,” she says, “and shall probably continue to wear it long after the fashion is obsolete.”

Claire Adams will continue to wear her hair short but will achieve a sort of fifty-fifty appearance. “My present plan is to let my hair grow long at the sides,” she writes, “but to have the back hair trimmed to the shape of the head. I think the na-
tural contour of the head is becoming. With long hair at the sides I will be able to present either a bobbed or unbobbed appearance.”

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“I Knew Him When——”

Continued from page 61

“I ran into him at the Athletic Club where I was working out—ran into him is right. He nearly knocked me out. You know I’m no modest violet about my boxing. I wouldn’t be afraid to take on any of the Tarales or Dennys or other athletes in this business, but deliver me from George. After once meeting his fist you never forget it. He’s got the finest build of any man in the business. He reminds me of Wally when he played as the fighting blacksmith in ‘The Birth of a Nation.’ And he is always in training.

“When we would be tossing the medicine ball I used to argue with George trying to get him to go to Breenon but he wouldn’t do it. Instead he hung around Hollywood getting extra work wherever he could. Finally I went to Breenon about him myself and he gave George what chance he could. Of course, as luck would have it, he was making a picture that didn’t have a single bit in it that George could play. But George worked pretty regularly on an extra out at the Lasky lot after that and got some good experience. It was a rotten waste of talent though. He should have been playing parts. Why, he was one of the extras in ‘The Ten Commandments,’ running around during the Worship of the Golden Calf carrying a two-hundred pound ingénue. He was so good-looking that they were afraid he would distract attention from some of the principals so they put whiskers on him.

“One day George came up to me at the studio and asked if I would have luncheon with him. He wanted me to meet two girls from San Francisco who had driven down to see him. Well, when I met those girls I knew why George was so impatient to get ahead. One of them—the one George was particularly interested in—was the loveliest thing you ever saw. She made the Spanish vampires of the picture seem vapid compared to her luscious beauty. I could see George wanted to succeed for her sake.

“I felt sure that George would get the part of Ben-Hur. He was obviously ideal for it. George not only has his wonderful build but he has great charm and a lot of character in his face. The day they made tests of him out at Goldwyn there wasn’t anybody there to show him how to make-up. He probably looked like an Indian chief or the victim of some strange disease. I know the first three or four tests I made I got made-up so that I looked like something every camera should avoid. Anyway, George didn’t get the part and I think I felt as disappointed over it as he did. I still think he was the one man for the role. Ramon Novarro will make a good Ben-Hur but George O’Brien would have made a great one.

“About a year ago George told me he was ready to give up the struggle to get ahead in pictures. It looked as though nobody was ever going to give him a chance at a real part. Ricardo Cortez and I were working out with him at the gym when he told us he was going back to San Francisco to get a job. We argued with him and pleaded with him—told him of all the cases we had ever known where a sudden break of good luck brought a man like himself into prominence. Finally I made my bet with him and George decided to stick for a while.

“Then John Ford saw him. That fellow’s got a lot of sense. He took George out on location with him to make the first scenes of ‘The Iron Horse,’ and as soon as he saw him work he shot a lot of close-ups of him. When the film was run back at the Fox studio the officials sat up and asked who on earth the good-looking young chap was that Ford had working for him. After they saw a few more scenes they stationed an outpost to grab him on his return to Hollywood. Then before any one else saw the picture they got him under contract.

“You know the rest. He made ‘The Man Who Came Back’ and they starred him in ‘The Roughneck.’ If he were only a free lance now he could go out and get about fifteen hundred a week and have his choice of a lot of big parts. But he is signed up with Fox at a comparatively small salary.

“He isn’t kicking the way most actors do when they get caught in a situation like that. No, George is like a stray pup who follows forever the first guy that gave him a friendly pat. He’s downright grateful to William Fox for giving him a chance. George doesn’t realize how popular he has become. I’ve clipped the New York reviews of his pictures and sent them to him and tried to give him some idea of the way people rave about him but he only sees how he is received in Los Angeles. Out there William Fox has no big theater and his pictures are shown in the less important houses, so George thinks of himself as a second rate.

“And anyway George has suc-
cumbered to the depressing thought that I’ve hit a lot of us fellows. ‘Now that I’ve got what I was after, what does it mean? What’s it all about?’ That pretty girl for whom he wanted to make good has dropped out of the picture. He hasn’t any one to share his triumphs with him. He has worked and worked for something and now that he has it, he wonders what it is all worth.

“Our work has brought us money and a certain amount of public ac-

claim but there is something lacking. The first time you see your name in electric lights you get a great thrill and after that you realize it doesn’t mean a thing. Maybe I’ll be able to find what it is we’re looking for and maybe George will. I hope he does. It would be terrible for him to lose interest now, when he is just at the beginning of his success, for he has the making of the greatest popular idol the screen has ever had.”

Girls Who Risk Their Lives

Continued from page 18

things: “She is absolutely without nerves, doing things that a man would not attempt, and furthermore, doing them to the absolute satisfaction of everybody concerned.”

These little doubles risk their lives for the glorification of the motion-picture stars and not for very big remuneration, either, as compared to the salaries of those for whom they are working. Gladys Johnstone, for instance, former artists’ model, riding with the most reliable Leo Nomis, who is one of the aces of the stunt men, felt a two-by-four rail shoot in between them as Nomis crashed their machine into a fence while filming “The Stranger’s Banquet.” The crash had been carefully planned, but the leaping fence rail was unexpected. Had it struck either of the two, he or she would have been impaled. Miss Johnstone was doubling for Eleanor Boardman in the scene.

Another time, Gladys leaped from the fourth floor of the city hall at Long Beach into a net for the glorification of Marguerite de La Motte in “Flattery,” a Mission Film company production. She dislocated three vertebrae in the fall. She jumped from a burning ship into the Pacific Ocean near Balboa Beach during the filming of “The Victoria Cross,” and she couldn’t swim. This was a picture featuring Lou Tellegen. Of course, she was fished out, but she had no idea before she jumped who was going to do it.

Occasionally the stunt calls for in the scripts are too strenuous for these girl doubles to perform and a young man is called in. It is well known in Hollywood that “Bobby” Rose has done thrilling feats for Ruth Roland, despite the fact that Ruth Roland is considered to be one of the newest girls in pictures. It is also known that Harvey Perry, dressed in feminine attire, has done feats for stars whose names are known internationally. In the “Eleventh Hour,” for instance, Harvey put on Shirley Mason’s clothing and leaped from a house which had been built on the edge of a cliff overlooking the ocean at Del Monte. His plunge was for a distance of nearly one hundred feet and he had to clear projecting ledges extending out nearly twenty feet as he went down. He cracked three ribs in the plunge.

It would have been physically impossible for Shirley Mason to have done the dive, but it ‘made’ the picture.

Ray—“Red”—Thompson doubled for Barbara La Marr in “The Shooting of Dan McGrew,” during those scenes where “the lady that’s known as Lou” raced through the fire in the burning café. In that part, the carpeting had been saturated with kerosene and Ray’s duty was to spread the flames with burning paper streamers attached to his body.

Censure is not attached to motion-picture producers for the use of doubles for the stars. The only criticism which might be aimed at them would arise from their unwillingness to give credit where credit is due. And yet, if this were done, much of the illusion would be taken from the play and any explanation would be awkward. The principal recompense to the courageous girls and young men lies in the chance—which is not too great—of eventually securing real acting roles.

This much may be very safely said: When a repeating motion-picture star, man or woman, appears to be doing a particularly dangerous feat, it’s safe to make a bet that some gritty double is the one taking the chance. There are scarcely more than a half dozen really fearless girls in the Hollywood colony whose skill and daring have made them almost continuously in demand. You have seen them all probably, made up as Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Norma Talmadge, Irene Rich and many another screen celebrity, but you did not know them. They do not appear in the close-ups. But they put big punches in some of the long shots!
In Spite of the Sheiks
Continued from page 19

is another way of getting a line on
the boys besides statistical theater
figures; for here there is that other
audience, more personal and certainly
more prejudiced—the vast army of
people who through association with
the studios in some capacity or other,
know the stars in an acquaintance-
ship more intimate than is permitted
other fans. And with these, rang-
ing from extras to tradesmen, Reggy
stands ace high. Which is a prettier
tribute than may seem, when you
consider that some of our first, fore-
most, and finest lights are total
cloud-bursts so far as the neighbors
are concerned. In the brief time that
I talked with him a dozen men of
various degrees of studio importance
found their way to his dressing room
to welcome him back from a two-
month location trip. From what I
could pick up the trip had been some-
ting of a frost socially.

Reggy was just getting ready to
go into the grievances of location in
detail, when three men, names un-
known, and one named Joe, and one
named Norman Kerry, dropped in to
say, "Hello." There was a great
deal of back-slapping, passing of
cigarettes, "see you later," and other
good fellowship exchanged before
they left and I got a chance to tell
him that I was entirely ignorant of
the milestones along his career.

"Was I on the stage?" repeating
my question. "For twenty years."

"Yeah," from Bill Leyser, master
of publicity at "U," rising suddenly
to the occasion, as a good press agent
should. "He went on the stage when
he was four years old. That was
twenty years ago, or draw your own
conclusions."

"Yes," said Reggy with a broad
grin. "Ha! But really I had all
sorts of stage experience. Sang bar-
tone in the 'Quaker Girl,' played with
Marie Tempest, did stock and all that
sort of thing." Then with a weather
eye on Bill. "Even had a season in
one of those 'Passing Shows' at the
Winter Garden."

"Well," said Bill mildly, looking
noncommital. Reggy decided to
plunge through. "Came about this
way: I had a contract with the Shu-
berts, a two-year contract, and I was
playing in one of their shows when
the actors' strike came on. I walked
out with the rest. Well, when it was
over they took me out of my show
and put me in the Winter Garden for
spite. Pure spite. But what could I
do? No money—right after the
war—you know—even actors must
live."

Lee Moran dropped in. He had
just been engaged for a part in
Reggy's story, "California Here I
Come." How was everything? Glad
to see him back! Had he seen Tom?
How was Dick? Had he heard about
Harry?

Except for Wally Reid, I have
never seen a male star so apparently
well liked by other men in the studio.
In fact, a comparison of them is not
badly amiss. Some one has said that
Wally was closer to genius than most
people realized. He was, His work,
even the most trite, was always fused
with that intuitive inspiration that
those of us who haven't it call a
"gift of God." Denny's work is more
technical, more accountable; the per-
formances of a player who has a
thorough and refreshing technique at
his fingers tips. For the breezy
youthfulness, the stressed optimism,
the magnificent physique, the friendly
appeal, there is some ground for
comparison. Again like Wally, his
gelatin footage conveys a pleasant
wholesomeness without reminding
you in any way of "the boy next
door." Denny is vicariously the sec-
ond sweetheart in the line of ro-
mance. Not the barefoot slate slide
so ably personified by Charles Ray,
but rather the captain of the foot-
ball team, the boy friend of summer
resorts and kodak romances.

When Lee Moran had gone Reggy
obligingly picked up his story where
he had left off. "During that strike
a funny thing happened. It dawned
on me that here was a great time
to introduce myself to the movies,
so I went up to see Joe Schenck.
He was great. Gave me a test for one
of Norma's pictures. Everything was
sweet and pretty until he looked at
it—then he called me over and gave
me a little friendly advice. It was
to keep out of the movies. My walk
was bad—it everything was bad—noth-
ing good. I saw him just the other
day—we laughed about it. He's a
great fellow."

Everything considered, I bet
Reggy had a better laugh than Joe.

In spite of the pessimistic outlook
of Norma's husband, Reggy finally
made the movies. Support to such
charmers as Alice Brady, Constance
Binney, and Elsie Ferguson was his
reward as well as his daily bread,
and it was while he was playing with
the latter in "Footlights" that the
book of the "Leather Pushers" was
brought to his attention. An inde-
pendent producer wanted to put these
on. He thought they would go great
as novelties and he was sure Reggy
was the man to put them over. Reggy
Agents and Help Wanted

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thought so too. The result was that they made six of them when the backers became what is politely known as financially embarrassed.

"Here we had six out of the twelve of our series made into what looked like pretty good material to our more or less prejudiced minds. But we didn’t have a release and what is worse, didn’t have any more money.

The idea was to get both a release and financial backing, so I tucked the prints we had already made under my arm and peddled them around to every release organization with an office in New York. I peddled them myself, too. Believe me, my interest in them was more than stellar. Finally, I got Universal interested in them at least to the extent of trying them out to see how they took. They seemed to go pretty well, so ‘U’ absorbed control and we made eighteen of them. In fact, they’re still making them with Billy Sullivan as the star.‘ Which is Reggy’s own story of how he made the ‘Leather Pushers’ and how the ‘Leather Pushers’ made him. After that it was comparatively easy.

A long-term contract, first featured roles in all-star casts and then as reward for box-office tabulations, stardom in such plums as ‘The Fast Worker’ and the prize of the sea-

son, coveted by all dramatic comedians, Harry Leon Wilson’s ‘Oh, Doctor.’

Universal has wisely chosen his vehicles, for in addition to generous proportions of romance which baits the flappers they are always active enough to please that great minority, the male audience. The plots are built on comedy frames cleverly inlaid with ‘gags’ and if women make the idols, men surely make the comedians. In short, when a Regional Denny picture is on at the Palace, Mamma sees a ‘son.” Tessie sighs over a “beau.” Bud gets a kick out of the races and Poppa like to die laughing. Which makes it unanimous. Everybody’s happy, including the exhibitor and Carl Laemmle.

With a final gaze into my crystal ball I see in his popularity and the popularity of his pictures a "back to normalcy" movement, a sort of glorified testimonial to the effect that the flappers aren’t as bad as they’re make up in this day of Cytheras and Sainted Devils, sex appeal, and syncope.

A fan world that caters to Denny as well as De Mille, to speed demons as well as sheiks is not thoroughly damned. Pennsylvania censors to the contrary notwithstanding.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 94

a newcomer to the fore in Dorothy Sebastian, and Elinor Glyn has rediscovered Harriet Hammond, once the most famed for beauty of the Sennett bathing girls. Miss Hammond is to play in "Man and Maid," in which the erstwhile home breaker, Lew Cody, will undertake to be the hero. Mrs. Glyn says that it has been a gross and terrible error to cast the fascinating Lew continually as a villain.

Highbrowism Out.

This is not a propitious time to be highbrow. So Mary Pickford has decided. And for that reason she engaged Marshall Neilan to direct her, instead of Josef von Sternberg, who made "The Salvation Hunters."

Mary is doing a little-girl-with-the-curls rôle very much like Amaryll, and if that doesn’t please the fans who have objected to her growing up, she will probably film something realistic and terrible, like "Rain," or "What Price Glory."

Von Sternberg has been making a feature for Metro-Goldwyn-May-

er, with whom he is under contract. He may direct Mary in her next production. Also, he may not!

Welcome Katherine!

The big surprise of the winter season was the return of Katherine MacDonald to pictures. She was engaged for the leading rôle in an independent film, "The Power of Darkness," in which Owen Moore had the lead.

Miss MacDonald was married about two years ago to Charles S. Johnson, and, it was believed, had retired permanently from the screen. Just about three months ago she became the mother of a boy, who is said—by his fond relatives at least—to be the handsomest youngster yet born in the film colony.

During her heyday as a star Miss MacDonald was considered the foremost beauty on the screen. She has always had a very large following, and her actual reappearance will consequently be a much-anticipated happen-

ning.
Two portrayals in “Madame X,” the film, were unforgettable. One was, of course, Pauline Frederick’s, and the other was that of Casson Ferguson as the son. Ferguson has been away in Europe for all of a year. But he has lately returned to Hollywood and will be seen with Rudolph Valentino in “Cobra.”

Another Bad Girl.

Nice straight heroines have apparently begun to pall on Norma Shearer, for in “The Lady of the Night,” which Monte Bell has been directing, she plays a very naughty little reform-school girl. She has her hair done up in spit curls, and chews gum, and may even be seen smoking a cigarette or two.

Actually she is doing a double rôle. The other character is a social butterfly.

We had hoped that Norma Shearer was one girl in the newer group of picture players who might remain natural, as she did in “He Who Gets Slapped” and “The Snob,” but it seems as if this craze for acting and characterization that, for the younger girls, so often spells only artificiality, is too infectious to be resisted.

Another player who is enjoying a manifest attention from producers is Malcolm McGregor. This is due to his work in that remarkable dramatic feature, “Smoldering Fires,” in which Pauline Frederick and Laura La Plante also are featured.

Among Those Present

Continued from page 55

other regal rôle in “Swords,” which, however, didn’t last very long.

Of course with a queen like that running around loose, it was only a matter of time before Miss Eames was induced to give a celluloid version of her aristocratic qualities. Once more she reëntered Queen Elizabeth— but for the screen—in Mary Pickford’s version of “Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.” It was a startling, thrilling piece of work.

When “The Swan” was bought by Famous Players to be adopted as a picture, once more they began casting about for a queen—and, in the natural course of events, Miss Eames transferred her make-up box from Broadway to the Long Island studio.

Not so long ago Sidney Howard, the distinguished playwright, decided that as far as queens go Miss Eames is his idea of everything a consort should be, so in private life Clare Eames is Mrs. Sidney Howard.

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comedy which makes almost all her roles sheer joy. Sidney Blackmer as the pursued male is generally funny in his alternate rage and despair. It is one of those plots where an unmarried couple are thrust by fate into the same stateroom on an ocean liner. In this case, fate takes the form of the flapper who masquerades as the married woman her hero is eloping with. There is nothing new about all this—"Just Married" almost repeated its situation in general outline. Dialogue and direction are better than any other version of the plot that I have seen. And Helen Hayes raises it from a fairly amusing little comedy to a work of art.

The Immortal "Tom Show."

New York has just discovered a play of great social significance called "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The traditional method of producing this deathless drama is two Topys, and a whole menagerie of bloodhounds. This month, a little group of Greenwich Village actors were inspired to revive it as a serious play at the little Triangle Theater. But don't think that their revival in any way resembles the "Tom Show" companies that tour the small towns each year. They did it very simply and with a reverent regard for the tragedy of slavery that inspired the book. The result is a very touching performance. It is fashionable now to go down into the theater and cry over "Uncle Tom's Cabin." One young newspaper reporter went that way, with the city editor and the managing editor of his paper and they all wept copiously—for all I know, they took the office cat, who was also moved to tears. I sniffed a bit myself—but not at Eva or the death of Uncle Tom, but at the gallant and unquenchable spirit of this tale which brought—or helped to bring—an entire race out of hell. The play is to be brought up from Greenwich Village to the Punch and Judy where the audiences from Broadway can find it.

Words and Music.

The "Music Box" changed its tune this month with much sliding of brasses and clashing of cymbals. This annual revue by Irving Berlin and John Murray Anderson has become as much an institution as Ziegfield's "Follies," and of late years has been much more amusing. This year their cast looks like a page from the musical show's "Who's Who."

They have Fanny Brice in a collection of sketches, some pensive but most of them hilarious, and Clark and McCullough and Grace Moore's lovely voice and a lavish and colorful collection of dancers and chorus girls. I enjoyed almost every moment of it and if I have to qualify any of that statement, it is because to me, the very best of these shows is always too long. I confess I can't get thrilled any more by scenes where a group of girls come tripping down to the footlights and announce, "I am Miss Bronx," or "I am Miss Fifth Avenue," or "This is the spirit of Riverside Drive." However, the audiences eat it up and cry for more. After all, it is only a matter of waiting through the acts that bore you until your favorite comedian arrives. And this edition of the "Music Box" has at least one favorite comedian for almost every number.

Among Other Things.

At least two other successful music shows have been added to a season which was already rich in this sort of entertainment. One is "The Student Prince," a musical version of "Old Heidelberg." It is built on the old-fashioned opera lines where a lot of chorus-men students come out with steins and sing lustily. It is a really big production with some hundred voices in all. There is a young prima donna from Berlin with a really charming voice and a lively ballet and much tuneful music. One of these things always appears in every season for a long run. "The Student Prince" seems to be elected for this year. And how the audiences enjoy it!

Then there is "Lady Be Good," with the Astaires, who throw each other about the stage as if they were rag dolls. There is real suspense in this act because you never know when you are going to have one of them thrown in your lap if you happen to be sitting in the front row. A new colored show also came in with "From Dixie to Broadway." It has all the dash of "Shuffle Along," with Florence Mills to add new excitement to their really wonderful dancing. "My Girl" is pretty and tuneful but "The Magnolia Lady"—adapted to music from "Come Out of the Kitchen"—is very slow in spite of the graceful dancing and singing of Ruth Chatterton.

All these musical shows are packed to the doors, however, with delighted and upproarious audiences.
“Born Rich” is a story of high life, told in mediocre manner but gorgeously titled. It has streaks of being clever and amusing but the plot has been soiled by exaggeration. It is the drinkingest picture I ever saw. The characters just sway and stagger at each other and all the dramatic scenes are played under a barrage of cocktails. Neverthless, it has a certain brisk smartness that you will enjoy. Claire Windsor plays the girl who is born rich. Bert Lytell appears as another victim to the curse of wealth, while Doris Kenyon is a snappy vampire. But the best performance is given by a little boy who has the funniest titles ever handed to a screen performer. To give credit where credit is due, the titles were written by Harriette Underhill, who, although a fellow critic, has never taken your reviewer out to luncheon to worm a good notice from her.

“The Snob” can be unreservedly recommended. It is a thoroughly delightful comedy directed with sense and intelligence by Monta Bell. Mr. Bell is a leader in the new movie technique and he can get more meaning into a scene than almost any one in the business. Norma Shearer is in the picture, so now I guess you’ll go to see it.

Corinne Griffith’s newest is “Love’s Wilderness,” with Miss Griffith as the eternally sought-for and fought-for heroine. As entertainment, it is better than staying home and going insane over crossword puzzles. Anyway, you owe it to your eyesight to see Miss Griffith every now and then.

And, speaking of eyesight, have you seen Benny Leonard’s serial? The title of it escapes my feeble mind but it is something about Fighting Through or Playing the Game. But Benny Leonard is so handsome and so winning in his ways that he is hereby voted the winner in my own Handsome Man Contest.

The Next Big Spectacle

Continued from page 85

misshapen countenance revealed and then the features are so blurred that but a vague memory of their horror will remain. So the effect of his repugnance is obtained without the offensive touches which made “The Hunchback” not very prettily entertaining.

From sketches designed by Ben Carre, artisans have laid out weird sets, reminiscent of the odd angles and vertical effects of “Caligari.” They speak thoughts and moods and quirks of character—leagues ahead of most picture sets in the cleverness with which atmosphere and personality are suggested. The rooms where the Phantom lives, hewn from the stone foundations of the Opera, are austere, severe, unrelenting. High arches, long, twisting vistas. They bespeak wealth, culture, taste. Touches of beauty, reflecting a soul starved for the finer things.

But, everywhere, that misty light that curls its fangs about each object, splottage of ugliness—a twisted soul giving vent to its contradictory, momentary impulses. The Phantom’s bed is a silver coffin. And upon an organ he plays, and he has fine paintings and bits of loveliness all about.

The little singer’s bedroom is exquisite—the carved gold, the silken hangings, Gaby Deslys’ bed, shaped like a shell, of pale-blue enamel with hand-painted panels and gold-scrolled ornamentation.

Shadows are made to act in this Gaston Leroux mystery tale. In many dramatic scenes the actors will not appear—only their shadows, distorted to suggest flaming passions, made monstrous by the artful manipulation of lights, tell the story.

It is a big task to film such a picture with a morbid story and make it entertaining. Can Julian do it? If he succeeds, he will establish his rights to honor. If he fails—there are always the eighty-thousand-dollar pictures to fall back upon.

A sophisticate. Julian, worldly, charming in manner, usually gay of mood. There is a pointedness about him at first suggested by that trim, impudent mustache with its upward twists, eventually disclosing itself in every barbed shaft of repartee, in each kernel of thought. His cynicism he leavens with a witty lightness. He is, if such a thing could be, a Schopenhauer motif transposed to the rhythm of a Viennese cadenza. Like a network of fine wires, fused, sizzling sparks, he is animated with interest in his present undertaking, realizing that upon its success rests his pretension to directorial skill.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 92
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What the Fans Think
Continued from page 18

A Word for George Walsh.

Sure, I thought that I would see some regrets for the way George Walsh was treated and cast aside for the role of Ben-Hur in favor of Ramon Novarro. Especially after he had been cast as Christ for the part and had gone across and had begun work on the picture. If there were tears and sighs, they were shed in silence, and no one suspected and said that they were shed over the way George had been treated.

Ramon Novarro is about the handsomest man on the screen. He is a fine actor. He is the type I love. I do like him. He is full of life. He is a man. His picture "Saracouche" is one of the best I have had the fortune to see. He will, no doubt, make an excellent Ben-Hur—but, when I think of him and Walsh together, I cannot say that I think he will make a better Ben-Hur than Walsh would.

Perhaps I am unduly offended because my favorite has been, seemingly, treated unjustly. Anyway, my sympathy does go to Walsh. Over there all that time, losing good chances here to play in different parts, giving his best to the part of Ben-Hur—and then dropped. I wonder why? I hope he has better luck with his parts in the future.

RICHARD TALMADGE
4 Kenmore Place, Albion, N. Y.

A Message from China.

Let all people know whose image I carry in my heart—the image of Norma Talmadge, whom I love through her pictures, although we have never met in real life. She is the ideal of the Chinese girl, and is now teaching her principles of life and the way to build a perfect nation. Theodore Roberts and Ralph Lewis have given many varied and lifelike impersonations, Ernest Torrence and Percy Marmont are doing the same. Joseph Swickard and Edward Harlan's ability to make our girls of every type. I am sure that the world will respond to their pictures. They are in the best tradition of beauties.

Nina Naldi, Carmen Myers, Windered Blythe, and many others who have made a name for themselves in the motion picture business are making good pictures. Mabel Normand, Constance Talmadge, and Louise Fazenda have the high places as comediennees. Emory Johnson's theory is worth thinking over.

Florence Caldwell Bell
401 Thirty-eighth Street, Oakland, Calif.

Concerning Rudy's Beard.

A beard, or not a beard—that is the question.

Whether 'tis nobler for one's art to cover A handsome chin and mar a perfect profile, Or be a beardless Moor—and please the And so arouse the ire of critics— Who love to cavil. A smooth-faced Moor Might fill them with horror that the were Would kill them. 'Tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. A Moorish beard That gives aristocratic dignity when worn Will lend distinction to Rudy. Perhaps It is an honest beard and true to history, Which causes our approval. But—it also Gives us pause. Should any beard be let Conceal a countenance of a manly sort? For while we cannot bear the grous of mournful madam. The matron's wax, the spinster's sigh. When he so quickly might their peace of The dew on the cheek. With safety razor? Our pale cast of thought Gives this solution: Let the Moor at first Flant his proud beard upon the screen— Proving desire to please our friend, the public.
Doth not make cowards of us all—and then,
For some as yet quite undecided cause,
Remove the aforesaid beard and show himself
Quite undisguised, our favorite gallant.
This compromise should well suffice to please Both art and audience—except the few—The carping penny-a-liners of the press.
And who the deuce are critics, anyway?
A. E. P.
89 Church Street, New Brunswick, N. J.

From Another English Fan
Some months back I wrote to Wheeler Oakman, just for old time's sake, as I have many memories of happy happy days when he played with Bessie Eyton, and I have a beautiful picture he sent me back in 1914. Well, the "reply" I got from him was—obscene this—his wife. I believe—in the form of two small photos of herself and Wheeler Oakman. On the back of Miss Dean's was printed these words: "On receipt of twenty-five cents I will send you a large studio portrait." Now I had not written to Miss Dean, or asked for her picture, and that somewhat dampened my spirits because it placed me in a peculiar position. Naturally, I assume that it was done without her knowledge because I dare say they do not see one half the letters, but it wasn't kind to my poor attempts to praise his work.
I wonder what some of the fans who write the letters concerning and the going with each other would think of some of the artists they write about if they spent a month over here? Why, Colleen Moore! About what the letters are full of comments this month, is practically unknown by name here; Gloria Swanson is noted for her uncanny dresses, and Marion Davies because the cities are covered with publicity signs whenever her film comes along. Such old-established favorites as Mary Pickford and Dong, the Gish girls, the Talmadges, and the Bielers, are dead, not forgetting dear Mabel Normand and hosts of other names that recall the early days of pictures, are always popular and talked of wherever shown, and I hope will continue to be.

I've studied the letters from time to time, and I think the American fans are far too harsh and impulsive in their judgment of these people who, after all, are just human, who work very hard at times, and, when all is said and done, their reign as favorites doesn't seem to last long, at least in the U. S. A., a wonderful country filled with people who are giving the world their very best, especially since the Great War.

Robert Greaves.
36 Chancor Road, Walthamstow, E. 17, Essex, England.

Praise for Ruth Roland.
I never thought much about the movies until about six years ago—I am seventeen now—when I first saw Ruth Roland fell in love with her, and never in my life have I seen any star I loved so much. Outside of my mother, sister, and four nieces I love her better than any one on earth. I don't know exactly why. She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and one of the best actresses, but there is something else, and I don't know what it is. I just always keep every little picture I get of her, and wouldn't part with one. When any one says she isn't beautiful or criticizes her in any way, I am all upset and I take it quietly, but it hurts. You would think I was a man, but I am only a little girl of four feet ten inches and two eighths.

To My Valentine.
He fascinates me. He was wonderful in "The Sheik" and "The Four Horsemen." Esther Short.
Raleigh Heights, Norfolk, Va.

Information Please
Continued from page, 102
Magazines like Picture-Play, which are devoted entirely to keeping the fans informed upon all the varied subjects connected with motion pictures find the press agents a great help in furnishing photographs, in making appointments for interviewers, and in keeping editors and writers posted up to what is going on at the studios. Their services to such magazines, however, seldom go beyond this, for the writers for such magazines are specialists who are engaged because of their long or intimate acquaintance with the field about which they are writing and whose information is acquired at first hand.

C. G.—Most of the players you mention have not made any pictures for some time.

Ethel Clayton, after a short session of starring films with F. B. O. which did not go over very well, retired, and so far has not made any plans to return. However, she is still around if she received an acceptable offer would come back, as many old-timers have this season, that is, in supporting roles. Mary Miles Minter is often mentioned for pictures as being good, according to her own statement. She plans to marry a naval commander. Louise Glau may be seen again shortly, as she has just returned to pictures, though not as a vampire. Dorothy Dalton, who, as you probably recall, married Oscar Hammerstein some months ago, is expecting to appear on the stage soon under her bus-

New York Hits

Broadway's Latest Songs and Dances

Fox Trots
Doodle Doo Doo
Mandalay
June Nights
Copenhagen
Wonder What's
Waltzes
Dreamer of Dreams
Honest and Truly
All Alone
I'm Smiling Thru My Tears
Here they are! The 16 song and dance successes of the hour! All New York is humming, whistling and dancing to these pieces. We offer you—all 16 of them—for only $2.98 on eight-inch, double-faced guaranteed records. Play them on any phonograph. Each record beautifully rendered by famous orchestras.

Send No Money
Just send coupon or postcard. Play these records for 10 days in your own home. See how wonderful they are. Note cleanness, beauty and volume of tone. Only give postman $2.98 plus a few cents delivery during. If not entirely pleased, return records and we'll refund money and pay postage BOTH WAYS without question. Low price to possible by manufacturing in sets and selling direct to thousands of dealers.

Co-operative Record Co., Dept. 370.
Send me on 10-day trial, your 16 Fox Trots, Songs and Waltzes on 8 double-face, inch records, guaranteed equal for better than any records made. I will pay postman only $2.98, plus delivery charges on re

Fully guaranteed, or return this offer and I'll return your money. If satisfied, pay $2.98 a month until $50 is paid.

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FREE postcard, photographs, Wrisch, Jewelry, H. B. Waters. All on time. Wonderful hit weapon.

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Address Dept. 234

ELIZABETH K. G.—So you would like to see Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan together in a picture? I'm afraid they'll never make one together. Nor will they make one with first-magnitude stars and with different companies, but you have been going to movies several years ago. At that time, Thomas Meighan was appearing at the Rainbow and he played with Norma in three pictures: "The Probation Wife," "The Heart of Wetonja," and "The Forbidden City." When Thomas Meighan went out of the stage, Thomas Meighan went out of the stage. When Thomas Meighan went out of the stage, Thomas Meighan went out of the stage.

TERRY.—"Hot Water" was Harold Lloyd's latest release. Jobyna Ralston played opposite him, and she will be his leading lady again in his next production. There is no telling whether it is a college story, when the picture is shown, by the way, you will see a genuine football crowd at the game that is one of the high spots of the picture. All the producers probably feel that it would not be worth while to show them again.

A. A.—What is the Hollywood Bowl? Well, well, you've been reading about it all this time and not known what it was. The name is almost a synonym for summer. Whether it is the bizarre, a huge depression in the Hollywood hills shaped somewhat like a bowl, so that it forms a natural amphitheater. It is fitted with seats and serves as an outdoor theater for concerts and other gatherings, which could not be accommodated in an ordinary hall or theater. Many screen personalities are regular attendants at musical and other affairs held there.

Boh.—It is true that there seldom is mention of Nell Shipman in screen magazines. You see, Miss Shipman is a characteristic movie star living in Hollywood or making movies. There are no pictures constantly and circulating around in the picture atmosphere. She lives and works on a ranch at Priest Lake, Idaho, and only comes back to rat races, eventually, at the end of a picture to arrange about its release and to see a little of theatrical New York before going back to her work. "The Dramas of the Big Places" is the production she is just finishing, and after that she will make "The Purple Sage.

STUBBORN TEDDY.—Gaston Glass played the young violinist in "Hunoresque. You are right about the other members of the cast.

INQUIISITIVE FAX.—I have heard nothing of Edna Mayo in years. Florence La Badie was killed in an accident in 1917; Emil Mayker has been absent for years, and probably will not appear in pictures again; Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne both have come back to the screen this year. Mr. Bushman plays the villain, 3/1/20. Beverly Bayne has appeared in two or three pictures so far, for Warner Brothers, of which "The Age of Innocence" is the latest. Ruth Snow is back this season after a considerable absence, and has been playing small parts in various productions. Gaston Glass is very much alive, though he has not been seen so prominently of late. He seems to be going through one of those actors' phases in which he is not getting very advantageous opportunities.

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—Sergei Marinoff

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Everyone interested in dancing should write to Sergei Marinoff at once and get complete information about his splendid system of home instruction in Classic Dancing. This information is free. Write today.

Sergei Marinoff, School of Classic Dancing 1924 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 143 Chicago.

MALCOLM MACGREGOR plays opposite Florence Vidor in "The Girl of '90." "Francis X. Bushman, that old film king," as you call him, is playing a part in a Hoot Gibson picture, "The Taming of the West," so watch for it if you want to see how your hero is holding up in the new régime.

ELIZABETH K. G.—So you would like to see Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan together in a picture? I'm afraid they'll never make one together. Nor will they make one with first-magnitude stars and with different companies, but you have been going to movies several years ago. At that time, Thomas Meighan was appearing at the Rainbow and he played with Norma in three pictures: "The Probation Wife," "The Heart of Wetonja," and "The Forbidden City." When Thomas Meighan went out of the stage, Thomas Meighan went out of the stage. When Thomas Meighan went out of the stage, Thomas Meighan went out of the stage.

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ACTRESSES, screen stars whose complexions are always under close inspection, whose faces are exposed to glaring lights, to heavy make-up constantly have learned a new secret of keeping a pretty skin. They know the value of a complexion that all admire. Often it is their chief charm. So they use Kleenex, the sanitary

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Is now more than ever the key note of success, both in social and business affairs. Be Legged and be Seen and be Heard. Hands and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that your new appearance will successfully attract attention, within a short time, to the entire change in your beauty, character and personality. It is the one thing that costs no money. Worn at night, it is new "Liniment," Montreal 19, U. S. Patent, is easy to apply; its results will soon save you from further embarrasement, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent. (Model 18 is not like old-fashioned splints or braces, with cumbersome straps, hard to adjust, but a scientific, modern device of proven merit, used and recommended for the last 2 years by physicians everywhere.)

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Clear your complexion of spots, blackheads, whiteheads, red spots, enlarged pores, skin sticks and skin blemishes. In connection with a proper diet and good sleeping habits, use Kleenex for the next fifteen days; you will notice a change in a few days. By the first of the third week your skin will be as soft, smooth, even and clear as the most delicate skin ever seen by the human eye. The only way to get rid of your blemishes is to stop using the harm of soaps, creams, or lotions, & afford our new formula, Kleenex. It will give you the complexion you want. Enclose a dime for your free book of testimonials, as pointed out, will result in your having a complexion that will be the envy of all your friends.

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Richmond, Va.
Could She Love Him Were He Bald?

ON what a slender thread hangs interest—Affec-
tion—Love!

She notices, for the first time, some tell-tale
specks of dandruff on his coat, and that his hair is
growing thin on top. What if he should lose it?
Could she love him then—if he were bald—bald as
Uncle Charley?

The very thought is a severe shock to her, for she
has always been so proud of his personal appearance—and
her own. Wherever they have gone together, the
verdict of their friends has been, “What a good-looking
couple.”

But if he should lose his hair—if he had a shiny,
bald head—she just couldn’t stand it. Anything but
that. She wouldn’t mind a sweetheart or a husband,
whose hair was gray, or even one with a red head—but
a bald head...

Could any girl’s romance survive that blow?

New Hair For You
In 30 Days
—Or No Cost!

Don’t let thin, scanty hair ruin your personal appearance.
It isn’t necessary;
If you are worried about the condition of your hair
—if it is falling out
—if it is getting thin on top
—if your bald spot is growing larger every day
send at once for our free booklet, which gives you full partic-
ulars of an easy, simple home treatment that has grown new
hair in one month’s time for hundreds of people.
Don’t say “It’s too good to be true.” Don’t be skeptical.
Don’t doubt. Investigate. That’s the only wise thing to do.
It costs you nothing to find out what this treatment has done
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So, mail the coupon now. Learn all about this marvelous,
new treatment that produces such amazing results.

Proof of Success

You are not asked to take our word in this important matter.
We can refer you to hundreds of delighted people for whom we
have grown new hair, after all other remedies failed. Read
these brief extracts from a few of the hundreds of grateful
letters, which are on file in our offices, open to your personal
inspection:

“Your treatment so far is nothing short of wonderful. New
growth started after three weeks. My fears of baldness are
gone forever.”—Angus McKenzie, Lakeview, N. J.

“The top of my head is almost covered with new hair. I have
been trying for last five years, but never could find anything
that could make hair grow until I used your treatment, and now
my hair is coming back.”—Tom Carson, Ohio.

“Hair stopped falling out and quite a lot of fine new hair is
coming in where my head was bald. Can highly recommend
it.”—F. L. W., San Francisco, Cal.

“Lots of hair is growing where I was bald. It was just as
bare as the palm of my hands. New hair is coming again.”—C.
Fitzgerald, New York.

“I have gained remarkable results. My scalp now is all full of
fine new hair. I am well pleased with results.”—A. W. B., May-
wood, Ill.

“A new growth of hair has shown on each side of temple
where I have been bald for years.”—Chas. Barr, New York.

If you want just such results as these people are getting—if
you want to stop your falling hair—cover up your bald spots—
 improve your personal appearance—let us hear from you at once.

Free Booklet Tells All

All you need do, to obtain full details of this easy, pleasant,
home treatment, that grows new hair in thirty days or costs you
nothing, is to sign and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page.

This interesting, 32-page booklet, not only fully explains our
simple, scientific system of growing new hair, but it gives you
positive proof of what we have done for others, together with
photographs showing what can be accomplished.

Act promptly. The sooner you get this informative little book,
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You may send me, in plain wrapper, without cost or obligation,
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Author of "The Unknown Seven."
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BEHIND LOCKED DOORS
By ERNEST M. POATE
Author of "The Trouble at Pinelands.
Price, $2.00 Net

Talk of honor among thieves! That has nothing on Riley Sinclair. Riley has just killed a man and was hoping that he would kill another soon to avenge the death of his brother. Yet he would not let "Cold Feet" call him "friend" because he had his own idea of the real meaning of that word. That's the kind of a man Riley was, in this startling Western story.

The stage during a play is an unusual place for a murder, and this happened during a dark scene, when six shots were a part of the play—the seventh was not called for, but it killed Alan Mortimer, who had few friends and many enemies who had plenty of motive for the crime; but was it intended and who did it? Some detective story!

Big Bill Stuart expected his father, called "hard boiled" to have trouble when he was fired, and got another job, and he did! It began in his father's office and ended in the North Woods and Bill enjoyed every minute. He liked fighting for a gold mine, and he got something even better.

An adventure story that centers in a third year medical student who had nothing to do, but he found plenty after he accepted the berth of a ship's surgeon, on a dirty, little cargo steamer which landed him at Santo Domingo where he was employed by a planter.

Is it wise for a widower with a lovely daughter to marry again, particularly if he is a ranchman? Ed. Fraser tried it to the glee of his enemies and the apprehension of his friends. The story contains a slippery, wily individual who manages to live without working. No wonder the heroine carried a gun!

The note was not signed but Helen Gilmore knew who it was from. Not so many men in her happily married life were asking her to meet them, and she was afraid—of what? Well, that is what the local reporter, looking for news found out and solved a mystery.

Do you believe in heredity? Peter Latowon didn't until he became entangled in the lawless Black Company and then he did some real fighting to combat his great-great-grandfather's influence.

A thrilling romance of a Mexico coffee plantation that will do much toward changing the opinion that Mexicans are wily, unreliable, and quarrelsome.

Big business is represented in this story of American business life. Joe Lynch, the man who made millions in motors, little by little substitutes the cause for money-making and luxurious living for the joy of actual accomplishment. Some men!

A time stealer is this mystery story in which Mr. Cole shows that he is a criminologist of the first water, and as good as a blood-bound in trailing crooks!

Ever meet Dr. Bentiron? Well, if you read this story you will never forget him, for it is a story of one of the most baffling and mysterious crimes ever committed.
Winx, the magic lash darkener, makes your lashes long and shadowy

"A WOMAN'S eyes," was a masculine opinion, "are only as beautiful as her lashes."

And it is true. Would you express coquetry? How can you do it better than by a sudden upward lift of the lashes? And demureness? Lowered lids, cheek-sweeping lashes, an eternal feminine charm.

Make your lashes longer and heavier by darkening them with WINX, the water-proof liquid which dries the moment it is applied. And it is harmless too! One application lasts several days, unaffected by water, perspiration or tears.

WINX (black or brown) 75c. To promote the growth of scanty lashes, use COLORLESS LASHLUX. (May also be had in black and brown) 50c. At drug or department stores.

Mail coupon today for a generous sample of WINX. Another dime brings you a sample of PERT, the rouge of youth.

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A Detective Story by Ernest M. Poate

What happened to Doctor Dunn when Evelyn Armitage disappeared directly after the death of her uncle? For one thing he nearly lost his practice and everything else he held dear in life. This is a mystery story which bears every evidence of expert craftsmanship.

Doctor Poate, the author, has had a wide experience as a medico-criminologist. He served his apprenticeship in that Spartan school of life called "Bellevue," the most expressive word in the English language to those who are engaged in police and newspaper work in New York City. Added to the fact that he has seen life as it really is, is his ability to write an entertaining and convincing story.

Price $2.00 Net
Stop Gray Hair
... Look Ten Years Younger
I'll tell you the quick easy way
By MARY T. GOLDMAN

No woman should let her hair turn gray when I can tell her how to stop it. It's so unnecessary — this permitting unbecoming age streaks to spoil your looks. And so old-fashioned! Up-to-date women learn how to get rid of the gray.

Today, now — fill out and send the coupon. By return mail I'll send my Special Patented Free Trial Outfit, containing free trial bottle of my famous Hair Color Restorer.

Select a graying lock. Test as directed. Results will astonish you. How quickly the gray disappears, the natural color returns.

What it is
My Hair Color Restorer is clear, colorless, dainty. You simply comb it through your hair, quickly, easily. No skill required, no help needed.

This simple treatment produces even, natural color — in all lights. No streaking, discolored, artificial look.

No interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off. Your soft, fluffy, lovely hair invites a marcel or permanent wave.

I invented this scientific preparation to use on my own hair, which early in life began to gray.

Now Mary T. Goldman's is the most popular, biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

Mail coupon — today
Fill out carefully, stating exactly the natural color of your hair. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter. You'll get the Special Patented Free Trial Outfit by return mail. Absolutely free. I even prepay postage.

Then when the "single lock" test proves beyond doubt that gray hair can be stopped easily, quickly, surely — then you'll know what to do.

Get a full-sized bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer from your druggist. Be sure to look for name and trade-mark on the carton. If you prefer, order direct from me. Price the same — I ship prepaid.

Please print your name and address

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
315-D Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE Trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is: Black...... dark brown...... medium brown...... auburn (dark red)...... light brown...... light auburn (light red)......
blonde......

Name
Address
City
What the Fans Think .... 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Espagnol—à la Americain ..... 15
A glimpse of Richard Dix in a Latin masquerade for his newest picture.

Does Success Make Up for What You Lose? Myrtle Gebhart 16
A thought-provoking discussion of this question by Rod La Rocque.

A Letter from Location ..... 19
Patsy Ruth Miller writes of some work and a lot of play during the film-
ing of "Her Husband's Secret."

Matinée Idols ..... Harold Seton 20
Interesting comparisons between past and present theatrical favorites.

The Latest Piece of Camera Magic ..... Edwin Schallert 22
How mammoth prehistoric animals are made to come to life for "The Lost
World."

Looking On with An Extra Girl ..... Margaret Reid 25
An account of her first job on a Cecil De Mille set, during the making of
"The Golden Bed."

Would You Know a Good Thing If You Saw It? Dorothy Manners 28
Some surprising past misjudgments of screen celebrities, and a few prophecies
on coming favorites.

Over the Teacups ..... The Bystander 30
Fanny the Fan's tireless chatter on all things cinematic.

What Will Betty Do Now? ..... John Addison Elliott 34
Discussing this interesting question with the star of "Peter Pan."

Favorite Picture Players ..... 35
Portraits in rotogravure of popular motion-picture players.

Who Cares? ..... Helen Klumph 43
A chat with Alice Joyce on the question that will determine her future career
in pictures.

The Observer ..... 44
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Trouping with Von Stroheim ..... Don Ryan 45
Impressions of a writer who turns actor for a part in "The Merry Widow."

Among Those Present ..... 48
Brief personality sketches of Edward Everett Horton, Tancered Ibeen, Betty
Jewel, Sunit Edwards, Lucille Lee Stewart, Jack Dillon, Evelyn Brent,
Bryant Washburn, Forrest Stanley, Jean Hersholt, Creighton Hale,
and Belle Bennett.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Who shall say what is the secret of Gloria Swanson's rise to the very pinnacle of screen fame?

The moment her features and figure appear in the picture millions of eyes are more intent than before, the spell is deepened, and box office records occur.

The pleasure lies for many in watching the star exercise her power as it might be in real life. Few will forget how in Bluebeard's Eighth Wife she keeps a wayward husband at her beck and call. In The Humming Bird the rags of a Paris gamine do but help to reveal an astonishing versatility, which is continued in Manhandled wherein Gloria clowns it through subway scenes and bargain basements and society studios most laughably.

The recent Paramount Pictures, Her Love Story and Wages of Virtue, contain still more evidence of quite different Glorias, while her latest picture is Madame Sans-Gène. This was made in and near Paris with the support of leading lights of the French Stage.

Paramount puts you in warm touch with the beating heart of men and women.

Simply take your seat where the sign says "It's a Paramount Picture," and become as one with the crowd enjoying the best show in town.

What magic is it that makes Paramount Pictures the sort you always like to see? The magic of Stars, Directors, Casts cast right, Great Plots, Long Experience, Ample Funds and Highest Entertainment Ideals!

If a producer is missing on any one of these points his pictures are missing too.

Today, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to change the bother and worry of life to brightness and gaiety for everyone.

Man lives not by work alone.

Not a tiny community anywhere need be left without entertainment of highest quality. Not a soul need leave a theatre anywhere feeling lonely.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
"I'M NOT ENGAGED TO HIM"

said Dorothy Mackaill. "I doubt that I'd marry an actor, anyway."

She had been talking with Myrtle Gebhart, and our interviewer, interested in her remark, began asking questions, which ended in Dorothy's telling her something about her own past love affairs, and her experiences and observations which had led her to make the comment quoted above. This story will appear in our next issue, and it is an unusual one.

Margaret Reid, the extra girl, whose experiences so many fans have been following, had a most thrilling adventure recently. She was asked to be a star for a day! This was quite different from her regular work in the studios, and next month she will give you a joyous account of that day's thrills.

Dorothy Mackaill

Don Ryan, while working in "The Merry Widow," had an unusually interesting talk with Jack Gilbert, in which Gilbert spoke as one player to another, without that reserve that characterizes so many formal interviews, while Helen Klumph is going to tell you how a star really spends her time when she has a few days in New York. A. L. Wooldridge will tell you of some of the tragedies of Hollywood, instances in which players have been killed through their work.

Altogether, the issue will take you further behind the scenes, and more into the hearts and minds of the players than most copies of any fan magazine. And that, we believe, is what a fan magazine should do. So don't miss the next issue of Picture-Play!
Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food and milk will enable your baby to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin’s Food babies.

Write to us for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants".

Mellin’s Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think

A Letter to Mr. Lasky.

I want to make a plea to Famous Players-Lasky through Picture-Play Magazine.

At the close of 1924 Paramount elevated Richard Dix to stardom. When I first read the article I was elated. Then I began to think. I read the interview with Mr. Dix in Picture-Play and my joy changed to dread. How many featured players have risen to stardom only to drop back into obscurity? Think it over, fans; you'll find that there are many. As I see it there are three vital reasons for this. Either the player has not starring ability, the stories in which he appears are not up to the mark, or the direction is consistently poor.

This is my plea to Paramount. Please, Mr. Lasky, give Richard Dix material worthy of him. He is too fine an actor to slip out of stardom through mediocre stories. We have seen him in three pictures where he showed us of what things he is capable: "The Christian," "The Ten Commandments," "The Stranger."

Richard Dix is there!

I'd stake my last dollar on it!

If you give him the material, Mr. Lasky, he can become for your company what Wallie Reid was—a steady winner. Mr. Dix has everything necessary to stay at the top; good looks, personality, brains, and, above all, acting ability. I've seen "Manhattan," and agree with my friends that it was fine! He is off to a good start, Mr. Lasky, now it's up to you to do your share. Richard Dix will do his. If you do your part Mr. Dix will become your best box-office attraction.

Come on friends, let's hear from you! Don't you agree with me that Richard Dix is the salt of the earth? You bet you do.

Roland O. Clark.

18 Oakland Avenue.
Bloomfield, New Jersey.

From a Lonesome Fan.

American cinema fans who criticize should have to live for a time in a small European village as I do now. I was a bank clerk, but as our army service is compulsory, I am now a "warrior." Having graduated from high school, I am in the officer school for cavalry. I lived in Prague, our capital, and now I must be in a little town nearly a village, and I have much tedious times. How I would like to hear from some American fans! It is like being in prison in such a little town in winter. Fancy, there is only one cinema, with old and bad German films! I am, of course, a cinema fan, my record during two months being fifty-nine times at the cinema. I go to the cinema only to see American films because they are the best of all.

Most cinemas in Prague—there are about seventy—show American productions. Our production is too weak—fifty films last year, dramas, comedies, medicinal, etc. Several were shown, but we don't care for them. Some day I hope to go to America and see your great movie palaces. Vladimir Patek.

41 Fochova, Prague XII., Czechoslovakia.

Screen Characteristics.

Richard Barthelmess—Scratching his head—watch him in "Classmates."

Laurette Taylor—She can say almost anything with her hands.

Elaine Hammerstein—Biting her lower lip.

Pola Negri—Watch her eyes and mouth in her next picture.

Pauline Frederick—Closing her eyes and opening them slowly, drawing her head back—"Married Flirts."

Mae Busch—She also says things with her hands.

Tom Moore—Opening his mouth.

Adolphe Menjou—Same as Pola Negri.

There are many more, but it would make this letter too long. It has been fun watching these tricks of acting and trying to remember them.

26 Greig Street, Rochester, New York.

The Valentino Discussion Breaks Out Again.

(With apologies to R. Kipling)

If you can keep your head when Valentino
Appears upon the screen to glad the eye
And charm a waiting world from Rome to Reno
To smiles and tears, to many a rapturous sigh;
If you can see him wooing, fighting, dancing,
Picturing scenes where truth and beauty blend,
All with a subtle artistry entrancing—
And not be thrilled, you need a doctor, friend!

New York City
K. L. J.

If Rudolph Valentino is all that Trix MacKenzie claims in her letter in your January issue, why does he not play to-day to packed audiences? I saw him, in a desire to be just, in "Beaucaire," and to fill in a dull evening in "A Sainted Devil." The small audience evinced no enthusiasm, although the same house, a few years ago at one of his personal appearances, overflowed into the street. The reason is: Valentino has become Natasha Rambova.

Madge.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Continued on page 10
New Kind of Mask
Worn While You Sleep
Remakes Your Complexion!

A blemished complexion looks as smooth, soft and delicate as a rosebud after wearing this light, silken mask just a few nights! Acts to quickly revive the skin cells, smooth out tired lines, and clear away blemishes! Women are delighted when they see the remarkable change after just one night.

HERE'S something new and astonishing—a simple, silken mask that remakes your complexion almost overnight. Nothing quite like it has ever been known before; for this marvelous treatment is at work every minute while you sleep, purifying the pores and reviving the starved skin cells, making the skin soft, smooth, lovely. You wake up with a new complexion.

This wonderful new mask has been perfected, after long study and research, by Susanna Crocroft, world-famous as a health specialist. At the Susanna Crocroft Laboratories, experiments have proved that when used with the special Susanna Crocroft tissue tonic and nourishing cream, this amazing mask actually seems to remake your complexion while you sleep!

No Trouble or Fuss Whatever

As soon as you apply the tissue tonic and cream, your complexion is started on the road to a new beauty. Their duty is to coax the impurities from your skin—the blemishes and blackheads—and give it new life and radiance. The sheer, soft, silken mask, which is adjusted over the nourishing cream, not only prevents the cream from rubbing off, but stimulates circulation and actostomin away tired lines, and make the skin soft, glowing and elastic. All night as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the magic mask, taking in treatment and giving off waste. Muscles are lifted and invigorated. Minute by minute the skin is cleansed, purified, freshened throughout the night, and the cumulative effect in the morning is a skin velvety like in its smoothness, fresh, attractive, radiant!

Clears—Whitens—and Beautifies the Skin

The new Susanna Crocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves and cold cream do for your hands overnight and much more. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, but in addition the wonderful stimulating tonic and cream clean and freshen the face-pores, and revive and invigorate the poisoned skin cells, while the mask all night long gently but scientifically massages the face, acting to lift the muscles and smooth away lines as an expensive beauty operator does.

Your Mirror Tells the Story

After wearing the Rejuvenating Face Mask overnight, you wake up feeling refreshed. You run your fingers over your checks—and you are amazed. Soft as the petals of a flower! Smooth! Your mirror tells the rest of the story—a complexion that is radiant and lovely. Remade overnight!

Send for Full Information
And Special Offer

An intensely interesting illustrated book called The Overnight Way to a New Complexion tells you all about the new Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works—how it stimulates the cells, cleanses the pores, lifts sagging muscles, acts to smooth away tired lines and restore the youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat. This handsome book is yours for the asking, and obligates you in no way whatever. Why don't you send for it today and find out all about this remarkable new mask that is remaking complexions overnight? Write today, and find out also about the special short-time package offer. Use this coupon. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-244, 130 West 31st Street, New York.

The Magic
Overnight Mask
For:

- blemishes
- blackheads
- sagging muscles
- dullness
- double chin
- sallowness
- ageing contour
- excessive dryness
- excessive oiliness

Must be used today for the interesting details about this wonderful rejuvenating mask.
What the Fans Think

Again, the critics have hauled out theirammers and the fans their laurel wreaths, both, apparently new, yet old—old as the Valentione vogue. I can think of nothing that more completely puts the situation than the following lines from a New York newspaper column:

The Sheikh has returned,
He is back in the fold,
And no matter wherever he's been,
The critics may knock,
But the traffic will tickle,
And the problem will be to get in!

Thix MacKenzie.
Orange Villa, Daytona, Fla.

Valentino and Barthalessness.

After reading Don Ryan's article on "The Wherefore of Great Lovers" I was much interested in reading M. C.'s comment upon it in one of your later issues...I am interested to see that there is something when he accounted for Valentione's attraction as wholly physical, but I disagree with M. C., who says that he has an abiding strong desire for the latter quality for domination over the former. I can find no evidence of that in any of Valentione's screen character traits and I cannot explain one's enjoyment and appreciation of him by dragging in some quality which isn't there? The truth is, his sex appeal comes frightfully near the watermelon seed to one's artistic taste and intelligence because of Valentione's really clever acting in roles which suit his particular style. Then Balthersness, the lover entirely divorced from the physical, as far removed from the Balthersness, the lover. Does any woman who has felt the appeal of the love passages in a Barthalessness film believe that? It's true there is more tension than the flesh in Barthalessness love making, but that only lifts it onto the plane where so many finely tuned, normal men and women find themselves in these days.

Galadah belong to another order of being. I don't have to be a psychoanalyst to know that Galadah's invincibilities of love making don't belong together. The confection is unthinkable, but Barthalessness gives us them—oh, yes, elusively, and allows us to have much too expertly to be the prototype of a Galadah to whom the lore of love was a sealed book. It is interesting how differently the same personalities appear to various people. I've often noticed it in reading the fans' letters. Because Valentione has a colorful, empathic, vivid personality, M. C. sees it as complex. But you can rightly fit all those adjectives to a personality, and yet he wrong in calling it complex, if it's all of one piece. Then how about Barthalessness?—no. He strikes me as a much more enigmatic type than Valentione. I look at a Barthalessness portrait—Russell Bellaphone photograph of a Robert Picture—Play will do for an example—and see brown eyes, upper lip that might be Galadah's, but the under lip and the chin aren't ascetic. And in passing I'd like to inquire why the screen photographer goes out of his way sometimes to make Barthalessness' mouth smaller and sweeter than nature left it. It's like irritating the as much as possible. A Pola Negri beautified overmuch. Actors and actresses who really can act, and who surely are good enough looking to satisfy any reasonable tastes, are the only people of these superfluous attentions, which only take force and character, out of their faces. It may not be patriotic to admit it, but the Pola Negri type—faddily faultless, icky regular, splendidly null—It chillls me when I see it on the screen. I prefer a few engaging irregularities. I'd like to see the following seen do it, I don't need to be told that Barthalessness can express more of sweetness and gentleness on the screen than Pola Negri's at the most. For all that, in repose the lines of his mouth and chin are fighting, tenacious lines. In a contest of wills, I'd rather take on one of the 'string, silent, be men's personalities of the screen that I can think of than the young man who knows how...
The Most Thrilling Moment of my Life
by Jacqueline Harwood

When I first got to Paris, some months ago, I was the most excited girl you ever saw. How eagerly I anticipated the many delights of this capital of youth and gaiety—the hundreds of interesting places to visit; the charming monuments and marvelous cathedrals; the fascinating shops, lovely mannequins, the races, the wonderful art galleries—to say nothing of the myriad receptions, balls and other court affairs to which I had entree through my friends among the inner circle of the American colony!

During the next few weeks my life was one lovely dream, but there was one great disappointment in store for me. Frankly, I didn't seem to meet with my usual success at these social affairs.

Naturally I was mortified when I realized this, and I set about to find the reason. Finally in desperation I begged my trusted friend, May Norton, to tell me what was wrong.

At first she hesitated. Then when she realized I was in earnest she tried to help me.

"What feature do you think is most important to a girl's beauty, Jacqueline?" she began tactfully.

"I'm not sure if I know," I replied.

"Well, if you'll notice you'll see that all the real popular girls here have very thick hair and keep it beautifully marcelled. The men of France are very critical about a woman's hair—and—"

She didn't need to finish her sentence. That was where the trouble lay—my tousled, scraggly hair. How unattractive it looked at that moment, as I turned a troubled glance into the mirror!

May tells her secret

"But what can I do," I asked anxiously, "I have had marcelled before. My hair looks fine for a while, but soon it's straight and scraggly again."

That's just the trouble," May replied, "you've been having it marcelled too much. It has taken all the lift out of your hair. You know, every operator does it differently and puts the wave in a different place. That's what makes your hair so unkeepable."

May hesitated a moment and then walked over to her drawer. Opening the lower drawer, she pulled out a queer little elastic contraption and a bottle of liquid.

"I used to have the same trouble you're having," she continued, "until I learned about this curling cap. I got it just before I left home—and since then I've never had any more trouble with my hair."

It took but a moment for her to explain how she used this little curling device, and how it put the wave in without applying heat and, by always getting them into exactly the same place, trained the hair to stay marcelled.

In a second May had a towel about her shoulders and again was giving me an actual demonstration of her new discovery. I could hardly wait the fifteen minutes it took for the curling fluid to dry. Finally when May removed the cap and told me to look in the mirror, what a delightful surprise it was! Instead of the unattractive, scraggly locks I was accustomed to seeing, there was the loveliest marcel I had ever had!

On with the dance!

The next night was to be held at La Grande BalMasque, which was rumored Prince Dianet was to attend incognito. Before dressing that evening, May let me try her curling cap again. This time my marcel was even more beautiful, so I went to the ball with pulse beating fast and hope rising high.

About midway of the evening I noticed a pair of burning eyes fixed on me. They belonged to a tall, graceful young man whose landscape face was only partially hidden by a tiny mask. His eagle-bearing face told me here was the Prince.

The rest seems like a dream to me.

I remember being held in the strongest arms I've ever felt. I remember floating through the most beautiful waltz I've ever heard. I remember a stroll through the conservatory, where a melodious voice murmured "sweet nothing" in my ear. I remember many autre dances with the fascinating Prince—and hundreds of envious eyes that followed every step.

I shall never forget that evening as long as I live. It was my night, yes—thanks to May Norton and the ingenious American inventor—that was my night!

You may be sure I was never a "wallflower" after that. Immediately I ordered a curling outfit for myself, and as

I continued to use the remarkable Curling Liquid and Curling Cap my hair constantly became thicker, glossier and more wavy. I felt it would be a delight for me to write the inventor about my wonderful experience and thank him for what he had done for me. I felt that I would be doing a fine thing, too, for thousands of other girls who have the same trouble with their hair that I had. To them I cannot recommend this Curling Cap and Liquid too highly.

Try it at our risk

Thousands of girls and women will have Miss Harwood to thank for this opportunity, for at her suggestion, we are going to give them a chance to convince themselves of the remarkable results they can get with McGowan's Curling Cap and Curling Fluid, without risking a cent. Ninety-eight women out of a hundred who try this Curling Cap are most enthusiastic about it and can't say enough in its favor. They are the best advertisements we could have, so naturally we are anxious to get the McGowan Curling Outfit into their hands as quickly as possible.

Send no money—just mail the coupon

You don't have to risk one cent to try the McGowan Curling Outfit in your own home. Simply sign and mail the coupon. When the postman brings your outfit, just pay him $1.00, plus a few cents postage, and you'll be waited upon at an end. After you have tried this magic Curling Cap and Curling Fluid for 5 days, if you are not perfectly delighted with results—it doesn't give you the most beautiful marcel ever had and improve your hair in every way—simply return the outfit and your money will be refunded without a single question.

If you are tired of wasting your time and money on expensive beauty parlor marcelles; if you have trouble keeping your hair marcelled and looking its best; if you want the beauty that rich, glossy, curly hair will bring, take Miss Harwood's advice and don't put it off another minute. Sign the coupon now and mail it right away. Remember, you do not risk a single penny.

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[Name] - Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes our newly invented Curling Cap, and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to return deposit $1.00 (plus postage) with the postman upon return of outfit. I am not satisfied with results in every way, and I will return the outfit to you within five days and you are to refund my money.

[Address]

[Name] - Please send me your hair curling outfit, which includes our newly invented Curling Cap, and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to return deposit $1.00 (plus postage) with the postman upon return of outfit. I am not satisfied with results in every way, and I will return the outfit to you within five days and you are to refund my money.

[Address]
Learn Classic Dancing

To be so disarmingly ingenious at times. Of course, that is characteristic and sincere, but it seems to me just an attractive trifle once. I am a little afraid of a personality which impresses me as having more depths and reserves to it than some players who go in for much more mercurial and not so consistently normal roles.

KATHERINE TRACY.

Bowdon, Cheshire, England.

I wonder if any of the readers can explain and mean. I can tell by the tone toward Richard Barthelmess and Rudolph Valentino? Both are favorites of mine and I see all their pictures. Yet when I hear any one praise Valentino it makes me feel critical and resentful toward him. In spite of my admiration for his work, he arouses in me a strange antagonism. I've often wondered why I should feel that way.

On the other hand, when I hear praise of Barthelmess I am more pleased than if I were receiving the compliments. Of course this sound absurd, but I don't pretend to be more than a subject pertaining to the peerless Richard. One particular close-up of him in "Classmates," the one where his stern, businesslike expression is so strange when he is unexpectedly confronted with a picture of his sweetheart, is worth the price of admission.

750 South Rampart Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Are Women to Blame?

The letter of Mr. Charles von Nadersburg in the December Picture-Play, setting forth his views regarding the movies as catering to the feminine minds, is most interesting. The indictment is severe, but not entirely unjust, and although I am a girl of twenty-three, I have to admit that most women are too well satisfied with sensational roles, and too indifferent to the more artistic ones. Oh! this is not meant as a reproach to the films, but to much else in art, music, and dancing as well. Woman is the guiding star. If she demands the best so a thing becomes. She alone is responsible for the vulgar songs of the day. Why? Because she allows them to be sung and played in her presence. She smiles at their rendition. If woman want to be jazz then jazz tops the program; if the unaginly, vulgar, modern—so-called—dancing appeals to woman, then the modern dances replace the waltz, mazurka, polka, and two-step.

JULIETTE MARTIN.

Movie Trade-marks.

The Observer's inquiry in the February Picture-Play, regarding the trade-marks, raises an interesting point. What do the trade-marks and trade names of motion-picture companies comprise? I would like to have that information.

Of those companies producing steadily and having a large output, I would consider Metro-Goldwyn and Paramount as delivering to the fans the best average productions, in which one may expect three qualities: excellent photography, smooth scripts, and good casting. Of course, as always, there are exceptions, but as a rule Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn films are good and provide an entertaining hour.

First National produces too little really unusual matter to be counted in with the above two. Colleen Moore, Corinne Griffith, and Talmadge pictures vary too much, either being very poor or very good, to average well. Unusual productions, such as "Abraham Lincoln"—not made by First National—and those hilarious "Potat-4 and Plumm" pictures, are too few and between.

Universal, one of our most prolific producers, always distinguishes itself by turning out films that are very carefully and studiously made. Stories about ten-year-old will be certain to get the moral lesson tagged on the end of each film. Mr. Laemmle is never in the least complimentary to his fans. Such trash and bunk as "Wine," the Baby Peggy features, and the Westerns, do not belong to what we fans seem to be expected to consider an advanced age. Also, Fox, too, belongs in that category, and not even an "Iron Horse" will excuse "No Mother To Guide Her," "Dante's Inferno," "Gentle Julia," etc. Cetera. Also, where is the Fox of "A Tale of Two Cities," "If I Were King," "The Joyous Troubles," "Salome," "Cleopatra," "Daughters of the Ganges?"

Of the more insignificant producers and distributors, the Producers Distributing Corporation seems to be determined to furnish entertainment at any cost, even at the expense of logic, sense, and good taste. "Another Scandal," "Miami," and other cetera, are good eye fillers, even if they will not make movie history.

F. B. O. has the "Telephone Girl Series" and several other like snappy series to its credit but why they starred Fred Thompson and Evelyn Brent is beyond me.

It is too bad that the Film Guild is not producing any more. They were well on the way to splendid achievements. Pathé is to be commended for its Tale Historical series, and a good old-time serial, "Into the Net."

However, when I want good entertainment with a fair share of sense and careful thought, I see a Paramount or Metro-Goldwyn picture. They have never entirely failed me, and an occasional disappointment is little compared to seeing such productions as "Sinners in Heaven," "His Hour," "The Red Lily," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Forbidden Paradise," "Janice Meredith," and "The Snob" in the course of less than nine months. I see too little of Warner Brothers' films to be able to rate them. "Three Women" was splendid, of course, and there was "Drew Brumwell," "The Marriage Circle," and "Broadway After Dark." That should say a lot.

GERHARDT HOFFMAN.

R. F. D. 1, Mamarency Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

In answer to Observer's query, "Do the fans rely on the names of the producing company?" one fan's response is, "No."

Subconsciously we all have some reaction to each producer's name. But no one has so sincerely offered such good pictures as to have its name a guarantee of quality. LILLIAN PARTS.

One Hundred and Ninety-sixth Street at Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

More About Interviews.

In the February issue of Picture-Play appeared an amusing bit from Betty Ruth Jaqrinie, who requests that Miss Kumpf "write about all the stars and praise all of them." She likewise quotes a most uplifting little sentiment, namely, "that it is just as easy to praise as to criticize." Oh! come, come, Miss Betty! I presume you are twelve years of age—or thirteen, say—but even little
ARTISTIC TALENT + PERSEVERANCE = SUCCESS

George Holman Ray was employed as Crew Indian interpreter and storekeeper at Hudson’s Bay, over a hundred miles beyond the railroad. It required three months for him to receive an answer to correspondence.

In summer his mail was carried over 100 miles by canoe; in winter it came by dog sleigh.

At one time he had no ink with which to prepare his Federal letter because it was lost from an overheard conversation.

Ray carefully studied the Federal course and secured a position in Chicago at Winnipeg by submitting samples of his work.

He advanced as rapidly in quality of work that he did not stay there long but came to the art department of the St. Paul Dispatch at a much higher salary. Now he is truly on “A ROAD TO BIGGER THINGS.”

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The Best in Entertainment

"The Lady"—Norma Talmadge shines here in one of the biggest pictures of her career. Mary Nash starred on the stage in this story of an English musical girl who hoped, dreamed, and prayed that she might become "a lady."

"Learning to Love"—A delightful comedy, with Antonio Moreno, giving lessons in love-making to that inimitable star—Constance Talmadge.

"Enticement"—A revelation to the admirers of Mary Astor. As the heroine of Clive Arden's story she surpasses anything she has ever done before. Ian Keith and Clive Brook are other principals.

"If I Marry Again"—Presenting the problems of a good woman with a bad reputation. With Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes, Frank Mayo, Anna Q. Nilsson, Hobart Bosworth, and Myrtle Stedman.

"Her Husband's Secret"—Frank Lloyd's latest screen achievement. It is May Edginton's story "Judgment" interpreted by a stellar cast.

Richard Barthelmess in "New Toys"

DICK BARTHELMESS has made a movie from "New Toys," the Broadway stage success of last season. It is a story of the comedy and the drama of newlywed life, so quite naturally Mary Hay—a musical comedy star before she became Mrs. Barthelmess—plays the leading feminine rôle.

"New Toys" is a John S. Robertson production and was adapted by Josephine Lovett—who happens to be Mrs. Robertson.

"I Want My Man"

DORIS KENYON (right) is a new First National player, and Milton Sills, memorable hero of "The Sea Hawk," are co-featured in "I Want My Man," a society drama which contrasts the youth of 1916 with the 1925 jazz mode. It is Struthers Burt's novel, "The Interpreter's House," directed in the movies by Lambert Hillyer and supervised by Earl Hudson.

"One Way Street"

ONE WAY STREET, a new society drama, may be at your local theater by the time you are reading this. Don't miss it—for there's an eye feast and a thrill-treat awaiting you. Ben Lyon, Anna Q. Nilsson (above) and Marjorie Daw are the principals. It is from Beale Davis' story, directed by John Francis Dillon—the man responsible for "Flaming Youth," "Lilies of the Field" and other First National successes.
Richard Dix is not trying to be the newest Latin lover, but just the same he's glad of the chance his latest Paramount production, "Too Many Kisses," gives him to show that he can wear a Spanish costume with all the swaggering grace of a native, besides adding a little strictly American pep and dash. But he won't wear it for long, as his role is that of a young American who dons a native costume only to be in the spirit of a ball which he attends in a small Basque village in the Pyrenees. So if you like him this way you had better take a good long look and cherish it, as Richard usually is interested only in Anglo-Saxon characterizations.
Does Success Make Up for What You Lose?

Rod La Rocque raises this thoughtful question in an intimate discussion of his own career, in which he tells of the inevitable giving up of simple joys and precious illusions in the onward march to fame.

By Myrtle Gebhart

I WAS just saying to mother a while ago that life doesn’t seem half as much fun as it used to—that success doesn’t quite stack up the way it promised.

These words of Rod La Rocque’s caught attention. There were several smiles, those little, doubting smiles that say, “What’s the idea of kidding us?” But the gravity of his tone, tinged with a vague undercurrent of regret, struck an odd note, voiced by the usually ebullient, happy-spirited Rod. And the friends who chanced to be gathered about the hospitable Noah Beery fireside pondered the remark.

“But that is life,” Pola Negri shrugged. “We acquire one thing—and lose another. It is the law of compensation. We cannot have everything. Sometimes have the same thought—when I am tired and dispirited. Success is a wonderful reward but life means more to us in the days of struggle because we are closer to the actualities of it.”

“What do you call fun, Rod?” somebody asked jokingly.

“Well, mother and I happened to be talking at dinner about what great times we used to have when we were poor and had to skimp and save for every outing. Honestly, we don’t get half the kick out of spending two hundred dollars now that we did then out of our two-dollar trips to Coney Island. The value of a thing is dissipated and cheapened by not having to sacrifice something else for it.

“We’d plan beforehand, and apportion the money, deciding which treats we’d rather have. Sixty cents for carfare, fifty for batting suits for the kid sister and me, so much for hot dogs, rides, taffy and so on. I’d be on edge till the hot-dog time. The kid would say, ‘Let’s wait half an hour. If we have them now, there won’t be anything to look forward to.

“I’d stand it as long as I could, and then say, ‘Well, by the time I walk up to the stand and get them and come back, it’ll be fifteen minutes.’ Honestly, no meal I eat nowadays tastes like those hot dogs used to.”

In the flurry of greeting other friends who came in, the topic was dropped, but I wondered if it were true that success is as he has enjoyed this past year was really the maturity of dreams or if, like the rest of us in lesser degree, to him success seemed at times vaguely disappointing.

So, the day before he was to leave for France to play opposite Gloria Swanson in “The Coast of Folly” for Paramount, we
drove an art director out of his cozy, tastefully furnished office and settled ourselves to thresh out the question.

Some people you can talk things out with, that way; some you can't. It depends on the person and the degree of your acquaintanceship, for there is almost always that barrier between people that is so hard to pierce, to get beyond outward pleasantries and superficial comments.

The day was ideal for such a talk, however; stormy, with the slow, gray drizzle that occasionally blots out the California sun. And one could sink into the big, comfy chairs, and look into the wood fire crackling on the hearth, and wonder about life and people and if dreams ever came true for anybody.

I expressed a lot of beliefs which are of no consequence to you. But I think some of the things Rod said—phrasing his thoughts and feelings not fluently but hesitantly, groping for the exact words—will interest you. So I am retelling it, in as nearly his words as I can remember:

The thing that my life has impressed upon me more than any other—he began—is the pathos of the futility of effort. You try so hard—and you fall short.

Say, did you ever read a story by O. Henry called "The Gift of the Magi?"

It expresses exactly what I mean. A young brakeman and his wife are dead broke at Christmas time, and each makes a sacrifice to buy the other a present. She wants to get him a chain for the watch he is so proud of, so she cuts off her beautiful hair, that he has so admired and sells it to get the money. And he—he has pawned his watch to buy her—a comb for her lovely, long hair!

A bald way of telling it, but you get the point?

Having suits by the dozen now is nothing compared to the thrill of his former "one best."
appointments—can a man ever get away from them, ever find the thing he's looking for and trying for? I used to think so, but not any more. Your desires change and broaden so. No such thing in this world as happiness. Moments, yes. Times when you feel thrilled and that life is great. Each is one key on the scale of the emotions a man can feel. Love. Pride. Satisfaction with yourself. Exaltation when you've conquered something that you had been afraid would beat you. Spiritual exaltation—a man is bound to feel that way sometimes, though you hesitate to talk about it. All these feelings uplift you.

But it never lasts. It's a mood, just a mood; you can't recapture it when you want to.

Say, I've tried. One day I was so buoyantly happy that I wrote down all the things I had done, the people I had met, what we had talked about, thinking later when I was blue I would do the same things. But it didn't work. When I felt miserable. I got out that slip of paper and went over the identical route, saw the same people, tried to talk about the same things. Gosh, it fell flat.

It's a question of, well, the mending of moods. You can't make a mood, a humor. It's evanescent—comes and goes. When two people who like each other chance to be in the same mood together—that's transient happiness. A golf game is better than ever before, regardless of your score; the play interests you, or you find the subject you are discussing of vital appeal. Life has a tang to it. If it's a woman you're with, she suddenly becomes more beautiful or finer of character, or more brilliant mentally. You get something. It goes, in a whiff. And you can't consciously get it back again.

We feel more disappointed in life the older we get because we learn to analyze, to ask ourselves questions. When we're young, we're all imaginative. We just feel, blindly trust; we don't think. Mental exercise develops us; but it does puncture holes in our happiness. We learn to question people, and motives.

Once we've been disillusioned, we lose a lot of faith in others. Doubts of their sincerity creep in. When I feel that atmosphere developing, I try to sever the relationship. I've grown so afraid of being disappointed in people that actually I'll fight shy of them. I hate to see them topple off the pedestals where I've placed them.

I have a few friends in whom I still believe. I think they would ring true with complete and unquestioning trust in all situations. But I've learned the wisdom of not testing them too severely.

And people's lack of faith in me hurts, awfully. Like last night—this happens hundreds of times to an actor, and it's one of the penalties of being in the movies, friends of the family, out from the East. Old and very dear friends. Can't think of anything I'd rather do than spend an evening with them. I had to refuse their invitation to dinner because of working late, cleaning up the last scenes and seeing rushes for "The Golden Bed." They thought I was crawfishing. "Oh, well," they said, "if you don't want to come—" I suppose it was a natural conclusion for them to draw—but it's darned unpleasant.

This is a funny business. Doesn't always run on schedule. Delays with the lights, things going wrong, inconsistencies in the script that have to be talked over and more definite interpretations decided upon, temperament on the set—a hundred and one things hold up the work temporarily. No one person's fault. But people—especially outsiders—can't understand. They doubt you; and even actors are human beings and have feelings. Your pride blazes and you feel if they can't believe in you without proof of your veracity, why, they aren't worth bothering about. But it hurts—you can't kid it away.

Even at home. They used to insist upon waiting dinner for me until nine or ten or later. I begged them to go ahead, but they simply wouldn't, for a long time. They never complained. Sometimes I think the only ones you can always depend on are your own family—they understand and they're for you, no matter what. But that worried me—their waiting every night, and losing the cook on account of it.
A Letter from Location

Patsy Ruth Miller writes of one of those desirable picture visits that had lots of vacational opportunities.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Cherie:

Of all the luck! I'm the travelingest young female extant. San Francisco—"The Girl on the Stairs"—and yes, oh oui, c'est moi, as they say in Paris, Illinois, and I tripped down the stairs! Then New York—gorgeous time seeing the new shows but worked like something possessed, not from inclination but because the director had that sort of queer idea. Home—and next day, as you know, started in Frank Lloyd's "Her Husband's Secret."

This has been one hectic Saturday. Company came up yesterday but I wasn't needed the first day and wanted to stay over for the Writers' Revue—wasn't Ben Turpin a scream?—and smiled my prettiest and Mr. Lloyd—the angel—said I could. I craved to call you at five bells this morning—no, not to bid you a fond adieu, my darling boiled egg, but merely for the heavenly pleasure it would give me to get you out of bed at a respectable hour.

But mother put the quietus on that. With daddy repeating his last-minute instructions about how to drive, we were off, mother and I, in a cloud of dust. He always does that, and I've been driving a car since I was a mere child of sixteen.

I'd gone over my list of things I would need a dozen times, and all I forgot was my golf clubs and tennis racquet—the most important! When I discovered that my sport utensils were conspicuous by their absence, I stopped and phoned daddy to bring them when he came up later. In spite of this delay, and the fact that mother's eagle eye was glued on the speedometer, I made the hundred miles in three hours. Not such a bad little Miss Barney Oldfield myself, eh?

As the company was out working, I spent the afternoon revising old acquaintances, as I know loads of people living in Santa Barbara. To-night mother and I had dinner in a fascinating old Spanish place, where I threw all thoughts of discreet old Spanish life to the four winds..., then hotel and bed, and still no mention of work on the morrow.

Sunday—which is simply the day after Saturday, and before Monday, when on location.—The company was working on the Knott estate, a gorgeous place on a bluff overlooking the sea, so I meandered out to see if I was to be called upon to emote. Ruth Clifford was working in a lovely old-fashioned garden. She was a perfect "Gibson girl" in her costume of

At the top of the page is shown the Knott estate at Santa Barbara, which was used for some scenes, and above Patsy Ruth Miller is seen enjoying one of her frequent games of tennis while on location.

Continued on page 106
Matinée

A historically representative group have been distinguished, not only awakened a sentimental and emo-
great number of

By Harold

William Terriss. Handsomest actor of his day. Father of Tom Terriss, picture director. 1843-1879.


Kyrle Bellew. One of the most magnetic personalities that ever attracted American audiences. 1855-1911.


John Drew. To-day the dean of the profession. In his early career a player of romantic parts. For years he set the fashions for men in dress. Born in 1853.


Henry E. Dixey. Regarded years ago as “the handsomest American actor.” Born in 1859.

William Faversham. A great matinée idol of the 90s. Later a star in several motion pictures. Born in 1868.
Idols

of stage and screen actors who as artists, but also for having emotional response in the hearts of a feminine followers.

Seton

Wallace Reid. Perhaps the best loved of any motion-picture star. Died in 1923.

John Gilbert. One of the most romantic screen stars of the present day.

Richard Dix. His magnetic appeal and large personal following brought about his recent elevation to stardom.

Ronald Colman. A recent addition to the ranks of the matinée idols of the screen.

Harold Lockwood. A star of tremendous following at the time of his death in 1918.

Francis X. Bushman. Attracted one of the most sensationally large followings of any of the early screen stars.

J. Warren Kerrigan. One of the handsomest of our screen stars.

Richard Barthelmess. Respected and admired and also beloved by feminine fans throughout the world.

Rudolph Valentino. As the Sheik he attracted perhaps the most sensationaly demonstrative following of any stage or screen star in America.
The Latest Piece

How the strange and gigan earth were made to come

By Edwin

The elephants and tigers may just as well go out of business. For in "The Lost World" a brand new screen menagerie has come to life, and it's a cinema wonder, not to say a wiz. This is a picture!

Barnum, in his wildest dreams, never visioned such an assemblage of huge and fantastic creatures as it offers to the view. A pronouncing dictionary will have to be given away with every showing to let the audience know even how their names sound, and they will provide the cross-word puzzle creators with jaw-breaking syllables to stump all competitors for weeks to come.

No side show or zoo ever boasted of a dinosaur, a mastodon, or a brontosaurus that could actually walk and breathe and eat. No museum, even, but has, as a rule, been hugely satisfied with itself in just reproducing the skeletons of such colossal primitive beasts from their fossilized remains, or from a few stray bones.

Here on the screen, though, they materialize in all their gigantic and Gargantuan actuality.

Can you imagine a great bulk of a beast, large enough apparently to stretch fully across a city boulevard, with long, craning, trunklike neck, and lumbering tail, as big as a street-car trailer, slowly but gracefully ambling across a primeval landscape? Can you guess at the excitement as men come into conflict and battle with these immense
of Camera Magic

tic denizens of prehistoric
to life in “The Lost World.”

Schallert

and ponderous denizens of the forgotten
eons? Can you visualize the effect of the
sudden arrival of such a prodigious creature
in a crowded thoroughfare of a city like
London or New York, where, because of
his vast size, he would cause endless grief
to himself and everybody else by colliding
with the sky scrapers?

In “The Lost World” such phenomena
are not imagined; they are actually to be seen. And once again is the power, the
magic and the enchantment of a truly mar-
velous skill and creativeness via the camera
disclosed. For this production, which is just
now being released, has in truth undertaken
to recreate in all its original and ponderous
health, vitality and eccentricities—recon-
structing the habits and the life of its in-
habitants—a kingdom of dead and vanished
monsters, whose very existence has seemed
legendary. It has made manifest a realm
known only to geologists and students of
similarly deep scientific subjects, and em-
body them in a thrilling scheme of enter-
tainment, an actual story, adapted from a
book by Conan Doyle, transpiring chiefly in
the heart of South America, that should
prove an amazing and spectacular novelty
for the seekers after new sensations in the
cinema.

That this production will arouse an un-
precedented interest goes without saying. A
host of queries and questions will follow in
its wake wherever it is shown. People will
be dazzled and even awed by its tremendous spectacle, and then by degrees become curious as to how this seeming miracle was brought about.

Lest there should be any wild misconceptions about its realities engendering superstitious notions that some personages from the stone age are running around loose, but chiefly to overcome the impression that it is merely another so-called camera trick, an explanation is in order regarding this new and surpassing adventure. It is not offered with any view of destroying the illusion of the scenes, were this possible, but rather to make clear the immense difficulties that attend any production of this kind.

Naturally, nobody is going to assume that some casting director went into the wilds of South America, as the British explorers did in “The Lost World,” and actually captured some prehistoric animals that were sequestered on an inaccessible plateau. That isn’t in the cards in the twentieth century, and even if it were, the animal keeper at the studio would raise a terrific hullabaloo at the prospect of playing host to such a wild aggregation of bulky guests with indefatigable appetites.

At the same time, there is always the danger, in considering effects like these on the screen, of underrating the research, and the problems that face the producer and the director, and to discount the amount of money and time that is required to carry out a labor that is most strenuously exacting in its demands, and requires infinite pains and patience and calculation.

For all of seven or eight months, in fact, did the First National organization, which filmed the picture, struggle and battle with a vast array of technical problems, involving miniatures, double exposures, and other intricate camera work, in their effort weirdly and fantastically to mingle the life of to-day with that of bygone ages. The whole plot of “The Lost World” hinges on the performance of this feat, and only days and weeks of the most precise and painstaking photography, under the persevering guidance of Harry O. Hoyt, who directed the picture, and the general supervision of Earl Hudson, and a continual going over the same ground again with retakes, have insured the actual manifestation, seemingly in the flesh, of these stone-age phantoms, in the identical scenes in which appear the inhabitants of the world of to-day.

The details of the process have been kept a secret for the most part, but they are so linked up with known photographic principles that they are subject to analysis. Furthermore, the existence of contrivances duplicating the prehistoric creatures, dinosaurs and the like, has been known for some time to those who are closely identified with the films. Only, heretofore, nobody has had the courage to use them because of the tremendous expense and difficulty of getting them to perform, and to the credit of R. A. Rowland, president of First National, must it be mentioned that he recognized the possibilities of the undertaking.

As a matter of fact, the animals which appear in “The Lost World” were, I believe, used once about five or six years ago in a comparatively undeveloped state in a short-reeler, called “The Ghost of Slumber Mountain,” which you may have seen. And at about that time Sam E. Rork, a film producer, considered making “The Lost World” with them, and was to have been aided by Watterson Rothacker, the laboratory owner, who had fathered experiments conducted by a technician named Willis O’Brien. It was during this period that I first learned about the animals, though they had not then been brought to the same high stage of perfection in their movements as now.

While anybody who sees the performance of the dinosaurs and mammoths on the screen will, of course, suspect their mechanical quality, it may be difficult to comprehend how they can, in numbers, get about with such seeming agility. Not only do they wander comfortably through the forest devouring leaves from the high branches, and occasionally taking a more carnivorous nibble at one another, but also in the more exciting scenes they evade and attack their human pursuers, and finally take precipitous and frenzied flight during a volcanic eruption and a forest fire that follows.

The first conclusion might be that they were oper-

Continued on page 92
Looking on with An Extra Girl

At last she achieves the great ambition of every extra—that of working in a Cecil De Mille production—and gives a vivid account of the unique and awesome atmosphere that pervades this director's sets, which she had a chance to observe while appearing in "The Golden Bed."

By Margaret Reid

Cecil B. De Mille, Famous Players-Lasky director, has decided to film his next production, "The Golden Bed," in Hollywood instead of in New York, as was formerly announced." Just a little item of problematic interest in the morning paper, to be scanned hastily. But for the Paramount West Coast studios it meant a gigantic mounting of energy and labor; for the industry, goggle-eyed curiosity; for Hollywood's chamber of commerce, a sigh of relief. And for the extra girls—dumb, bright, homely, beautiful, dusky, fair, sixteen or sixty-eight—a sudden, powerful fit of heroic ambition and agonized longing.

For when "C. B." makes pictures he makes 'em—cafés, fires, orgies, flashbacks, murders, morals, high life or what have you. Pick any rather mercenary exhibitor and ask him who his favorite director is; and most undoubtedly Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor don't hate counting the returns on a "De Mille special!" And since it's money that makes money, Cecil is the boy who can take his choice of any set, cast, prop, or talent on the lot—the more expensive the better. Other directors may struggle along with paper-maché delicacies and made-over gowns in their café scenes but De Mille demands the real thing. Opulence, applied with a lavish hand, pervades the making of his pictures as well as the finished effect—which may or may not be one reason why he is the exhibitors' director.

From dawn till dusk, every day, when it was known that De Mille was preparing for the production, the gloomy, bare little casting office was packed tight with a collection of every type of feminine beauty—and some not so beautiful—known to Ziegfeld. Mexicans, Spaniards, English, Italians and Americans. A never-ending line—in some places so shabby and tired and often bitter. A line overflowing into the shabby little halfway where the stars cast a brief radiance on their way from shining limousine to luxurious dressing room. In such a multitude, against such hopeless odds, there is no real chance for any one. Hundreds are deserving, capable and could qualify. The choosing of twenty means only luck—mostly bad, and a little—marvelous!

Now and again, after a particularly lengthy stretch of idleness—resting between pictures, you know—my good angel leaps aboard the old winged fourfooter and in a sudden fit of efficiency, ropes a really desirable bright, white hope. Now being as ambitious as the next one, if not a trifle more so, I had lately taken to speculating on how
I would look with a few props from the Lasky wardrobe on my head, à là Swanson. I even increased my wire conversations with the sad-faced casting director to two a day. C. B. may not be a Rex Ingram (see "The World's Handsomest Director," by Margaret Reid—1st Ed., 1925), but even I am too bright to ignore the prestige to be gained by trilling, "I can't take a call for to-morrow, I'm starting with De Mille." Extras break their necks to work for him—even in mobs, and it is a known fact that players who do bits and small parts elsewhere are actually eager to accept extra calls from him. One of extradom's favorite fables is that no atmosphere performer in C. B.'s pictures receives less than ten dollars a day. I, to my grief, broke that rainbow, but I just see myself turning down a seven-fifty call for De Mille for a ten-dollar call from Universal!

Well, anyway, every one else was apparently out, working, or dead, because one perfectly ordinary day the phone rang and in my astounded ears sounded the order, "Come over at three—interview with Urson." Urson, my dears, being one Frank Urson—De Mille's right-hand man, if not his right hand itself, and an interview with him meaning a whopping big step nearer the coveted job.

To say I was on time would be superfluous. When I arrived and was reluctantly admitted, I was told to proceed to Mr. Urson's office. Almost too wrought up to notice Jack Holt having his shoes shined at dusky Oscar's stand just inside the gate—oh! yes, I said almost—I aimed for the door a little past his temp—I mean C. B.'s office. In an exclusive little sanctuary I found five or six girls on similar missions—all in various stages of acute nervousness. Fifteen, thirty, forty-five minutes passed, then the first girl was summoned into the inner office and shortly after emerged, looking very cheerful. The others were disposed of in turn, one or two looking decidedly crest-fallen. Then, trying to look as much as possible like Gloria Swanson, eased in and confronted the casual, friendly young man behind the desk.

least with all this unaccustomed service, I was given gloves, slippers, and jewels to suit the dress. After an hour's fitting and fussing my treasures were put away and I was turned loose.

Then another period of anxious, impatient waiting. To our dismay the company departed for Mount Rainier for exteriors. More waiting. Word came from the snowy fastnesses that they had barely escaped death in a snowslide and only after hours of painful struggle made their way to shelter, completely abandoning much valuable equipment. Silence. More waiting. Then one day, on a quiet residential street little Sherlock discerned a familiar figure in gray tweeds, taking his constitutional by walking the twenty blocks to the studio. Three discreet steps behind walked a man with a bag and an overcoat. A block ahead—the big gray roadster upholstered in red leather. Five minutes later—wild phone calls—"C. B. is back; I just saw him; when do you suppose we'll work?" An hour later—at last! At last! "That wedding for De Mille will be Tuesday, on the set at nine."

Monday was devoted to improvement. My hair, my nails, my face. One would have thought I was preparing for my début at least. I had read that De Mille insisted on a graceful carriage, so I spent an hour pacing the floor with "Hamlet" on my head. Should I wear these stockings or those stockings, and is jasmine or mignonette more appropriate for mauve?

Tuesday morning at eight o'clock the big dressing room was filled with the fortunate twenty and a wealth of lovely finery. The ample hour for preparation was none too much when every slightest detail of costume and accouterment had to be perfected. The little colored maids bustled to and fro in a frenzy of helpfulness. The bridesmaids—who did not wear hats—were rushed off to the hairdressers. At last, after many prayerful coxings from an anxious assistant at the foot of the stairs, and with a final glimpse into the big mirrors, we descended and passed down the line of stages to stage No. 4.

Inside, the air was bitterly chilly, and we picked
Looking on with An Extra Girl

Our way shivering through the high, strange sets and treacherous ropes and cables lying almost invisible in the half light. Around the corner of a Mexican adobe we came suddenly upon the set—a spacious drawing-room, hall and staircase. Assistants were bringing in enormous baskets of divine flowers—huge roses, sweet peas, carnations, lilies-of-the-valley. These were added, in various receptacles, to the hundreds already twined around pillars, doorway and mantel. Radiantly fresh and dewy, under the bright warm lights surrounding the set, their fragrance was deliciously heady.

Slowly thawing in the opulent atmosphere we arranged our soft, trailing drapery on the benches just off the drawing-room. A gentleman resembling a banker more than an assistant director checked off our names on his list. Wallace Beery—an incongruous figure in rags and beard—was looking over the set with Brother Noah, the while blowing absentmindedly on a little tin whistle. Theodore Kosloff, with his intriguing accent and amused smile, took one of the chairs in the circle back of the camera. Little Vera Reynolds, looking all of twelve in the boyish coat wrapped round her white satin dress, took an inconspicuous chair in a corner.

A little gentleman, with trim Vandyke, very distinguished but almost unconsciously unobtrusive, walked toward us. No one seemed to notice him and he seemed to avoid their possible notice. He stood in the background, drawing on his gloves—something at once stately and sad in his bearing. His face—fine, aristocratic, mobile—where had I seen it? Quite suddenly recognition, with its implied tragedy, came to me. I again sat in a darkened theater, an excited child, and for the fourth or fifth time watched a gallant young Southern colonel—the embodiment of romance itself—fight and suffer and love. Henry B. Walthall, his magnificent artistry ignored by stupid blunderers since "The Birth of a Nation," was here playing the broken father in "The Golden Bed."

Julia Faye, a sweet, delightfully friendly little thing, charming in gray satin, accompanied Lillian Rich, the comparatively unknown actress chosen from hundreds of aspirants for the "fat" part in this production. "Hey, lay off that stairway—C. B.'ll be coming soon," shouted a carpenter. Last anxious touches were given the last little roses. The orchestra commenced, softly and reverently, Handel's "Largo." A sort of telepathic rush descended on the company, and in the distance could be seen a procession—surrounding and following a stalwart figure in riding boots—C. B. himself. As it drew near an assistant hurled himself forward—"All set, Chief," he said.

I must say that after such forewarnings and omens the very least I expected of "Chief" was hauteur—and I was really looking for a sort of despotie czar with all the earmarks. On the contrary, he was very gracious and polite, bowing a good-morning to every one, stopping for a word with the ones he knew—even when they were extras. Also he seemed slightly amused and, now and then, annoyed by the perpetual kowtowing and serving and. "Yes, Chief"-ing he received. He went over to the cameras and Frank Urson hailed us onto the set.

Then came that terrifying, soul-searing process known as inspection. No matter if your last look in the mirror was fairly satisfactory, no matter if you know that every last little detail of your costume is absolutely perfect and that the make-up you spent an hour on is flawless—when you are paraded, all alone, in front of Chief the sensation is anything but reassuring. His piercing brown eyes, with their slightly quizzical expression, must be completely satisfied that your entire turnout is correct. To determine where your costume—as to color—had best be placed, a little dark glass covers one keen orb and you stand and stand and stand—feeling at least nine feet high and four wide.

The full battery of lights was switched on as we took our places around the principals—Miss Rich, Mr. Walthall and Mr. Kosloff—at the altar. Reverend Neal Dodd, the beloved priest of Hollywood's "Little Church Around the Corner," was performing his favorite off-duty pastime, which is pretend marrying our cinema heroes and heroines. Charles Ogle—hugely tall and broad and with the kind, drawing voice you just knew he would have—was smiling benignly down at Miss Faye. Colored servants passed glasses of champagne—I hate to tell you it was elder—among us. Mr. Urson explained the action, and the unique creature told us not only what to do with our hands and feet, but why we were to do it. Then the four-piece orchestra struck up a gay air and the scene was on.

Curiosity concerning Lillian Rich was overwhelming. Opinions before work commenced were rather uncertain and visible reasons for Mr. De Mille's choice mys-

A careless moment on the De Mille stage, in which Warner Baxter and Lillian Rich deprive some candy girls of their marshmallow trimmings to roast over an electric heater.

Continued on page 98
Would You Know a

Few persons do, when it comes to pick
are some conspicuous examples of some
turned down, and some predictions, on
will prove her capable of answering

By Dorothy

you dumbbells couldn’t see what a prospect
he was. Why, how on earth any one couldn’t
tell by just looking at Valentino that he had
it in him is beyond me! Seems to me that
a cross-eyed man half blind in both eyes could
recognize star material in that boy——” For
lack of breath she paused. There was a sigh
from one of the persons of no importance
and a man, gray headed, a little stooped, a
little tired looking, who has been at Universal
before Valentino, during Valentino, and who
will probably be there when—but perish the
thought—spoke up.

“I was here,” he acknowledged, “at the
time you’re talking about. Used to see Valen-
tino often when he was about here working
with Carmel Myers and some others, and I
realize now how wrong I was, but at that
time I wouldn’t have put a dime on Valentino’s
chances as a popular idol. In the first place
I thought his Latin, dusky, he-vamp type was
against him. You know”—apologetically, as the
character woman let out a little scream—“in
those days Latin heroes were an unknown
quantity and quality. I believe it was another
Wally Reid we were looking for then and
Valentino went for a heavy on any casting
director’s files. No, sir,” he repeated as though
trying to impress the fact on himself as well as the rest of us,
“I wouldn’t have put a penny on
him.

The four small pictures are of young players,
comparatively unknown to the fans, in
whom Dorothy Manners thinks she sees
future star material. It will be interesting
to wait and let time test her prophetic ability.
Good Thing If You Saw It?

ing material for motion-picture stars, and here big stars whom the experts for a long time the part of the author, who hopes that these the foregoing questions in the affirmative.

Manners

"I guess I'm the world's worst guesser though," he blundered on. "When somebody pointed out Mary Philbin to me as the latest girl to be groomed for stardom out here, I took one look and said, 'That girl needs a good spanking for holding dramatic ideas, and a one-way ticket home, the shortest route.' Hey, somebody get the lady some water, she's fainted—"

Maybe she had, but I hadn't. If anything, I was doing some tall thinking and I have been at it ever since. First, I would have liked to pin a medal or a rose or something on that gentleman of no importance for admitting that he didn't discover Valentino. He is the only one of his species in Hollywood who didn't. Actors, casting directors, directors, scenario writers, prop boys, school girls, "Follies" girls, in fact all the women in the world claim, and are accredited, with the honor. The deep secret of who actually did make Valentino is one of those great unsolvable world mysteries like "Who Killed Cock-Robin?"

But to get back to this business of knowing a good thing when you see it. If I had, thought of it before I left, instead of a week later, I would have liked to have told that man that he isn't the only or the worst bad guesser in the world. He is in good company. When some one once asked Charlie Chaplin's opinion about the screen chances of a certain young man playing in a Los Angeles stock company, he said in effect, "Thumbs down." The young man was Richard Dix.

Not so long ago a pretty extra girl was pointed out to a famous casting director as a candidate for a bit. He said "No!" rather loudly several times. The pretty girl was Alice Terry.

These four young players are, from left to right, Gwendolyn Lee, Charles Cruze, Marjorie Whitehead, and Marcella Daly. The work of each is briefly characterized, as well as that of Miss Manners' other selections, in the accompanying text.
WHERE are you going?” I demanded of Fanny the Fan in some exasperation when I finally caught up with her after pursuing her for blocks.

“I’m going to find a nice, quiet, deserted theater.”

“Some place where ‘Greed’ is being shown, I suppose—”

“Where I can take a nap,” she went on, ignoring the interruption. “I haven’t had any sleep since everybody came to town.”

“Who’s everybody?” I asked eagerly. Fanny is so changeable. Her idol might be Adolphe Menjou to-day and Dick Barthelmess to-morrow.

“Who wants to know?” Fanny inquired, not bothering to stifle a prodigious yawn. “Just go over to the Algonquin and ride up and down in the elevator and you will think you are in Hollywood. Aileen Pringle is living there; so is Dorothy Mackall, Viola Dana, Gladys Brockwell, Lillian Rich, George Hackathorne, Alice Lake, Ann Pennington, and—but I can’t remember them all. Just get off at any floor and shout ‘Ready! Camera!’ and some player will come flying out of his room.”

After some urging I persuaded Fanny to post-pone the nap and come back to the Algonquin to tea with me and tell me all about the players who had come to town.

“I guess there never were so many players in New York at once before. You should have been at the Theater Owners Chamber of Commerce Ball Saturday night. Oh! well, perhaps you were there. There were two or three thousand people down on the ball-room floor.”

“And how. I would like to know, did you jimmy your way into the stars’ box?” I asked, and there may have been a trace of jealousy in my voice.

“Oh, I told the guard at the door that I was ‘The Phantom of the Opera,’ or something like that. And that reminds me, I must tell you of how the convicts up at Sing Sing mistook me for—”

“You can tell me about that later. I want to hear about the ball. Who was elected king and queen of the affair this year?”

“Thomas Meighan and Bebe Daniels,” she
Teacups

mid pleasures and picture palaces, and otherwise, on well-known picture players.

Bystander

retorted in her best and-why-not tone. "But there were a mob of young men around there who said they would crown anybody who said that Aileen Pringle wasn't the queen of the party.

"The stars didn't go down on the dance floor at all but just sat up in the boxes and talked to each other. All the poor folks who paid eleven dollars a ticket so as to see the stars up close should have brought field glasses. But what an aggregation there was! While the principal scenes from Broadway musical shows were being given down on the platform at the end of the dance floor, the stars all crowded into the two or three front boxes and polite or not, they talked all through the show. Bessie Love and May Allison, Myrtle Stedman and her son Lincoln, and George Hackathorne were all crowded into the front of one box. Dick Barthelmess and Mary Hay, Barbara La Marr, Ann Pennington and Bebe Daniels and Thomas Meighan, Adolphe Menjou, Richard Dix, Aileen Pringle and Dorothy Mackaill and I were back of them.

"After the show was over, the stars were led up to the main box one by one and introduced. Beside all those I mentioned there was Edna Murphy, Gladys Brockwell, Viola

Dana, Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan, Marguerite De La Motte and John Bowers, and Johnnie Walker.

"Of course, the crowd applauded generously for each and every one, but each player pretended to think that he got more applause than any of the others. "Hear the hand I got?" Adolphe Menjou asked, and everybody around shouted, 'Yes, I was the one who clapped for you.'

"Aileen Pringle had a brilliant idea for enlivening the affair and making Richard Dix stand out among all the stars there. She suggested that several of us rouge our lips heavily and then rush up and em-
brace him, leaving the imprints of our lips all over his shirt front. But Richard suspected a plot and ran away from us.

"Most of us left early—that is, about three o'clock, but I dare say the party is going on yet. Every one was having such a good time.

"Marie Prevost was here only a few days. Her husband came East to play with Bebe and so when Marie had a vacation of two weeks or so between pictures she hopped on a train and came East. Now she has to rush back and start work in the next Lubitsch production.

"Aileen Pringle really came East just after Christmas but no one saw anything of her until this last week because she went at once to Havana to work in 'A Kiss in the Dark,' and just came back.

"Some committee or other ought to try to establish a fourteen or twelve-hour day for Aileen. Now she seems to be up and going somewhere about twenty of the twenty-four. I never saw any one so tire-

less. When every one else is wilted and faded she is radiant and full of life.

"Incidentally, who wouldn't go out if they owned the most beautiful evening coat in the world? Mere money alone couldn't buy it. It took real genius and a flair for discovery."

"What on earth can it be?" I asked.

"It really cannot be described; you have to see it," Fanny went on maddeningly. "It is"—and she dropped her voice to an awe-struck whisper—"shell-pink ermine trimmed with lots of fluffy fox skins of the same tint."

Even Fanny paid it the tribute of a hushed second or two.

"Isn't it terrible the way everybody dresses almost alike nowadays? There must have been dozens and dozens of simple, straight white evening dresses embroidered with crystal beads at the party the other night. And enough white ermine coats to carpet the frozen North. A little originality in dress stands out like—like—"

"A good deed in a naughty world," I suggested idly, but Fanny was stricken with horror.

"Still true to dear old Shakespeare," she commented, "even though he was a box-office flop in the movies years ago. What I was going to say was that it stood out like a pleasant thought in a Von Stroheim picture. And that is why Marguerite De La Motte looked so striking the other night. She had

*Over the Teacups*

*Photo by Henry Waxman*

When Dorothy Mackaill came back to New York to make
"Chickie," she gave a tea for the newspaper and magazine people she used to know.

Of all the players in New York now Viola Dana seems the only one who is homesick for Hollywood.
on a lovely deep rose-colored chiffon dress that had full flounces running diagonally around the skirt!

"But what was it you were going to tell me about Sing Sing?" I asked, feeling that as a fashion reporter Fanny was not so good.

"Oh, yes, I nearly forgot. Well, I went up to Sing Sing with George Hackathorne."

And before I could cut in with, "And what were the charges?" she went right on. "The warden had invited him to show us a picture he made for Schulberg called 'Capital Punishment.' Not my idea of a pleasant evening for the convicts, but—oh, well! The prison entertained us at dinner—if you want to call it that. We had the same food the convicts had, only with a few trimmings, but we couldn't figure out what the trimmings were. We had cabbage soup, dry bread, and tea.

Afterward they showed the picture in the prison chapel and the men seemed to love it. All the comedy scenes went over wonderfully but when there was a serious title 'May God have mercy on our souls' just after the warden had allowed an innocent man to be electrocuted, the convicts roared with laughter.

"After the picture George had to make a speech and just before he went on the platform he learned that his speech was to be broadcast to the condemned men in the death house. He promptly forgot the formal speech he had prepared and spoke right from the heart. He was great.

"We were sitting in the front row, so we had to walk past all the prisoners on our way out. Seeing me with George they thought I must be some one of importance and so not to hurt my feelings they told me they thought I did wonderful work in the picture. And now I can't figure out whether they thought I was Clara Bow or Mary Carr.

"And speaking of parties—"

"Don't you do anything but go to parties?"

"Not if I can help it. Marie Prevost gave a tea at the Astor a few days before she left. I couldn't go because I had just seen 'So Big' for the umpteenth time and I was a wreck from crying. But Dorothy

People in the East are just getting a chance to know Aileen Pringle now, as she had to rush to Havana for "A Kiss in the Dark" when she first arrived.

Mackaill had a tea for the newspaper and magazine people she used to know when she made pictures here before and I did go to that. Her maid Bertha is marvelous at telling fortunes, so of course a fine time was had by all. The party was supposed to start at four thirty but there was a mob there by four and some of us never left until eight thirty.

"Dorothy is so excited over being chosen to play Chickie for First National that she cannot eat, sleep, or consider anything else of the slightest importance. And Bessie Love is walking around in the clouds nowadays, too. Her part in the next Barthsleness picture, 'Great Music,' gives her a chance to dance.

"Dick has the orchestra from the Strand Theater appearing in the picture—in fact, he leads them. The studio is a different place now with all that music and gayety. Carlotta Monterey, one of the most beautiful women on the stage, is playing one of the principal roles in the picture. Next week they are going to be

Continued on page 94
What Will Betty Do Now?

The little star of "Peter Pan" is determined that her first big success will not be her last, if sincere effort on her part counts for anything.

By John Addison Elliott

If you had the good fortune to see the screen version of "Peter Pan" you must have asked yourself, "Now what will Betty Bronson do after that?"

Here was an unknown and comparatively inexperienced girl, lifted out of obscurity, and given one of the most coveted roles the screen has ever had to offer. If it had been anything but "Peter Pan" we might expect to see her--thanks to the way in which she acquitted herself--playing a series of similar parts. If she had been well known in some particular line of screen work, she would have that to fall back on. But her previous roles had been the briefest bits of girlish characterization, and shake as hard as they may, no more 'Peter Pans' are going to come tumbling down from even the Famous Players' flourishing plum tree. Hence the query, what will Betty do now?

Famous Players evidently have been seriously asking themselves that question, for they first announced that Betty would appear as "The Little French Girl," and then, a few days later plans were altered and that rôle was given to Mary Brian, and Alice Duerr Miller's "Are Parents People?" was selected for Betty. And it was just before Betty hurried back to the Coast, to begin work on that picture, after her holiday visit to New York, that I called on her at the Plaza Hotel, where she was stopping, to see how her good fortune was resting on her diminutive shoulders, and to get an impression of her, off the screen.

She was, at the time, being rushed from one appointment to another: personal appearances, photographers, fittings—all the usual engagements that keep prominent players going from morning till midnight while on professional visits to New York.

While waiting for her to finish her preparations for her next appointment, a luncheon of motion-picture advertising men at which she was to be guest of honor, her mother told me something about Betty. She was born in Trenton, New Jersey, and had been brought up in East Orange. She had always wanted to be a motion-picture actress. Like thousands of other girls she had devoured the fan magazines. Later she told me how she had enjoyed all the thrills that Ethel Sands experienced, before her own chance came to see the studios for herself. Her first part was a bit in "Anna Ascents." Then she and Polly Archer played minor rôlest together in "Java Head," and she had another bit in "His Children's Children." After that, there were long waits, with an occasional small engagement, until, at last, the big chance came.

"I can't tell you how anxious and excited we were while awaiting the decision," Mrs. Bronson said. "Oddly enough, a number of very tempting offers were made by other companies at that time which we felt we had to turn down, for Betty had been promised that if she didn't get the rôle of Peter, she could count on playing Wendy. And then, when the decision was announced, well, you can just imagine—"

At that moment Betty appeared in the doorway. A cynical person might have said that it was a studied Peter Pan entrance—that quick, darting manner, the big eyes full of excitement. Not being cynical, I prefer to think that you saw something of the real Betty Bronson when Peter hopped down from the window sill of the Darling nursery, all curiosity and eagerness.

She wore the suit which you see in the picture on the opposite page, and in a few moments was seated in a big chair, looking very diminutive, her feet tucked up under her.

She would be so glad to get back to Hollywood, she explained. Of course it was nice to come East and see her old friends, but she wanted to be home again.

"Polly Archer came to see me yesterday," she said. "Oh, wasn't it too bad that just when her big chance came to be Mr. Barthelmess' leading lady in Classroom, she had to go and have trouble with her tonsils so that her face wouldn't photograph well. I was so sorry! I do hope she'll get another good chance soon. We had such good times together in Java Head. And isn't it great that Mary Brian is going to have such a splendid chance! Mary is so nice. We had such fun together in 'Peter Pan!' We were so busy all the time. When we weren't shooting scenes there were our dancing lessons, and our fencing lessons, and our tutoring—oh, we were busy all the time!"

The tutoring, Mrs. Bronson explained, was a very important part of the work. A very fine teacher had been employed, and the children progressed so rapidly that when the picture was finished and they went back to school they were far ahead of their schoolmates. And Betty was to continue her tutoring, her mother added.

One of the biggest thrills, it seems, in connection with her big success, was in meeting the older stars on something approaching equal ground; at least, in having become a definite personality whom they knew about when they met her.

"I did meet some of them—those in our companies—when I played little parts," she explained, "and while they were very nice indeed, we weren't important people, and so we girls and our mothers had our own little group. It's much nicer, of course, to be really known."

As to her future, Betty had no particular plans. "I do hope," she said, "that I shall have different kinds of parts to play. I don't want to be pigeonholed as a type."

She seemed to be very much in earnest about her work, and knew very little about the gayer, social side of the life that is usually associated with picture making. Not that she was not receiving a great deal of attention of all kinds.

"I don't know when I've been made quite so much of by the young men," remarked the chaperon, who had been especially engaged to accompany her on her personal appearances and other business appointments, and who had just come in to say that it was nearly time to leave for the luncheon. "They're very adroit, these youngsters. I have to keep on the alert every minute or my head would be turned by their flattery. And now, let me see if you're all ready."

Betty stood up and was inspected. "Oh, dear," she exclaimed in mock despair, "it's so important, it seems, that I must wear just the right things. My red coat that I like so much—I can't wear it! It will be nice to get back home, where I can wear what I like."

And there Betty will be by the time you read these lines, at work, probably, in her next picture, which I am sure the fans will be looking forward to seeing.
THIS picture of Betty Bronson was taken during the New York showing of "Peter Pan" at holiday time. Betty is scheduled to appear next as the heroine of Alice Duer Miller's "Are Parents People?"
MAE BUSCH is likely to inspire you with the wish that some producer have a story written around her own complex, magnetic personality and secure her to play the rôle.
THOUGH she may have done it with tears, Mary Pickford found it advisable to resign growing up and is now playing a raggedy rôle similar to that of her *Amarillic*. 
THE wholesome, clean-cut enjoyment in Douglas MacLean’s pictures is raising him steadily to an important position among the few reliable comedians. “Introduce Me” is his latest film.
BERT LYTELL, who has had rather varied luck with some of his screen parts, will play the interesting role of "Eve's Lover" in the Warner Brothers' production of that name.
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BERT LYTELL, who has had rather varied luck with some of his screen parts, will play the interesting role of "Eve's Lover" in the Warner Brothers' production of that name.
THE strain of playing on the stage in Los Angeles and appearing in several new screen productions apparently cannot dull the radiant look Pauline Frederick wears these days.
WITH reviewers unanimously praising her and the Metro-Goldwyn company giving her excellent and diverse roles, Eleanor Boardman faces the interesting prospect of stardom in the near future.
ALICE JOYCE promises not to retire from pictures again if the fans want her to stay, as she tells you in the story on the opposite page.
W ho C a r e s?

Alice Joyce wants to know—and on the answer depends whether or not she will continue making pictures.

By Helen Klumph

EVEN the glory of being Mary Pickford's sister-in-law for a while never dimmed Alice Joyce's own brilliance, and so you can imagine—even if you don't actually recall those early Kalem and Vitagraph days—that she was not only a personality, she was almost a cult.

When the children and old ladies were enshrining "Our Mary" in their hearts, the boarding schools were voting solidly for willowy, dark-eyed Alice Joyce. And with good reason.

To me she became preeminent when she came to the screens of rural Illinois some ten or twelve years ago in a work of art called "A Million Dollars in Jewels." The gowns for that picture were not hastily constructed from old lace curtains or upholstery as was the custom of the period, but were designed by Lucile. And it was advertised that Miss Joyce actually wore a million dollars' worth of real jewelry in the more spectacular scenes of the picture.

And only the other day while lunching at the Ritz, Alice Joyce told me that those jewels were not real. The insurance and detective service on the real ones had proved exorbitant and so paste jewels had been substituted.

And all these years I have remembered Alice Joyce as having brought genuineness to the screen! Perhaps it was she, not the jewels.

"Does anybody care?" asked Alice Joyce cheerfully when I asked her if she was going to continue making pictures. And then she considered the subject changed until I stubbornly brought it up again.

"I've made three in the last six months," she told me finally, "and not one of them has been released. I don't know whether my place is in the limelight or on the shelf. Should I be heralded 'Screen star makes triumphant return,' or 'Film pioneer seeks retirement'? How am I to know?"

Not for a moment did I think of pushing polite nothings about how the public could never fail to appreciate her. To some one else I might have, but to the dashing Mrs. Regan, never. I merely imitated her puzzled shrug as best I could.

"First I went over to England to make 'The Passionate Adventure' for Selznick. The company went bankrupt. Then I went to Hollywood and made 'White Man' for Schulberg. Those independent pictures rarely get into Broadway theaters, so I suppose we will have to go to Second Avenue to see it."

For the benefit of out-of-towners, Second Avenue is separated from Fifth by a social chasm that cannot be measured in miles. And Alice most decidedly belongs on Fifth.

"The manager of the Piccadilly Theater did look at 'White Man,' and he said he liked it," she went on gaily, bowing to friends here and there in the Ritz, "but I don't suppose he will run it. It is reassuring to know, though, that at least one living inhabitant beside myself has seen it. Oh, yes," she hastened to add, "one critic has seen it. She wrote 'The sappy heroine was played by Alice Joyce.' That is my reward for pawing over the papers looking for kind words about myself.

"The other picture that I made was 'Daddy's Gone a Hunting.' I finished making that out West for Metro-Goldwyn about three weeks ago. Of course, I loved doing it and if people don't like me in it, then they will never in anything. It was a great part and the cast was splendid. It seemed just like old times playing with Percy Marmont again.

"Frank Borzage is an ideal director. He is so sensitive. He watches his players all the time, studies their mannerisms and uses them in scenes wherever possible. It makes everything you do seem natural."

But seriousness does not become Alice Joyce and she doesn't go in for it much. Her conversation reduced to the printed page may seem trivial, but the vibrant timbre of her voice makes every remark seem smart and trenchant.

"They won't call the picture 'Daddy's Gone a Hunting.' Afraid people will think it is a bedtime story or something childish. Discarding a charming title like that for 'A Man's World!'"

On the screen Alice Joyce seems aloof, almost austere at times. In person she is breezy and candid. She has the look usually of having just bet on a winning horse.

At the club or café which is the latest haunt of the rich and great, Alice Joyce and her husband, Mr. John Regan, Jr., are sure to be found. To head waiters before whom the front-page figures of the world pass, she looks like quality, and so they always put her at their most conspicuous tables.

Her gowns, thanks to her lifelong friend, Madame Frances, are the envy and despair of the other regular attendants at Sixty Club dances. Her hats outsmart Paris. She was one of the first to introduce to New York's restaurants the Paris fashion of wearing a white wig in the evening. And her skin is soft and velvety like the petals of gardenias.

"I'm still using that funny shade of powder I got in Paris," she confided in a matter-of-fact tone to the friend lunching with us. "I never would have got it if it hadn't been for my French pronunciation. I asked for ochre and it sounded like something marvelous and unusual to the sales girl. I'll never be able to get any more, I'm afraid. I couldn't say it if I tried."

French lessons are a part of her routine when she is not making pictures. This winter she will add Italian to the self-imposed curriculum. She is restless and must always be doing things. She is no Alice Sit-by-the-fire. She found that out soon after she retired from the screen a few years ago.

After her baby came and was old enough to be cared for by a nurse, time hung heavy on her hands. For the summer months she moved to a big house on Long Island and managed for a time to amuse herself playing tennis, motoring, walking. But every one else tired just as she was getting started. And it was dull with her husband away in the city all day at his office.

She had always wanted leisure to do things. What were they—she wondered now.

One day as she was playing with her little daughter Alice on the beach, she started molding figures in the sand. What memories it brought back of the joyous days when she and Anna Q. Nilsson had fooled around

Continued on page 115
By a strange coincidence, Cecil De Mille and D. W. Griffith, two outstanding figures among the screen's director-producers, appear to be changing places.

De Mille, after long years of association with Famous Players, is leaving that organization to become an independent producer, his future pictures to be released through United Artists or some similar organization. Griffith, after years of being an independent producer, with his pictures distributed through United Artists, plans to go to work for Famous Players.

De Mille, a supershowman and a good business man, now wants to try having an even freer hand than he had while working in the larger organization.

Griffith, artist and dreamer, indifferent toward doing things in the most practical way, is weary of the financial responsibilities and annoyances of running his own business.

The fulfillment of their respective wishes will probably act as a stimulant, in each case, to even greater efforts than they have made heretofore.

Four years ago the books that dealt with motion pictures occupied a modest half shelf in the rear of New York's largest book store and most of them were devoted to scenario writing.

Now that the public has come to understand that scenario writing is a job calling for special practical training, an intimate knowledge of picture making, and one for which very few persons, even among professional writers, can qualify, these books are not so much in evidence; in place of them books are appearing which purport, in one way or another, to disclose the innermost secrets of Hollywood.

Among these later books one finds biographies of famous film folk; conferences about physical training, diet, and philosophy; heart-to-heart talks about this elusive thing called fame, and a wide variety of fiction that paints the picture people in varying hues from scarlet to rosette pink.

What are we to believe? That the mothers of picture stars talk like old-fashioned books of etiquette and are forever at their daughters' heels dripping moral precepts? Or that they talk the patter of vaudeville comedians?

Readers of Picture-Play, where all of the prominent film folk have been presented in an intimate, informal way, know that neither picture is entirely true. The biographies are in many cases written by press agents or secretaries or professional writers who merely follow a conventional model and give little of the real history and less of the real personality of the stars who are supposed to have written them. If you have read many of the tales that purport to be their life stories, you have probably noticed a certain deadly similarity about them. Then there is the movie fiction in which slang runs rampant and vulgarity lurks close behind. In reading such fiction it is well to remember that the first stories of doughboys were written back home where libraries were comfortably safe from bombardment. Less glamorous, perhaps, but more poignantly real were the stories the actual fighters brought home or the eye-witness accounts written by reporters on the scene of action.

The Observer expects that much of this slangy fiction has been written by writers remote from the studios and that it bares the heart of Hollywood as little as those first war stories did the glorious spirit of our soldiers. It is the same with any new milieu that catches the public fancy. We have stories of the South Seas written by people who have never been nearer Tahiti than Hoboken; we see tales of Bolshevistic Russia written by timid spinsters in Detroit. But one day there always comes a writer who knows his subject intimately and who shames all these literary tricksters with the genuineness and power of his work.

It will probably be that way with fiction that has a motion-picture background. We are about fed up with falsity; we welcome the books written by people who know. During the next year two novels will be published that should interest every motion-picture fan, for they were written by women who have long been a part of the motion-picture industry. One is "Minnie Flynn," written by Frances Marion, the eminent scenario writer, and the other is "Skyrocket," by Adela Rogers St. Johns, many of whose short stories have been filmed. These will, no doubt, present imaginary people of the film world—or perhaps even a composite picture of several real ones—as realistically as our "eye-witness" accounts and interviews have.
Trouping with Von Stroheim

One of our writers is picked for a rôle in "The Merry Widow," and tells some of his experiences before the camera

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

AFTER some years spent in criticizing, deprecating, exprobating, obfuscatory, hissing, hooting, mauling, booing and belaboring the movies from the security of my writing desk, I am now acting in them.

The beginning of this affair was a reckless mood, somewhat fostered by the cheer dispensed on the occasion of the opening of the Merry Widow Café, a Hollywood Boulevard rendezvous rechristened by some machination of press agents in honor of the picture of that name which Erich von Stroheim was going to make.

My readers—if such exist—know how strongly I admire the Herr Captain von Stroheim. Von sat gloomily at table that evening, watching the jazz generation trying to waltz to the strains of the resurrected "Merry Widow."

"Ah, hello, Don! Is that you?" he exclaimed. "I was watching you dancing just now and—pardon me—but you had a certain air which made me say to my wife, 'There's a man who could play the part of the Crown Prince in 'The Merry Widow.'"

"Come out and see me tomorrow at two," he ordered.

The camera stopped at last. I had been hearing the thing grinding hideously, as if masticating my every movement. The lights went off with a rattle that made me jump—just as I had jumped a foot into the air when they went on with the same ominous sound. I was cold and hot at once. My heart was laboring heavily. My eyes were glassy. Inside me the organs of life had drawn into a knot, trying to force an exit through my mouth. In other words I was suffering under the worst case of stage fright I ever had in my life.

Having arrived at Von Stroheim's office half ready to play an extra as a vacation stunt, I was flabbergasted when Von earnestly assured me that I was to take a screen test for the rôle of the Crown Prince—the heavy lead of the picture.

A few minutes later I was dressed in a strange and uncomfortable uniform and a make-up expert was affixing an ugly scar—the kind made by a dueling sword—above my right eye.

"Now this fellow is supposed to be a cruel, arrogant type of militarist," repeated Von. "Just act natural."

I tried to, heaven knows. But instead of feeling cruel and arrogant, in my natural bent, I felt uncomfortably timid and constrained. The affair had piled up on me in such a heap that I had been afforded little time for reflection. But as I stood in the middle of a berugged space, trying to keep my toes inside the chalk marks made for them, while a knot of attendants fussed with stands of lights and squinted at me from a dozen different angles through strange-looking instruments—the horrible consequences of my
make you think you're back in the old army days. Tonight at seven at the Western Costume Company they measured for your uniforms. Eddie—oh, Eddie! See that Mr. Ryan is fixed up at the Western tonight."

"But—I say—Von—"

It was of no avail. Already I was being rushed away in the arms of the efficient Eddie Sowards, assistant to the directing genius of "The Merry Widow." I might have resisted more, but those uniforms were really handsome. And there were four of them.

Still in a daze I affixed my signature to a contract, making it irrevocable. Anyway, I assured myself, I needed a change.

"Mr. Von Stroheim says they must be skin tight," remarked Mr. Meyers, fitter for the renowned Western Costume Company.

"Yes, Mr. Meyers, but you have exceeded instructions. I can sit down in my skin—and I'm hanged if I can sit down in this uniform!"

Ruefully I regarded the gap, a foot and a half long, which separated the waistline buttons of the white starched tunic. After bracing himself and vainly tugging at the thing, the tailor was forced to agree. It meant another fitting. And another—and another. A nightmare of days and evenings during which I was rammed and hammered into this confounded uniform.

My companions in this ordeal were thirty-two gentlemen whom some day I hope to engage with in the kind of a buccaneering expedition of which good old Dickie Davis loved to write. Soldiers of fortune from every nation, with the Teutonic and the Anglo-Saxon strain predominant. These men who officered troops from the Soudan to the Aisne, have settled into a quiet billet in Los Angeles. They make a living now playing themselves for various military pictures. You saw them as the officers of the guard with Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise." You will see them again—and again. They work nearly all the time—now in the very uniforms they once adorned in real warfare—again in the uniform of their former enemies. In their dressing rooms friends and foes of the late European struggle help to hook each other up while they exchange reminiscences.

Dressing with me in my own room is one of the most gallant soldiers and gracious gentlemen I have ever known—Captain Albert Conti, for ten years an officer in the Austrian cavalry. Five years ago we were earnestly attempting to kill each other. Thank God, we failed. Otherwise, who would tell me how to adjust this confounded German sash, and who would differentiate for Conti between the shades of meaning in this so-strange English language?

But I digress. Suffice it to say that the fittings and the alterations were accomplished at last—against odds that seemed overwhelming. And on a bright Monday morning I found myself strolling across the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot accoutered as follows:

One white starched tunic with a four-inch collar and two rows of brass buttons; a pair of black trousers, set off with a gold stripe, bloused over my heavy field boots; one tiny round cap worn at a swagger angle; the shoulder boards of a senior captain in the Montenegrin army—the military establishment we were copying; a heavy cavalry saber, which—"O tempora, O mores!"—I found on inspection to have been manufactured in Massachusetts in 1864 for the use of the Federal army; decorations on the chest that I never could have come by honestly; the aforesaid sash, a staff designation, supporting two heavy silver tassels; a pair

 rash promise began to penetrate. I was in a funk, there was no denying. And it was getting worse every second. Years ago when I danced as a professional in cafés and on the vaudeville stage, this feeling of stage fright had troubled me little. Even when I played a comedy character one season in a vaudeville act, such embarrassment was unknown. But I was younger then—younger and more reckless. Now when I thought of my Hollywood friends and their forthcoming remarks, my limbs turned wooden.

But it was over at last and I escaped with a great sigh of relief. I had been rotten in the test—I knew it—awful. And I was glad. For now there would be no more of this silly talk about my playing the part of his highness, the Crown Prince of Monteblanco.

But I reckoned without a mischievous Fate. A week went by and again I called on Von by request.

"We have decided," he said earnestly, "that you must play the part of the adjutant to the Crown Prince. I wanted you to play the Crown Prince and the test was very good, but—"

"Never mind letting me down easy," I told him. "I know the test was awful. I'm glad I'm well out of it—"

"No! Listen, Don. Your promise. You are going to play the Crown Prince's adjutant. It's a part you'll love. The adjutant is servile and cringing to the prince, but to everybody else he is more cruel and arrogant even than his master. A rigid militarist. Look at these drawings. Just look at these uniforms. It will
of gold aiglettes hung from the right shoulder; and a belt equipment comprising canteen, pistol, first-aid pouch, and map case, with a case for the field glasses which were swung about my neck at the alert. To say as much of the lanyard strung from neck to pistol butt, and the whisk of cord of braided silver, which was not overlooked. On my own I had added a gold-linked bracelet over the white glove on my right hand, and on my left was the same old wrist watch that went through the late unpleasantness in Western Europe.

This painful description of uniform and equipment I go over so carefully for a purpose. In the first place it was the uniform of all the Monteblancan officers, including the two princes of the blood. In the second place it is a criterion of Erich von Stroheim, who is a glutton for detail.

Not one person in a thousand will see—or will catch the significance if he does see—of the infinite detail of equipment worn by the third private in the rear rank of the Monteblancan army. But it must be correct—yes, down to the last wrinkle in the odd-looking oversocks which the private wears.

This is Von Stroheim. He is the most thorough, the most honest, the most conscientious man I ever saw directing a movie. I have seen Von Stroheim inspecting uniforms and marking them in chalk as a tailor will do for alterations. I have seen him grab a rifle and show a backward Bulgars, whose three years under the double eagle had never been completed, how to execute eyes right while doing the goose step in review. I have seen him halt a scene and—after a decent interval of profanity—demand why in the name of the seven gates of the sacred city of Caarcinolas, the blanket of Danilo's dog which runs through this scene, is not provided with leather straps.

"It's an impertinence! The dog's blanket is tied with a string. It's an impertinence—that's what I call it!" And you should have seen how magically—how mysteriously—how miraculously swift those straps appeared on the blanket of the royal hunting.

But hold. I have forgotten the haircut. The haircut which Von himself supervised, just as he supervised a thousand and one other minutiae which any other director would leave to assistants. The haircut must be short and high—just so high—as Von explained to the barber. Every member of the Monteblancan army has the same haircut. It is the kind which Von himself wears. I have been afflicted with a stubborn California cold ever since I went under the electric clippers.

Von had told me the story of "The Merry Widow." It had nothing to do with the light opera of that name. The opera had no plot. This story was written by the indomitable Von himself. And what the opera lacked he supplied.

Mae Murray—as everybody knows who follows pictures—was to play the Widow; John Gilbert the rôle of Danilo, a prince of the little Balkan kingdom who is infatuated by her American freshness. And Roy Giusti, an actor of the legitimate stage, had been assigned the rôle of the cruel, arrogant, and yet effeminate Crown Prince, on whom I was to dance attendance as adjutant.

As Von Stroheim wrote it, the story centered about the rivalry of Prince Danilo and his cousin, the Crown Prince, for the favors of Sally O'Hara, the rôle taken by Miss Murray. She is represented in the picture as being a member of an American theatrical troupe touring the Balkans. The opening scenes of the picture—and here is an important fact: Von Stroheim makes his scenes in chronological order—show the arrival of the troupe at the inn which, pending a field maneuver of the Monteblancan army, is being used as headquarters by the general staff, including the Crown Prince and Danilo.

I have seen a great many movies in the making, but when I looked over the ranks of infantry, cavalry, field artillery, pioneers, ambulance men—even Red Cross dogs—that were drawn up in front of the inn, I rubbed my eyes in surprise. Mounted officers rode down the lines and familiar shouts echoed across the field.

"Section right—ho!"

A military band—American Legion men in the baggy red trousers and short jackets of the Montenegrin army—marched and countermarched and with a flourish of the leader's baton, took its proper place. Without a thought—so move forgotten habits when released from the bondage of civilian life—I fell into place—three feet to the left and two paces in the rear of his illustrious highness, the Crown Prince of Monteblanco, commander-in-chief of the royal army.

Giusti, with a clever assumption of his character, wore a monocle fixed in his eye without a cord, and a silk handkerchief was tucked into his sleeve. On
PLAYING SAFE WITH FAME

WHEN the residents of Hollywood want good time at the theater they generally go down town to see Edward Everett Horton. His name spells a sure-fire comedy hit, and for four or five years now he has been the star actor in a stock company in Los Angeles. He is perhaps just as popularly known to his select group of admirers as is Harold Lloyd to his larger army of film fans.

But it doesn’t make him happy.

Horton has long held ambition for success in pictures. He would give up the footlights for the flickers if he could be sure of a permanent screen career.

So far, though, he has been able only to fulfill his hopes spasmodically. His two or three appearances have hardly established him, despite that his work in James Cruze’s “To the Ladies” was highly rated.

Horton tried one or two other roles, but not much came of them, so he returned to the stage.

Lately James Cruze hired him again, and he has been doing the lead in “Beggar on Horseback.” The production is scheduled to be the most pretentious that Cruze has directed since “The Covered Wagon,” and as it was a comedy rôle to which Horton was assigned, the odds, based on his stage record, should be better than fifty-fifty that it will be good.

GOOD NEWS FOR HIGHBROWS

If he inherits his grandfather’s talent, Tancred Ibsen will startle the world. He is a newcomer in the scenario department of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, and the grandson of the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, who wrought a complete upheaval in the technique of the stage a generation ago.

Young Ibsen wants ultimately to produce his grandfather’s plays in film form, and to translate their meaning authentically. One of his first projects would be to make a spectacular version of “Peer Gynt,” which more than any other play by Ibsen, contains such pictorial material as shipwrecks, and fantastical glimpses of gnomes, fairies, and other imaginary beings, plus situations that shift to all corners of the world.

Ibsen should be well qualified to picturize a story which is such a globe-trotting affair as this is. He has lived in nearly every country in the world, and traveled to such comparative remote regions as Java, Iceland, South Africa and the Argentine. He speaks seven languages quite fluently.

He is married to Sillebil, the Norwegian stage star, who came to America last season and played the leading feminine rôle in “Peer Gynt.”
HOW BETTY BROKE IN

A GIRL stood in the hallway of the Griffith studio, four years ago, struggling to master her emotions, to keep from bursting into tears.

She was Betty Jewel, and only seventeen years old. She had just come from a convent, and had gone to the Griffith studio, hoping to be given a chance in pictures. Denied admittance at first by the doorman, she finally gained an entrance, and got the attention of one of D. W.'s aids. He told her that there was no opening for an untrained girl like herself; persons like that were applying in droves every day. Then he hurried on about his business.

By chance Mr. Griffith passed by, and, attracted by the emotion upon her features, stopped and spoke to her. He offered a test made, and it resulted in her being given a bit in "Orphans of the Storm." From that beginning she gradually rose to playing the ingenue lead in "The Silent Command," leading woman for Tom Mix in "Mile a Minute Romeo," and a featured rôle in "Blood and Gold." Lately she joined Famous Players and has been supporting Bebe Daniels in "Argentine Love" and Little Miss Bluebeard.

A NEW CAREER AT SIXTY

If it be true that to portray life one must know it in many and varied forms, Snitz Edwards is fully qualified to be an actor.

He was born in a village of Hungary and quite likely would have followed the occupation of his father, a veterinarian, had his family not emigrated to America. During his boyhood he took care of horses and mules for the traction company employing his father, and then became a jockey.

A chance meeting with Sam Bernard, and a mutual interest in clog dancing, led him to a Bowery theater, where the two received a joint pay of seven dollars and fifty cents a week. At fifteen he faced his first tragedy—a fall during the sweepstakes at the old Jerome Park race track when he was so badly incapacitated that he could never ride again. His little world of sport tumbled about him, he became a clown in Fourpaugh's Circus, with Fred Walton for a teammate.

Through vaudeville tours, stock engagements, and musical comedy, he made his way to the movies. In the past eight years he has served as comedy relief in countless films, the most recent being "Seven Chances," "Inez from Hollywood," and "The Phantom of the Opera."

His age, over sixty, seems incredible, for he has that wily, active alertness, both physical and mental, which laughs at time.

A little gentleman of the earth, Snitz Edwards, close still, in his heart, to those beloved horses of his youth, interested in the sport world almost as much as in the theatrical; an honest, good-natured person who asks only work to do. His skill gives a wry humor to his characterizations; their deft portrayal turns a light upon them, no matter how inconspicuous they may be in their relation to the story.
HOW DIRECTORS ARE MADE

THOUSANDS of ambitious youngsters all over the world are constantly wondering how men get to be motion-picture directors, just as thousands of girls are wondering how the feminine stars attained their pinnacles.

Unlike most highly paid professions, there seems to be no standardized course of preparation for picture directing. No two directors seem to have risen by the same route. Some were college men—some never saw high school. Many were actors—others never played a part. The only point of similarity in their background seems to have been that practically all were adventurers.

Take, as a characteristic example, Jack Dillon, one of the most successful directors to-day. He began as a telegraph messenger boy, lured to the job by the desire to wear a uniform. He discarded that to don another, the uniform of a theater usher. That gave him the ambition to be an actor. His first job on the stage was to make the waves for a nautical scene in a melodrama, by crawling under a big strip of loose canvas with other boys, and making the canvas go up and down. Then he became the acrobatic foil for the great Kyrle Bellew. Killed nightly in a duel, he had to fall backward down a flight of steps, risking his neck. Once out of a job he became a skating instructor, and worked in several cities, until the call of the theater led him to get a job as dramatic editor on a newspaper. Finally he returned to the stage, this time to become a real actor, but when the movies began he saw an opportunity in them, and joined the Kalem Company, as director and writer of screen stories. He rose as a director to the point of directing Mary Pickford. Recently he has done "Flaming Youth," "Lilies of the Field," "Flirting with Love," "If I Marry Again," "The Perfect Flapper," and "The One-way Street."

AN OCCASIONAL VISITOR

In charmingly nonchalant fashion Lucille Lee Stewart, the sister of Anita, drops into the movies every now and then, plays in a picture or two and retires until the mood again strikes her. Quite frankly she is not an actress for the worldly emoluments that the films offer, nor is she consumed with a great yearning for creative self-expression. In a world where the one or the other is the basic urge for so many careers her attitude is a welcome novelty.

Working in the movies is a pleasant diversion. When it becomes boresome, she goes home and indulges her hobby of interior decorating by doing her house over from attic to basement.

In this pleasant, unhurried fashion she appeared in "Our Mrs. McChesney" with Ethel Barrymore, in "The Perfect Lover" with Eugene O'Brien, "The Fool" with Edmund Lowe, and "The Ultimate Good" with Conway Tearle. Just now, the call of the Kleigs again stirring her, she is enthusiastic over her rôle in "Friendly Enemies," the stage success which Belasco Productions are filming with Weber and Fields featured.

Lucille Lee Stewart, though a direct contrast to her sister in that she is a blonde with gray-blue eyes, is of much the same temperament—quietly pleasant, devoid of mannerism—a thoroughly attractive young woman.
OUT OF THE FOG

THE stardom of Evelyn Brent by F. B. O. brings a step forward a career that has met curious obstacles, that has floundered, too, because of a girl's lack of self-confidence.

An oddly interesting girl, Evelyn Brent. Many times she has been turned from the very threshold of achievement by the vagaries of fortune. For over ten years, since she was fourteen, she has been in the movies.

When she was sixteen, her mother's death left her alone. When she speaks of her years of extra work, along with Priscilla Dean and Leatrice Joy, a shade seems to be pulled down over those brown eyes. Others with more aggressive spirit got ahead, while she stayed behind.

An offer from an English company proved the turning point, and her return found her status somewhat raised. Douglas Fairbanks' choice of her to play opposite him in "The Thief of Bagdad," and his later change of plan, replacing her with Julianne Johnstone, halted her for a time. Leading-lady rôles opposite House Peters and several Fox stars, however, rescued her, and carried her on an upward wave.

In a very small circle, she is popular. Though her intimate friends are not many in number, they are extremely loyal. Those eyes, and those full, red lips with their little cynical curve, hint at emotional capability, a suppressed flame—and intelligence. She has something, surely, out of the ordinary.

Photo by Eycke

BY THE SIGN OF THE MUSTACHE

BRYANT WASHBURN used to be just a likable young fellow whose screen deportment had attractiveness, without being spectacularly intriguing.

That was before the mustache made its appearance. It is one of those impudent affairs, turned upward and waxed.

This being the era of the suave, sophisticated gallant, Washburn thought it time to quit playing those unglamorous, brotherly men whom mothers trust and modern daughters disdain. With the success of Adolphe Menjou, he did some intensive thinking, retired temporarily and emerged with the lip adornment which he hopes will incite a new interest. Upon a hair, one might say, does his future rest!

Washburn attained considerable notice in the early Essanay days, with his comedy-drama characterizations. For six years he starred in the semiheroic rôles then popular, working later under the Pathé and Famous Players banners. It was in "Skinner's Dress Suit" that his personality was best displayed. "Six Best Sellers" and "It Pays to Advertise" further established him as a breezy, handsome hero.

But idols of his type slipped from favor. The flappers are bored with the correct hero, and demand more of the spice and dash that intrigue young imaginations. Ergo: the mustache, which appears in "Her Husband's Wives," "The Stardust Trail," and "The Parasite." Will he be accepted in this new guise? It will be interesting to see.

Photo by W. P. Strode
AN ARTIST OF THE GROTESQUE

They never have to tell Jean Hersholt what to do. He knows.

That is the pet assertion about one of Hollywood's newly prized character actors, and he has lately gone from one production right into another to add a touch of bright "screen business" where it is most needed.

The legend of his fame started about a year or so ago when Erich von Stroheim gave him the ironic rôle of Marcus Schuler, the Nemesis of McTeague, in "Greed," and it was enhanced when he made human and lovable—impossible as this at first glance may seem—a hangman in an intimate dramatic thriller presented on the stage at the Writers' Club.

Since then, Hersholt has added interest to a number of features, chiefly by the grotesqueness of his character drawing. He played the bespectacled German who was the second husband of Constance Talmadge in "The Goldfish," the Satanic adviser of Adolphe Menjou in "Sinners in Silk," as well as doing humorous caricatures in "So Big," Colleen Moore's picture, and "Her Night of Romance," again with Constance Talmadge.

Though Hersholt has been long in films, only lately have his comedy talents been recognized. He used to do villains in melodramas. On several occasions during this period he has been called upon to portray the rôle of The Christ, when a cutback of religious significance was required. Despite his villainous proclivities he makes up remarkably for it.

WEDDED TO THE SCREEN AT LAST

After vacillating between stage and screen for several years, Forrest Stanley now has definitely cast his lot with the movies.

Amateur theatricals at Columbia fired him with the ambition to act, which was realized when he played in such melos as "The Desperate Chance" for eight dollars a week—and cakes. The attention created by "The Squaw Man" became more marked when he headed his own company in "The Holy City" and "The Light That Failed." Following a film with the late Anna Held, he played juvenile leads for Lasky, returning then to the stage. Back and forth from electrics to Kleigs, his fortunes led him. With "When Knighthood Was in Flower," his determination became fixed and he has not since deserted the movies.

The Schulberg production, "The Breath of Scandal," and the Universal-Jewel, "Up the Ladder," will next present him. In the latter for the first time he attempts to define a character of more individuality than the usual handsome leading man. The team of winsome Virginia Valli and big, blond, good-looking Stanley should interest the fans.

He is rather skilled in painting and that, with swimming and gardening, serve as hobbies. He has fraternized, both in New York and in the West, with newspaper men and likes to spend hours discussing the big stories that break in the press. When a reporter permits him to tag along when covering an assignment, Stanley is as grateful as any cub would be.
CREIGHTON HALE—AND HOW HE ROSE

CREIGHTON HALE, the handsome actor, long has made a pal of art.

He was five years old, he tells us, when he played his first big part. This was back in dear old Erin, where his dad put on "East Lynne," Creighton cast as Little Willie, wore a most ecstatic grin.

He was known as the boy actor and he really won much fame, but he never had an inkling he would choose the acting game.

He was also a boy singer holding forth in big church choirs, he was nearly groomed for opera in the visions of his sires.

Then there followed schools in London with a college course somewhere,

Till one day from Greek roots wearied, he gave all these things the air.

He first worked at engineering and reported for the press,
It was one long strenuous program with no holidays, I guess.
While between times he was acting in legit as well as vode,
And he had his own productions for a period on the road.

With "The Dawn of a To-morrow" he came traveling to this land,
He was manager and actor and his whole career seemed planned,
For the show went well on Broadway and the footlights seemed his place,
But an art called motion pictures one day stared him in the face.

Well, in his first fling in pictures, he was Hale, the serial king,
He was stuntster and daredevil, doing every risky thing.

Next a tour with Ben Greet Players doing Shakespeare with the rest,
Then he had three years with Griffith in the rôles he likes the best.
There was summer stock on Broadway—reaching stardom—thus art grows—

Both in "Little Old New York" and a play called "Just Suppose."
In the "City of the Angels" he appeared on Christmas Day,
And was offered a screen contract with a featured rôle to play.
Then another and another, yes the screen has got him fast,
So his days before the footlights are the memories of the past.
In the Lubitsch "Marriage Circle" and the Seastrom "Name the Man,
He has scored with these directors and has gratified the fan.
Creighton Hale has one sole purpose when creating each new part—
A portrayal so outstanding, it's a finished piece of art.

THE FATAL WEDDING

Perhaps it is a good thing that Belle Bennett is not superstitious.

For her recent marriage to Fred Windermere, an independent producer, promises the culminating of a little real-life drama which might be titled "Pursued by the Fatal Wedding."

Belle was carried on the stage to make her theatrical début as the baby of a rip-roarin' mellerdrama called "The Fatal Wedding," in her father's traveling show. There were three female characters—the girl baby, the ingenue, and the mother. She played the baby until she outgrew the rôle; following seasons in her father's other plays, she returned to the original company to portray the ingenue and, later, the mother. And now it is likely that her husband will film "The Fatal Wedding."

Though little has been heard of her, probably because she has veered from stage to screen and back again for ten years or more, Belle Bennett is one of the most experienced troupers. From her infancy, with but few vacations, she has played in melodramas and burlesques, with circuses, in vaudeville and stock, coming to the studios every now and then to tarry briefly. Her most recent work was in the Ince production, "Playing with Souls."

Following their honeymoon, she will be starred in her husband's films.

She is a very lovely blonde, with big, blue, dreamy eyes, a soft, lazy laugh—and a penchant for writing poetry.
The Screen in Review

By Agnes Smith

THe month just closing, as I write, has been a very dull one on the screen. There has been only one picture that has been claimed as the greatest cinema masterpiece ever made. That picture, need I say, was "Peter Pan." Otherwise, there has been a terrible shortage of masterpieces. Week after week has passed by and only plain ordinary movies have come to our theaters and most of them were not only very plain but very ordinary.

"Peter Pan" was presented as a Christmas attraction and since this magazine and these reviews will be published at a time when the Christmas bills are almost paid, I see no reason for giving it first place of the month. I would rather turn right away to "So Big," which, begging everybody's pardon, interested me more than "Peter Pan." It gives me far greater pleasure to see an established player score a triumph than to welcome a new and uncertain star.

"So Big" is a triumph for Colleen Moore. Any Constant Reader, if any, will be able to tell you that the flapper outbursts of Miss Moore have driven me distracted and so now I will eat my typewriter by declaring that the girl can act. Most of the reviewers were prejudiced against the picture because when Edna Ferber's novel was purchased for Miss Moore, all the wise guys were sure that everybody was making a terrible mistake. In fact, one critic came right out and said that she intended panning the production and the selection of Miss Moore for the role, no matter how the picture turned out. So there you are and what are you going to do about it?

"So Big" is not a great picture; it isn't even a very good picture. But it was a great battle for Miss Moore. Aided by Charles Brabin, her director, Miss Moore fought against a hopeless adaptation of almost impossible screen material. There was no great reason why "So Big" should have been filmed at all, except that the novel was a "best seller." It had an unwieldy film plot and when you came to scrutinize it for screen purposes, all you could find was a marvelous character and a great basic idea. And these are two items for which the screen has very little need or use.

Miss Moore did the only sensible thing she could have done under the circumstances. She played the character and put across the idea. And she let the plot go hang—which it did. It hung right in mid-air along about the fourth reel.

"So Big" tells of the life of Selina de Jong, a noble and beautiful woman. Selina is permitted no heros; she is a drudge of the fields whose only hope is centered in her unworthy son. In playing Selina, Miss Moore is obliged to go through most of the picture as a drab and unlively middle-aged woman and yet somehow she must suggest unquenchable youth and indomitable spirit. And she does it, by some miracle of sincerity and feeling. She plays Selina exactly as Miss Ferber played her and wrote her and it, at the end, she suggests too much age and makes one can only blame it on the clumsy interpretation in the script.

There is one scene that makes the whole picture worth seeing. It is the scene in the fields in which Selina, always the unconquered, pins a radish in her hair and dances a gay dance for the amusement of her little son. Griffith never directed anything more moving nor did Lillian Gish ever rise to more inspired acting. It is the greatest individual scene in any picture of the year.

The story of "So Big" may exasperate some of the fans. I wish Miss Ferber had taken a year off, studied the movies, and made a complete new version of the story, so that she might have been better appreciated and better understood. As it stands now, you get the uncomfortable feeling that the idea of the book is too big and fine for the screen, that it isn't cheap enough and trivial enough and that in trying to bring it down to screen audiences, the producers have been guilty of compromise and condescension. I feel that if Miss Moore, Miss Ferber, and Mr. Brabin had banded to-
Review

Herbert should demand half the writer's five tremendous looks which are nothing but witchery to some. The movie is one of those fifty-fifty pictures.

The tragedy is that it should have been one hundred per cent.

Say You Believe in Betty Bronson!

Now we come to "Peter Pan." This old crab of a writer is such a mean frozen face that she didn't like it half so well as every one else seemed to like it. Upon seeing "Peter Pan," all the reviewers in town reformed and promised Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky that they would be good children and never kid any more pictures. And when I said I didn't care so much about it, every one gave me hard looks and declared I was fitten only to go to burlesque shows.

"Peter Pan" has, of course, the most charming story in the world and that is my chief objection to the picture. I would rather stay home and read "The Little White Bird" than watch Betty Bronson play Peter Pan. There is something hard and matter of fact about the picture; its witchery is earthbound; it looks very like a movie.

However, I mustn't be morbid about it because "Peter Pan" is a delight to most children and to five out of ten adults. It has its moments of sweeping you away on the wings of Sir James Barrie's imagination. And it brings to movie audiences a glimpse of the beauty, the humor, and the exquisite sentiment of the story. If it doesn't give you the full spirit of the book it is because the screen still lags behind literature in imagination and because it is unfair to demand that even the best studio be as well equipped as the mind of Sir James Barrie.

Strangely enough, Betty Bronson was best as Peter Pan in her most difficult scenes. At first she seemed alternating between shyness and camera consciousness. She has an elusive personality and she was up against a tremendous ordeal. I dreaded the scene in which she would have to face the audience—that is to say, the camera—and ask it to believe in fairies. But when this extremely trying scene came, she rose to the occasion. It was the one moment in the picture when Miss Bronson was really lovely and thrilling.

She is charming to look at without being at all beautiful. Her face is extraordinarily young and wonderfully untouched. If it isn't wrong to mention such things, I should like to record the fact that she has the prettiest legs I have ever seen. The thought of her playing an entire picture in skirts seems rather dreadful.

Herbert Bronson's direction of "Peter Pan" was practical, with a few flashes of inspiration. At least, he deserves credit for making the eerie story a great popular success because the film is free from those obscure flights of fantasy and strange photography that only annoy the public. If Mr. Brenon was tempted to imitate Peter and try to fly, he kept his head and remained on earth.

There is only one downright annoying quality in the whole production. And that is a senseless and tasteless burst of patriotism in which Peter hoists the American flag and urges the Darling children to act like good young Americans. How would we Americans like it if an English producer should make a film version of "Huck Finn" and show Huck floating down the Thames on a raft? Bad taste isn't good patriotism—now or any time.
Alma Rubens makes her rôle in "The Dancers" more interesting and convincing than the actress who created it on the stage.

De Mille's Heavy Sugar Daddy.

"The Golden Bed" is another version of Cecil B. De Mille's same old story—a good girl, a bad girl, and a weak man. But it is really great fun, if you haven't anything better to do. The high spots are Theodore Kosloff and Robert Cain falling off a Swiss glacier; Henry B. Walthall in an extra part; Lilian Rich and a trick monkey; Rod La Rocque pulling down a temple of peppermint candy sticks; a candy ball with the extra girls dancing in marshmallows and chocolate hand cuffs; Miss Rich dying in a golden bed; Vera Reynolds made up to look like nature's noblewoman.

If that isn't a quarter's worth, what do you expect for your money? It beats a radio program with John McCormack speaking and President Coolidge singing Irish ballads.

Perhaps all these years I have been taking Mr. De Mille in the wrong spirit; perhaps I have been misinterpreting him. The audience in New York at "The Golden Bed" seemed to understand him perfectly. They chuckled when the two gentlemen died the chilly death; they snickered when the husband allowed his wife to spend all his money; they gasped and snorted over the candy ball, and they laughed long and loud when Miss Rich passed away on the bed that Louis XV. gave her ancestors. I have never seen people have such a good time. An elderly lady in front of me had fairly to help her husband out of the theater. Every time a subtitle flashed a society epigram, the nice old gentleman courted heart failure.

I'll not say anything about the acting of Mr. De Mille's cast. Who cares, anyway? Among those present are Rod La Rocque, Robert Edeson, Henry B. Walthall, Lilian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Theodore Kosloff, and Julia Faye.

Wherein the Head Rules the Heart.

"The Wife of the Centaur" is a thoroughly commendable picture. I say "commendable" because it might have been one of those obnoxious sex atrocities. Cyril Hume's novel was fair game for any producer who wanted to turn out something nice and low-life for the kiddies.

It is sex stuff, but King Vidor has handled it intelligently, with good taste and with a fine sense of drama. The central figure is a novelist with a liking for flaming women—or rather, for one flaming woman. He marries a nice girl but he wanders back to the first siren. He repents, but the feeling is still there.

As played by John Gilbert, it is a keen character study of a charming pagan. Mr. Vidor has carefully kept him away from heavy emotional scenes; there are no fireworks, there is no heavy acting. And yet the conflict in the Centaur's nature is handled dramatically and effectively. It is by far the best thing that Mr. Gilbert has done.

The ladies will love the picture; it is so smooth and sleek and well dressed. It is so refined and yet so piquant. It is naughty but nice; luxurious without being exaggerated. And, what is most important, it is a delightful picture of one of those attractive men that no sane woman would dream of marrying.

Eleanor Boardman plays the rôle of the wife. She does the minimum amount of suffering and when she does suffer, she does it gracefully. Aileen Pringle is the flaming siren.

A Paradise for Fans.

There is only one expression to use in commenting on "A Thief in Paradise," and that is "hot dog!" Leonard Merrick won't recognize his novel, "The Worldlings," but what difference does that make? George Fitzmaurice has gone Cecil De Mille one better and beaten him, cards on the table. Moreover, "A Thief in Paradise" is not only a good extravaganza but it is legitimate entertainment. It has a plot, it has acting, it has suspense and it has adventure. Even if the story had been drably done, it would have been entertaining.

There is an underwater battle, with sharks flapping about; there are bathing beauties playing polo; there is an Oriental dance that, incidentally, is beautiful as well as striking; there is—but why go on? There is more for your hard-earned money than you will find in "The Golden Bed."
at. Moreover, she does a dance that, well—Mae Murray had better look to her laurels. Doris Kenyon, too, emerges as a radiant heroine and gives a splendid performance. There is nothing like a spirited and rollicking plot to put pep into a whole cast.

**Also on the Credit Side.**

"The Dancers" is some of the excellent screen fodder recently acquired by William Fox. It is another indictment of the jazz spirit, but the plot is considerably more adroit and expert than most of the jazz manias. When I saw it on the stage, I realized that its range and story were exactly suited to the movies. The scene in which the rough diamond hero returns to find his boyhood sweetheart a victim to the jazz craze is one that is guaranteed to break any one's heart.

Unhappily, the best rôle of the picture has been wrecked by miscasting. On the stage, Florence Eldredge made Una, the jazz girl, a poignant figure. She avoided the cheap and obvious and gave a glamour of reality to melodrama. On the screen, both Madge Bellamy and Emmett Flynn, the director, conspired to ruin the part. It is just a silly and stupid flapper study and not well done at that.

But George O'Brien and Alma Rubens rush in and save the day. Mr. Fox is certainly doing the right thing by Miss O'Brien, and Mr. O'Brien, on his part, is rewarding Mr. Fox by keeping up a consistent level of good performances. He isn't the greatest actor in the world but he's a nice boy with an agreeable way about him. As for Miss Rubens, she makes her rôle more interesting and convincing than did the actress who created it on the stage. It is a vivid, clean-cut and intelligent performance.

There are some parts of "The Dancers" that may offend your good taste, but these parts are chiefly confined to Miss Bellamy's performance. On the whole, I think you'll like it.

**Hooray for Irene Rich!**

The Warner Brothers have taken another daring plunge into literature, with Willa Cather's novel, "A Lost Lady." Like "So Big," this novel was a little too big for the screen unless the screen would have been willing to enlarge its boundaries. Consequently, to those who have read the book, the screen version will look a little muffled; there are times when you will feel that things that should have been said outright have been glossed over.

But like "So Big," "A Lost Lady" is a triumph for the star. The star, in this case, is Irene Rich, who, like Miss Moore, sensed the spirit and the feeling of her rôle. There is no getting around it. The stars and directors are more intelligent than the producers who guide their destinies.

The story of "A Lost Lady" is the story of a woman wedded to old age. She turns to pitiful romances, to all sorts of evasions from the stark facts of her life. She is tricked, beaten, but unvanquished. She is the charming woman who is loved and forgotten.

Harry Beaumont did his conscientious best to make this a careful character study. The picture is a little slow and it errs on the side of caution. Miss Rich dominates it; her performance is just about as fine as anything you would care to see. Matt Moore and George Fawcett also deserve nothing but the very kindest words.

**Just Like Old Times.**

Constance Talmadge has shaken off the jinx that has pursued her for several years. "Her Night of Romance" Continued on page 111

Mrs. Wallace Reid's acting in "Broken Laws" is better than that of many far gaudier performers.
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?"—United Artists. D. W. Griffith's simple story of a group of war refugees, made in Germany. Sincerely and powerfully done and heartrending in its poignancy. Cardel Dempster gives an extraodinary performance, and Neil Hamilton is in it, too.

"North of 36"—Paramount. Another "Covered Wagon" picture, not equal to its predecessor, but good enough to acquire a reputation of its own. Lois Wilson and Ernest Torrence repeat their former roles, but Jack Holt plays the hero this time, and Irvin Willat is the director.

"The Snob"—Metro-Goldwyn. One of those delightful and intelligent Monta Bell comedies, employing the new movie technique. Norma Shearer is lovely, as usual, and John Gilbert appears in the title rôle.

"Forbidden Paradise"—Paramount. Pola Negri's most satisfactory American picture, directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Her work is skillful and spontaneous, and she has never looked more beautiful. Adolphe Menjou and Pauline Starke also are excellent.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Andreyev's stage play made into a picture of rare power and beauty by Victor Seastrom. Lon Chaney is magnificent as He, while Norma Shearer and John Gilbert are appealing as the young lovers.

"The Iron Horse"—Fox. A vivid record of the building of the transcontinental railroad, in which many historical characters hold the spotlight. George O'Brien is a winning hero.

"The Thief of Bagdad"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks in a magic and beautiful story founded on the Arabian Nights. Its trick-camera effects are among the finest so far achieved in pictures.

"The Ten Commandments"—Paramount. The Book of Exodus thrillingly presented, and followed by a modern problem play. Leatrice Joy, Rod La Rocque, Nita Naldi, and Richard Dix are some of the large cast.

"Wages of Virtue"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson as a cutely picturesque darling of the Foreign Legion in Algeria. The story is not quite as good as Gloria. Ben Lyon is the attractive leading man.

"Romola"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in George Eliot's story of fifteenth-century Italy. It is pretty dull, despite beautiful and authentic settings, and William Powell, who plays the villain, is the only one who gets a chance to act. Ronald Colman and Dorothy Gish are the other principals.

"A Sainted Devil"—Paramount. Not so good for Valentino, considering his high standard. However, he tangoes amid South American atmosphere again, and has some fascinating moments. Helena D'Algy and Nita Naldi support him.

"Husbands and Lovers"—First National. A neat little comedy of married life, with some excellent acting by Florence Vidor and Lewis Stone as the couple, and Lew Cody as the other man.

"Garden of Weeds"—Paramount. James Cruze, aided by the excellent acting of Betty Compson and Rockcliffe Fellows, drags this not-so-savory chorus-girl story to success.

"Worldly Goods"—Paramount. Pat O'Malley as an unscrupulous but ingratiating four-flusher in a satire on go-getters. Agnes Ayres is the leading lady who can't stay mad at him.

"Dante's Inferno"—Fox. An elaborate allegorical production that is sometimes maudlin, but which has some beautiful moments.

"Tarnish"—First National. May McAvoy, Ronald Colman, and Marie Prevost in a simple and convincing domestic tragedy.

"Manhattan"—Paramount. A breezy comedy all mixed up with high life and gangsters. Richard Dix is the star, and Jacqueline Logan plays the girl.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Love's Wilderness"—First National. Corinne Griffith's beauty is always worth seeing, which is what saves this from being an unprofitable evening's entertainment.

"Inez from Hollywood"—First National. A dramatic story which did not come off so well in the screen version. Anna Q. Nilsson is Inez, the worst woman in Hollywood, and Mary Astor and Lewis Stone appear, too.

"The Last Man on Earth"—Fox. A crazy and sometimes amusing conception of life fifty years from now. It has some novel spots, and is seldom dull.

"Tongues of Flame"—Paramount. Just another Thomas Meighan story, likely to be enjoyable only if you're crazy about him.

"Born Rich"—First National. This mediocre story of high life has as saving grace the sumptuously outfitted Claire Windsor and a gorgeous set of subtitles.

"The Roughneck"—Fox. George O'Brien winning through some more exciting adventures and being very attractive in the process.

"Hot Water"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's latest. It has some priceless spots, but is not quite up to his best.

"The Only Woman"—First National. A disappointing vehicle for Norma Talmadge. She is beautiful and sincere, but can't do much for the trite plot of a woman who marries a drunkard and then reforms him. Eugene O'Brien is her leading man.

"Married Flirts"—Metro-Goldwyn. The charm and ability of Pauline Frederick save this story of a wife, her career, and her husband from being deadly dull.

"The Lover of Camille"—Warner. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost as Debora and Camille in another story of a broken heart. Appealing in spots but the acting is indifferent.

"The Siren of Seville"—Producers Distributing Corp. You'll find lots of action and color in this Friscilla Dean picture, even though it's more Spanish than Spain. Allan Forrest is the hero.

"The Fast Set"—Paramount. An unpleasant society story, directed by William de Mille. It has a good cast, including Betty Compson, Zasu Pitts, and Adolphe Menjou, but the acting is, nevertheless, poor.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Salvation Hunters"—United Artists. Does not live up to advance trumpetings about Von Sternberg's genius. It is interesting mainly because it is different, but it is a very slow presentation of a sordid story, with only an occasional shadow of the idea the titles keep telling you about.
Spectacular Stunts Performed by the Stars

They do not always use doubles in thrilling scenes.

By A. L. Wooldridge

PICTURE-PLAY has told the story of how members of a little band of girls in Hollywood numbering scarcely more than a half dozen, do hazardous feats in photoplays to protect stars from injury. It related instances in which Winna Browne, Loretta Rush, Marilyn Mills, Crete Sipple, Gladys Johnstone and one or two others risked their lives for Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, and a lot more whose names are internationally known.

The motion-picture stars do not attempt feats entailing hazard, although sometimes they are placed in hazardous positions through accident. Viola Dana was a target for splinters and bolts and was blackened from head to foot when a smoke pot heavily charged with sulphur and powder exploded in a speed boat near Catalina Island and the craft began sinking with a hole blown in its side at the water line. Lillian Rich with Cecil De Mille and a company from Lasky's was trapped in a blizzard on the Nisqually glacier on Mount Tacoma last fall and when virtually exhausted in her flight had to be carried to safety. Lilyan Tashman was treated at the Emergency Hospital in Los Angeles for a dislocated shoulder and abrasions about the head when injured in a fall at the Fox studio. Mary Astor was caught in a snowslide in the Canadian Rockies last summer during the filming of "Enicement," a Thomas H. Ince production, and narrowly escaped being buried in snow or hurled down the mountainside. These were accidents.

But there are times when the stars cannot well avoid doing some of the spectacular things called for in the scripts—not "hazardous" things, but "spectacular" things. There's a distinction between the two. And yet, some of the spectacular things are surrounded with more or less hazard.

The one outstanding feat of all those recorded in Hollywood the past year is accredited to Constance Bennett, who rode a horse off a twenty-five-foot cliff into a pool of water in "The Code of the West," a Zane Grey story produced by Famous Players-Lasky. The horse turned over in going down—turned heels over head, throwing Miss Bennett clear of its back, and landed in fifteen feet of water badly frightened. Miss Bennett swam to safety but the animal, apparently bewildered by the fall, sought to clamber back up the side of the cliff instead of going down to a point where a landing easily could have been effected. It was roped and piloted out.

This scene was filmed near Universal City. Director William Howard was in charge. Before it was shot, an ambulance had secretly been driven to a point close by and a doctor was in waiting in case anything went wrong. Expert swimmers were on hand. A dark horse was obtained to double for "Grevlock," the trained animal owned by Marlboro Paper Company.
by Jack Moore, used in the picture. Cardboard was taped on beneath its eyes so it could not see down when the moment for the plunge came. Then the horse was painted white, or gray, from head to foot. Miss Bennett got on the animal’s back, rode it about for a few minutes, then announced:

“I’m ready!”

Camera was called. For some reason there was an awelike stillness about, as though an accident were impending. Director Howard was nervous. Members of the company ceased talking. The actress gathered the reins, spoke to the horse and it moved forward unhesitantly. It made no pause at the brink of the cliff and persons who see the picture will note that it did not leap as it went over. Rather, its forefeet simply dropped down and it hurtled through the air, landing almost on its back as it struck the water. It was not injured in the least. A moment later, Owen Moore may be seen diving from the cliff to join Miss Bennett and continue the illusion of the story that they are fleeing from a forest fire.

Thrill! It’s there all right and the leap is spectacular. But it was not hazardous. The only danger lay in the possibility of the horse turning completely over in the fall and landing on top of its rider. And yet, Ray Thompson, one of the most skilled equestrians in Hollywood, says that one cannot prevent being thrown clear of a horse when it turns over in such a plunge. “Of course I was scared,” Miss Bennett said afterward. “But I decided that if others could do it, I could. So I took a chance.”

Her drop was about twenty-five feet. Ray Thompson made one of forty-two in “Quincy Adams Sawyer.”

In the filming of “Riders of the Purple Sage,” a William Fox production, Mabel Ballin essayed the role of a human fly when she, with Tom Mix and little Dawn O’Day, were pictured climbing the walls of a cliff. She got enough thrills for her personal consumption to last for a year. Scenes in this production were taken near Lone Pine, California, in a wild, mountainous section of the country. Great, rugged cliffs are there, towering over yawning chasms banked by walls of solid granite. To get motion pictures of the three climbing the cliff, the camera men were let down by ropes to a ledge where they built a platform and anchored it with rope and wire. Even they were in a perilous position. Little Dawn O’Day, five years old, got on the back of Mix and was told to “hold on, tight!” A strong wire was placed about the body of Miss Ballin. Another was fastened securely to Mix. These extended to the top of the cliff, where they were securely anchored and manipulated by strong men.

The accompanying photograph taken during the ascent, shows the situation. At the side is the rope which let the camera men down from the edge of the cliff. A strong rope was placed about the body of Miss Ballin. Another was fastened securely to Mix. These extended to the top of the cliff, where they were securely anchored and manipulated by strong men.

The accompanying photograph taken during the ascent, shows the situation. At the side is the rope which let the camera men down from the edge of the cliff.
While the climb as photographed was not more than forty feet, it was on the side of a granite wall two hundred feet in height. A fall likely would have resulted in serious injury, if not death.

Theatergoers who watch the action in the picture cannot see the wires which safeguarded Miss Ballin and Mix. But if they look closely they will note the half-frightened look on the face of the child whose arms were so tightly locked about the neck of the athletic Mix.* And they will see a tortuous climb up a smooth-surfaced wall which necessitated utmost caution and care.

Spectacular, yes! But not hazardous. Had the actress missed her hold and started slipping downward, she would have been saved from falling by the supporting wire. For Mix, the climb was inconsequential. And yet for all of them as well as for the camera men, there was a feeling of relief when the scene was completed.

"I felt ill at ease," Mix said, "because of that little shaver on my back. I kept talking all the time we were climbing to divert attention but let me tell you I watched my step. I think I could have half slid, half fallen back into the gulch without being hurt but I don't think the others could."

In the big round-up of cattle shown in "North of 36," a Lasky production, Lois Wilson got a thorough ducking and a thrill in swimming a horse across a river on the Bassett Blakeley ranch near Houston, Texas. Approximately four thousand head of cattle appear in the picture and a large band of cowboys was employed to herd them to the stream and make them swim to the other side. The distance was about a quarter of a mile, though not all this was through deep water.

For four days, two cowboys hung around the company waiting for a chance to double for Miss Wilson in the swimming scene. When the day arrived, Irvin Willat, director, asked:

"Do you want some one to swim that horse for you?"

"No!" Miss Wilson replied. "I'll do it."

Whereupon, the two cowboys who had waited for the chance, left for parts unknown. A sturdy pinto pony, accustomed to life on the range, was supplied. Miss Wilson donned a pair of close-fitting breeches and when camera was called, went down into the stream, the horse's body getting lower and lower in the water until presently it began that cradlelike motion which told the rider it was in deep water, and swimming.

"It seemed as though,

Mary Astor and Ian Keith were caught in the snowslide for "Enticement," that nearly resulted in their deaths.

I was being lifted out of the river and was floating," Miss Wilson declared. "I was scared to death. The camera man kept calling to me to 'Look pleasant! Look pleasant! You're not going to be hurt! Just hang onto that saddle!' After a bit I got accustomed to the sensation. The pony seemed to take it like a duck to water and by the time we got to where the

Continued on page 116
In and Out of
Informal pictures of the players

Here's a new exploitation stunt for movie fans. Creda Scott, of Los Angeles, has introduced an ingenious method of proclaiming her favorite screen star by having a small photograph of Conway Tearle pasted over the motometer of her automobile.

This photograph of Ruth Clifford and her husband, James A. Cornelius, was taken—yes, you've guessed it—just before they started for Honolulu on their honeymoon.

Laura La Plante recently paid a visit to the chicken ranch of her boss, Carl Laemmle, head of Universal. The White Leghorn she is holding is one of Mr. Laemmle's prize winners.
the Studios
at work and at play.

Tom Mix is as becostumed as any of the stars in his next Fox production, "Dick Turpin," in which he plays that fearless and gallant "gentleman of the road."

Mary Pickford says good-by to her dear friends, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, as they leave Los Angeles for New York after a short period of personal appearances with "Romola."
Here is a picture of "easy" motion-picture life. But film workers have become so used to going through this kind of thing that the Universal company making "California Straight Ahead" simply took it as all in the day's work.

Eleanor Boardman, who suffered the handicaps of poor make-up when she herself started in pictures, shows Sheila Geraghty, sister of Carmelita Geraghty, how to do it properly for her first screen part in "The Wife of the Centaur."

Feminine fans may acquire a few new pointers on how to keep fit when they see the Goldwyn film, "Cheaper to Marry," as there is a woman's athletic club—with a swimming pool, gymnasium, and all of the rest of it—featured in the picture.

Margaret Livingston poses while Velma Adams models a statuette of her symbolizing the chorus lady of 1924. The figure will then be equipped with a small radio and become one of those novelties known as a radio doll.
That old one about mother looking like her daughter’s sister could be true of Mrs. Norman Reynolds, mother of Vera Reynolds, who has been a great asset to her daughter in her rise to prominence in Paramount productions.

Virginia Valli, who is very fond of dogs, is especially pleased just now with Betsy, her prize-winning wire-haired terrier.

No, it isn’t being done this way any more. But in making “The Denial,” the Goldwyn company resurrected this old relic so that Claire Windsor and William Haines could travel in the style of the period of the story.

This is how those intimate little automobile close-ups are made. In the car are Norma Shearer and Malcolm MacGregor, while Monta Bell and his studio crew are arranging to shoot them for “Lady of the Night.”
On the New

Some faces well known to the screen, a few that will have, and perhaps never will, appear in films, are fur

By Alison

THERE are almost as many different first-night audiences in New York as there are different plays for them to go to.

I think if you stepped into a theater without having the slightest idea of the play that was behind the curtain, you wouldn't have to be a Sherlock Holmes to guess its type from the audience.

There is the scholarly crowd that turns out from Professor Baker's workshop and Columbia University—a mild, absent-minded-looking audience with deep thoughts in its bald heads—they come for Shakespeare and French in the original.

There is the sweet-young-thing audience who is usually following some adored star in a teacup comedy.

There is the riotous audience which is typical of Broadway and always turns out for the shows made up of legs and lyrics—they are happiest at the Winter Garden, where the Shuberts let them smoke.

There are many shades of gradation between these types, but the above seem to be the three main divisions.

But the audience on the first night of "Lass o' Laughter" was a new one for me and yet strangely familiar. Just before the curtain went up, I placed it. If I hadn't seen a program and known that "Lass o' Laughter" appeared, "in," as the saying goes, "the flesh," I would have sworn that this was the opening of a new Griffith or De Mille superfilm.

Walter Hampden's "Othello" is an outstanding production at present.

Photo by Strauss-Peyton

Lionel Barrymore's latest stage play is "The Piker."
York Stage

be seen there later on, and one or two who never
ishing the entertainment in the legitimate theaters

Smith

For the audience, almost to the last jeweled ingenue,
had come from, or was indirectly connected with,
The film world.
There were directors and scenario writers and all
the various sleuths whose business it is to track down
new material. And there were all the stars who
weren't actually on location in the Far West. You
don't have to go any further than that same pro-
gram to find the answer. They came to see the
present incarnation of the Lass o' Laughter—
in other words, Miss Flora Le Breton, who was her-
alded—as most English film stars are—as "the Mary
Pickford of the British screen."
Now we get a "Mary Pickford" from somewhere
abroad almost every few months, but Miss Le Breton
comes nearer the description than any I have seen.
She is persuasively pretty, though so are dozens of
these young visitors. But she doesn't behave as if
she knew it, which means that she isn't constantly
toing into magazine-cover attitudes with that mad-
dening self-consciousness which makes a decorative
face so unutterably tiresome. Moreover, she shows
every indication of being able to act with humor
and imagination—a combination which is always a
genuine asset to the stage on this or the other side
of the water.
It must be admitted that in this play, she didn't
have much material to act with. "Lass o' Laug-
ther" wasn't written by Laura Jean Libbey or any of
the old yellow-back-novel fraternity but it certainly
is modeled after their lines. When you have a Glas-
gow drudge who turns out to be the granddaughter
of a noble earl, you don't have to hunt far in Bertha
M. Clay for the original. Miss Le Breton can't
make it plausible but she does succeed in making
it easy to follow with the eye and is in some places,
nailly entertaining. Of course, this is because she
is all these things herself and I shudder to think
of the play without her in it. I don't know much
about her plans
for an American
future but I
think the screen
will be lucky if
it gets her, even
if it has to take
"Lass o' Laug-
ther" along with
the contract.

"The Piker."
A new play
with Lionel

You may not have
seen Al Jolson, but
you probably have
heard his phono-
graph records. He's
the big hit again at
the Winter Garden.

Photo by Edwin Thayer Monroe

If Flora Le Breton, now on the stage in "Lass o' Laughter," isn't put
into an important motion picture soon, every one will be surprised.
Barrymore always brings the hopes that spring eternal in the breast of the first nighter. Any one who has ever seen him on the stage in "The Jest" or on the screen in "The Copperhead," knows that he is one of the really great actors of his day and thoroughly the equal in his own way of Brother John in his. But, either through indifference, poor judgment, or the perversity of fate, he has been fit to appear through the last few seasons in plays which are a loss as far as his best talent goes. His screen characterizations have been, for the most part, unimportant, and his stage productions, though less trivial, have been mostly dull and uninspired.

"The Piker" is no exception. It has an excellent idea which follows the adventures of a bank clerk who steals fifty dollars for a new suit only to find that he has taken fifty thousand dollars by mistake. The story of moral disintegration which follows might be continually exciting; it does succeed in being interesting in spots but most of the time it is merely tiresome. In the first scenes, Mr. Barrymore manages to give the character real pathos and force, but this is not sustained and even the excellent work of Irene Fenwick as a grafting vampire and Frank Conway as her lover cannot lift the sagging plot. The maddening part about this is that there are gleams, all through it, of true greatness. This at least is something but it leaves you nothing to do but wait as well as you can for the next Lionel Barrymore play.

"Mrs. Partridge Presents—"

You probably didn't recognize one of the leading playwrights of the season in the person of Yolanda's companion as played by Mary Kennedy. That was the latest screen appearance of this young actress who was at the same time engaged in the leading role of the stage play, "In the Next Room," but who decided toward the end of the season that it wouldn't be a bad idea to write a play. So in collaboration with Ruth Hawthorne, she developed a really original plot into one of the most engaging and significant comedies of many seasons.

It is a new angle on the relationship between a mother and her children. Mrs. Partridge is one of those managing mothers who is so resolved that her children should follow their artistic desires that she makes their home a prison in her determination to give them freedom. As it happens, the girl and the boy haven't an artistic desire in their prosaic little heads; the daughter only wants to be married and the son can see no brighter career than that of an engineer. Mrs. Partridge is vanquished at the end but she accepts her defeat with a gallantry that makes you long to cheer her. Blanche Bates plays with sympathy this rôle, which is so skillfully and genuinely written that it will stand as one of the most honest character studies in the recent list of plays. Sylvia Field was excellent as the daughter, and Ruth Gordon, in a minor rôle, gave one of those baby-doll pictures which always sends an audience into fits of laughter.

A motion-picture actress, Mary Kennedy, has blossomed out as the author of "Mrs. Partridge Presents," the present vehicle for Blanche Bates.

How many fans would love to see Elsie Ferguson in "Carnival," in which she is now appearing!
hilarity. The real substance of the production, however, is in the play, which is a masterpiece of shrewd writing and sophisticated, sympathetic characterization.

"Isabel" and Barrie.
Margaret Lawrence returns in a mildly amusing comedy by Curt Goetz, called "Isabel." It is one of those polite triangular affairs in which husband, wife, and lover talk over their situation in the sort of frivolous dialogue that is very far from the tragedy supposed to attend this often-strained situation. The chief interest in this production, however, attaches to a one-act Barrie play which follows it. It was written years ago as a curtain raiser and is supposed to be the first act of an unfinished play which starts a murder mystery but leaves it unsolved.

The theory now is that Barrie never had the slightest intention of finishing it and that this story was only another of his little jokes. Anyway, the playlet stands as one scene in a house party where a host, searching for the murderer of his brother, throws suspicion on each of his twelve guests. The curtain falls, as the plot begins to thicken. It is an amiable bit of fooling and admirably acted by Miss Lawrence, A. P. Kaye and Leslie Howard, who also make up the triangle of "Isabel."

"Carnival."
This is another triangle, a Hungarian one, with Elsie Ferguson as the beautiful bride of Budapest. She finds a priceless jewel at a ball and decides to elope with it and a young lover at the same time. But the young man weakens at the last moment and she decides to go home with her elderly and wealthy husband. It isn't, as you see, much of a plot but the background and dialogue are sparkling and Miss Ferguson herself has never been more radiant. How I wish that every one of her former movie fans could see and hear her on the stage!

"Is Zat So?"
The screen caught the prize fighter as a character long before the stage. Perhaps it was because such ob-

vious box-office lures as Jack Dempsey, Jess Willard, and Benny Leonard were found to be much more effective as Rurcos when their voices were stilled by the subtitler's headwork in the clinches. So the fisticuff films have been plentiful and the pugilistic plays few.

"Is Zat So?" glorifies no champion "in person," however, and with this limitation removed gives the boxer, as a character, his chance upon the stage. Its plot is not unlike the prize-ring plots that have found the screen. There is the nursemaid who must be won, the villain who tries to have the fight fixed, and the winning of the championship.

Regardless of all this, James Gleason and Richard Taber have written an unusual play. It all lies in the dialogue. They have caught the jargon of the world of cauliflower ears and broken noses with amazing success. The result is a three-act stretch of hilarity. The play actually laughs off its deficiencies and with Robert Armstrong, as the fighter,
A Hero—On and Off

If you like Malcolm MacGregor—and who doesn't?—you'll like him all the better after reading how he persisted until he got the sort of part he wanted.

By Dorothy Manners

ABOUT three years ago a young man stood outside the gate of the Lasky West Coast studio. There was nothing unusual about that. Many young men have stood there at various times before and after, and on this particular day there were old men, young men, white men. Mexicans in overalls, Englishmen in tweeds, Frenchmen in spats, among others lounging in the entrance, eyes fixed in dogged patience on the cubby-hole of the casting window. The difference between our young man and the others was:

He was not lounging against a post, nor were his eyes fixed in hopeless hope on the closed window. You somehow got the impression that he had stopped in that particular spot to wait for a friend unavoidably detained in the studio for some reason or other; and that when the friend came out, they would step into a low-slung motor and whiz away to their bachelor quarters, with the muffler open. Not that the young man radiated a Ritzy aloofness. Nothing like it. He just looked like the sort of young gentleman who would have that kind of background, just as Gloria Swanson, even in her extra days, must have had a background of perfume bottles and jade.

But had you watched long enough, you would have noticed that our young man was growing weary of waiting for his tardy friend. Moving on to the pay window he presented a yellow voucher whereon was engraved Jesse Lasky's promise to pay one Malcolm MacGregor $10 (ten dollars) currency in appreciation for a day's work in his emporium.

Accepting the cash with a friendly grin at the cashier, young Mr. MacGregor walked briskly down the pepper-shaded street, apparently forgetting the sport model parked across the road. Still, he might have left it for the convenience of his friend—the one being so long detained in the studio. You couldn't tell.

Even in his apprentice days Malcolm never looked as though he was looking for work. He looked as though he was conveniently present in case work was looking for him.

But to get back to our story.

The young man's walk did not lead him to a consciously cunning bachelor lodge where the boys get together evenings to sing, among other things. On the contrary. His destination was a pleasant little house in an entire row of pleasant little houses commonly called "courts" in California. Waiting on the veranda of one unit was a particularly charming lady who waved and called to our hero.

As young Mr. MacGregor drew near it was clear that he had reached something besides a destination. A conclusion, perhaps, and his first words bore this out: "This extra work," said he cheerfully, "is out!—cold turkey—null and void—irrelevant and immaterial and thoroughly beside the point. Hereafter, unless a real part is available, neither am I."

The charming lady continued to smile and said nothing. Which practically proves that she was his wife. Just then a little child came out and led them in to dinner.

How the young man came to make good his threat and get lots of fan mail comprises the rest of this story.

In continuation, Malcolm tells it this way:

"They let me wait around and cool my heels for

Continued on page 100
Hollywood High Lights

Viewing the horoscope of happenings in the star-bedecked sphere of the studios.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

JUST who will be the John D. Rockefeller of the movies is likely to grow into an all absorbing question during the next twelve months. Some are seeking wealth along the pathway of independence, and others are victoriously signing contracts with Paramount, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and other big organizations, but nearly everybody of prominence among stars and directors is apparently looking for sudden and unprecedented riches, not to speak of additional bothers in the figuring up of income tax.

Gloria Swanson and Tom Mix will stage probably the closest race among contract players, that is, if Gloria has not made up her mind to become an independent under the banner of the United Artists. Mix has renewed his association with Fox at a reputed advance of about two thousand dollars a week, and the general understanding was that his weekly stipend had previously reached ten thousand dollars, with a share in the profits.

Following in the wake of Joseph Schenck, who has joined with Doug, Mary and Chaplin, Cecil De Mille has allied himself also with the independents. He had been with Lasky's ever since they first started their studio in Hollywood, but he decided to make the much-rumored change about the first of the year, and has announced that his productions will be more ambitious than ever.

Where is it Going to Stop?

Everything lately has been going to the players and directors. They have been profiting amazingly in a financial way from the activities during the past year, where their names are regarded as having box-office value. Some of the freelance actors race from feature to feature, with only a few hours off between times. Trips to and from New York and Europe, generally at advanced remuneration, and with all expenses paid, are now quite a matter of routine.

Newly acquired wealth has made things very cheerful for the favored group in Hollywood, but it has also caused increasing difficulties over the cost of pictures. The popular players, with well-supplied bank accounts, can occasionally afford to wait until they get the returns they desire, or the parts that they want, if they are particular about these.

Tony Moreno plays a soldier part for the first time in "One Year to Live."

A Regular Mill.

The picture companies have perfected quite a system for saving money, as a consequence, when they hire the more expensive players. They don't hold them a minute longer than necessary on the engagement.

Every scene is mapped out in advance, and the schedule so arranged that the companies can hurry the high-priced actors right through their scenes. Then they finish up later with the regular contract players, and the minor principals, and with the inserts, miniature shots, and other incidental scenes.

Men like Percy Marmont, Lewis Stone, Conway Tearle, Wallace Beery and others, who appear so constantly on the screen, and who all get two thousand dollars a week or more, are the players who have to run this gauntlet the most frequently. There is never any peace at the studio where they are working, as a rule, until they are finished and off the lot, and the cashier can write finance to their account until they are called once again.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

This "efficiency" scheme is not really such a good thing for the popular free lancers as might be imagined. The great trouble is that they are seen on the screen much too frequently in some cases. They draw better roles as a rule, than the contract players, if they are careful, but they have to run the risk of wearing out their welcome even in these.

Those who have accepted parts in some of the smaller independent features, as Conway Tearle has lately done, may seriously endanger their prestige. Tearle has, we understand, been doing this, though, only since he has had producers on the Coast over the increase in the amount he asked for his services.

Balancing Things Up.

The interest that the producers are taking in newcomers should do something to remedy these conditions. The same is true of the independent enterprises that are now heralded, resembling those of Doug and Mary, which always move at a slower pace than the films of the companies that are endeavoring to supply a program.

In "Robin Hood" and "The Thief of Bagdad," Doug brought a number of players into the light of popu-
Hollywood

High Lights

larity, and he appears to be doing much the same thing in "Don Q." He is giving Mary Astor a particularly good opportunity as his lead. Georgia Hale, who appeared in "The Salvation Hunters," was to have done the part, but Chaplin has borrowed her to replace Lita Grey, instead, in "The Gold Rush."

"Peter Pan" may also affect somewhat the "big names" combination in Hollywood. All the newcomers in this are to appear as leads in forthcoming features. Mary Brian will be seen in "The Little French Girl" and Esther Ralston in "Beggar on Horseback," while stardom will probably be definitely conferred on Betty Bronson soon.

It remains to be seen, though, whether it was the story itself or these players that contributed most to the popularity of "Peter Pan," and whether the laurels they achieved are permanent. The future of Miss Ralston seems the most secure, and we are more than glad to hail her success since she has been battling for a chance for so long.

Very Fair Pickers.

The recent annual selections of the Wampas "Baby Stars"—the Wampas meaning, of course, Western Motion-Picture Advertisers—call to mind that this organization has picked some winners in the past, as a résumé of previous lists would indicate. We find, for example, on their past lists the names of Colleen Moore, Bessie Love, Mary Philbin, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Dorothy Mackaill, Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Devore, Jojoba Ralston, Laura La Plante, Julanne Johnston, Lillian Rich, Clara Bow, Jacqueline Logan and Carmelita Geraghty.*

Being a Wampas Baby Star sometimes does help the girls to get jobs, especially during that flurry of excitement that is attendant on the annual ball and frolic staged by the organization of press agents. The girls get acquainted with all the directors that they do not know because they have to sell them tickets to the affair. They also have a host of other duties and obligations, but in return are much feted and publicized.

Elza: Ed-win, who is your favorite Baby Star?

Edwin: Aw, quit fishing for compliments.

Holds Out for Art.

While other directors glory in the efficiency and speed with which they can shoot, cut, and sometimes help title a five or six-reel feature, Erich von Stroheim has managed to resist the blandishments of bonuses, applause, and other mundane enticements while working on "The Merry Widow." At the end of the first two weeks he was three days behind time, and at the end of the first month about ten days, and he hadn't come to the most exciting scenes, either, up to that time.

For Von Stroheim, even this is a record. It has taken the output of every ounce of energy that he has, for he has been busy day and night on the feature.

Apparently he simply can't let down. Every detail has to be as near absolute perfection as possible, and though he is oftentimes the exasperation of everybody from the stars down to the studio night watchman who wants to take a nap, it cannot be denied that he deserves unlimited praise for the care that he does give to every touch of realism in a film.

"The Merry Widow" should do much to reestablish his popularity, which has suffered many vicissitudes since he made those box-office winners, "Blind Husbands," and "The Devil's Passkey."

"Greed" is doing amazingly well in some cities, but because of the wreckage produced by the cutting, it is really not the best evidence of Von Stroheim's ability.

Meanwhile, the major pastime in Hollywood has been betting on when "The Merry Widow" will be finished, and whether or not Monta Bell will replace Erich, as has been currently rumored, but officially denied.

Doug's Directorial "Find."

A director who may now look forward to a brightening future is Donald Crisp. You will doubtless remember him as an actor, for he played the cruel Battling Barroco in D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," and has been connected with pictures off and on for all of ten or eleven years.

He is the one selected to guide the progress of "Don Q," and although it is generally conceded that Doug exercises very close supervision over all details of his pictures, the monetary and artistic gains made by Fred Niblo and Allan Dwan indicate the benefits of an association with him. Raoul Walsh, who loud-speekered "The Thief of Bagdad," is also doing very well.

Vive le Roi!

The big stage No. 4 at the Paramount studios, which has so often radiated the effulgence of Cecil De Mille's spectacular carnivals, bal masques and swimming-pool parties, has lately been occupied by the weird and fantastic settings of the James Cruze production, "Beggar on Horseback." One day, these backgrounds have in a nightmarish manner recreated the illusion of a topsyturvy railroad station with its moil and rush and jumble, and on another a bizarre house of worship, wherein jazz dancing supplants ceremonies. a bride enters wearing a train fifty feet long and glittering with jewels, while dollar signs appear in place of religious symbols.

If fans recall the dream sequence in "Hollywood," they may hazard a guess as to the character of this episode from "Beggar on Horseback." It is also a dream, but far more elaborate than the one that Cruze made such a hit with in his earlier feature.

Fans do not need to fear that Cruze is suddenly
becoming irreligious, either, because of the church scenes. These are merely to bring out the hero’s reactions during the visionary adventures, to the presumed worship of the almighty dollar. Said hero is a young musician and composer bent on artistic, but not necessarily profitable, endeavors.

“Beggars on Horseback” has been hailed as the most pretentious film directed by Cruze since “The Covered Wagon.” The leading roles are played by Edward Everett Horton and Gertrude Short, beside Esther Ralston. Mr. Horton and Miss Short still belong in the class of “discoveries,” although Miss Short has been acting since she first wore pigtails and ginghams.

Well—See Who’s Here!

Just to add to the joy and jubilation over the return of former favorites—if such exists, and naturally it ought to—Ethel Clayton accepted the leading part in “The Mansion of Aching Hearts,” which B. P. Schulberg has filming, and Louise Glaum has been playing in “Children of the Whirlwind” in the East.

It was a Schulberg feature, “White Man,” that brought Alice Joyce back to the screen not long ago, and we saw her lately in a preview of “Realization,” from the stage play “Daddy Goes a Hunting.”

This second production, made by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with Percy Marmont in the male lead, is a great improvement for Miss Joyce over the first. Her refinement of manner is to us always fascinating.

Leave Well Enough Alone.

Tampering with beauty may be all right but it can be carried too far!

Poor Norma Shearer has been going through another series of tests, and we hope that this does not portend that she will again have to do such a rouged and spit-curled role as she played in “Lady of the Night.”

Producers really have a funny idea of who should play characters, at times. Some of the girls on the screen of too palpable and insipid charms gain by so doing, occasionally that Miss Shearer is the type of sensitive beauty that should be utilized to its full appeal, as in “He Who Gets Slapped” and “The Snob.”

If they ever start altering the color of Norma’s hair, or make her go through that course of sprouts of taking on weight and reducing that they inflict on stars “for the sake of art in the films” we’re going to shoot holes in the screens of the picture theaters, or else bite off a studio gateau’s ear.

Vamping the Queen.

Pola Negri still shines forth as the woman of strange caprices just as she has always been, since Gloria Swanson’s departure, the most interesting woman in Hollywood. Pola, it seems, is a great stickler for the keeping of appointments on time. That is, when the other person is keeping the appointment. So, not long ago, when the cast was being assembled for “The Charmer,” and Pola was passing on the various candidates, as is her wont, a tremendous amount of worry was caused to everybody at Paramount because Wallace MacDonald failed to put in an appearance on time.

He had been detained by a blowout or a damaged radiator or something on his return from the golf links, and was all of thirty to forty minutes late for his engagement with the famous star.

“Well,” the casting director’s office told him on his arrival, “you can go in and see Pola if you want to, but it’s really no use trying to get the lead. She’ll be as mad as fury.”

“Well, I should worry,” said Wallie. “I’ll take a chance.”

Whereupon he entered the precincts of the private office where the queen of “Forbidden Paradise” was awaiting him, and gazed impatiently at the presumably impatient star.

But she wasn’t impatient. Instead, she was charmingly calm, and instead of raging as everybody had anticipated, she merely gazed at Wallie in a half-amused manner, and exclaimed:

“Where have you been, you naughty boy?“

And now, what all Hollywood wants to know is whether Wallie is even a more remarkable actor than they had supposed, or if it was his appeal as a personality that won him the role.

On the grounds of desertion, Pauline Frederick obtained a divorce from her third husband, Doctor Charles Rutherford, whom she married three years ago. And just to add to the gaiety of the occasion, rumors bobbed up almost simultaneously that Pauline is again contemplating getting married.

A New Lillian Russell.

Anita Stewart in “The Boomerang” and Lucille Lee Stewart in “Friendly Enemies” may now, by a rather wild stretch of the imagination, be considered sisterly competitors. Weber and Fields, one of the most famous of old-time burlesque teams, are filming “Friendly Enemies.” And what do you suppose—they have gone on record as saying that Lucille Lee is really a close counterpart of the late Lillian Russell, with whom they so often played?

Louise Dresser, who, like Weber and Fields, is another favorite of the musical-comedy stage, and of vaudeville, has gained special recognition. She has been elected to play the lead in “The Goose Woman,” by Rex Beach, with Clarence Brown, of “Smouldering Fires” fame, directing. It now looks pretty certain that Miss Dresser will be cast in the title role of “Stella Dallas,” since the only other likely choice for the part,

Continued on page 114
The Pocket Edition of Broadway

Ann Pennington, pet child of the Ziegfeld "Follies," has come into the movies with the justly famous knees and eyes, to say nothing of high hopes.

By Helen Klumph

IGHTLY the lights at the New Amsterdam Theater blink out, the curtain rises and a few introductory acts of the Ziegfeld "Follies" stall off the big kicks of the show until the late diners, luxuriantly gowned, and more than a trifle blasé, stroll in. When it is late enough for all the important visiting dignitaries in town to have rushed away from dinners in their honor and come to the inevitable goal of the visitor in New York, then Ann Pennington's first number comes on.

For the past eight years she has been kicking her tiny heels across the vast reaches of the big Broadway playhouses, holding spellbound the out-of-towners who have never seen anything quite like her before, holding by sheer magnetism the ones who are familiar with her stunts. The last three years Broadway could not spare her even for a short tour on the road. She went from one year's edition of the "Follies" into the next, and even played a few weeks in vaudeville to round out the year's activities.

"Now, not content with being Broadway's pet child, Ann Pennington is making movies. The first one is called "The Mad Dancer," and was directed by Burton King for the Jans Productions. Not a particularly auspicious start but one that may convince the bigger companies that motion pictures need little Ann, which in her case is short for animation.

"It is one of those stories where I play a little French girl who dances in the streets for money to take home to her dear old father," Miss Pennington told me. "And I pose for a painting and the hero sees me and—but why go into all that? You've seen a lot of movies so you probably know about what it is. Johnny Walker played in it too. There he is now." A nod of greeting across the Algonquin café and Johnny Walker rushed over.

"Yes, I saw the rushes of our picture," she answered him in a crisp, precise tone. "Fairly good—not bad," she weighed her verdict carefully, "and now don't say anything you don't want to see quoted. We're talking for publication."

She cast me a sly smile of apology for her distrust of the press and a shrug that said, "I've seen the sort of headlines innocent remarks can be made into."

"I'm going to see some more scenes of the picture to-morrow. Oh, I'm in earnest this time. I want to make good."

The perfect vehicle for Ann Pennington would be called "Joan of the Arc Lights." She is the spirit of Broadway. The snug sweetness that has marked so many interpretations of young girlhood on the screen is not hers. She is artfully guileless, a boisterous, carefree spirit of eternal youth spotlighted and jazzed up to a terrific gait. She is less than five feet tall, has enormous dark eyes that flash continually, and world-famous dimpled knees. She is said to have the tiniest feet of any adult fitted in a New York bootery, wearing size two for lazy comfort and one and a half for perfect fit. She is smaller even than Bessie Love who, incidentally, is a great friend of hers.

"We met only a short time ago when Bessie came to New York but now we see each other. We like the same things—music and dancing and kidding each other and pictures. Bessie's a great actress."

And Ann, Bessie will tell you with equal enthusiasm, is an incomparable dancer.

The longer you look at Ann Pennington, the more impossible it is to believe that she is really human. She is cuter than anything ever contrived in a toy shop. Even the French doll makers who have flooded the smart shops of the world with wide-eyed, long-lashed, pert damsel dresses have contrived nothing so beguiling as the ageless little girl who dances as lightly as though she were suspended on a wire.

There is only one way to account for Ann Pennington's dancing. It isn't technique or natural lyric grace or boundless energy. It just seems natural to her to wave her tiny feet around and twist and bend as though the force of gravity meant nothing in her life. Some people's hair comes out straight, others curly. Ann's legs represent the ultimate in naturally dancing legs.

If you saw "Manhandled" you saw her do one of her famous jazz dances, and perhaps you recalled then that years ago this same little sprite made pictures.

"Oh, let's not speak of anything so unpleasant," said Ann, when I asked her about those pictures she made some eight or nine years ago. "I hope not many people remember them," she went on, and her voice is musically diminutive as it should be. "They must have been terrible. I never gave them a serious thought; can you believe it? I was just getting started on the stage and I thought that was much more important, so I didn't pay much attention to what I was doing in pictures. I never even went to see movies. The whole thing was just a lark to me. It never occurred to me that I was throwing away a great opportunity. I might have been known all over the country and I might have developed into an actress if I had only paid some attention to what I was doing then. Pictures are much more important now than the stage, aren't they?" She studied my expression and added with a great show of disappointment, "But I can see you don't think so. Why not? Everybody of importance almost is in pictures now instead of playing..."

Continued on page 104.
The twinkling feet and inimitable personality of Ann Pennington are being featured in pictures again, and after reading the story on the opposite page you will see why.
Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont are the principal players in this story of an artist who allows his work and his friends' entertainments to draw him away from his wife. But, after proper suspense, everything is smoothed out again, with the artist becoming greatly chastened, and, perhaps, a little wiser.
Eleanor Boardman in "The Way of a Girl," has one of those roles in which she does everything from wild jazz parties to being wrecked and serving a term in jail. But her patient and persistent fiancé, played by Matt Moore, finally catches up with her and persuades her to settle down.
More and More Spectacular

In "The Phantom of the Opera," the Universal company seems determined to dwarf most of the other elaborate screen productions that have ever been made. You, no doubt, read in last month's Picture-Play the story of this film of contrasts, in which Mary Philbin and Lon Chaney represent the opposite motifs of light and gayety, and darkness and horror. The drama occurs when these two clash. Mary Philbin and Norman Kerry are shown in a crucial moment, at the left, and below appear some members of the opera ballet.
This tremendous set represents the foyer of the Paris Opera, within which structure most of the important action of "The Phantom of the Opera" takes place.
“I Want My Man”

This frank wish seems to be the keynote of the First National production based on "The Interpreter’s House," in which Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills play the leading roles. For any one as attractive as Doris it should be a simple one to accomplish, but it is probably made more difficult for the sake of the plot.
Surprising Viola

Ever since she set out to show that she was a real actress instead of an ingénueish personality, Viola Dana has been playing highly different parts. On this page you see her as the little South Sea island girl with whom the hero of "As a Man Desires" falls in love. This is the First National production taken from the novel "Pandora La Croix."
When you see "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Up the Ladder," two Universal productions, the lovely dancer with the extraordinarily sinuous body and beautiful, supple hands will be Olive Ann Alcorn, who is just bringing to the screen the grace that has made her a well-known and favorite dancer.
Three Little Maids from School

Not from a conventional seminary but from the accepted preparatory schools for picture work—the extra ranks and the chorus.

There are only two institutions, apparently, fitted for schooling our future film stars, for all of the young girls selected by the big companies to be groomed for stardom come either from the extra ranks or from the chorus of a Broadway show.

Stepping from the chorus to fairly good parts in motion pictures is a much speedier proceeding than getting lost in the extra ranks for three or four years before a director even sees you. And so we have Katherine Ray appearing in "Salome of the Tenements" for Paramount the same year that she made a sensational début on Broadway, swinging almost nude on the pendulum of a clock. She is not destined for shocking roles in pictures, however; she is a demure miss before the camera and bears a striking resemblance to Blanche Sweet.

June Marlowe, too, who is being featured in Warner Brothers productions, has been unusually lucky, for she spent a comparatively short time in extra work and small parts. A more typical case is that of Evelyn Pierce, who has not yet been seen in any sizable parts, but who is playing in "Excuse Me," and who has signed a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. She spent three years struggling to get engagements as an extra, battling against poverty and discouragement. Often her family urged her to give up the idea of getting into the movies and come home to Texas, but Evelyn was determined that if others stuck out the weary course of waiting and struggling to gain recognition, she could, too. She is an extraordinarily pretty girl and photographs unusually well. One would think that directors on the watch for young players of promise would have found her long ago, but that is one of the tragedies of Hollywood; that though directors are looking for talent and young people are eagerly trying to impress them, even such prepossessing candidates as Miss Pierce are likely to get lost in the crowded ranks of the vast army of nonentities who are extras and who are capable of being nothing else.

In "Excuse Me," however, Miss Pierce has a chance not only to be seen, but to prove that she has a delightful comedy sense as well.
THE French have a saying that "Chance makes our parents, but choice makes our friends." And in our selection of companions we each reveal more of our characters than we realize. Kind flocks to kind; friends are mirrors, reflecting our own aims and ideals.

I have heard disgruntled ones complain that there is no loyalty in the motion-pictures business, that the friends of your prosperity forget when adversity falls upon you. When I hear them grumble so, I remind them of the many fine friendships among movie people that have endured for years, over rough passages, encouraging, criticizing with the frankness that new acquaintances hesitate to voice. Many an actor owes an opportunity to some friend; many a fault in technique, a mannerism, has been corrected by the candor of a friend. More, upon those friendships careers and even big organizations have been founded.

"The only way to have a friend," says Emerson, "is to be one." I know of numerous instances when actors found opportunities for friends out of work. Mildred Davis, before her marriage to Harold Lloyd, used to be a little girl feared of Hal Roach and afraid to open her mouth to him in her own cause; but when a girl chum had no engagement, she cornered Hal and talked a blue streak, the result being the summoning and testing of this other girl and a contract for a series of pictures.

Unable to accept a rôle tendered her because of previous engagements, Patsy Ruth Miller talked the star into sending for her two best girl friends, one to play the rôle offered her, the other to be cast as a vamp. I don't believe the girls know to whom they owe that change.

The Corinne Griffith-Florence Vidor friendship began years ago upon a similar incident, proving that women aren't the jealous cats they are pictured. Corinne had known King Vidor down in Texas and when he brought his bride to Hollywood she and Florence became friends. Corinne at that time felt the importance of her stature as a rising film actress with a guarantee of fifteen dollars a week, which meant that she received that salary with an additional five dollars for each day over three that she worked during the week.

When Florence voiced a desire to get into the movies, Corinne went to Rollin Sturgeon, director-in-chief of Vitagraph, and in her most imperious manner demanded that her friend be given a guaranteed position. Florence's beauty and her sponsor's earnestness won her a ten-dollar-a-week guarantee.

They asked Corinne if she were not afraid to risk competition by encouraging a potential rival. But friendship won the test— and Florence was launched. The girls always attend parties together, share tables at dinners, assist each other to shop and whenever either entertains the other helps receive. Recently Corinne gave a tennis tea to christen her new Japanese tea house and Florence, of course, was assistant hostess.

Kathlyn Williams, the serene and tactful diplomat, has served as a link between the volcanic Pola Negri and the studio officials. They have been very inst}

Friendships Among the Screen Stars

There are many interesting instances of close and long-enduring friendships among the leading players.

By Caroline Bell

The Corinne Griffith-Florence Vidor friendship began years ago upon a similar incident, proving that women aren't the jealous cats they are pictured. Corinne had known King Vidor down in Texas and when he brought his bride to Hollywood she and Florence became friends. Corinne at that time felt the importance of her stature as a rising film actress with a guarantee of fifteen dollars a week, which meant that she received that salary with an additional five dollars for each day over three that she worked during the week.

When Florence voiced a desire to get into the movies, Corinne went to Rollin Sturgeon, director-in-chief of Vitagraph, and in her most imperious manner demanded that her friend be given a guaranteed position. Florence's beauty and her sponsor's earnestness won her a ten-dollar-a-week guarantee.

They asked Corinne if she were not afraid to risk competition by encouraging a potential rival. But friendship won the test—and Florence was launched. The girls always attend parties together, share tables at dinners, assist each other to shop and whenever either entertains the other helps receive. Recently Corinne gave a tennis tea to christen her new Japanese tea house and Florence, of course, was assistant hostess.

Kathlyn Williams, the serene and tactful diplomat, has served as a link between the volcanic Pola Negri and the studio officials. They have been very inst
considerate. Others, just as different types, complement each other in these strange Hollywood friendships. You would not think of the dynamic Priscilla Dean, and the calm Florence Vidor as being chums, would you? But, next to Corinne Griffith, Priscilla is Miss Vidor's best friend. With Enid and Catherine Bennett, they play tennis every afternoon for an hour.

Chance brought together two distinct opposites of personality—Rex Ingram and Erich von Stroheim. They met at Universal when Von Stroheim was preparing to film "Blind Husbands." The Irishman of artistic impulse who later was to create his every scene a poem of poignant beauty, imaginative, exquisite, inactive—and the blunt-spoken Austrian whose sole desire was to strip the flounces of prettiness from realities—their cultured minds forged bonds of communion, for both were well read and traveled.

The younger girls, member different clubs, attend social affairs en masse, but even among them duos and trios lunch and play tennis together. The Bonner girls, Priscilla and Marjorie, and Kathleen Key are usually companions. Dorothy Mackaill and Lucille Ricksen are pals, as are Colleen Moore and Carmelita Geraghty. Helen Ferguson and Mildred Davis Lloyd have been chums for several years, while Virginia Valli, Zasu Pitts and Julanne Johnston form an interesting trio.

Zasu and Julanne met at the Hollywood studio club a few years ago. Virginia and Zasu were introduced at a dance at the Hollywood Hotel three years ago. No three girls so different in personality could be found. Virginia is quiet, dignified, very

reserved; Zasu is all impulse, naive, usually ruffled up in her appearance, whereas Virginia's every line is one of correct precision. Julianne mingles some of Zasu's impetuosity with much of Virginia's dignity.

She is wild about dancing—and the other two don't care for it particularly. Zasu plays tennis—Virginia hates tennis but likes swimming, which Zasu detests. Virginia does not care about motor-ing—Zasu cannot be kept within the city's boundaries when she is not working. I have never heard them agree on any point except one—the beauty and merit of Zasu's baby daughter. In spite of these radical conflicts of temperament, they are close friends, and each does things to please the others.

Still other double-
Friendships Among the Screen Stars

Harness teams prove that theory about the attraction of opposites. Liliy Tashman, tall, blond, distinctly smart in her sartorial investiture, witty, a striking girl who belongs in the spotlight’s whitest glow, is most often seen with diminutive Anne Cornwall, dark, quiet like a wee brown mouse. Claire de Lorez, a statuesque brunet vamp, is a contrast to her best friend, Jacqueline Saunders, a blonde. Laura La Plante, piquant, vivacious, has chosen as her chum the wife of the stunt actor, Leo Noomis, a quiet young matron.

Each as beautiful in her own way as a Carl von Blaas or a Watteau painting, Alna Rubens, the darkly languorous, and Marion Davies, the goldenly charming, offer a pleasing picture dining at the same table every evening at the Ambassador. Madge Kennedy is much more vivacious than is Doris Kenyon, her best friend; but they share artistic ideals and tastes.

And Ruth Clifford and Carmel Myers! Ruth looks and acts like a nun—a serene, tranquil blonde, something prim and cool about her—and Carmel the effervescent brunette, oddly mingling an awakened physical allure with the naiveté of youth. Sheerest gold and most glossy black, their heads side by side hold all eyes riveted. They met several years ago when both were playing in Universal films and their sets adjoined. Ruth wore a simple frock in her country ingénue rôle, while Carmel was decked out as a vamp.

Perhaps it was this difference in appearance, rooted in a deeper variance of personality, which made each curious about the other and led Ruth to invite Carmel to dinner. Their tastes, however, are more congenial, in that each likes music and beach parties.

For the past decade or so, if one saw Pauline Frederick without blond Louise Dresser, it was because the vieisitudes of work temporarily separated them. Miss Dresser, formerly a musical-comedy star, was drawn into the films by Polly’s persuasion and she and her husband accompanied Polly on her last elopement, culminating in a wedding breakfast at a roadside café.

Alice Joyce and Anna Q. Nilsson shared confidences, pins and woes in the days of their film novitiate, when each also modeled for commercial photographers between movie engagements. The stately Anna Q. recounts many escapades of those days, when they played jokes on other members of the company. When Miss Joyce returned to Los Angeles to play in “White Man,” after ten years’ absence, the first to greet her was Anna Q. So excited was she that her Swedish accent ran rampant.

Anna and Rosemary Theby also are friends of years’ duration. They met in rather a curious way. Rosemary, in talking with Julia Swayne Gordon during the old Vitagraph days, commented upon the surpassing beauty of Alice Joyce. Whereupon Miss Gordon said, “If you think Alice is pretty, you ought to see that Swede they’ve got over at Kalem—Anna Q. Nilsson.”

When Rosemary met the “Swede,” she found her up to expectations. Becoming friends, they went to Atlantic City for a week-end. Fate then separated them, only to bring them together several years later in odd fashion. Rosemary had moved to Hollywood and was searching for a bungalow. Seeing a “For Rent” sign in a court, she rang the bell of one of the bungalows. And Anna opened the door! Rosemary astonished the landlord by rushing in, clutching that sign, and demanding a lease without even rental.

A clanish family, the Talmaedges, charming to all but welcoming only a few intimately. Norma’s best friends are Theda and Lola Bara, Eileen Percy, and Kathleen Clifford, the witty and clever vaudeville boy impersonator. Lola has been Norma’s house guest for a year, with the added boon of small roles to play in her pictures.

Constanee Talmaedge’s best friends are strange to say, not the young jazz spirits whom one might think she would like, but women of mature years and poise—Evelyn Mulhall, wife of Jack, and Mrs. Earle Williams. Mrs. Williams is godmother to the new Williams baby who has been named Constanee Joan.

Swimming links together two who met several years ago on the stage—Conrad Nagel and Ronald Colman. Their differences of personality make their friendship all the more interesting. They are both splendid swimmers and compete in tests of new strokes and distance records.

Conrad’s wife, Ruth, numbers as her best friends Lois Wilson and Beverly Bayne. Though Lois is
younger than the other two, she is exceptionally refined and dignified for her age and is, like Mrs. Nagel and Miss Bayne, interested in the more sedate pleasures. Lois and May McAvoy have been chums for years, drawn together by mutual admiration. I have heard Lois tell and womanly rave about the daintiness and charm of petite May, succeeded by May voicing the longing to be dignified and capable like Lois!

May is reserved, with moods of depression which few can understand and upon which it is not wise to intrude; Lois is candid, always serene. Like a thoughtful, considerate elder sister, she respects May's moods and I think it is due greatly to her tact and generosity that their friendship has endured for so long. They have been called all sorts of pet names—"Mutt and Jeff," "Ham and Eggs," and "The Long and the Short of It."

David Torrence and Percy Marmont have been like Damon and Pythias for six years. Their homes at Beechurst, Long Island, adjoined, this proximity leading to the intimacy which has been renewed in the past year or two in Hollywood. They're great talkers—between talk and golf it's hard to say which is their favorite pastime. Their wives, also, are fond friends and the Torrences are godparents of little Patricia Marmont.

Maturity of mind has cemented all the stronger the friendship of many years' standing between Thomas Meighan and George Ade, who has written some of the best stories in which the star has appeared.

Robert Frazer's pals are Jean Hersholt, whom a mutual interest in radio drew to him, and Anders Randolf. Bob and Mr. Randolf both belonged to the Green Room theatrical club in New York. Bob says he used to wonder about "the old grouch" who sat at the end of the table each evening. Intrigued by the other's gnomish, the happy-spirited Bob struck up a friendship and found the "grouch" to be a very agreeable fellow. Amateur photography was Bob's hobby, while Mr. Randolf had won some notice as an artist. Their real friendship began when Bob went to the older man's home to photograph his paintings, his work winning a prize in an exhibition and thus reflecting praise upon both.

Stage contacts planted the seeds of many other Hollywood friendships. Buster Collier met director Frank Borzage, who is much older, at the Friars club, in New York, and became a friendly hand-ball contestant. Buster had fifteen guns and naturally was thrilled when the older man took him and his guns on hunting trips. Borzage brought Buster West to act in one of his films and between pictures they golf or play tennis or go fishing until the hunting season opens.

When convivially inclined, Norman Kerry and Hoot Gibson invariably seek out each other as the nucleus of a party of funsters, and swim together daily in the pool at Norman's home. Hoot's wife, Helen Gibson, and the Sedgwick girls, Josie and Eileen, are inseparable companions, the common love of Western sports drawing them together.

A circle of young married people includes the Raymond Hattons, the Douglas MacLeans, the Conrad Nagels and Anna Q. Nilsson and her husband. They meet either at the Hattons' or at the MacLean home for an hour of music, followed by a hectic game of mah jong. "Doug and Ray are almost like brothers—they box together every evening at the Athletic Club and attend the fights at the stadium on Friday evenings, upon which occasions their wives step out to the neighborhood movie.

The Conway Tearles and the Victor Schertzingers, being music lovers, find much in common and spend Continued on page 105
The Phantom

The big forthcoming production rôle has suggested a new title for and least known of

By Doris

ones, ever remaining obscure and retiring, out of the public eye, he breaks every rule of precedent and behavior set up by other screen idols.

Fan letters requesting pictures go unanswered. If money is enclosed it is returned with a personal word of regret. He has never allowed the world to see him as the man. He is ever the intangible spirit moving across the silver sheet in the form of a monstrosity, either morally or physically deformed.

First he was to be seen in ordinary villain characters, but somehow he managed to make even those characters extraordinary, until he finally had his first real chance in a minor rôle in a great story. It was then that he burst forth upon the world as a fake cripple and Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Beholder sat up and took notice, saying, “What a piece of work!” “What a miracle! How could he do it!” and then, “Who is it?” That was the important point he made and from that time on they never forgot Lon Chaney, the crook cripple in “The Miracle Man!” But they always looked for him as a cripple or some misshapen creature and he let them have a generous share of himself in this form in picture after picture. About the time the public began to think they knew what to expect of Lon Chaney he commenced to give them more surprises until he had them guessing as to just what new wonder in make-up he would appear in next.

As the lovable clown in the Metro-Goldwyn feature, “He Who Gets Slapped,” he gives a characterization of rare qualities and when he dies he pulls your heart strings until they nearly break. And this

In “Shadows” Chaney played a kindly, self-sacrificing Chinaman.
of Hollywood

in which he is to have the leading Lon Chaney, the most elusive the screen stars.

Denbo

right after his horrible interpretation of Quasimodo, in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." Will any one who saw the picture forget the vicious, cruel, clawing Fagin Lon Chaney gave us in Jackie Coogan's "Oliver Twist." Or the artistic and beautiful production of "Shadows," in which the Phantom of the Screen takes unto himself the soul of a Chinaman?

When the president of Universal City, Rupert Julian, the director, the executives, et cetera, met and read the adaptation of Gaston Leroux's immortal novel, "The Phantom of the Opera," with a single voice they exclaimed, "Lon Chaney—or it can't be done!" It was the genuine opinion of all that Lon Chaney was the one star who could make the weird and fantastic character of the Phantom ring true.

When his contract had been signed—and not before, they went ahead. The cost, they say, will aggregate over a million dollars and they are practically betting this on the power of characterization which Lon Chaney has proven is his.

On the way out to Universal City the day of my appointment I wondered just what type of man I would find. I knew he had never been seen on the screen as Lon Chaney, the man, and I could not help but be curious as to what this wizard of make-up would be like in person.

When I was introduced to him on the set I found him simple, kindly, and thoughtful. I quite forgot I was talking to the man of many horrible forms and felt as though I might be conversing with a college professor, but this impression was rudely broken by a call from the set, "Mr. Chaney—right!" With the manners of a Valentino he left my side and disappeared only to appear a few minutes later transformed. My pleasant companion had become a revengeful, lustful creature, ugly beyond description. The mask he wore seemed a living, livid thing, mocking in a ghastly grin—life—

[Continued on page 100]

No two characterizations of Chaney's bear any resemblance. Here he is again as the Phantom.
The Secret of Screen Success

It isn't looks, talent, brains, training, or luck—but personality.

By Harold Seton

The present writer frequently lingers in the lobbies of motion-picture theaters, listening to the comments of the patrons. The sentiments expressed by those going in being quite as edifying as the sentiments expressed by those coming out. Expectation and realization are equally significant, and it is unmistakably evident that the magnet that attracts an audience is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a personality, the personality of the star, male or female. As the case may be. Of course a production is occasionally highly successful when featured as such, but, pray observe in this connection, that the name of Cruze is prominently identified with "The Covered Wagon" and that of De Mille with "The Ten Commandments!" In these instances, the personality is that of the director instead of the star.

These are the remarks of film fans, remarks repeated day after day, in all parts of the world. "I have looked forward to seeing this picture! Douglas Fairbanks has such an engaging personality!" "Just see how the people flock to Mary Pickford! What a tribute to her personality!" "Of course it is ridiculous and exaggerated! But Charlie Chaplin's personality is unique and irresistible!" "Imagine a small boy being able to act so convincingly! Jackie Coogan has a phenomenal personality!" And so on and so forth, with all manner of variations. The phrases may be different, but the thought is generally the same.

Critics analyze the actors and the action, the story and the setting, but, when all is said and done, the secret of the screen is summed up by the general public—the sneered at, scoffed at, general public—as beginning and ending in—personality! Which is only natural, and to be expected. As long as men are attracted to women, and women are attracted to men, and men and women are attracted to sentiment and romance, there will be plays and players, the chief requirement being personality.

Consider the occupants of a street car, and note how few of them arouse one's interest or curiosity. Stand at the corner of a busy street, and inspect the passers-by, and again consider the humdrum average. Ponder impersonally over the individuals with whom you come in contact, and, unless you are favored of the fates, and circulate in a brilliant assembly, you will have to admit that these people are ordinary rather than unusual. And most probably it is far better so. For ordinary people are much easier to get along with than are unusual ones, even though the association is less stimulating.

And so, in this world of personalities, significant and insignificant, tens of thousands seek for fame and fortune in picture-play productions, and only a few scores ever reach the glittering goal. Even when an unqualified aspirant for cinema honors has influence and backing, all is vain without personality. And, likewise, even though the incipient genius is placed at a disadvantage, obstacles will be overcome by means of personality.

The present writer has been associated in screen productions with two beautiful incompetents who were starred, and those experiments were the last that were heard of these defiled dumb-bells, so far as the films were concerned, although, through sheer prettiness, they have continued before the public in other spheres. Again, the present writer has been associated in screen productions with two extras, a boy and a girl, who had intelligence and individuality. These extras developed into high-priced leading players, and their names are known to hundreds of thousands—Neil Hamilton and May McAvoy! Beauty is only skin deep, but personality is the vital essential.

[Continued on page 103]
THE whirlwind romance of Charles Chaplin and Lita Grey, his youthful leading lady whom the comedian married last fall after a sudden elopement to Mexico, naturally was of great interest to Hollywood; partly, no doubt, because of the failure of his earlier marriage with another girl, Mildred Harris, who wed the comedian while still in her teens, and their subsequent separation after the birth, and death, of their child.

Perhaps it was because of this that rumors were circulated soon after the elopement, that the present romance was breaking, and that the pair had separated. But these rumors were firmly denied by Mrs. Chaplin when reporters finally broke down the wall of seclusion the Chaplins built up after their return to Hollywood. At the same time Mrs. Chaplin said that the stork was expected at their home in the summer.

The pictures of Mrs. Chaplin on this page were taken recently. The one above shows her with her mother, who managed carefully her brief career as a motion-picture actress.
The Latest Piece of Camera Magic

Continued from page 24

ated by machinery somewhat like Barnum's "mechanical man." This, if so happens, is incorrect. The variety of their activities and the naturalness with which they have been imitated had they been stilled by wheels, cogs, and a steering gear.

The actual procedure was in a way more simple, but at the same time on this account more highly complicated as regards the camera work.

I am assuming, of course, that the readers of this article are already somewhat acquainted with the technique of miniatures and double exposure, and such magic of motion photography as is dependent on the slow or ultra-rapid turning of the camera crank. At various times have these technical aids to drama and illusion been described by me in articles in Picture-Play Magazine, but a résumé of certain facts will perhaps be necessary as we proceed with the present explanation.

First of all, then, the dinosaurs themselves. You know what they look like from those comedy cartoons which poke fun at the cave-man era, even if you had not made their acquaintance again through the illustrations on the accompanying pages taken from stills from "The Lost World." In the comedy cartoons the dinosaur nearly always functions as the flyver for the bear-skin-covered aboriginal and his family, though naturally he serves no such facetious purpose in the production of "The Lost World."

From the discoveries that have been made by geologists—or more properly paleontologists, as the experts on the life of the globe in bygone ages are called—these dinosaurs ranged in size all the way from twenty or thirty to seventy and eighty feet, if not more.

Needless to mention, perhaps, these animals were not recreated even mechanically in their full primeval size for the picture. If they had been, everybody else would probably have had to move out of the studio. A dinosaur is a whole crowd in himself, as those may recall who saw the famous bone-heads of C. B. De Mille's picture "Adam's Rib," and would be a terrible nuisance to park anywhere in these traffic-congested days.

The expedient of reproducing them in miniature size was resorted to, and they were perfect duplications in these dimensions of the drawings that appear in a geology, or the old-fashioned physical geography that nearly everybody has studied at some time in school, except that in actual size they were larger—equaling, I should say, or possibly even exceed-

ing, the proportions of a rather large dog.

In these undersize dimensions they naturally could be manipulated to better advantage, even though this made the photographic problems in the picture greater.

While I do not know its exact composition, I imagine that the substance out of which these prehistoric animals were fabricated was of a somewhat gummy or rubbery character. They are, I have heard, curiously cold and clammy to the touch—uncannily so.

The device that really makes them "take direction," if this expression may be used, is, I believe, that this rubbery substance is shot through with some sort of pliable metal. The legs, or the long neck, or the tail of an animal may be moved into any position, and will remain there—not fly back as would the legs and arms of a rubber doll. Through some carefully concealed tube or other mechanism, these cleverly devised creatures can also appear to breathe.

Each dinosaur, or brontosaurus, or other strange dragonlike creature, is consequently a most suitable subject for "animation," which is what the technique is called by which they are made to function before the camera.

This animation is nothing new. You have seen it on the screen in certain forms of comedy cartoons, when figures cut out of cardboard are caused to perform. It is the same process, practically, as that by which plates and spoons were made to dance and do acrobatics in the early days of pictures—indeed, virtually the same expedient as that which has been recently employed in "Peter Pan," when the house in which Peter and the Darling children, and the "lost boys" lived, suddenly took shape, the walls rising as though by magic.

The point is that each individual move of wall, or roof, and also in much the same fashion, the dinosaurs, is regulated by hand. The camera is not ground in the customary fashion of sixteen "frames," or photographs, to the second. Instead, another little auxiliary crank appliance is used, and simply takes one photograph at a time. Before each such photograph, or tiny frame, is taken, the position of the object that is being filmed is changed just a trifle.

Every motion of a single muscle of a dinosaur in "The Lost World," every quiver of its elongated tail, every alteration of the position of its head as it craned its giraffe-like neck looking for an enemy, every flicker of its mane and mellow, or else vengeful eyes, it might be said, had to be brought about with the aid of a human operator. Each time, after this operator had adjusted the position of the miniature animal, he had to get out of camera range, until after a single photograph was taken on the long strip of film.

A series of these tiny frames, or photographs, so tediously and laboriously secured, would finally make a bit of action, in which the dinosaur took part, and eventually a full-fledged scene.

But that is not all. In fact, it is not even the half of it. And if you bear patiently with this description I will try to make clear some of the intricacies of the double-exposure work that was involved.

Say we have a scene on the edge of a jungle, with trees as background—not the trees of to-day perhaps, but giants of the past. These also had to be recreated in miniature, so as to conform with the animals.

Once the past had been brought to life, the problem was to make it merge with the present by introducing men into the scene. Here was a problem indeed, though there were, to be sure, some precedents for its solution.

Not hours, but days and days of work, were required for these scenes because of the many retakes. It became necessary to coordinate the slow and laborious march of the miniature creatures registered by tedious stop-motion process, with the natural movements of the human characters photographed by the camera running at normal speed. The actions of animals and men had to match, had to be so timed, indeed, that when one of the actors flung a burning brand it should hit a dinosaur squarely in the eye.

How these scenes were shot you can judge possibly from what you know already of camera wizardry as disclosed in certain types of fantasies where gnomes and dwarfs, but chiefly tiny fairy folk, appear in the same scenes with human beings. The appearance of the tiny fairy, Tinker Bell, in "Peter Pan," will serve as an example. That this could be done is explained by lighting and the peculiarities of the camera in photographing everything as flat, so that no discrepancies show on the film, despite the distance that separates the human actors from the camera, who are photographed in a long shot, as compared with that of the miniature animals that are glimpsed close-up.

The timing is more difficult of explanation, and less interesting. As a consequence I will not go into that detail here, except to say that it was only by keeping definite tab on the
The Latest Piece of Camera Magic

position of the dinosaurs and brontosaurus at every stage of the game, and regulating the movements of the human actors accordingly—or, vice versa—sometimes, perhaps, with almost a volume of written instructions, that a perfect coordination of all the performers was secured.

To such a high degree of proficiency was this carried that in the climaxing scenes showing the volcanic eruption and the outbreak of the forest fire that turns into an inferno of disaster for the prehistoric beasts and also, nearly, for the party of explorers until they are able to find refuge in a cave, as many as eight or ten exposures were photographed on a single strip of film. The fire and smoke, also shown in miniature, had to be filmed at yet another speed, with the ultra-rapid camera, from the movements of the animals, procured by stop motion, and those of the human beings taken at the natural camera speed.

As many, or perhaps even more exposures, indeed, were needed to bring reality to these scenes as were required for the opening and closing of the Red Sea in Cecil De Mille's "The Ten Commandments," heretofore one of the most startling of spectacular enterprises.

The journey to the prehistoric realm, which makes the plot of "The Lost World," is taken on a sort of dare, and as a consequence the explorers hit upon the idea of bringing back with them on their return to civilization one of the animals, a brontosaurus that becomes mired in the mud during the fire and panic on the plateau.

On their arrival in England this huge beast breaks loose, and is held running amuck on the London streets. Because of his unwieldy bulk, he overturns pillars, pedestals, busses and wrecks buildings, and finally ends his wild careening career by plunging into the Thames and swimming out to sea.

The filming of these scenes in which this brontosaurus takes part is a story in itself, but with what you now know I will leave this to your imagination, for it embodies similar principles to those of which I have told you, and is only another miracle of photographic art in a feature that is in truth a marvel.

On the New York Stage

Continued from page 69

and Mr. Gleason himself, as his manager, contributing characterizations as shrill as they are broad, becomes a bidder for more than the average success. Its scenario awaits the next champion who turns Valentino.

"Ladies of the Evening."

Mr. Belasco is being scolded a lot by editorial writers and other guardians of public morals. Last month I recorded the roar of disapproval that went up over his wild farce with Lenore Ulric, called "Harem." It shocked the more correct theater-goer but their horror on that first night was nothing to what happened when "Ladies of the Evening" opened. Personally I found both plays more dull than shocking, but it is true that he deals with material which is a far cry from the sedate themes that used to belong to the dean of American producers.

These ladies of the evening are what the French in their amiable way call "daughters of joy." One wants to be reformed—and is—the other goes her scarlet and irrepressible path to the final curtain. It is painful to recall that the unformed daughter is the one who made the greatest hit in the person of Edna Hibbard. Her language does jolt the sedate seats in Mr. Belasco's dignified old theater, but the play itself seems so utterly inconsequential that I don't see what all the fuss is about. However, New York doesn't agree with me, for the theater is packed to the doors every night—with a double line of standees when a sermon or a lecture appears against the play!

Old English.

The combination of John Galsworthy and George Arliss appears to perfect advantage in this character study of a cynical old roué of the true British school. There is little to it but a portrait study, but these two at work on any portrait can promise you an intensely absorbing evening. It is beautifully staged and produced in an atmosphere which transfers you to the background of the bad old days of 1905.

"Processional."

This is the latest Theater Guild production and is at present breaking up homes in wild battles over whether or not it is a great play. John Howard Lawson, the author, set out to write what he called "an interpretation of American life in terms of jazz" and the result is as strange and confusing as a cubist picture. In a nervous, staccato rhythm, he leads out a procession of all the absurdities in our national existence from business bunkum to the Ku Klux Klan. It is headed by two really tragic figures—a striking miner and his sweetheart, played by Donald MacDonald and June Walker with beautiful truth and understanding. I was immensely touched by some of it and horribly irritated by the rest. You can forgive a play almost anything, however, for some of the stirring and unforgettable moments that this one has. And the ceaseless undertones of the jazz rhythm beneath it beats true to the idea the author had in mind.

"Othello."

After all the warring Julies and a Hamlet or two, we now have another Othello. Walter Hampden has brought back Shakespeare's tragic Moor in a lavish and conscientious production. Hampden, as you know, is considered by many as one of the finest, if not the finest, actor on the American stage, and it is interesting to note, in passing, that he is one of the very few men of his rank who has not made pictures now and then. Otis Skinner, George Arliss, the Barretts—the film fans know these and others. But I believe that Hampden has never played in a screen production. If he has I do not recall it. His "Othello" follows a spectacularly successful season as the hero in that great acting play, "Cyrano de Bergerac." He gives a dignified and sentimental interpretation—more than a shade too dignified, for Othello, as Shakespeare wrote him, was just a blundering soldier who believed any impossible tale that a malicious gossip might tell him. Mr. Hampden gives him an almost subtle air of intelligence so that there was, for me, a battle between this dignified figure and the stupid blunders of his fatal misunderstanding. However, the revival is intensely interesting in the old-fashioned grandiose manner and brings back one play which has been conscientiously neglected in the usual list of Shakespearean repertoire.

Lyrics and Librettos

In the musical-comedy field, the great event this month was the return home of Al Jolson. After three years of wandering over this country and Europe, he came back to a thunderous welcome at the Winter Garden.

In a way, Jolson may be compared to Walter Hampden. Each is preeminent in his field, each is appearing in black face to the delight of both public and critics, and each
Over the Teacups

Continued from page 38

making scenes 'supposedly at Port Said—so if you want me then just page me at the studio.

"I love these glimpses of far-away lands in the studios. Why travel when for sixty cents taxi fare from Times Square you can see the world without going away from your friends? I was visiting Richard Dix’s company one day last week when he and Frances Howard were doing scenes in a café in the Basque country in the Pyrenees. Perhaps my geography is a bit wrong but it was something like that. Frances Howard is wearing a black wig in the picture—and she looks stunning.

"Did you know that Betty Blythe had been here?" she went on, gathering momentum until her words all blurted together. "Well, few people did," she added consolingly. "She was on her way to Paris to get another vast fortune for making a picture. Of course, I think it is nice for Betty to make loads of money but it is such a loss never to see the pictures. Why won't somebody show them over here?

"The next people to go abroad are Johnnie Walker and Peggy Hopkins Joyce. They are going to make a series of pictures in England. Johnnie Walker makes pictures so fast he must feel as though he were playing one-night stands. He did one with Ann Pennington just a short time ago; now he is doing one written by a policewoman on the New York force and with little Virginia Lee Corbin opposite him. And then—next week the fog of London.

"Of all the players who are in New York now the only one I know of who is homesick for Hollywood is Viola Dana. The city just looks dismal and gray to her. The only way to cheer her up is to tell her that the price of spark plugs is going up. She owns a garage in Hollywood, you know.

"George Hackathorne is delighted to be staying on here. He is going to make a picture called ‘Haunted Hands,’ in which William Tilden, the tennis champion, will appear. Sounds to me more like a vehicle for a bridge expert."

"With more than her usual agility, Fanny twisted suddenly around and hopped out of her chair looking out into the lobby.

"That certainly looked like Louise Glaum," she commented in a ghastly tone. "I’ve been watching everywhere for her. I don’t know her, but I will soon if I can do anything about it. We have loads of mutual friends. She is coming back to pictures, you know. First she was going abroad to make a series of pictures and then she got an offer to do one here for Whitman Bennett, so she decided she would rather do that. It is called ‘Children of the Whirlwind,’ or something reminiscent of ‘Orphans of the Storm.’"

"Hope Hampton’s next picture is called ‘Fifty-fifty’ and Lionel Barrymore is her co-star. She is going to wear forty or fifty gorgeous gowns in it—and that won’t make any appreciable inroads on her wardrobe.

"You know, after the ‘Madame Pompepoud’ company dropped her out of the cast they tried and tried to get her to come back. The show wasn’t much of a success and closed after a few weeks’ run. Who can tell? With Hope in it it might have run longer. I wish she would go on the stage; I’d like to form my own judgment of her playing. Half the people who saw her as Pompepoud in Philadelphia simply rave about how marvelous she was.

"There really should be a stock company in New York where motion-picture players could go on as guest stars. I heard that Mary Miles Minter feels the urge to play ‘Rain’ and after she has reduced enough I would like to see her do it. That reminds me—I’ve been wondering and wondering what had become of Ann Forrest. You remember how lovely she was in ‘If Winter Comes.’ Well, she is out on the road playing the lead in ‘The, Seventh Heaven.’"

"I looked at Fanny in amazement. All of her weariness and dejection had vanished. Talking about her idols made her more animated than ten hours’ sleep could have."

"Here I am wasting time on telling you about trivial matters," Fanny remarked in an agonized tone, when all the time I have something important on my mind—if you would call it that. You know the Rudolph Valentino award that is to be given the player who is judged to have given the finest performance of last year? Well, I am big-hearted, too. I want to announce here and now the Teacups Trophy. It will be awarded to that actor who has been widely press-agented as a second Valentino who gave the worst imitation of him on the screen during the past year. The award is to consist of a large package of blotters with which he can dry his tears at the premier of the next Valentino picture."

"Oh! you’re too generous," I assured her, "not to say catty. Who will the judges be?"

"I do not know. But obviously not Ricardo Cortez. I want the public to name their choice for this award. And just to prove that I am not trying to influence them in favor of my candidate I won’t tell that it is Charles de Roche.

"And now why does that bring to mind Ramon Novarro? I can’t imagine, but something or other reminded me that he is coming back from Rome very soon. ‘Ben-Hur’ is to be finished in Hollywood.

"There is really a very good reason for the company coming back. The director’s wife—Enid Bennett—is going to have a baby and, of course, she doesn’t want her child born on foreign soil. That would make him ineligible to run for president of the United States."

"Who wants to be president, anyway? He—or she—could make more money working for the fond parents’ motion-picture company.

"And not to be vulgar and continue speaking about money—you know Gloria Swanson’s contract with Paramount expires very soon and United Artists are very anxious to sign her up to make pictures for them. All they have offered her so far is the moon and the sky, the government mint, the southwestern oil fields and any gold mines that haven’t been developed as yet. Norma Talmadge’s husband, the new head of United Artists, has been talking business to her over in Paris so Adolph Zukor left to get the Paramount company’s bid in. I like to see big success coming to Gloria. She has worked hard for it. But I don’t like the rumor that she is going to marry some titled Frenchman. Now that she has one of those smart, new Paris divorces she ought to cherish in for a while.”

Fanny yawned, nodded absent self to two or three people, and started gathering up her belongings.

"I suppose you know," she said, “that Betty Bronson went down to her home-town—Trenton, New Jersey—while she was here and was received like royalty. There was a banquet in her honor where the mayor and the governor spoke. Now try to tell me that the days of Cinderella-like rises are over. The movies are every bit as romantic as ever.”

"If acting in pictures is as exciting and wonderful as you say, why don’t you try it?” I asked idly—one of those remarks made for no particular reason and without expecting any reply.

"I haven’t time just now,” Fanny replied laughingly, and then lowering her voice and speaking huskily, "If I just recently, and aside! My dear, you should see it. I wouldn’t just call it acting. But let me tell you more about it when I have had time to forget the bitter memory of working before the camera.”
The New Baby Stars

Every year the Wampus, which is the Western Association of Motion-Picture Advertisers, select a group of girls whom they consider the most promising star material. The thirteen picked this year appear on this page, together with June Marlowe and Ena Gregory, who were included in the group picture, though they were not baby stars, but happened to be present when the photograph was taken. Four who failed to be there for the group picture, are shown separately.

Following is a brief note of who each baby star is and what she has done so far:

Betty Arlen, eighteen-year-old Providence, Kentucky, girl, who began her career as a dancer.

Violet Avon, a sister of Laura La Plante. She is a St. Louis, Missouri, girl and has played small parts in several films.

Olive Borden, eighteen, of Richmond, Virginia, who went to Los Angeles a year ago and has acted in a few comedies. She is now with the Hal Roach company.

Mary Brian, sixteen, a Corsicana and Dallas, Texas, girl, who played Wendy in "Peter Pan," and who has a long-term contract with Paramount.

Virginia Lee Corbin, sixteen, who was a child star for several years and who is now in demand as a leading woman.

Anne Cornwall, child dancer of the New York stage, was well-known in pictures some years ago, and is now gaining new popularity.

Madeline Hurlock, from Federalsburg, Maryland, with a record of vamp roles opposite Ben Turpin in comedies.

Natalie Joyce, of Norfolk, Virginia, and Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, who played in Los Angeles with a "Passing Show" troupe and was discovered by Al Christie.

Joan Meredith, whose real name is Catherine Jelks, winner of a newspaper contest in Los Angeles after arriving there from Hot Springs, Arkansas. [Continued on page 115]
Does Success Make Up for What You Lose?

Continued from page 18

That's a trifle, though. The whole thing just doesn't come up to expectations. The more successful you become, the greater your disappointments. I used to envy important people; now I pity them.

Don't misunderstand me—I wouldn't give up my work for anything in the world. I've gotten so much that is good and worth while out of it; and I've still much to look forward to. The better you get, the higher your goal—you realize that if you fall you've more distance to slip back and you'll hit with a harder thump.

I guess it's the same in any other business. That's life—a certain amount of disillusionment. The glamour of youth's vision is bound to be modified when you face realities. When you get something, you find it's not so wonderful as you thought it would be. I used to get such a thrill out of a new suit—saving for weeks, deciding what color and material, buying it, parading it for the family, saving it for "best." Now, I order suits in half-dozen lots from my tailor—and they're just suits. When I owned my first car, Rockefeller was nothing. The world was my own pet and private cookie. Now that I can have an expensive model, I take a certain pride in it, but don't feel half as cocky over it.

When I was fourteen, the family suffered financial reverses. I had played a few juveniles, just for fun, but then got an engagement in stock, with the Garrick players in Chicago. From then on it was mainly up to me. Thirty dollars didn't go far in feeding and clothing a family. Still, because each thing we had represented sacrifice and work, we enjoyed it.

I remember once, in New York, when I was still a kid, I used to go with another fellow to a café on Eighth Avenue where we got rice pudding, raisin cake and coffee for fifteen cents. Gosh, but it tasted good! And how we did strut up Broadway, and dream of the time we'd play on that street paved with actors' hopes! Yet, when I made the grade, after the first night the thrill was gone, and there was still something else I wanted.

For one thing, though, I am very, very grateful—I have made my mother and sister Monique independent for life. That desire has kept me fairly level-headed and has spurred me on when I felt like quitting. Even when an actor gets a big salary on the stage, there is uncertainty. Rehearsals, without pay; the play opens; maybe it flops. You're out of an engagement as the season is under way, with only a possibility of stock ahead next summer.

My folks stuck by me then, and I am very thankful that I have been able to assure their future against want. The kid sister has developed a marvelously keen business instinct and has been very helpful in investments.

Another good thing about having a family to look after, both during struggle and success—it keeps you as decent as any ordinary man, who doesn't claim to be an angel escaped from Heaven, can be. It takes money to be wild. A crude way of saying it, but actors face a peculiar situation in that when they become known, and earn a good deal of money, a lot of women do flatter them. I've had no more of that—perhaps a good deal less—than other actors. But I haven't been exactly ignored.

Some really fancy they have a crush on you; some just want to be seen with you, to reflect a bit of the silly glamour that ensnares you the minute your name hits the electrics. And they take money. When you're poor, you can't buy pleasures and entertainment for them. I don't by any means mean that all the girls you know when you're poor are fine and all you meet when you've money are not. It's simply that the opportunities to "step out" are more plentiful when you have dollars to throw around.

So a man is fortunate if he has responsibilities and dependents when his earnings first increase. By the time he can afford to be wild he has begun to learn and to appreciate values, and he knows a bit better how to judge human motives.

Our ideas about marriage change, also. I don't believe that people in the same profession should marry. And yet it would seem hazardous to marry a nonprofessional who could not understand the peculiar demands of my work and its contributory influences. Frankly, I am afraid of marriage. And on a ground that may strike you as odd. I once knew a man very well who was left with two little girls to rear and the pathos of his situation struck deeply into my consciousness. It was heartbreaking, the futility of that man trying to be a mother to his children.

If I should marry and my wife should die, leaving me with a child—and a girl-child—to bring up—well, I would certainly dread the responsibility. The guidance of a human soul and mind dependent solely upon yourself. Knowing that you alone must shape that girl-child's life, her intellect, her character, must protect her from other people and influences and from her own impulses, too. Of course, I know very well that in all reasonable probability my wife wouldn't die and that I would only have to contribute financially and as a figurative head of the house, in a general disciplinary sense, as most fathers do. And plenty of other men have shouldered such responsibilities, and have the right to think I would be less courageous than they if I should ever face such a situation. Our viewpoints alter, too. Perhaps some day I shall love a woman so deeply and fairly that she will make me see—as men I know claim—that the greatest thing in life is founding a home and having children.

Right now, though, I am in a state of mind that makes me afraid of marriage—afraid I might not prove big enough to meet any emergency or test that it might involve.

Our problems change with our status, but they're always with us. I wish some of the fans could realize that a movie actor's life isn't all honey and molasses. Nobody outside the profession can understand that we work as hard as we do—and the waits and uncertain hours do not sweeten our dispositions.

My problems in the old days were really quite simple—how to make ends meet on my small earnings. I wasn't discouraged, as I suppose I should have been, when I was absolutely nothing. I wasn't humble, or afraid. I had a blessed imagination that clothed the future in roseate colors, and the remoteness of youth. I was reasonably sure that I'd get along. But the older we get, the less blind courage we have—we begin to weigh situations, to gauge results and effects, and fear creeps in.

Movie success brings peculiar problems. Money—how to invest it wisely, how to dispense a portion of it so as to do a little good where it is most needed, how to feel in it a justifiable pride without letting it turn your head. The prestige makes one feel good, but it has its penalties in constant survelal and criticism. The insincerity encountered makes one sometimes overly cautious in making friends, unwilling to credit genuine motives.

Another thing that gets my goat is public appearances. I don't mean this in regard to the many fans who are sincere in liking an actor or his work. But the curious ones who gape and criticize are often unfair—and they deprive you of privacy of rubbing elbows with the crowd.

Do you know I believe I would be just as satisfied, considering the fame part of it, if I were not an ac-

Continued on page 108
"The Miracle of the Wolves"

This picture, made in France, with the government's backing, about which the French are wildly enthusiastic, is soon to be released in America. It is a historical subject, and deals with the welding together of the present French nation, made possible by the death of Charles the Bold. The picture at the left, and the one at the top of the page are scenes showing the audience and players at a medieval miracle play which is introduced in the picture. The artistic and historical resources of the nation were at the disposal of the makers of this picture, and it is said to be the pinnacle of French productions.
Looking on with An Extra Girl

Continued from page 27

terious. She is not—in real life, at any rate—a De Mille type. Attractive, yes, but not gorgeous. A vibrant personality, but not the slumbrous-eyed allure we looked for. There were no signs of humble gratitude for her sudden luck—rather the poised, assured air of one accustomed to attaining any goal she might set for herself. But when she began her first scene it was easier to understand why she had been selected. She is undoubtedly clever and put together in a captivating little manner of refined wickedness with a slightly sardonic smile. Mr. De Mille—whose methods, I learned, are far from quiet and restrained—never once raised his voice in his directions to her, and rarely made corrections.

Henry Walthall seemed to need no directions whatever. Quiet and unassuming, he went through his scenes just as suavely, and more sincerely than a Barrymore. At the finish, where he is left, broken and deserted, in the flower-hung rooms, even the extras—hard-boiled and impervious—were ready to break down and sob. And an actor who can do that to an extra is worthy of better treatment at producers’ hands than inconsequential roles and almost total disregard.

Never was a set less like a set and more like a page from some novel of riches and luxury. The exquisite colors and rich materials of the gown, the sparkle of jewels, the soft rustle of silks, the mingled scents of flowers and perfume under the lights, the sweet tones of muted violins. More like a salon than a studio—more like Van Vechten than the movies.

Two days of it—days of unreal luxury and comfort—even despite the long hours of standing, standing, while lights were changed and gowns arranged to the master’s satisfaction. Days of delightful pretending, in lovely garments, amid lovely surroundings—and then out again, on the trail once more—“This is Marcella de Vere, have you anything for me to-day?”

All during the wedding scene were floating rumors of another set to follow—a ballroom scene of titanic proportions, nine days’ work at least. Were you going to work in it?—if not how could you get on, because of course it would be terrible to miss it.

It was not until a month later, however, that my persistence was rewarded with a call—“Fitting for De Mille”—and four days after that, that I again was heading for stage No. 4. The Candy Ball—as it was known—was to contain many clever and original effects which were being closely guarded against discovery. The set was entirely “sealed”—having high, white canvas screens surrounding it and a gatemau of awesome mien at the one entrance.

Inside was an enormous, long dance floor of polished black set in terraces and gardens just outside a house. Surprising effects representing the entire candy family were seen everywhere. Little trees made of delicious pastes were planted at intervals, giant-size boxes of satin chocolates arranged down the terraces, exquisite roses of sugar candy in every corner. A hundred and fifty people were assembled on the outskirts waiting to be placed. A hundred and ten electricians waited behind their respective sun arcs for the final signal. A huge loud-speaker was attached on the camera platform with ten transmitters in various corners of the set. The twenty-piece jazz band, dressed as peppermint sticks, was tuning up on its platform. Prop men dashed madly about, distributing horns, caps and balloons. Dancers from a downtown school were giving the last touches to their brief little costumes.

Rod La Rocque—more like a big, happy boy than a full-blooded actor—caused a flutter among the ladies as he took his place on the stairs. He is not—was not, when I saw him, anyway—the sophisticated young worldling the interviewers would have you believe. There is no trace of boredom in the make-up of that face. He looks about him. Totally devoid of upstageness, serious for his work but not for himself, and the charm of innate good breeding in his manner.

Jane Winton, the “Follies” girl whom Lasky had brought out as a find, stood near the stairs. She is just your idea of what a “Follies” girl should be. Jocelyn Lee, one of the two girls to first wear lace fleshings in a Ziegfeld show; Thais Valdemar, an honest-to-goodness Russian princess; Patricia Palmer, once a leading lady—for De Mille—exclusively.

We were assigned positions and the loud-speakers, after the preliminary tuning in, gave us Mr. De Mille’s opening speech.

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, I know it’s cold and the lights hurt our eyes and it is tiresome standing around—but let’s forget all that and show Keokuk a real Hollywood party. Let’s have life, action, enjoyment. When the audience was roused, then the voice—finny and almost indistinguishable through the loud-speaker—’I said enjoyment! I can almost see the hearse, the heads lowered, the hats off. I can hear the tum-tum-tum-tum. Enjoyment! Laughter! On the screen teeth mean laughter. I don’t care how you feel—show your teeth and I’ll get what I want.’”

Lillian Rich, in an oddly exaggerated gown with a long train trimmed with chinchilla and embroidered with pearls, stood by Mr. La Rocque on the terrace. Just before each shot was begun Hattie, the famous hairdresser, rushed up and sprayed her liberally with perfume. Just as I was rising to really hold my breath, I could not say but much importance seemed to be attached to it. More authenticity of atmosphere was evidenced in the diamond necklace Miss Rich wore, Mr. De Mille never allows paste jewels on his principals and this necklace was his personal property, worth a hundred thousand dollars. On his own hand—that is, when he wore green shirts—sparkled his green diamond, the largest of the few in the world. With other colored shirts he wore a simple black diamond.

He inspires more awe and trembling reverence than any human being I ever saw. Whether he likes it or can help it would be hard to tell—and it would also be difficult to locate the exact reason for this impression he gives. He has a bitingly sarcastic tongue and a fiery temper—but so has Rex Ingram, yet the lesser lights in the latter’s company call him “Rex.” Mr. De Mille is “Chief” to all except Frank Uson, who calls him “Mr. De Mille,” and Rod La Rocque—whom I can’t see burning incense to any one—who calls him “Papa.”

The third day we noticed two diminutive blondes of schoolgirl appearance visiting Miss Rich and excluding over the set. One was Pauline Garon, the other Mildred Davis Lloyd. Mrs. De Mille, a charming, attractive woman very smartly dressed, joined the party. Cecilia De Mille, a sweet-looking fifteen-year-old, was entertaining a group of school friends. They stood in thrilled wonder and gasped, as delightedly as any little Ohioans over the sumptuousness.

The canvas walls were pierced here and there with slits of mysterious origin through most of which could be discerned an inquisitive eye. The owners of many of them were being employed on a café set on the adjoining stage where Betty Compson, lovely in a sparkling white costume, was dancing. One little De Mille dancer, in a breathlessly abbreviated costume, was visiting at one of the holes in the wall. “My hat, Ruby,” issued from slightly below the

Continued on page 106
Falling Hair Stopped—New Hair Grown In 30 Days—Or No Cost!

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The Phantom of Hollywood

Continued from page 79

The material ghost of an idea, with no man, Lon Chaney, to be seen through the make-up. I never appear at any public café noted for catering to screen celebrities, nor do I attend opening nights anywhere. I keep away from the public as much as possible. I want them to know and enjoy my characterizations, and I think that in my case if they saw me everywhere an illusion would be spoiled.

Though on the stage dancing, in pantomime, clowning, et cetera, from the time he was ten, the screen has won him forever. "There is so much more real art to the screen, to my mind," he explained. "You must give every ounce of yourself to increase the illusion. Every thought, every emotion, must be given through the expression of the eyes, hands, and face—it must come from the inside out—or the public is going to see you're faking. The camera catches every effort at subterfuge that is made—that's why I love it. It has to be real, vital, sincere emotion—no learning of lines and rattling it off night after night until the emotions and lines and everything else becomes mechanical and you lose touch with the real red blood of your characters as one does on the stage," he added.

A Hero—On and Off

Continued from page 70

Malcolm's background is founded on more than appearance. In his Yale days he was a star athlete, and breathes there a girl with soul so dead who never to herself has said, "As a hero—the college athlete is the most hero." He held the inter-collegiate championship for low-board diving, his superexcellence in which won him the coveted Yale letter. Also, the interscholastic championship for tumbling, which has nothing to do with tripping but is one of the most difficult of athletic exercises.

But to me his super-achievement is that he broke through the barred lines of professional Hollywood where the motto is "No Admittance!! This Means You!!" It usually does. In his case it didn't mean him. However, Malcolm says:

"It's all luck. That is, it's all luck in my case. Rex finally got around to me and cast me in 'The Prisoner of Zenda.' That was luck and it was more luck that I had nothing to do in it. Rex dressed me up in a tasseled uniform and told me to do nothing. I did it. I was well lighted, well directed, in a picture with a good release. If that isn't luck, what's a four-leaf clover?"

"Yeah," said I elegantly. "But since then you've worked in other pictures with other directors who weren't your friends and—"

"And I've been awful in some of them, too," said Mr. MacGregor.

In spite of his modest opinion he continues to draw prizes: cofeatured with such actresses and charmers as Pauline Frederick, Norma Shearer, Florence Vidor, Jacqueline Logan, and Doris Kenyon; with such directors as Clarence Brown, Monta Bell, William de Mille, and others; in such pictures as Universal's "Smouldering Fires," M. G. M.'s "Lady of the Night," and Ince's "Girl of Gold."

In Malcolm I predict no candidacy for the glory that is Barrymore's, the appeal that is Valentino's, the technique that is Gilbert's, the poise that is Sills', the gilded pessimism that is Menjou's. If he is to achieve the high place of the gods it will be in the footsteps of Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, and lately, Reginald Denny. A rosy path whereon young men grin at misfortune, hurdle handicaps, chuck fate under the chin and win the blonde. To wit—the hero.
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I n f o r m a t i o n, P l e a s e

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

Cleo.—So you think I am kind! Not the wrong kind, I hope; it's too late to change me now. Yes, Ben Lyon is certainly coming along these days. He recently finished "My Son," and is now working on "Uriah's Son," with Viola Dana. These are all sunny days for Ben; it seems. No, he isn't married. He was born in Atlanta, Georgia, about twenty-five years ago, but grew up in Baltimore.

Mango.—Why do they call me "The Oracle?" Well, they have to call something, and you know how it is in movie circles—never tell your right name. Of course, it makes me work hard, living up to a name like "The Oracle," which stands for wisdom. Yes, Alphonse Pringle is very beautiful; she's one of my favorite vampes. Her two latest pictures are "Wife of the Centaur" and "A Thief in Paradise." Norma Talmadge's latest is "The Lady." Norma has been in Europe lately. It seems, these days, that there are more American film stars in Europe than there are in America, what with the "Ben-Hur" company and the "Mare Nostrum" company and all the stars who go over on vacation because they never get seashore. Betty Compson and James Cruze were married last October twenty-first.

Brown Eyes.—Do I like to answer questions? Well, on my honor, something for a living, and I never was much good at washing windows. Yes, there are lots of famous young bachelors in the movies, but they're hard to catch. It seems that the more a man is pursued, the harder he is to catch. Richard Dix is still matrimonially eligible and so are Ramon Novarro, Ben Lyon, Glenn Hunter, Ricardo Cortez, George Hackathorne, Edward Burns—you see, the list is long. Much too long for me to enumerate here.

Wild West.—Even the East is getting wild these days. I don't know where William Fairbanks was born, nor when, but I am sure that he wasn't born. Eva Novak has been playing opposite him in his recent pictures. His latest is "Women First," a racing story.

Curiosity.—Well, I suppose curiosity never did anything worse than kill a cat, and there are probably too many cats, anyhow. Robert Ellis hasn't been playing in pictures a great deal of late, though he recently appeared in "Capital Punishment," George Walsh was also away from the studios for some time after he left the cast of "Ben-Hur." However, he has been signed up by Chodwick Productions, and is to play opposite Theda Bara in "The Unchaste Woman," which marks her return to the screen. This is one of the old-time picture teams, and Theda's and George's fans will probably be delighted to see them together again.

Valentino Admirer.—Yes, it's really true that Rudy cut off his beard because instead of playing a Spanish grandee, he has been working on the screen. This is one of the old-time picture teams, and Theda's and George's fans will probably be delighted to see them together again.

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RICHARD DIX FAN.—So you're wild about Richard Dix? There seem to be a lot of wild women among the movie fans all on account of Richard. No, he isn't married, though how he has managed to stay single in spite of all the feminine pursuit is a miracle. Richard was born in St. Paul in 1894; he is six feet tall and is a bruisette. His latest picture is "A Man Must Live."

White Rose.—Ivor Novello has disappointed many fans by not remaining in this country, but you really can't blame him for preferring to live in his native land. He has been playing this past season at the Prince of Wales Theater, London, in "The Rat." No, Adolphe Menjou is not French; he was born in Pittsburgh. Hardly the land of romance, is it? Adolphe is very happily and securely married. Milton Sills has been married for almost twenty years to Gladys Wynne, and there is an almost-grown daughter, Gwendoly. He played recently with Viola Dana in "As Man Desires."

Gyps.—So you have lots of girls, but want a movie star? But perhaps the movie stars are a little more particular. Sorry, but Alphonse Pringle is already married. I see you like 'em dark. Bebe Daniels is still single, though there's lots of competition for her. You will find her address at the end of The Oracle. I am afraid, though, she'd want a husband who had saved up more than thirteen hundred dollars.

Conrad's Admirer.—No, I didn't lose any sleep over your questions; I've troubles of my own to keep me awake. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms, and there is a little Ruth in the family. They live at 1846 Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood. Conrad was born in Kokok, Iowa, and attended Highland Park College, where his father was dean of music. Yes, he is as blond as he looks—Conrad, not his father; he has a delightful speaking voice, which his fans unfortunately don't hear. Eugene O'Brien is forty-one and is still a bachelor. His recent pictures include "The Only Woman," opposite Norma Talmadge, and "Frivolous Sal," with Mae Busch.

Dog-gone It.—Yes, I like dog stars, too. Some of them are more intelligent than some of the actors, though I haven't mentioned any names. Rin-tin-tin's current release is "The Lighthouse by the Sea." It was Peter the Great and "The Silent Accuser."

Number, Please.—I suppose that means you have a voice with a smile. By all means, write again; I shall feel, if you don't, that this isn't the right answer. Dougie Q. Noggin is really Swedish. She is five feet seven and has blond hair and dark-blue eyes. She is Mrs. John Gummerston. I agree with you that she is an exceedingly clever actress. Yes, there are plenty of rather tall girls in pictures. Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half inches and Lois Wilson an inch shorter.

What's in a Name—Why do stars change their names for the screen? Well, if you were christened Fritzie Sweetdoode, don't you think you'd do something about it when your name went up in electric lights? I think Claire Windsor is much prettier than Ola Crome and Lila Lee than Gussie Aiple. Colleen Moore is really Kathleen Morrison; Richard Talmadge is really Metzetti. And suppose you had to tell your best bet to take you to see Rodolfo Guglielmi in "Monsieur Beauciaire." You'd probably just give it up and go to see Gloria.

What'll I Do?—I dunno; what do you want to do? Patsy Ruth Miller has been working here those days; at least she has been playing in a great many pictures, including "Her Husband's Secret," "The Girl on the Stairs," and her newest one, "New Faces for Old." That sounds tempting, doesn't it? Think of being able to get a new face. Though maybe you like yours.

Old Erin.—Yes, Pat O'Malley is quite Irish, as one look at his family Bible would convince you. His three daughters...
The Secret of Screen Success
Continued from page 90

Douglas Fairbanks is not a handsome man. Innumerable male models for collars and ties are better looking. But Doug has personality. And the pretty boys have not. Doug is agile and athletic. But so are countless gymnasts and acrobats. Doug has the priceless, if intangible, gift of distinctive individuality. This has been recognized by the world at large, and Fairbanks is an international celebrity, Sydney, Australia, worshiped at his shrine, and so does Cape Town, South Africa. He may not be your favorite type, and he may not be mine. But he is the type admired by the majority. That fact is self-evident.

Mary Pickford began her career as a child actress. So did thousands of others. She got into the movies at an early stage of the game. Again so did a great many others. It is ridiculous to say that her curls made her famous. As a matter of fact, it was just the other way around. She made her curls famous. And others thought to follow in her footsteps by copying her coiffure. But they missed the mark, and by more than a hairbreadth! There simply had to be a "world's sweetheart," and Mary happened to fill the bill. Her type is as much admired in Italy as in Norway, in Russia as in Brazil. She is the very embodiment of wholesome femininity. In that classification, and it is a broad one, she is without a rival.

Charlie Chaplin is something of a cynic. At first he was amiable and then he was amused when success suddenly came to him after trials and tribulations. But, even in the dim and distant days when he was in a knockabout vaudeville act, he had personality, as the present writer vividly recalls. Big boots and a small mustache did not make Charlie Chaplin. He made them. Everybody likes to laugh. Everybody likes to laugh at a clown. Charlie Chaplin proved himself the very king of clowns, and his antics in Hollywood are applauded in Bombay and Hong Kong, and everywhere else, for that matter.

And so it goes, all along the line. Rudolph Valentino emerged from obscurity, and gained fame and fortune as "the Latin lover," becoming the sheik incarnate. William Shakespeare knew that there would be receptive audiences for Romeo. And picture producers found that there were receptive audiences for Rudy.

Similarly, Nita Naldi squirmed her way out from among swarms of

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vampires, and became the most exotic of them all. William Shakespeare knew that there would be audiences for Cleopatra. And picture producers found that there were audiences for Nita.

And from host of infant prodigies Jackie Coogan mounted his pedestal in "The Kid." The appeal of childhood is old as the ages and as wide as the world. But no other child has appealed to the public in the way that Jackie has, though plenty of them have had the opportunity.

To those individuals who would ascribe the triumphs of these stars to luck, we would suggest, "Well, yes, in a way! They have been blessed with a lucky personality!" And the lucky personality of the successful actor is one of the most intriguing studies to be encountered, for such a personality must necessarily manifest itself through the physical frame of its possessor, while the personality of the painter or the author chooses inanimate media.

The present writer has encountered painters whose canvases were warm and ingratiating, but whose presence was cold and repelling. Such painters put all their inspired qualities into the creations which they exhibit in galleries, leaving only their uninspired qualities for the flesh and blood which they exhibit at home.

This is also the case with many authors. After having been lifted up to the heights by the published thoughts of successful scribblers, one is often dashed down to the depths by their private conversation. After having written of Venus and Adonis, of nectar and ambrosia, they chatter of chills and fevers, of pills and powders!

The painter manifests his individuality by means of a paint brush. The author manifests his personality by means of a typewriter. But the actor manifests his personality by means of his face and figure. Hence the film fans and the movie mania!

Sometimes in a motion-picture theater, when one has become accustomed to the semidarkness, it is interesting and instructive to observe the people round about. Perhaps an old couple at the right and a young couple at the left are equally fascinated by the disembodied shadows on the silver screen. And, while the old man and the young man gazed enthralled by the pictured heroine, the old woman and the young woman gazed enthralled by the pictured hero. They are bewitched, enchanted! And the personality of the player is the magic charm that holds them in a spell. Small wonder, therefore, that such a commodity is worth a million dollars to its fortunate possessor!
she lives, and the endless parties that are so much a part of Broadway's night life.

The theatergoing world is wildly enthusiastic over Ann Pennington, but unfortunately fellow players do not always look upon her with kindly eyes. I know of one player, something of a celebrity in her own right, who told me that she wouldn't play in a show with Ann because one glance at that tilting, merry little figureante that knows not an awkward motion, and she felt clumsy and uncouth.

I dare say that when you see Ann on the screen she will make a lot of people look cumbersome by comparison. And, skipping across the screen trying her best to prove that she has acting ability, she will look artlessly innocent of the tremendous odds that providence placed in her favor.

If the rest of the country shares New York's tastes, motion-picture fans will take little Ann to their hearts.

**Friendships Among the Screen Stars**

**Continued from page 87**

many an evening together, Mr. Tearle, at the piano, accompanies Mr. Schertzinger's violin solos. Mrs. Tearle—Adèle Rowland—is also a very close friend of Blanche Sweet's; when, possible, they motor about Southern California or dash East for a trip. The last time, Blanche ran away to Europe with Mrs. Tearle's return ticket in her purse and she had to buy another! But Blanche brought her home some pretties from abroad, so all is well.

Bill Russell has shared his apartment for ten years with Ed Kaufman, a mild-mannered, soft-eyed little chap who writes thrilling Western stories, and Warner Baxter, Lefty Flynn and Ralph Lewis pal around with a publicity man, Weed Dickinson, making up what they fondly imagine is a harmonious vocal quartet, said harmony being inducted upon the Baxter neighbors every evening.

When fate cast Lloyd Hughes and George Hackathorne as brothers in a Universal film, they decided they liked each other well enough to continue the pseudo relationship. Lloyd's marriage to Gloria Hope in no way interfered with their friendship, for Brother George is always welcome to dinner and they never go to any fuss for him. He values Lloyd's business advice and in Lloyd's scheme of things the shy George holds a place second only to Gloria.

Are the picture people a disloyal, selfish lot? Ask their friends!
Looking on with An Extra Girl

Continued from page 98

shocked eye, “what you got on anyhow?”

“My C. B. D., dearie,” as she pattered back to her place.

Splendor, elegance, beauty, spectacular loveliness and ringing effervescent Jol de vivre swinging up to myriad lights and piercing far, surrounding shadows. The abandonment of Parisian clubs and the exotic sensuousness of Eastern courts, as far removed from the cold refinements of stage No. 4 as Persia itself. At the far end, on an elevated dais, the Prince of Luxury himself, with megaphone for scepter and cameras for serfs. A word, a gesture, and his slightest desire is granted by two hundred courtiers. Prince of Power and of Wisdom, until midnight—when the studio whistle blows eight p.m., and masses of hungry, sleepy,
tired extras file out of the warmth and grandeur through the cold, black stages to the dressing rooms. Half an hour later the metamorphosis is complete and, no longer in habiliments of riches, we struggle out the door, past the limousine marked C. B. De M., and the exclusive group of waiting town cars, up to the shimmering streamer of light that is the Boulevard.

Thursday—Yes—so tired that it would almost seem as though we were crippled and maimed for life. But do you think we are protesting? Why only think, my dear, if we never have another thing to tell our grandchildren how we shall become englamored in their eyes when we relate, “And then C. B. said—Now this young lady step over here, please!”

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 19

1900, and she fitted into the atmosphere beautifully, looking like a quiet flower herself.

I then went up to the cliff over which Tony Moreno is to throw himself later in the picture—no, sad to relate, not because of my tantalizing charm—and, after gazing down at the surf pounding on the rocks two hundred feet below, decided to hasten therefrom.

Mr. and Mrs. Knott showed me over the grounds and picked a bunch of violets for me large enough to have been made into ten corsages. Honestly, each violet was the size of a rose. Well, maybe that’s a little exaggerated.

After discovering that my beam ing countenance would not be needed before the camera to-day, I betook myself and my violets to the country club—feeling like a terrible truant, now laugh that down—where I pursued the elusive golf ball over eighteen holes of a beautiful course.

Monday.—They fooled me, and made me work to-day. David Torrence, who is playing my father, and I had some scenes in the garden. Mr. Knott violated all the rules of the “Union of Location Owners” by begging us to put the cameras anywhere we wanted without fear of hurting anything and by positively insisting upon cutting or uprooting any branches or bushes that were in our way. Such generosity is practically unheard of and the camera man was almost tearfully grateful—after he recovered from his swoon.

Tuesday.—Glorious weather. We shot a few scenes this morning. Mr. Lloyd ordered rest, as we were to work to-night. I took my rest by hitting a few poor defenseless tennis balls over and into the net.

We worked until past midnight, with all the generators going, and the lights throwing the trees into stark relief against the black sky and tipping the waves of the murmuring ocean with glints as of molten silver. (How’s that, infant Shakespeare? I’ll be sweeping your job if this burst of literary inspiration continues.) It was really a lovely scene, though, and we had a most appreciative audience. Pictures are a novelty up here, and every one within a radius of fifty miles came to see us work, and brought their wives, children, and nurse maids.

Wednesday.—I indulged in the luxury of breakfast in bed at eleven o’clock. The manager of the Arlington Hotel, where we are staying, treats us royally. It’s awfully nice to be spoiled this way, when you are far more used to locations in towns with a population of about five thousand, counting the dogs and chickens, and boasting (?) one alleged hotel, which is usually a combination of billiard parlor and barber shop, and where you eat when and what they give you, or not at all.

I arose leisurely at one, and at that I think I beat the rest of the company up, and hired me a hack from Ye Olde Livery Stable, and drove till both the horses and I gave

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out. Then in a sudden burst of energy I played another golf game, and was even more badly beaten than before. Oh, didn't I mention that I was beaten the other time? Well, the statement is superfluous to one who has seen me golfy.

We worked to-night again, only it was blowing a sixty-mile gale, and was colder than an Eskimo pie. The wind soon scattered our audience, but we stayed there till after midnight, our teeth chattering. The men all wore sweaters and golf socks under their dinner clothes, but I ask you, what chance has a young female of to-day to wear red flannel under an evening gown? Once again is it proven that this is an unfair world.

And why do we invariably have scenes in evening gowns when the mercury is trying to knock the bottom out of the thermometer? Mr. Knott, bless his heart, sent us an oil heater, which kept me from emulating Lot's wife and turning into a pillar of salt, not of ice.

THURSDAY.—Worked this afternoon.

Friday.—Loafed all day. How is the picture coming? Don't ask me! Guess we'll leave for Hollywood soon. Mr. Lloyd must have noticed the lack of great enthusiasm on my face at the news, for he said, "Well, Pat, you've had a nice vacation, haven't you? But, young un, you're certainly going to make up for it when you get back to the studio!" I don't doubt it a bit.

SATURDAY.—Last night all the people I knew in Santa Barbara and Montecito gave us a farewell party which will live long in my memory. These are thrilling Santa Barbarians! They play polo like the Prince of Wales. And dance! Um-buh! Mother pretended to think it was terrible because we didn't get home till the wee sma' hours, but she didn't fool me a bit . . . she enjoyed every minute of it, and I declare solemnly she outdance me by at least a mile.

Sunday we will hop in Peter the Great, our trusty gasoline go-cart, and hit the highway for home.

"My," said mother just now, with a stifled yawn, "one location like this makes up for five of the usual Arizona, Victorville, and Squeekunk kind.

"Correct," I proclaimed. "If any movie-mad girls out in Iowa and points East read this, there will probably be another influx of embryonic Mary Pickfords and Pauline Fredericks into Hollywood."}

Vive la Santa Barbara! See you soon.

Pat.

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Store or Leading Cites
Does Success Make Up for What You Lose?

Continued from page 96

When you first begin to earn a lot of money, you feel reckless. Swamped by it. Want to throw it here and there, to give vent to that inbred longing the poor have to be extravagant. But you learn how to handle it. Along with other values, you acquire that shrewdness.

I have gained many things. Financially, first. Character, second. The problems I have had to solve have developed my self-reliance. I've many faults, but I'm sure I'm not as useless as I would have been had things come too easily. I've a lot in my life that is vital and real and fine. People's respect. Knowing I've tried to make good, that I've been honest and square, that I have no major regrets.

And I have lost. Illusions. A lot of faith in many people. Seeing my boyish dreams blasted. Losing that belief that success would bring me everything. The realization that my goal is illusory and movable and intangible because I don't know exactly what it is I want, and because with each measure of achievement there is still something to beckon me on.

So I've been pessimistic to-day. Actors are supposed to be optimistic. And you know yourself that I usually get a lot of fun out of things, and razz the boys and play jokes. When I haven't anything else to do I call all the important executives here on the phone and pretend I'm Meester La Roque's valet and ask foolish questions and make out I can't understand. I've got them half crazy thinking I have a dumb valet. And I like good times, and I get a little fun out of buying things for myself and a whole lot out of loading mother and Monique down with fur coats and such truck.

And—please be just enough to credit my sincerity—I do feel that I have something worth while to accomplish, to work toward. It's true that I'm more easily satiated than I used to be with many of the things money can buy, but there are things to be prized that are dependant upon me, that can't be bought except by endeavor, and I hope there always will be.

I stay in the movies because this is my trade. I think I am suited for it and it has enabled me to provide for my family, and it's a good, honest profession. I have no desire whatever to be a failure—inset. I've a spur to keep going ahead. I couldn't be continuously happy in any other work—ideal happiness is impossible.

So I stay. The balance sheet shows...
me many advantages. And if at times—like to-day—I get a little moody, and speak of the unpleasantness that life can bring one, and wonder at the futility of it all, it’s not that I’m kicking, but just that I’m human. You can’t tell me that every man doesn’t sometimes feel batted about by just such queer moods, stirred by a vague restlessness. Good for you, though. Makes you appreciate the finenesses that you do get.

Is it worth while being a movie actor, and what the world calls successful? Decidedly. But it isn’t all that it’s cranked up to be.

Trouping with Von Stroheim
Continued from page 47

his chest blazed the royal star and he carried a walking stick in addition to his saber.

We climbed into a great car, painted field gray and crested with imperial eagles. Over a bumpy road we whirled, to a position in front of the inn, where we dismounted. I was exceedingly puzzled by the scenery, representing the sides of mountains, which we passed. Later I was permitted to mount a platform five hundred yards away and gaze through a camera finder at the scene through which I had ridden.

This look was a revelation in the newest art of the cinema—the modeling of miniatures. Be it known that the actual set showed only the front of the inn and some odd mountain sides. Everything ended at a reasonable height—about fifty feet. But when I looked through the finder I saw that the inn towered up to a height of three stories. The roofless stable adjoining now had a high-gabled peak. The mountains swept upward into lofty summits that were covered with snow; and—strangest of all—the road that wound by the inn passed over a bridge nearly a hundred feet in height, built of fitted stones, and provided with everything a Balkan bridge should have, even down to a demolition chamber with an iron door.

Nobody gazing through the finder—to say nothing of those who will see the picture on the screen—could guess where the miniature left off and the actual scene began. And some of the soldiers of the Monteblancan army—who know nothing about the miniature—will be astonished when they see themselves in martial array, passing across this lofty bridge of two arches.

Yet the explanation—when known—is simple. The miniature, carefully aligned, fits the scene both above and below. The center—in which the living figures move—is the only part of the set built on a life-sized scale; the top and bottom is a carefully modeled toy.

Movie studios have been trying to conceal from picturegoers the uses of the miniature. It is a purblind policy, and unjust to the inspired artists who have been laboring behind the scenes to achieve matchless effects with this new art. Perhaps producers think the public will resent the monetary saving accomplished by this means. Nevertheless, the development of the miniature is one of the outstanding acts of progress that have come into the making of pictures within the last two years. Not only is a great deal of money saved on location trips and in the building of sets, but the effects attained are more satisfying than anything that could be found in nature or built of lath and plaster scaled to natural size.

The military band struck up the Austrian equivalent of “God Save the King.” The officers of the royal army—who had been smoking and drinking from inviting steins of dark Munich brew in front of the inn—sprang to attention. The passing ranks fell into the goose step and a hoarse drill-held voice sang out: “Eyecees right!”

Officers’ blades flashed to salute. The Hunkey in royal uniform jumped down and opened the door. Gathering up the saber to the position of attention, I descended from the coach and stood waiting at salute for my royal master. Every trace of nervousness had vanished with the opening strains of the band. I felt just as cruel, arrogant, and military as the Crown Prince himself.

It was with real pleasure that I saw the Prince make up to the colonel of the quartermaster corps—a diminutive Slav wearing a bristling mustache, goatee, and nose glasses. There was an evil light in the royal eye.

Herded by concealed grips, a humping sow and her litter maneuvered, grunting, from the inn entrance. The eye of the Crown Prince glittered behind his monocle.

“Is this the best that you can do for me—a pigsty?”

The colonel was shaking in his boots.

“It’s all—there is—your highness.”

“I’ll remember this. Put it down!”

With a leer that I fancied matched his own, I turned and saluted. I

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Would You Know a Good Thing If You Saw It?

Continued from page 29

were and are. Marion Davies and Marie Prevost. If I had the nerve he’d have to sit down and laugh heartily, but honestly I haven’t the cheek. On two occasions I have been so close to girls bound for success that I could have slapped them on the back and congratulated them, but I didn’t recognize them as big bets any more than I would recognize a million dollars. One of the occasions was this:

When I first came to Hollywood I received a call to work all night in a cheap comedy company. The studio had a name that has never been heard up at Vine or Cahuenga or out at Culver City. It was cheap and dinky and the company that was working there wasn’t much better. They had a leading lady. Not a very pretty leading lady, mind you, or even a striking leading lady and so far as I could see, not a particularly clever leading lady. Just a feminine foil for the comedian. If any one had asked me what I thought of her chances I would have said if anything. "A typical little comedy girl. She’ll probably hang on the outskirts of the profession for a year or so and then fall into the arms and home of some real-estate man and spend the rest of her life regretting her career.” How was I to know that Cecil De Mille was going to put Vera Reynolds in a position where she had to admire her work immensely? How was I to know that the beautiful Adamiac Vaughn with the Katherine Macdonald eyes and the lovely blond hair whom I had orally and in the presence of witnesses picked for big screen success, was going to turn out as a business manager to her little sister Alberta, for whom I never made a prophecy in my life? In what way was Charlie to know that Richard was going to knock the flappers for a batch of fan mail? No way!

There is no possible way on earth to pick or dismiss the personalities that fringe the business, past, present or future. There aren’t any rules. As for the types—there are brown eyes, blue eyes, green eyes, blond heads, brunette heads, bald heads, Latins, Anglo-Saxons, Orientals. As for camera personality—that is the most baffling and tricky thing in the world. Marion Davies proves it. An average director taking a test of Miss Davies as she was several years ago would have found nothing on that strip of film to hint what was to come, simply because it was not there. Marie Prevost’s case is similar. The camera brings out some personalities instantaneously; in others, only after years of development; in still others it absolutely inverts their meaning. There are charming and witty persons around the studios who register on the screen as total incompetents even under the best circumstances. There are also total incompetents to whom the camera attributes charm, wit, loveliness. There is a man in high position in Hollywood who boasts that he can tell by the way a novice walks across a set whether he has the spark or not. I don’t believe that it can be done. But anyway it is an interesting game to pick coming idols, from known or unknown sources. The unknown offers the best sport.
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 57

is light without being insipid, gay without being silly, and funny without being vulgar. Hans Knaely, scenario writer for Ernst Lubitsch, wrote the story and there is a nice tone about the picture that makes you wish that Constance would go all the way and hire Mr. Lubitsch too.

It's a very frivolous story of an American heiress and an English lord; at basis, it is old stuff. Yet it has such spirit and zest that it strikes you as being absolutely new and spontaneous. Of course, the fact that Constance looks prettier than she has in a long time helps the picture, and the fact that she acts in her best light-comedy manner helps the picture even more. But what helps the picture most is Ronald Colman's appearance as leading man. Mr. Colman is headed for stardom, and won't that be a grand day for everybody?

Quantity and Some Quality.

"Flaming Passion" is the ripest melodrama of the month. It is juicy fruit for those who want to see their serials condensed into one evening's entertainment. It is all about Frivolous Sal, an Alaskan queen, who rescues a drunken actor and tries to make a man of him. The heart tugs are furnished by Ben Alexander, who plays the son of the actor. In all the welters of thrill and shooting, it is little Ben who plays with a childlike earnestness that puts the plot to shame. However, it needed no expert like Ben to shame the plot. At times, it fairly bluses for itself. Mae Busch, as Sal, plays as though she meant it all, although, goodness knows, she probably didn't. But Eugene O'Brien behaves throughout the picture as though it were all a horrible nightmare.

"To-morrow's Love" is a trite domestic drama which tries to help itself along by being sophisticated. In other words, it is a dull story that tries to laugh itself off. Husband and wife on honeymoon; husband flirts with former sweetheart; wife gives him a year's leave of absence have the spark." But as Marion and Marie and Richard could say, "Better men than he have fooled about this spark."

Marcella Daly: A typical leading-lady type. Marcella is playing small parts at the Fox studio. Also a brunette, with eyes that slant at the corners.

Etta Lee: A fascinating tempter for the honors of Anna May Wong.

Mervyn LeRoy: A peach of a juvenile comedian. You saw him as the jazzy dancer in the boarding house in "Broadway After Dark."

Derek Glynn: A romantic lead type who had a part in Colleen Moore's "Flirting With Love." Derek was the stage lover.

Charles Cruze: A dark-eyed romantic juvenile. He's a little out of luck for the time being, as the producers want a more sophisticated type.

These are only a few of the most conspicuous. All of the girls are of the now-popular luxurious, orchidous type and are more or less in luck if some curly-headed little cutie doesn't come along in a big hit and reinstate the ingenues.

Heigh-ho for the life of a prophet! I wonder if the fans who worship at the shrine of their movie kings and queens would know an idol if they saw him, or her, in the making.

I have already proven myself a poor guesser, but anyway I am going to list a few persons of whom you have heard little or nothing, but who are regarded on sets and in casting offices as worth keeping an eye on.

Gwendolyn Lee: A blond orchid type. An interesting blend of Gloria Swanson and Barbara La Marr. This girl attracts attention on all sets, or for that matter, wherever she goes. Both stars and directors notice her. She had a small part in "Lily of the Dust," with Pola Negri, playing one of the desirable daughters of the librarian. Too brief for fan notice, but the girl was good if you knew where to look.

Robert Houston: Another blond type. This one of the softer, more feminine example of the Claire Windsor type and a photographic gem so far as making a pretty picture goes. Mary Pickford was attracted by her and had Marshall Neilan make a test.

Esther Ridder: Here is a dusky brunette of the Alma Rubens school but she looks like no one, except Hergesheimer's description of the doll "Cytherea." A strange face, not pretty, but haunting.

Marjorie Whiteis: This girl has probably the most classic features in Hollywood. She is also a brunette and a perfect beauty. A man who ought to know told me she "didn't
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and then rushes to him to keep him from marrying the other girl. Agnes Ayres is supposed to be starred but as a matter of cold fact, Ruby Laffayette, Pat O'Malley and Raymond Hatton contribute all the real entertainment.

There is another domestic drama in "Locked Doors," a picture which is not only trite but lacking in the saving grace. I don't see why William de Mille produced it. Perhaps this De Mille is tired of the movies and needs a year away from the studio to watch the work of the newer, younger, and more imaginative directors. They say that two bad pictures will kill a star. Five bad pictures will kill a director. William de Mille is nearing the danger line.

The only interest in the picture centers around Theodore Roberts. And this interest is not the fault of Mr. De Mille. It merely means that the public will be glad to see Roberts again after his long illness. Betty Compson is entirely baffle and so is Theodore Von Eitz.

There is something so sincere and so steadfast in Mrs. Wallace Reid's picture, "Broken Laws," that before the first reel is over you are completely won by it. Mrs. Reid has associated herself with propaganda films. People who have a "message" are usually great bores. But "Broken Laws" isn't a bore; it is an excellent study of family life as waged in the Great American Home. Mrs. Reid plays the rôle of a mother who spoils her son and when, at the end, he is arrested for manslaughter, it doesn't help things a bit to have the offer to go to jail for him.

The picture has the merit and good sense that you will not find in more pretentious offerings. And Mrs. Reid's acting is far better than the brand supplied by some of our gaudier performers. Percy Mant, Arthur Rankin and Virginia Lee Corbin also lend their help. I hope you see "Broken Laws," because I want you to feel that Wallace Reid's widow can do braver things than "Human Wreckage."

"East of Suez" simply proves that Pola Negri needs Ernst Lubitsch. But as a matter of fact, so do a lot of other stars. Will Hays ought to do something about keeping Pola with Ernst, just for the good of the public. After a great picture like "Forbidden Paradise," Pola slumps again in a morbid, heavy and vapid picture. The story, which wasn't so much on the stage, has been distorted until it strains your good nature. And Miss Negri, herself, in spite of Oriental costumes and settings, isn't half so lovely as she was in "Forbidden Paradise." Lubitsch seems to give her face gayety, happiness and charm.

It has been several weeks since I saw "If I Marry Again," and at this distance it is hard for me to remember what it was all about. And that's about as good criticism as I can think of for the picture. I remember harboring some resentment when I left the theater because both Anna Q. Nilsson and Lloyd Hughes had been killed off early in the action. I remember, too, that the picture seemed lacking in finish and that the story was all a great jumble about a hard-hearted man and his spirited daughter-in-law. And I do recall that I didn't believe in it for one minute. However, to go in for more reminiscences, I remember liking Doris Kenyon a great deal and feeling sorry for Hobart Bosworth in an unnatural rôle.

I also saw "The Man Without a Country" about a month ago. It is an intensely patriotic picture made by William Fox but when I viewed it, it was in thirteen reels, which is just about twice too long. Consequently, it was slow. But it probably will be snapped up a bit before it reaches you so that it will be impressive without being tedious.

Meanwhile, the "Ben-Hur" company has been called back from Rome and wouldn't it be dreadful if I should be too old to review the picture when it finally is completed? Or wouldn't it?

The Villain

By Alix Thorn

I SIT before the curtain and I don't know what to think.

The bad man in the story has had another drink.
He hates his wife, his mother, he's really a disgrace.
Yet, oh that utter villain has such a pleasant face.

The plot is very clever, and if he had a chance,
That villain would be noble, I see it at a glance.
He's full of evil doings, he's all around the place.
But any one would say it, he has a pleasant face.
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On the New York Stage

Continued from page 93

Jolson's new show is called "Big Boy," and has just as much excitement and even less plot than most of them. The excitement, of course, is Jolson himself, who can take a song or a story and shoot it over the footlights with a fervor which sends the audience into a frenzy of joy. All his songs are encores to the last echo but always one emerges as the hit of the season. This year it is "Keep Smiling at Trouble," which by this time is probably being hummed, broadcasted and fox-trotted all over these United States.

Another sentimental operetta has arrived, somewhat belated imitation of "Blossom Time." Like that famous popular version of the life of Schubert, "The Love Song" is based on the life and music of Offenbach with equally happy results. Much of the original Offenbach music has been woven into it with the result that the score has far more substance than the average operetta.

Whether or not you like it better than "Blossom Time" depends on whether you prefer Schubert to Offenbach. In any case, it is delightfully sung by a cast headed by Dorothy Francis.

If you saw one of the many companies that toured the country in "Little Jesse James" you will be interested in knowing that a successor to this piece, by the same author and composer, is doing a splendid business in New York, and that you may see it some day. It is called "My Girl," and is the intimate sort of musical comedy, depending less on spectacular effects than on the really clever lines of Harlan Thompson.

"Betty Lee" and "Topsy and Eva" are two typical musical shows which are mildly pleasing if you are in the mood. The first has Hal Skelly, Jack Kearns and a pretty, snappy musical score. The second was adapted from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," oddly enough, for the Duncan Sisters. The twin stars are amusing in their usual clowning but the book is a total loss. Evidently when Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her masterpiece she gave no thought to the libretto writer.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 73

necessarily Pauline Frederick, has gone on a stage tour to Australia.

We're tremendously interested in the future of Louise, especially since she did such a sympathetic and genuine mother rôle in "The City That Never Sleeps."

An Unholy Assemblage.

A midget, a giant, and a ventriloquist is the oddest combination we have ever heard of on the screen, and we don't wonder that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has named the picture in which they appear "The Unholy Three." It's a regular dime museum of a feature, with monkeys, parrots and cockatoos adding to the atmosphere.

Lon Chaney is the ventriloquist, and like Syd Chaplin in "Charley's Aunt," he is going around dressed up in skirts. When the parrots in his shop can't talk Chaney is supposed to imitate them with his ventriloquial talents, and they are probably having a monkey-and-parrot time of it trying to register this on the screen.

Lew New Social Leader.

Our social history of Hollywood is incomplete. For we have not yet recorded the waxing prominence of Lew Cody.

Cody is now the generalissimo extraordinary, the plenipotentiary nonpareil, or whatever else the in-génue set may approve as a title for him, whenever there is a premiere or other public function, in which the film people take part. He offers the necessary bright remarks while introducing the players of a film production from the stage, leads daintily clad feminine stars to the footlights, and assists them to make their bow, and otherwise aids in casting audiences who have paid special prices for theater tickets to feel that they are really having their money's worth.

The question of who shall be master of ceremonies at picture premières, benefits and other affairs like that is almost as important as who is the most popular star or who is the best dancer in filmland.

In the old days Charlie Murray officiated most consistently, and later the honor was successfully conferred upon Fred Niblo, the director; Rupert Hughes, the writer, and Milton Sills. Mr. Niblo and Mr. Sills are

Continued on page 117
The New Baby Stars

Evelyn Pierce, nineteen, of Del Rio and El Paso, Texas, who reached Los Angeles as a vaudeville dancer, now has a contract with Metro-Goldwyn.

Dorothy Revier, twenty, from San Francisco, who has appeared in several productions.

Duane Thompson, nineteen, born in Red Oak, Iowa. She is leading lady for Walter Hiers in Christie comedies.

Lola Todd, nineteen, from Spuyten Duyvil, New York. She plays regularly in Universal films.
Spectacular Stunts Performed by the Stars

Continued from page 61

horse's feet could touch bottom, I was over my fright. Of course, when I look back at it now I know there was no reason for fear, but just the same I was powerful nervous when that pinto started in where it was deep.”

After she had completed the feat, the pony was presented to Miss Wilson, and she took it to her home in Hollywood.

Spectacular, yes! But not particularly hazardous.

When Cecil B. De Mille was filming “The Golden Bed,” call was sent out for Marilyn Mills, one of the most skillful equestriennes in the motion-picture colony of Hollywood, to bring “Beverly,” her beautiful Arabian mare and do some riding for Lillian Rich on a set in the Lasky Lot.

“You will use a side saddle,” Miss Mills was told, “and race the horse up a flight of steps into a courthouse. And there are some other things to do, too.”

Miss Mills and Beverly appeared, the former in her coupe and the latter in a specially built trailer. Now riding a lumbering horse up a flight of stairs is no delicate task. Too often the animal's hind hoofs will catch precariously on the edge of a step then slip off, and it will flounder miserably before the climb is completed.

But Miss Rich, after riding in some minor scenes, became enamored of Beverly and pleaded for the opportunity to do the riding herself, on the concrete stairs.

“I'm not a bit afraid!” she exclaimed. “This wonderful horse can do anything.”

She got the chance. Persons who see “The Golden Bed” may know that Miss Rich, herself, raced that horse up the steps and into the courtroom while Marilyn Mills looked on with admiration. When the scene was ended, it was Miss Mills who first went to her and exclaimed: “Beautifully done! You are a splendid rider.”

Spectacular, yes! But not particularly hazardous.

Out at Catalina Island in the Pacific Ocean, ten high-powered speed boats were lined up for racing.

A water carnival was in progress with flags and bunting displayed on boats and buildings along the water front. It was one of those beautiful island mornings with a dazzling sun mirroring a million crystal lights upon the surface of the waters. Back of the speed boats at the end of long hempen cables were surf boards, twenty of them, with as many girls waiting to clamber aboard. “Feet of Clay” was being filmed. Gathered for the event were some of the best swimming and diving girls of the Pacific Coast.

At one side were Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye. For a week they had been learning to ride surf boards. First at comparatively slow speed, then faster and faster, day by day until they had become fairly assured of their ability to keep their feet, and this was the day for “Camera!”

Before the race started each contestant who was to ride a board was warned of the danger of boats coming from behind and instructed that if she fell to beware of coming to the surface in the path of the crafts. A slash from a swiftly whirring propeller could cause serious injury and even death.

For the swimming girls, falling off would be a lark but it became a peril if any of the one-hundred-horse-power boats bore down on them with the swirling surf boards in their wake.

The action of the story called for the blowing up and burning of the boat piloted by Rod La Rocque and the girls saving him from a grave in the water. When the race was started, one of the swimming girls did fall off and was struck by a surf board and picked up by the hospital boat which followed. Her injuries were slight. But Vera Reynolds and Julia Faye, with only a week's training, rode the race, their surf boards plowing through the water and sending clouds of spray shooting from the sides. They were back of the swiftest of the speed boats and were streaked along at a speed far in excess of that usually attained when surf boards are ridden for sport. The hazard to them lay in the boats behind. Both could swim, moderately, and had either fallen and been struck by another craft, the hospital boat promptly would have come to the rescue.

Spectacular, yes! But not extremely hazardous.

One of the most unpleasant half hours of the past year was experienced by Lucy Fox in a lake at Westwood Park, Los Angeles, during the filming of “Teeth,” a William Fox Production. Not only did she have to remain in the lake that length of time, but she was surrounded by bears, wolves, foxes and other animals which disputed with her and Tom Mix, possession of a rock of refuge during the filming of a forest fire scene. The animals, taken from the Selig zoo, were stranglers to them.
and although their keeper was on hand to prevent them from getting nasty and tearing up something, the human actors did not relish the association.

"I'm not on speaking terms with these extras," Miss Fox said to her leading man. "Let's get through with this and get out."

The scene was finished without accident, although one of the black bears showed its teeth menacingly several times.

Spectacular, yes! But hardly hazardous.

In "The Clean Heart," a Vitagraph production, Marguerite De La Motte may be seen dangling over the edge of a mighty gorge and a thrill is produced when a dummy made up to represent her is dropped down its rocky sides. But Mrs. De La Motte was thoroughly safeguarded while in her perilous position. On the screen, the action appears vividly realistic.

A year or two ago, Anna Q. Nils- son was severely burned in a forest fire scene and Claire Windsor slightly roasting in the filming of "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," but neither was in an extremely hazardous position. The line of demarcation between the feats done by the stars and those of the fearless little doubles, is very distinctly drawn. It would be hard to conceive of any of the screen celebrities racing a horse alongside of a railway train and swinging from it to the cab of the engine as Winna Browne has done in so many pictures. It would be difficult to picture Anna Q. Nis- son diving from a boughstop to a tank which had oil blazing on its surface as Loretta Rush did for her in "Flowing Gold." And it is extremely improbable that Marguerite De La Motte would have jumped from the fourth floor of the city hall at Long Beach into a net as Gladys Johnstone did in "Flatlatter," for the glorification of the former. The stars do many of the spectacular feats. Their doubles take the real hazards.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 114

both away, and Mr. Hughes has recently been on his honeymoon follow- ing his marriage to Patterson Dial. So Lew now enjoys a new- found prominence which is approximately the same as being cotillion leader for an annual charity ball.

Personality Versus Acting.

A great argument can be started almost any time in Hollywood over which of the Beery brothers is the better actor. Of course, nearly any picturegoer would naturally give the palm to Wallie, because his record of scene stealing has been so overwhelm- ingly consistent.

So-called "inside opinion" is not quite so unanimous. Noah has been forging very rapidly to the fore in recent Paramount pictures, and there are fans who claim that his portrayals are more truly portrayals of acting rather than of personality, as are Wallie's.

The subject is an interesting one for debate, at any rate. And some fuel has been added to the interest, because Wallie has lately signed with Famous-Players at a salary of over two thousand dollars a week, whereas his brother has been receiving about half that amount from the same company. Wallie's name is, of course, reputed to mean much more at the box office.

"Those terrible rumors!" Alma Rubens exclaimed when a reporter con- fronted her with the report that she is engaged to Ricardo Cortez. "Why, I am just now securing my divorce from Doctor Goodman, and it really isn't fair under the circumstances to ask me whether I am going to be married again, do you think?"

Poets Busy Again.

Leatrice Joy is going to have some lively competition in "The Dress- maker of Paris." Fourteen girls were chosen to appear in this picture, models by Paramount, and though we suspect that the final result will be only a few flashes of them, they are all elated over the opportunity.

Each of the girls has a description poetic or otherwise appended to her name for the edification of everybody in general, but themselves in particular. A few of the most high- sounding are:


Well—Selah. as they say on the Gauges.

At any rate, here are the fourteen manikins: Eugene Gilbert, Etta Lee, Sally Long, Jocelyn Lee, Cecille Evans, Clara Morris, Olive Borden, Christine Montt, Sally Rand, Adalyn Mayer, Majel Coleman, Thais Val- lemar, Vola d'Avril, Dorothy Sea- tron.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

fans keepboosting his pictures because
Meighan is personally such a fine char-
Boredom is the price we would have to
pay for having our stars ’sanctified in
righteousness,’ as Brother Brundidge
would say.

HOMER BRONSON.

What “Our Club” Girls Have Done.

For a whole year I have waited to see
if a reader of your magazine who con-
demned the “Our Club” girls as “never
doing anything worth while” would come
and correct her statement. She said when
the Our Club girls in their work while,
and she and other fans would be too

right glad to praise them. Why has she not
done that? She cannot say that Our Club
girls hen one attends the pantomine-
house the cast is flashed upon the screen,

and it is long, it frequently fades out
before one can take it all through

even with a most hasty reading. There
is no opportunity to study it, give it a
second reading, or refer to it later on.
It takes away every interest of the
interest and the pleasure of seeing any picture,
when one knows from memory only two
or three of the leading people.

One case will illustrate the point. The
writer recently saw “The Madness of the
Streets” twice, and, despite the second see-
ing, was unable to tell who played the
crippled child that succored John Morton
in the melodrama. It was only a bit, but
it was so sweetly and so pathetically done
that it seemed that every one would be glad
to know who was doing it.

In no greater service that pro-
ducers and exhibitors can render to
the patrons of the silver screen than to
remedy this state of affairs in some way.

Rose Street, Salem, Mass.

A Disappointed Fan.

The answer to the question, “What’s wrong with the movies?” favorite
question of every one from noon to the
nooner, has been recently voiced by George
Bernard Shaw. He says of motion pic-
tures in the September issue of Harper’s
Magazine: “The colossal proportions
make this description and the average
of an American millionaire and a
Chinese coolie, a cathedral-town gov-
erness and a mining-village harlot,
puts the films to go everywhere and
pleases everybody... As they must
interest one hundred per cent of the popu-
lation of the globe, barring infants in
arms, they cannot afford to meddle with
the upper ten-per-cent theater of the
browns nor the lower ten-per-cent theater of
the blackguards.

Probably two films in a thousand are not
according to the established order, in
regard to plot, theme, and photography.
When the time comes when the producer
will think of Mr. Shaw's 'upper ten per
cent' rise in a while and make a few pic-
tures without one eye always on the box
office then it will be time to rejoice
and make merry. Whether the present
system is not better or worse I do not
know, but until the time that I have just
spoken of comes the star system will never
be abolished for the reason that as photo-

plays are now the stars are the only worth-
while things about them. Unless a pic-
ture has for its featured player Pola Nor-
gri, Rudolph Valentino, Richard Barthel-
ness, John Barrymore, Dorothy Mackaill,
Lillian Gish, or Adolphe Menjou, I never
enter a theater.

In is often said that motion pictures are
in their infancy—show it. I am only
consoling by Morpheus.

CHARLES H. FORDE.
The Inn, Nacogdoches, Texas.

Girard Does Appreciate Torrence.

In the January Picture-Play Malcom
H. Oettinger brings his article on Ernest
Torrence to a close, he gets a dissenting voice from Girard, Kan-
sas, about Torrence, and I wish to offset
this voice by this statement: I saw
Torrence in “West of the Divide” in
“The Mountebank,” and in “The Covered
Wagon.” How anybody could fail to ap-
preciate Torrence in any of the pictures
is beyond me.

V. E. WASSER.
108 West Buffalo Street, Girard, Kans.
To Our Old Favorites.

Come back, oh, do come back and stay for ever such a long time! Forward, fans, and join me in this cry for liberty against the diabolous films of the present day with the record of a few which have our old favorites!

Have you forgotten Pauline Frederick's Madame X, and will you ever forget her in "Three Women?" She is an artist and a very, very wonderful one. Many of the later stars are "pathetic money grabbers with pretty faces" beside her.

Do you remember Nazimova's "Revelation" and "The Brat," and where, oh, where, has she been since you saw "Salome?" Don't you recognize art when you see it? Will you ever forget her Madame of the Streets?

Mae Marsh has returned with success. Also, she has returned with the "Way Down," and let's encourage Ethel Clayton, May Allison, Billie Burke, and Florence Turner to come back, too, and last but not least, Clara Bow, who is my favorite in all filmland! One of the finest performances ever seen on the screen was in "Eyes of Youth," in which Miss Young acted with such exquisite feeling, sincerity, and finish.

I do not consider Lillian Gish, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mary Pickford, in the class of money grabbers, but then they are of the old school, and were in their prime before some of our other stars retired, and look how they have lasted!

PEGGY SYMONS.

Bank House, Clarendon Road, Southsea, England.

A Protest from Australia.

I read with interest in magazine after magazine the criticisms of the many fans regarding better pictures. I have been performing publicly here every week since the last two months, but since then I object strongly to flooding the theaters with this type of picture: Hubby is a very busy husband, and that's why he looks the way he does. He's been married twenty years and has three children.

I have seen three this week:

ALBERT CLARKE.

1 Adelaide Street, South Richmond, Victoria, Australia.

A True Artist.

I think the writer was a mean old thing who said in the January issue that Ramon was "cute in "Scararamouche" and that's all.

Mr. Novarro is handsome, and a true artist. Had his work not been appreciated in "Scararamouche" and other pictures why was he chosen to play Brutus? He is one of the most charming men I have ever met.

MARIAN DOERN.

805 Shepard Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.

More Personal Impressions.

Every one seems interested in the impressions of stars the fans have seen, so I will give mine.

I had the opportunity of meeting Douglas Fairbanks, whom I admire very much, one day last week. He shook hands with me I felt that I had never known a more reassuring handshake. Instantly I felt friendly toward him. As he stood for a moment watching the girls, I watched for his smile and other characteristics that I was familiar with on the screen. He was even more tanned than I had imagined he would be, otherwise just as you would expect to find him. He impresses you most with his earnestness—so thoroughly interested in his work—so genuinely enthusiastic. You couldn't help liking Douglas.

Rudolph Valentino, in whom so many are interested, I saw during the filming of "The Sheik." Dressed in his flowing Arabian robes he made a very pleasing picture. In spite of the heat of the Californian desert, he seemed happily content. He had much walking to do through the deep sands, but it apparently made little difference in his disposition. Smiling and demonstrat he made his way back and forth, occupied for hours by one word or two with Agnes Ayres. When the long day was over and the cool evening had come we left with the conviction that Mr. Valentino was a very good-natured individual.

I saw Bert Lytell one bright afternoon in Los Angeles. He was munching something out of a bag very much like a schoolboy, but it strikes me, he think. He is just a young-up boy. He looked as if he were at peace with the whole world. He had a very pleasant manner of speaking when he talked. He is somewhat larger than I had expected him to be, but otherwise the same Bert as on the screen. He seemed particularly happy on that afternoon—just why I never found out. Perhaps he always is.

Buster Keaton gives the fans an opportunity of seeing him when he captains his famous ball team. We all sit around, divided between our interest in the game and our interest in Buster. Mr. Keaton is left handed, which seems to give him an advantage. He is third baseman, and most of the time a very serious one.

Maybe he never saw something that was very like a smile bordering on a grin once upon a time, when a home run was made in the Keaton team's favor. All in all he is the Buster of the pictures—droll and likable.

Milton Mills spoke one afternoon before our assembly at school. He was once a professor, you know, and he told us he felt right at home. He was very much at ease and took the cheer we gave him as gracefully as any football hero. But somehow as he stood up there talking about the advance of the drama, you wouldn't imagine you just couldn't. He looked and spoke too naturally where he was.

MARGARET BARNES.

303 N. Kenmore, Hollywood, Calif.

Do the Stars Deceive Us in Regard to their Height?

Why do actors try to appear taller than they really are? It seems to me that only comedians must be short, and that all leading men are six feet. Ramon Novarro, for instance, confesses to be five feet eight inches tall, but in "Trilling Women," who he appears with Barbara La Marr, who can't be two inches shorter, tops her by at least four inches. And Rudolph Valentino—who will believe that his feet are no higher than the Rocks" with Gloria Swanson, there was a close-up of the two in a passionate embrace, and you could very well see that Gloria, who is five feet two, reached up to see if his face was level with her head. But whenever he appeared with Milton Sills, who is supposed to be just one inch taller than Valentino, she barely passed his shoulders. Why is this so?

I've seen instances of this trick so very often that it got on my nerves, and I simply had to let go. Now I feel better.

ANTONIO DE IBURRA GAYENA.

2232 Felix Huertas Street, Manila, P. I.
Information Please

Continued from page 102

are named Eileen, Sheila, and Mary Kathleen. His wife was formerly Lillian Wilkes. Yes, the Moore brothers are all Irish, also. Irene Rich lives at 8082 Selma Avenue, Los Angeles. She was a widow with two daughters, and she went into picture work. The Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star—I can't even wonder where you are, when your letter is so plainly postmarked Kalama, Wash. Lila Gray, now that she is Charlie's wife, looks no better than to play opposite him in "Th' Gold Rush" after all. Those scenes in which she had already played have been scrapped. Georgie Hale, the beauty contest winner who played in "The Salvation Hunters," is to take her place. It seems that Miss Gray—or Mrs. Chaplin—being only sixteen, has to go on with her education. She is studying Latin and algebra three hours a day.

A Dumb-Bell.—Have you a girl friend? I thought dumb-bells always went in pairs. Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay, who played opposite him in his newest picture. There is a very little Mary Hay Barthelmess, Jr. Doug is at work on his new production, "Don Q." Mary is also working on a picture, written by W. R. Johnson, which has not been titled yet. Marshall Neilan is directing her; he is one of the directors who helped make Mary famous.

LOYAL TO WYNDBR.—The reason why you have not seen Wyndham Standing much in the last few years is that he has been in Europe a large part of the time. But now he is back in Hollywood again, and will appear in productions which you will have a chance to see. One of the pictures in which American players appear abroad ever since been shown in this country. Mr. Standing's address is at the end of the Oracle, so you can write him personally for that photograph.

Marcy.—Yes, John Bowers is married, and Margarette Du Lotté is the lucky lady. They recently spent their honeymoon in New York. If you happened to live in Paris in March which I suppose you don't—you might have seen them on their personal appearance at the Capitol Theater there. It's funny that just about the time of their marriage Margarette should have been playing in "The Clean Heart" and John Bowers in "Empty Hearts." The heart interest was so strong it just effervesced right onto the screen.

Hop Scotch.—Conway Tearle is married to Adela Rowland, his third wife. She has been converted this past winter, billed as Mrs. Conway Tearle.

FLAPDoodle.—So that's a fictitious name? You've certainly taken a great load off my mind; there's nothing to reproach you or your family for. Lowell Sherman has been playing on the stage this past winter in a play called "High Stakes." I don't suppose he has deserted movies; he has been married to Evelyn Beebe. Yes, he is engaged to Lilyan Tashman. Yes, he is a most attractive young man. Fox is starring him at present, his latest being "Ports of Call." Did you see him with Pola Negri in "East of Suez"? People have been looking for Edward now of looking just like John Barrymore.

DISAPPOINTED.—Yes, it's too bad that Monte Blue didn't wait for you when he remarried, though I hope you won't feel too sorry for him when you see that he doesn't regret it. You see, Tove Jansen, the new bride, is a perfectly charming person. Not that you probably aren't also! The marriage took place last November and 15. Tove was born in Copenhagen in 1890. He is six feet three inches; you see there is quite a lot to him! Yes, and Rod La Rocque resemble each other greatly, though they are not related. Rod is still a bachelor, though how he has resisted all the feminine attention he gets is a mystery to me. He is also six feet three inches. His latest picture is "The Golden Bed."

ONE WHO LOVES COLLEEN MOORE.—Yes, it is quite true that Colleen has one brown eye and one blue eye, but that doesn't keep her from looking right. Colleen was born in Port Huron, Michigan, August 19, 1900, and educated at the Convention of the Holy Name in Tampa, Florida. I think Tampa rather claims her as a native daughter than to John McCormick, who is associated with First National Pictures in an executive capacity. Colleen gave what is likely to be her most memorable performance of the year in "So Big." Ben Lyon was also in the cast. Colleen's most recent picture is "Sally."

MIGNONETTE.—Of course I don't mind telling you I admire you. I mean you like, only don't get too personal. I'm sensitive that way. Yes, it's true that Gloria Swanson doesn't permit her little daughter to appear in pictures, so she has the feeling that Baby Gloria is too young to be shoved into the limelight; when she gets older she can decide for herself whether or not she wants to pursue a career of publicity. Miss Swanson, by the way, is a very wonderful mother. Of course you know she has been working in Paris on Madame Sans-Gene. It is intended to be a feature picture, but when it was finished it turned out to be such an exceptional production that Famous Players decided it should be a superspecial.

Cross Eyes.—If only one's eyes are cross, hurray for one's disposition. Ben Turpin has threatened to retire as soon as his present contract with Mack Sennett permits, as he feels that he wants time to be more with his world wife. Besides, Ben has invested his money wisely and has plenty to live on the rest of his life. But a Mack Sennett comedy won't be without value. Dorothy Gish is twenty-seven and Lillian two years older. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, April 19, 1900.

DECIDED BLONDE.—What was nature who decided? Alberta Vaughn was born in Kentucky in 1908. She didn't tell her age, even though it was 1908. When I called her up, she was in the middle of the night to ask her. Yes, Bebe Daniels uses her own name. She has never been on the screen, not the fault of the young men who flutter about her. Pola Negri is divorced from Count Dombiski. She was born in Poland, and her real name is Appolonia Chatzopoulos.
A Reader—Ah, so I have a reader! Now I’m going to work harder than ever. Yes, Leartrice Joy did announce that she was going to retire on account of the young son, but fortunately she changed her mind. Somehow these stars just can’t stop. They don’t believe in the sign, “Time to Retire.” Certainly there’s no reason for Leartrice to do so. Her retirement would have been a real loss to the screen.

Dimples.—Yes, Lila Lee is back on the screen again, playing opposite Thomas Meighan. That’s a good team, isn’t it? Lila has a little son seven or eight months old. Her husband, James Kirkwood, is playing on the screen in a Belasco production, “Ladies of the Evening.” He has a pleasing voice, but he isn’t so good an actor on the stage as he is on the screen.

Ricardo Cortez For Me.—Well, Ricardo may not be for you, but I can make you believe that you are. He was born in Al- sace-Lorraine, France, which presumably makes him French rather than Spanish. He is about twenty-six and is married. I have met him and found him quite charming. I think he deserves to be made a star.

Addresses of Players

Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Gloria Stuart, John Meenan, and Frances Howard, at the Famous Players, Lasky Studios, and acre Avenues, Long Island City, New York.

Alan Rubens, Malel Ballin, Tom Mix, Betty Blyleven, and Betty Charles, at the Fox, Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Rudolph Valentino, Nina Naldi, Colleen Moore, Garo, Mabel Normand, Ronald Colman, Milton Stills, Myrtle Sted- man, and Brauns, at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Irene Rich, Louise Pazienza, Monte Blue, Willard Louis, Mary Prevost, Beverly Bayne, June Marlowe, at the United Studios, Syracuse, and Bronx, Hollywood, California.

Ben Turpin, Marie D'Alvarez, Ralph Grivas, Billy Bevan, and Harry Langdon, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Betty Compson, Lilyan Rich, Pauline Starke, Esther Ralston, and Dorothy Macka, at the Fox, Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Alice Pring- gle, Eleanor Boardman, Macme Murray, Helena May, Agee, Nagee, Claire Windsor, Evelyn Pierie, Allan Forrest, Blanche Myrick, Mary Ford, Marry Gordon, Malcolm Mac Gregor, Moe Busch, and William Haines, at the Meter-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Laura La Plante, Regina Denig, Lon Chaney, Douglas Fairbanks, William Haines, Virginia Valli, Louise Lorraine, Art Acord, Jack Holt, and Jack Hues, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Alice Pringle, Eleanor Boardman, Macmurray, Helena May, Agee, Nagee, Claire Windsor, Evelyn Suphie, Allan Forrest, Blanche Myrick, Mary Ford, Marry Gordon, Malcolm Mac Gregor, Moe Busch, and William Haines, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Laura La Plante, Regina Denig, Lon Chaney, Douglas Fairbanks, William Haines, Virginia Valli, Louise Lorraine, Art Acord, Jack Holt, and Jack Hues, at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frank, at 1605 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Raman Nixion, at 4143½ Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Doris Kenyon, Dorothy Mackall, Ben Lyon, Ben Stott, and Arthur Allison, at the Biphoto, Studios, 857 East One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Street, New York City.

Robert Anw, at 6357 La Miranda, Hollywood, California.

Willard Mack, Blanche Machaffy, Our Gang, Marie Mosquini, Eno Gregory, and Sarah Hulh, at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Lillian and Raul Lisbon, Richard Barthel- mess, and Mary Hay, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 555 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wallace MacDonald, at 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Raymond McKeow, at 1817 Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Barbara La Mar, care of Sawyer-Lauba Productions, Loew State Theater Building, New York City.


Harold Lloyd and Jane Russell, at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

CARTOONING

EARL E. LIEDELMER

The Muscle Builder

A Wart On Your Nose

would not be noticed nearly so much as a frail, weak body. Yet, if you and a wart on your nose, you would worry yourself sick—you would pay money for any price to get rid of it. But what about that body of yours? What are you doing to make people admire and respect you? Wake up! Come to your senses! Don’t you realize what a strong, robust body means to you? It makes no difference whether it be in the business or small world—everybody admires a strong, robust fellow—everyone despises the weakling.

I Will Transform You

I make weak men strong. That’s my job. That’s why they call me "The Muscle Builder." I never fail. A bold statement, but true. I don’t care how weak you are, I can do the trick. The weaker you are, the more noticeable the results. I’ve been doing this for so many years, it’s easy now. I know how.

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Remakes Your Complexion!

A blemished complexion looks as smooth, soft and delicate as a rosebud after wearing this light, silken mask just a few nights! Acts to quickly revive the skin cells, smooth out tired lines, and clear away blemishes! Women are delighted when they see the remarkable change after just one night.

Here’s something new and astonishing—a simple, silken mask that remakes your complexion almost overnight. Nothing quite like it has ever been known before; for this marvelous treatment is at work every minute while you sleep, purifying the pores and reviving the starved skin cells, making the skin soft, smooth, lovely. You wake up with a new complexion.

This wonderful new mask has been perfected, after long study and research, by Susanna Cocroft, world-famous as a health specialist. At the Susanna Cocroft Laboratories, experiments have proved that when used with the special Susanna Cocroft tissue tonic and nourishing cream, this amazing mask actually seems to remake your complexion while you sleep!

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As soon as you apply the tissue tonic and cream, your complexion is started on the road to a new beauty. Their duty is to coax the impurities from your skin—the blemishes and blackheads—and give it new life and radiance. The sheer, soft, silken mask, which is adjusted over the nourishing cream, not only prevents the cream from rubbing off, but stimulates circulation and actostomooth away tired lines, and make the skin soft, glowing and elastic. All night as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the magic mask, taking in treatment and giving off waste. Muscles are lifted and invigorated. Minute by minute the skin is cleansed, purified, freshened throughout the night, and the cumulative effect in the morning is a skin velvetylike in its smoothness, fresh, attractive, radiant!

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The new Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves and cold cream do for your hands overnight and much more. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, but in addition the wonderful stimulating tonic and cream clean and freshen the face-pores, and revive and invigorate the poisoned skin cells, while the mask all night long gently but scientifically massages the face, acting to lift the muscles and smooth away lines as an expensive beauty operator does.

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After wearing the Rejuvenating Face Mask overnight, you wake up feeling refreshed. You run your fingers over your cheeks—and you are amazed. Soft as the petals of a flower! Smooth! Your mirror tells the rest of the story—a complexion that is radiant and lovely. Remade overnight!

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And Special Offer

An intensely interesting illustrated book called The Overnight Way to a New Complexion tells you all about the new Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works—how it stimulates the cells, cleanses the pores, lifts sagging muscles, acts to smooth away tired lines and restore the youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat. This handsome book is yours for the asking, and obligates you in no way whatever. Why don’t you send for it today and find out all about this remarkable new mask that is remaking complexions overnight? Write today, and find out also about the special short-time package offer. Use this coupon. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-244, 130 West 31st Street, New York.

The Magic Overnight Mask

For:

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- blackheads and blemishes
- sagging muscles
- double chin
- sallowness
- loss of contour
- excessive dryness
- excessive oiliness

Mail the coupon today for the interesting details about this wonderful new mask.

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Dept. F-244, 130 West 31st Street, New York

I am interested. You may send me your free book, The Overnight Way to a New Complexion, telling all about the Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works, and also the details of your Special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
CONTENTS FOR
MAY, 1925

What the Fans Think ........................................ 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Betty Herself ............................................. 15
The little girl who won our hearts with her Peter Pan has a new role in
which she might have stepped from real life.

As a Film Star Sees New York .......................... 16
Helen Klumph
Her visits to the metropolis are somewhat different from what you would expect
them to be.

The Kind of Girl that Napoleon Couldn't Forget .... 19
She was called Madame Sans Gene, and Gloria Swanson will represent her in
her next screen production.

Don't Be Beautiful—Be Different! .................... 20
A discussion of the distinctive facial features that helped certain stars to succeed.

Would You Marry An Actor? ............................. 22
Myrtle Gebhart
Dorothy Mackaill says she doubts that she would, and tells the reasons why.

She Couldn't Be Spared ................................. 25
Referring to Leatrice Joy, who will return soon to the screen.

Boredom, Bacchanal, and Beauty ....................... 26
Don Ryan
A vivid and interesting account of a writer's experiences and observations while
acting in "The Merry Widow."
Illustrated by K. R. Chamberlain.

The Observer ........................................... 29
Editorial comment on matters pertaining to the screen.

What Mary is Doing ..................................... 30
She is, as the article tells you, making a new picture.

Zorro is to Return! ...................................... 31
And Douglas Fairbanks, who again takes up the swashbuckler's sword, will also
play the part of this favorite character's son, in his new picture, "Don Q."

When Hollywood Entertains ........................... 32
Caroline Bell
The different kinds of parties which the different stars give.

Favorite Picture Players ................................ 35
Portraits of stars in rotogravure.

Pringle, Pringle, What a Star! .......................... 43
Helen Klumph
An impression of the heroine of some of Elmer Glyn's romances.

The Dotted Line of Don'ts ................................ 44
Myrtle Gebhart
Some of the things prohibited by star contracts.
Illustrated by Lui Trugo.

Among Those Present ................................. 46
Brief personality sketches of Weber and Fields, Beverly Bayne, Miss Du
Pont, Bagnari Desmondo, Dorothy Sebastian, Edward Earle, Bess Meredyth,

Continued on the Second Page Following
Personalities of Paramount

James Cruze
The man who made "The Covered Wagon"

You would not need to know much more than that about any director to realize that he was one of the real kings of motion pictures.

Many a director would have been satisfied to rest on such laurels for a long time.

But the applause which still echoes wherever "The Covered Wagon" is being shown is somewhat unfair to Mr. Cruze's other work.


Everyone holds audiences with a spell like Christmas-time over a child of six.

Mr. Cruze has just finished "The Goose Hangs High," and is now at work on a big special production of the novelty comedy-drama, "Beggar on Horseback," which will be shown as a Paramount super-feature next fall.

Changing Conditions in the Film Industry

People used to refer to the movie game.

A game it was, fifteen years ago, and a gamble too, for producer, exhibitor and fan.

Everybody took a chance and often lost.

The motion picture industry of today is very different. Entertainment as a world-wide industry is in a class with Food, Housing, Transportation and other fundamentals of life.

As far as the best quality of Production is concerned, there exists a standard, and it is high because Paramount sets it.

As far as Distribution is concerned, Paramount Pictures are shown by the best theatres in almost every community in America.

As far as Demand is concerned, you tell that story yourself by your patronage.

Today, millions have excellent reason to know before they go that—

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
TO THE THOUSANDS OF GIRLS

who feel they are misfits, wallflowers in the dance of life, a certain article which will appear in our next issue, is dedicated.

It is a talk by Louise Fazenda, reported by Myrtle Gebhart, and it is a frank revelation of how the former slap-stick comedienne overcame the self-consciousness of being an "ugly duckling" and blossomed out into an actress capable of playing fine, sympathetic parts, and in her private life achieved a peace of mind that she never used to have when every one persisted in regarding her merely as a "comic"—which, at heart, she never was.

It is one of the most stimulating, helpful bits of human revelation which we have ever had the pleasure of printing, and we hope that not one of our readers will miss it.

Another glimpse at the real spirit of a player whose inner self is little known to the thousands of fans who have seen flashes of it on the screen, is to be revealed in an article by Constance Palmer about Mary Philbin. It is a delicate, sincere appreciation, one that you will enjoy.

By way of lighter things, Margaret Reid will tell of her experiences on the Harold Lloyd lot. There will be other interesting features by our regular contributors, along new and varied lines.

But, if for no other reason, we want you to read the number for what Louise Fazenda has to say.

Louise Fazenda, taken while at work on a picture recently.

Contents—Continued

Representing the Workingman  Malcolm H. Oettinger  50
Conway Tearle, presented from a new and interesting angle.

Over the Teacups  The Bystander  52
Fanny the Fan's random chatter about the news of the film world.

The Captain of His Soul  Doris Denby  56
Eric von Stroheim is bitter over the way in which his talents are used, but he won't give up his fight to do things in his own way.

On the New York Stage  Alison Smith  58
Getting the movie angle on important Broadway productions.

Nita Tells How She Did It  A. L. Wooldridge  62
In other words, how she reduced.

Clothing the Temptress  Louise Williams  64
Barbara La Marr is to have the services of a new expert on gowns.

The Screen in Review  Agnes Smith  66
Pungent criticism of new screen productions.

Hollywood High Lights  Edwin and Elza Schallert  70
News and gossip from the center of film production.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases  73
Pointing the way to worth-while films.

To the Rescue of the Villain  Nadeyne Fergus  74
The villain, in this case, being William Powell.

A Letter from Location  Laura La Plante writes about her experiences in Honolulu.

An Extraordinary Fellow  Malcolm H. Oettinger  84
An interesting chat with Raymond Griffith.

The Tragedies of Hollywood  A. L. Wooldridge  86
More than one player has lost his or her life while making pictures for our entertainment.

A Star for a Day  Margaret Reid  88
Our "Extra Girl" had an interesting experience recently, which she tells about in this article.

Harriet's Tragic Eyes  91
A case in which the results of an accident were turned to good account.

Information, Please  The Picture Oracle  102
Answers to questions from our readers.
We have begun the publication of a line of splendidly bound cloth books with very attractive jackets, printed from new plates, and devoted to adventure, Western, detective, and love fiction.

These books compare more than favorably with any similarly priced line ever published anywhere. You can see at a glance that the binding, paper, and printing of these books are all that they should be. We vouch for the interest and cleanliness of the stories. No reader will ever be disappointed in any story published in this line.

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The Brand of Silence. A Detective Story
John Standon of Texas. A Western Story
Gems of Promise. A Western Story
Black Star's Campaign. A Detective Story
The Man from Michigan. A Western Story
Bull Hunter. A Western Story
Bull Hunter's Romance. A Western Story
Hill-bred Barton's Code. A Western Story
The Spectacular Kid. A Western Story
Who Killed William Drew? A Detective Story
Jim Curry's Test. A Western Story
The Tracking of K. K. A Detective Story
King Charlie's Riders. A Western Story
Unwelcome Settlers. A Western Story
Whispering Canon. A Western Story
Squatters at Dabchick Lake. A Western Story
The Boss of Camp Four. A Western Story
Watched Out. An Adventure Story
Quality Bill's Girl. A Detective Story
The Coyote. A Western Story
The Scarlet Scourge. A Detective Story

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CHELSEA HOUSE
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What the Fans Think

They're Off.

COME, fans, let's make things right!
Let's boost our true-blue little star—Constance Talmadge.
A hundred million strong—what do you say?
All right! Get your pens!
Ready! Get set! Go!
Chillicothe, Ohio. A TALMADGE FAN.

A Tribute to Betty Bronson.

This is just a little note to show how much I think of Betty Bronson. Since I saw her in "Peter Pan" I have lived in a different world. Her flower-freshness, her spring spirits, her glorious youth, her rough-diamond acting have lifted me to the clouds. I adore her. She is spontaneous, flashing, joyous, as changeable as shot silk and as lovely as the fragile spring beauties. I adore the little quiver of her upper lip when she smiles—it is like the trembling of stars in the early evening; and her eyes are like flowers and fairies and dreams. I adore her boyishness, the little tilt of her head, and the way she puts her hands on her hips and laughs.

Oh, Betty Bronson, never change! Never acquire sophistication or flappery or any of the things all the others have! Hold tight to your individuality. It is the most wonderful thing in the world!
Brooklyn, New York. A. B. B. FAN.

A Protest from the Phillipines.

My blood boils whenever I read that an ingénue wants to do drama. What could be more absurd? By ingénue, I mean the sweet young thing with bobbed hair and a cute smile. Imagine them doing drama! Aren't they just young to think of doing something they don't understand? Often a director will give an ingénue a strong part. What happens? She just falls to pieces, naturally, because she cannot understand what it is all about. Oh, how I laugh when a cute thing says in her first interview, "I'd like to do something big!" I'd rather they wouldn't say it, as it sounds so-silly.
823 Rizal Avenue ESPERANZA ESCURDIA.
Manila, Phillipine Islands.

"Isn't Life Wonderful!"

Have you ever sat through a movie show with tears in your eyes and your lips a-trembling, while momentarily your heart and soul go out to those before you on the screen? You feel you want to cluck because they remind you of bygone days and old friends you've been wanting to meet again. Momentarily you forget your own little life and days as they might have been. You want to dream and live in the world of make-believe. Sing, and be merry! why, you can almost hear the stammer of feet to its breezy tune—"Zu Launderbach hab ich mein strumpf verloren und ohne strumpf geht ich nicht heim." (To Launderbach I lost my sock, and I won't go home till I find it again.) Sing and be merry, you want to shout it through the audience with a cluck in your throat while in your own little heart there's a feeling you can't express. Then, strangely, its tunes fade away and even the stammer of feet with nothing but silence all around you. Suddenly you pause—you seem to feel a wind blowing across your face. Why, you can even hear the rustle of tall trees swaying beneath the friendly moon. The beauty of all this gives you a feeling that you want to clasp some one's hand near you and let those heart throbings out.

Probaby you have been wondering what this is all about. But if you have seen D. W. Griffith's "Isn't Life Wonderful!" perhaps I need say no more. If not, see it, and perhaps you will understand.
707 KENESAW TERRACE. ELLA NIKISHER.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

In Defense of Percy Marmont.

This is my very first fan letter, and may it be my last! But that letter from Trix MacKenzie made me violently angry.

"Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," with Percy Marmont and Milton Sills—two of our finest actors! How can she say such a thing when any one in his right senses knows it is utterly ridiculous? Has Miss MacKenzie seen Marmont's marvelouas portrayal of Mark Sabre in "If Winter Comes," and his even more poignant characterization in "The Clean Heart?"

I can just imagine the actor she favors most—Rudolph Valentino. I am glad she did not put him in her "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers," for a wooden soldier has more animation. I liked him in "Monsieur Beaumarchais," but oh! "A Painted Devil" was the most stupid thing I ever saw. The only thing that kept me from falling asleep was the acting of Louise La Grange. Even my chum, who is an ardent Valentino admirer, was disgusted.

I hope it is not because I have a particularly warm spot in my heart for Percy Marmont that her letter has affected me so. But he is such a splendid actor. I was rather bored with the movie world until I saw "The Light That Failed," and the first hit of real sincere effort on the part of an actor. His tragic blue eyes and that dear, wistful smile won me at once. I

Continued on page 10
The Rider of the Mohave

12 mo.  318 pages.

By JAMES FELLOM

Price, $2.00

Once to every man is given the opportunity to shape his rough-hewn life and to make it a thing of utility and worth. This much is famed in song and story, but not so much has been written about the opportunities of the man who has made life a failure, to reform and be somebody really worth while.

Billy Gee, in this splendid Western story, becomes somebody worth while, but not until he has made the reader hold his breath time and time again.

The lives of the people in the great American desert are depicted with a clarity that is really startling—so startling, in fact, that after reading this story, Zane Grey, who is an authority on Western stories, if any one in this country can claim to be, sent Mr. Fellom a personal letter of congratulation. "I think you have written a darn good book, and I congratulate you. There are so many Western books and so few have ideals. I hope yours has the good sale it deserves."

CHELSEA HOUSE
20-22 Seventh Ave.
New York City
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

have seen one of his pictures, "Souvenir," five times. Since then I have become more optimistic toward to actors in general.

EUGENE VAN HOOTEN

Box 322, Red Bank, N. J.

Six Love Affairs

Every girl in the world cherishes a desire to have a great many affairs of the heart. Deny it she may—but not truthfully. Now I would be satisfied with six. Am I not reasonable? But—and here lies the rub—in the sixth or seventh, one must be absolutely perfect. She must be with my six screen Romes. Impossible? Yes! Overdrawn? Maybe! But glorious—who can deny it?

In the month of May, that burning, coaxing young month, I should be a flapper gay. My side-kick would be that irresistible, engaging younger, John Patrick. One wholly irresistible, hilarious mood. Then I would follow all things the never-failing ingenue of John could suggest. Just one month of playing with the most charming playmate in the world would be enough for me.

Then June, the month of lovers. I should have to grow up just a little, not too much, in order to resist the ardor of Ben Lyon. Young enough to be a little cruel to him, old enough to have sympathy at him, for Ben is that combination of boyishness and masterfulness that is the most irresistible to any girl. A whirlwind courtship of this, of extremes, as the case with two people with hot tempers and stubborn dispositions. As lovely as the proverbial rose—and with as many thorns.

Then July, when my disposition is apt to be much like the weather, subject to cyclones and electric storms. I should want Red La Rocque to order my life for me. Masterful yet tender, the band of steel within the silken glove. For one whole month I should adore it. Matching my will against his when I know it means failure, yet glorying in his strength.

But with August, that mad, mad month of golden days and moonlit, flower-scented nights, I should dance into love with Ricardo Cortez to the strains of that lovely Waltz, "Alondra." The dark eyes, the slim figure, the strong arm around me, dancing on a moonlit deck of a yacht with the soft swish of the water, and a hidden orchestra.

And then September, the time to remember for a lifetime—but it could only happen in the mad, mad month of August.

Toledo, Ohio.

Marion Delaney.

Ishpeming, Mich.

I never read anything quite so ridiculous as what Jean Kilmer said in your last number about my saying that the writers and fans should praise all the stars because it was just as easy to praise as to condemn. She says that 'whither a writer writes a dull book we do not praise him. Of course we don't. Because lots of people can write stupid books and pay to have them printed. But our dear movie stars are quite different people. They are made stars because the men love and adore them. I know that there are a few people even if I never have seen any of them personally. Some people who are mean and jealous say mean things against them, but I do not let them influence me. I am not a hundred times more than if some one said mean things about my parents, and I know that all the real fans think as I do.'

Petty Ruth Janright.

BANGOR, Maine.

I am so deeply hurt that something within me has died a horrible death. My ideals are shattered to bits, I wish I could run amuck and tear A. L. Woodbridge to bits, for he has robbed the stars of all their glamour, leaving them only, beauty, realism, and tears.

Why do we love and worship the stars?

Not because they are beautiful of face, lovely of form, able to cry and laugh, but because, with all that, they ride, swim, and do a thousand and one dare-devil deeds of danger that we see on the screen. And things we would think impossible to be done by doubles. I feel like a child who has just learned that there is no Santa Claus.

Of course, I knew there were such things as doubles, but I thought they were only used by actors too profusely lazy and conceited to do their own work, never dreaming that our beloved stars are lying dead in the job.

I have lost all faith in humanity—wastewinders and wanters—brass and tinsel—nothing true steel unless it's Tom Mix—don't believe in anything. I would if I can't plug a hole or I'll lay down and say it with flowers.

Oh, Woodridge, I'll be revenged on you yet!

Vera Leddy

311 North Twenty-first Street, Omaha, Neb.

The reason why producers don't make 'bigger and better pictures' is that the present class of stars have won their prominence, with a very few exceptions, by mere sensationalism. The average audience is interested in a certain formula, the noted shelf of the screen, because he has read of the actor's latest divorce or his most recent 'wild party.' The infatuated public attends Pickford's pictures because it is unusual to see a man who has had ten husbands and wears insect costumes. On the other hand, if an actor has a spotless reputation he has little chance of success. In fact, I have been told by flappers that a certain juvenile would be their favorite if he's only get into a couple of scandals. Such statements such a picture is often a star's only chance to work with the stars to strive for any higher morality. Virtue, in an actor or actress, is a quality to be sneered at in the opinions of most fans.

Art is also taboo in the movies. Few movie patrons or even critics know the first rudiments of acting, and their criticisms of players are based and unjust. This lack of understanding that makes a commonplace actor more popular than a great player like John Barrymore. The public doesn't want a sincere actor for its idea of acting is its own creation, to whom it attributes qualities and abilities such as no one human being would be likely to have, and they identify him with certain characteristics so that if he tries to essay another type they are outraged.

Consider, for example, Ramon Novarro, the ingenue's ideal. As long as he was able to delineate roles as Ivan de Mampin, Motouri, and Juan Ricardo he was the beloved of the maiden, her mother, and grandmother. He appeared in the role of the Hero, he laughed with childish joy and wept with the hopelessness of youth. Unlikely, the Mexican boy is a genius. He attempted a purely realistic portrayal in 'The Red Lily,' and gave the screen one of its finest characterizations but the maidens wept. This hardened and disillusioned Apache bore no resemblance to the Juan Ricardo or the regal John. They protested loudly: 'Let Lon Chaney do the hideous and artistic roles, but why run the face of the screen's one handsome man with make-up and clowns!'

Mr. Novarro will, no doubt, never again try to be 'artistic.' 'Ben-Hur,' fortunately for Ramon's tremendous popularity, will afford him ample opportunity to display the world-famous dimpled knees.

Continued on page 12
BANKRUPT in EVERYTHING

John Van Wyck, through the clever manipulation of a man who already had sufficient of this world's goods to satisfy almost any one, found himself bankrupt with only a single friend and the clothes he wore as assets.

If he had been on Broadway he might have reinstated himself in position and fortune by hard work, but he happened to be in the southwest desert country, so he had to take other means.

His headlong plunge into a sea of trouble and adventure will make the reader feel that John Van Wyck who was surnamed "The O' Donouj," otherwise known as "The Boss of Eagle's Nest," is easily the most interesting character in Western fiction that has been given to us in a long while.

The Boss of Eagle's Nest

By William West Winter

Price, $2 Net

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wishful glances, irresistible smiles, naive poise, childish grief, embarrassed and tender love making, and ethereal grace.

J. ELAINE THOMPSON.

Port Huron, Mich.

I believe it was Robert Ingersoll who said, "College polishes pebbles and dims diamonds." In looking over the actors and actresses of the silent drama it occurs to me that we fans are experts at polishing histrionic pebbles and dimming histrionic diamonds.

The one great Valentino is a striking example of the diamond of genius can be dimmed by the fawning, absurd, and hysterical praise of the fan rabble. The artist who gave us Juliet and Gallardo has disappeared, and in his place stands the clothes horse who gave us "A Sainted Devil." Silly fans have complimented him so violently and vulgarly on his physical being that the dried-up man has begun exploiting his body rather than his ability as an actor. We watched him dress in "Blood and Sand," and found the novelty of it rather thrilling; that scene, moreover, was taken from the stage version. But I, for one, do not care to see him dressing in every picture. Let's hope that he redeems himself in "Cobra."

I am watching the work of Ronald Colman with great interest. This artist is about to become one of the great movie idols of the day. I am told that off screen he is a saucy and unapproachable as a traffic cop. I can only say that I hope he continues to be so. A true artist has no need to be guided by the compliments or criticisms of the public. If Mr. Colman is ever tempted to be swayed by the voice of praise he need only remember the fate of Valentino. So, fans, let us not try to dim this many-faced gem.

In spite of the praise that has been lavished on Gloria Swanson she will never to me be anything but a pebble—a cold, glittering pebble. In many respects I admire the girl, but try as I will I can never dissociate her screen characterization from her opulent and sensational private life. There is an indescribable note of theatricalism in her work.

The cinema means many handsome pebbles, polished to perfection by the fans: Marion Davies, Mae Murray, Nita Naldi, Barbara La Marr, Colleen Moore, Richard Dix, Owen Moore, Ford, Mix, Hoot Gibson, and a host of others. However, we fans cannot be held responsible for the dimming of that great jewel, Pola Negri. "We" didn't tell her to bob her hair, pluck her eyebrows, or behave like a lady.

I surely did enjoy "The Bandolero," in spite of its hokum. And Paul Ellis is quite all right, I hope to see him often.

And now I will close before some one accuses me of polishing a pebble! (Something tells me that bricks are about to fly by the ton.)

MADISON GLASS.

Los Angeles, Calif.

The Wrong Choice.

There has been much discussion about who will play in Papin. "Life of Christ." Many actors have been considered for the role, and I understand that Milton Sills is likely to have the coveted part. Mr. Sills is one of my favorites, but I don't picture him as the Savior. He is far too old, and while he has an undoubted appeal it is not that of the spiritual beauty that most of us connect with the Christ.

ETHEL THORPE.

Pontiac, Mich.

What Poets Would Say.

Did poets of the long ago
Live in these stirring times I know,
They'd sing in measures light and gay
The praises of the photoplay.
O. Khuyam, Persia's favorite son,
Might pen a quatrain like this one:

Although the manager we may not know
This light is but a moving-picture show
Thrown on a screen that covers all the earth
On which a throng of plas, era come and go.

Alf. Tennyson, whose dainty rhyme
We all admire—would sing some time:

Come on to the movies, Maud,
For it's Harold Lloyd today—
So come to the movies, Maud.
I never can stay away
When the solemn Harold faxes abroad
To cavort through a photoplay.

Thus Wallie Scott, who loved so well
Brave tales of chivalry to tell:

Oh, young Valentino's come out to the West,
Of all the bright film stars his acting is best.
His charm and distinction, his grace and his case,
His manner so perfect, will all the world please.
So gallant in gladness, so noble in pain,
We're glad Valentino is with us again.

R. Browning, bard of mystery,
Would strange things in the movies see:

The play's on the screen,
A time-honored plot.
"Heavy" like Nero—
A heroine gay—
A pretty love scene,
The villain gets shot.
Girl gets the hero—
All's right with the play.

E. C. F.

Princeton, N. J.

Personal Impressions.

I have lived in Hollywood these past three years and know quite a few stars and near-stars personally.

Girls, Ben Lyon has been to my house, while he was in "Flaming Youth" with Colleen Moore, and I have danced with him! He is better looking off the screen than on, I think, because his eyes are the bluest blue, and that can't show up on the screen. A mighty sweet characteristic of Ben is his devotion to one of the sweetest mothers I have ever seen. Ben is just like any other nice college boy and is not in the least affected.

I am also quite well acquainted with Billy Haines, who looks just like his screen self. He is a very nice young man to whom no mother could object. My mother thought he was "cute." Billy is awfully clever and original.

While at Catalina Island, Avalon, this summer, Cecil B. De Mille and company were there filming "Lord Chumley," now called "Forty Winks," with Viola Dana and Ray Griffith. Miss Dana is mighty cute and one of the best little dancers I have ever seen. Ray is just as funny as his pictures make him out to be. I guess comedy is his second nature. He is much better looking in person, though, and he's nice. If you had seen him standing around on a raft soaking wet for hours
at a time trying to be funny, though chillingly, you would know he deserves a lot more recognition.

Harriett L. Randall,
915 West Twenty-Fourth Street, Minneapolis, Minn.

About Photographs.
In the February Picture-Play, Mary Ellen Peeler tells of her bad luck in sending photos. She's not alone! Following is a list of players who have failed to send me photos. I sent for one group September first and one group November first. Gloria Swanson, Phyllis Haver, Gertrude Lawrence, and Theda Varonvaughn, Miss Dupont, Hedda Hopper, Raymond McKee, and Richard Dix. There were also several others, among them Julia Faye. That meant an investment of several dollars, and out of all I received but three pictures. A fine one from Monte Blue and one from Lilian Gish and one from Douglas MacLean.

Where do those quarters go?
Harry Miller.
Otsego, Mich.

I am writing in answer to Miss Peeler's appeal in the February issue of Picture-Play. I have been wanting to ask the same question for ever so long. I wonder if the photos really exist? I must admit it doesn't seem much like it as far as photographs and letters are concerned. Johnnie Walker has particularly interested me. I have seen all his pictures. Not that he is such a great star, but his simple and pleasing manner of playing his roles has appealed to me, and he has become one of my favorites of that particular type. I wrote him what I considered to be my best letter, telling him why I liked his work and asking for a photograph, and have never received a reply. This has happened to other letters of mine to F. B. O. stars, and as my return address was on each envelope, they must have gotten somewhere because they never came back to me.

Rolland Goetsch.
929 Buffum Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

This is my first letter written to Picture-Play. I hope you will print it because I hate to have Mary E. Peeler think ill of the F. B. O. Studios as to their mail service. I have received three photos from there: first, Virginia Verrill. second, Gertrude Short, and Jane Novak. Each one was very sweet. My name was written on Albertas, and I surely was thrilled at that.

Dorothy Clucas.
403 Poinier Avenue, Poinier, Ill.

Jack Gilbert? Perfect!
I noticed a letter from Carola Lee Pitt in the February number of Picture-Play, stating that she thought it ridiculous to continue the long-drawn-out argument concerning Rudolph Valentino and Ramon Novarro. I quite agree. But, when it comes to the relative attractions of Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert, I do not agree with her. I'm all for Jack Gilbert, and so are the greater number of my friends, I have just seen "His Hour," in which fascinating Jack Gilbert starred, and I also saw "Her Night of Roman 5-7" in which Ronald Colman appeared, To my mind Ronald Colman cannot be compared with Jack Gilbert. Jack Gilbert is the handsomest of all actors and I consider him a much better actor than Ronald Colman. Oh, yes! Colman fans, wait until "The Merry Widow" is shown. Then perhaps you will leave your erstwhile hero and worship the better one, Jack Gilbert. He was perfect in "His Hour," and he acted the part of Prince Fritz superbly.

Why do you love Ronald Colman. It is very puzzling to me, That Jack Gilbert is handsome. Any one can plainly see! He surpasses Ronald Colman. Oh, indeed he does, by far, As an actor, and as a man, He is just the ideal star!

Hurrah for Jack Gilbert!
Jeanette Robertson.
538 East Cincinnati Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.

A Criticism of Our Stars' Costumes.
Being a feminine fan, I am going to talk mainly about the clothes of the stars. In my opinion, the only really well-dressed women in pictures are Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Lilian Gish, Lila Lee, Alna Rubens, Alice Terry, Florence Vidor, and Constance Talmadge. All the rest are nearly always glaringly over-dressed.

Poor Betty Compson comes first to mind as being the worst-treatment victim of the studio wardrobe. Pola Negri looked like a secondhand Vanderbilt in "Shadows of Paris." (Can't something be done for her in the way of pictures and clothes that are at least not all wrong? She is being ruined.) Carmel Myers is another bad example to follow when shopping. So is Norma Talmadge; she dresses too heavily.

Corinne Griffith and Gloria Swanson, for instance, are in another class that I should avoid following when buying clothes. Their reputation of originality is too often upheld by their costumes. However, in her last pictures, particularly the simply draped gowns of "Her Love Story," I think Miss Swanson has been improving. The further she gets from De Mille and Woods, the better she gets. Her foreign picture should be wonderful.

I believe it is best to have one's clothes look sensibly simple, rather than simply expensive. What do you think, fans? Feminine fans, I mean.

A Devoted Fan of Picture-Play.
1215 Race Street, New Castle, Ind.

Important Omission.
In "Quotations that Suggest the Stars," one very important star was omitted from the constellation—Theda Bara. May I supply the quotation?

"She walks in beauty like the night.
Of cloudless chimes and starry skies;
And all that’s best of dark and bright
Meets in her aspect and her eyes."

To me it is evident that when the great poet penned those lines he looked far into the future and saw the divine one of the glorious orbs.

Her eyes are the windows of a beautiful soul.
She is one of those lofty souls not understood by the "madding crowd."

Edward E. Jenkins.
1337 North Thirty-fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

More Quotations.
Corinne Griffith—
Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in every gesture and love.

—Alston.

May McAvoy—
She is mock and soft and maidenlike,
A young woman fair to look upon.

—Carlyle.

Continued on page 117

ADVERTISING SECTION

Do You Long to Write Stories and Photoplays?

In EVERY section of the country, in crowded cities and on isolated farms, there are men and women who long to write for the magazines and the motion pictures, and yet do not know just how to begin.

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Please note: This is a text-based document and does not contain any images or diagrams. The content is a collection of letters and articles written by various authors discussing various topics, including photography, film, and literature. The document also contains a section on writing and an invitation to send for a Creative Test. The text is divided into sections, each discussing a different aspect of writing and film. The document is written in a conversational style, with quotes from other authors and personal anecdotes. The text is formatted in a standard newspaper layout, with paragraphs and sections clearly demarcated. The document is a good representation of early 20th-century American culture, with a focus on the emerging film industry and the role of writers in that industry. The document also contains an advertisement for the Palmier Institute of Authorship, which was founded to help develop new writers for the film industry. The advertisement encourages those with a natural talent for writing to send for a Creative Test and shows the potential for success in the film industry. The document is a valuable resource for anyone interested in the history of film and writing.
A STAMPEDE

There is something awe inspiring about a herd of cattle peacefully grazing, but how shall we describe the emotion which is brought into play by the sight of that same herd stampeding?

The headlong rush, heeding obstacles as little as an avalanche, the mad bellowing, the thunder of hoofs, the lolling tongues, the sightless eyes of the frantic animals!

Terror stricken is no name for the condition of the man who finds himself in the path of such an inexorable mass.

In the beginning of this story there is such a stampede. A man and a girl are caught in it and from that very moment there is action of the most thrilling sort right through to the end of the book.

Mr. Horton has done an extremely good piece of work. No one who reads "The Man of the Desert" can possibly deny him credit for it.

The Man of the Desert
By ROBERT J. HORTON

Price, $2.00 Net

CHELSEA HOUSE
79-89 Seventh Ave. New York City
BETTY, HERSELF

If you wonder what the real Betty Bronson is like you may soon get an idea, for her next appearance is in the role of a schoolgirl, a rôle in which you will see Betty herself. The story is the well-known "Are Parents People?" by Alice Duer Miller, and besides Betty, Florence Vidor and Adolphe Menjou will be featured, as the parents about whom the question is raised.
As a Film Star Sees New York

She seldom does the things she plans—or wants—to do when she visits the metropolis.

By Helen Klumph

Illustrated by P. J. Monahan

It is so stimulating to get to New York,” the visiting film star announces all in a flutter as she gets off the train. “You don’t know how hungry we get out in Hollywood for New York’s advantages. The opera—the art exhibits—the Theater Guild plays—the—

But before she can go on, an efficient-looking individual, who has introduced himself as a publicity man from the New York office of her company, rushes up and asks her to step out where the boys from the news reels can take her picture.

“But I’m taking a vacation. I came to New York to get a rest and change from all that. I’m not made up,” she objects weakly, but he leads her right on like a recalcitrant child.

“And now for the still cameras,” he orders her curtly. “They’re for fashion pictures. That’ll do for this suit and hat. They can take you in your other clothes this afternoon at the hotel.”

“But I posed for fashion pictures two whole days just before I left the Coast,” the little star wails, “so they would have plenty and leave me in peace. I haven’t a rag that hasn’t been photographed.”

“That’s all right.” the press agent assures her. “We have arranged with some of the best shops to send some things over to you. You can try them on as soon as the reporters go—”

“Reporters!” she exclaims. “What reporters?”

“Oh, the film editors of sixteen New York, Brooklyn, and New Jersey papers are waiting at the hotel to have breakfast with you. As soon as they have interviewed you and you have tried on the clothes we will go to a luncheon of the Greater New York Exhibitors Association and then you can pose for fashion pictures, and at four o’clock you are to go to Newark and talk over the radio.”

“But I haven’t anything to say. You’ll have to give me time to think it over.”

“That’s all right. A girl up in our office has written a speech for you to read. It has delicacy and humor. In fact, it is so sweet it sounds just like you.”

Invulnerable to the flattery of publicity men she says something that sounds like “Blah!” and turns to greet a little old lady who was evidently a fellow passenger on the train.

“Oh, here you are,” says the little old lady delightedly. “This is my nephew, Joe, I told you about. Now don’t forget, dearie, to see Grant’s Tomb, the Woolworth Building, Riverside Drive, and be sure to take the boat up to Bear Mountain. Wish I could take you myself. It’d be like my first trip to New York all over again. Don’t see how you’ve missed seeing them all the times you’ve been here. Maybe I can find time to take you if Joe’s wife isn’t as sick as she thinks she is.”

“Oh do, please do,” the star urges her with more fervor than she usually shows in her pictures. “Phone me at the Ambas-

She’s all excitement as she steps off the train.

sador. I’d love to go sight-seeing with you.”

And as her friend hurries away the little star looks wistfully after her.

But the omnipresent P. A. steers her over to a group of awe-struck Girl Scouts who are waiting to present her with a badge of honor—

Somehow she manages to live

“We’re call me up! I’d love to go sight-seeing with you!”

“I wish we could have come with you.”

“Maybe next year.”
As a Film Star Sees New York

The next day she speaks over the radio.

Having been made honorary pilot at the Seventh Airplane Show prevents her from going to the theater.

But let us go on with our tour of New York with our famous star—calling our Colleen or Corinne or Norma or Betty, Miss X for the sake of convenience. Their experiences are pretty much alike.

"I want to go to a beauty shop and learn all the new tricks of massage and make-up," she announces the morning of the second day. "I guess I'll go to that Viennese Salon and when I come back I will be so beautiful no one will know me. By that time the Metropolitan Museum will be open and I can see the tapestries and paintings and those marvelous Rodin statues. I want to have luncheon in a funny little joint on the Bowery a man on the train told me about. Then I'm going to ride over to Staten Island on a ferry boat so as to see the harbor. Heaven only knows when I'll get time to see it from an outbound ocean liner. Then I'm going to see that Spaniard's paintings—Zuloaga's—and then at four o'clock, at Dehdonic's, Marion Spore lectures on how she paints under the control of departed spirits. Then I'll go to the opera. Oh, it will be a glorious day!"

The P. A. lets her rhapsodize in peace. Perhaps he even feels some pity. But when she has finished, he coolly tells her, "The hairdresser is coming up right away. He has invented a new bob that is to be named

through the day, consoling herself that the first is always the hardest. But when she murmurs something about guessing that she is too tired to go to the theater that night, the P. A., whose forces have been augmented by three young aids from his office, starts with surprise.

"Oh, no," he exclaims, "you can't go to the theater to-night. You have been made honorary pilot of the Seventh Annual Airplane Show. You're to open it officially to-night."

By that time her face is pallid and haggard and she looks disinterested. This is her long-hoped-for vacation in New York for which she has worked night and day. This is her culture cruise which was going to take her among the great achievements of the world's foremost artists. She had been afraid lately that she was growing vain and self-important and she wanted to get back her sense of balance by plunging into the world of arts and finding how insignificant she really was. She had caught herself once or twice lately getting ready to bow and smile whenever she saw a crowd gathered anywhere—and once the crowd had congregated around her car only because there had been a smash-up nearby. And here she was at the old circus game of doing everything for publicity. And she didn't dare rebel. She knew a star who did and her publicity fell off so the next year that people almost forgot that she was still making pictures.

Now, don't think that this in an overexaggerated picture of what happens to a motion-picture star when she comes to New York. I have seen many of them arrive starry-eyed and enthusiastic, and only one or two of them have successfully rebelled against the publicity machine and escaped to do some of the things they wanted to. Seeing New York with a visiting film star is rather like traveling in the tail of a comet.

Of course she has to be interviewed while lunching at the Ritz.
she'll exhort that crowd to applause just the way a revivalist gets his congregation to praying. Oh, Texas is great. You wouldn't want to miss her.

Miss X consoles herself with the thought that a famous English novelist said that Texas was the most distinctive and interesting person in America.

"And to-morrow night," the P. A. goes on, "our sales manager is giving a little party for you at the White Horse Tavern. That is the smartest new place in town. Later you will go down to Barney Gallant's dance club in the Village. Harry Fox—you remember Harry Fox, the vaudeville headliner who used to be in pictures years ago—is the master of ceremonies there. You will hear all the latest song hits sung as only he can sing them."

"We have phonographs in Hollywood. I want to hear some good music."

"Can't you hear that on your phonograph?" he protests, and as there doesn't seem to be any good answer to that, she submits.

By the third day of her visit all of her friends in New York have learned of her presence and a round of parties is constantly being arranged. Sunday instead of visiting the church where they dance part of the service, she is entertained at the country home of the president of her company. She sees the same people practically that she saw a week or a month ago in Hollywood, hears the same things: "What do you know about Jim signing that new contract?" "Heard the new gag about Chaplin's wedding?" "What's your next picture?" She doesn't want to get submerged in it all again, and yet these are her friends. She is fond

Continued on page 109

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The new bob that is named for her is photographed for publicity purposes.

for you. We'll photograph it and send it right out to all the newspapers.

Before she can remonstrate he goes right on, "And at eleven a couple of cartoonists are coming from magazines to draw you."

"I ask for Zuloaga and Rodin," she whispers like a tired child, "and you book up all my time with cartoonists. That's what is wrong with the movies."

"And you are going to be interviewed at luncheon at the Ritz," he goes on heartlessly. "Simply everybody goes to the Ritz. You'll enjoy it."

"Yes I will." A note of bitterness creeps into her voice. "I will see all the other girls who are here from Hollywood and the ones who are making pictures in New York and the producers and directors and some of the financiers we have entertained out in Hollywood. It will be about as new and provocative an experience as Saturday night at the Biltmore in Los Angeles."

"But they are your friends," the P. A. remonstrates, wise and experienced in handling temperamental ladies of the cinema. "I thought you sincerely liked them."

"Oh, of course I do," she assures him distractedly, "but I see them all the time when I'm working out West. We come to New York to see something new and fine and inspiring—and we see each other. Go to the same places. Do the same things."

"That reminds me," the P. A. cuts in. "Of course, you know that Sunday night you go to the Capitol Theater and Mr. Rothapfel will introduce you over the radio. You wouldn't leave New York without saying 'Hello' to Roxy."

He is safe on that ground. The genial director of the Capitol Theater is well liked by the players—and he controls New York's finest picture theater.

"Then you will go to the El Fey Club where Texas Guinan is hostess. You will enjoy her. She will introduce you to the crowd just the way she does the coon shouters and shiny dancers in her show. She will say, 'Now this little girl—and then proceed to tell all about you. And

Her shopping for gowns is done in the approved manner, and not as she would perhaps enjoy it the most.
The woman whom Napoleon first knew as a laundress and then met when she was at the height of social and political power in France—she who was always known as "Madame Sans Gene"—provides the greatest rôle that Gloria Swanson has had as yet. Made in France, the picture abounds in beautiful, palatial settings, but of course it is Gloria herself who will make memorable the charming spitfire who never forgot her gutter argot even in the highest society.
Don't Be Beau

Directors explain why distinction is odd facial characterizations that gave
this oddness had much to do with bringing them wealth and fame.

Beauty is a commodity with which Hollywood teems. There are scores, hundreds of extra girls in the cinema prettier by far than many of the screen stars. Some are prettier than any of the screen stars. And yet they will never get anywhere in pictures. Robert E. McIntyre, casting director at Goldwyn's, points out that a girl may have perfect features, a splendid body, marvelous hair, gorgeous eyes, and prove a frost on the screen. Another girl with far less piquant features but with a certain tilt to her head or an unusual curl to her lip, may prove a brilliant success. The camera is psycw when it comes to searching for appeal.

To learn what it was the present screen stars possessed which did most to sell them to pictures, I asked Cecil De Mille, Erich von Stroheim, Reginald Barker, and Monta Bell, all famous directors, to analyze some of their celebrities, leaving out entirely the question of personality or individuality. Here is what they said:

"Gloria Swanson won her first chance with me largely through her queer nose and an unusual profile," said Cecil De Mille. "Were the Swanson features absolutely perfect, it is doubtful whether she could exercise the strong appeal that she does. Perfection of feature has killed the chances of thousands of far more beautiful girls. You can easily forget a beauty about whose chin and cheeks the artists rave, but you find it easy to remember a Gloria Swanson grimace made especially distinctive by a funny nose."

Of Bebe Daniels, Mr. De Mille said: "I hired Bebe Daniels largely because of her mobile mouth and chin. When I saw a comedy in which she appeared, I was attracted by the way she puckered those lips and used her mouth accurately to delineate emotions. When she came to me, I found a girl who needed to learn how to walk properly. She was at the 'gangling' stage, but she was young and managed to overcome that handicap. Her expressive mouth is just a part of her well-rounded, interpretative equipment."

Lillian Rich won her contract, Mr. De Mille said,
tiful—Be Different!

more precious than symmetry, and tells the many screen favorites their first chance.

Wooldridge

largely through her dimples and a cleft chin. "There is the same tendency to focus attention on the Rich dimples that there is on the Swanson nose," he said. "Being beautiful is not nearly so important in pictures as being different. The combination of cleft chin and dimples makes Miss Rich a different type from actresses most often found."

Vera Reynolds, who is declared by many to have the most lustrous eyes in pictures, is one of the latest De Mille finds. "Here is a girl," he explained, "who had played ingenues and small characters. She never had attempted big roles, never had been given the opportunity. I saw her on the screen and was caught by the mobility and easy expressiveness of her eyes. I gave her an interview during which those eyes never wavered from my face. They looked at me with a most evident thinking intelligence. It won her the rôle in 'Feet of Clay'."

While the facial characteristics of the stars just mentioned largely were responsible for their getting chances in pictures, Leatrice Joy, another of De Mille's featured players, broke in from a somewhat different angle.

"I became interested in her when idly looking over a half-dozen stills from her different pictures," De Mille continued. "I was struck by the remarkable way her whole face and body seemed to change with the shift from sport clothes to evening dress, from negligence to rags, from the attire of a Scotch girl to that of a Frenchwoman. This chameleon shift of muscles seemed to be entirely an unconscious movement of which Miss Joy, herself, was unaware. But it is a fact that the muscles of her cheeks and chin seem to tighten or relax automatically to put in her face the 'feel' of the various costumes. Because of this I deliberately gave her the part in 'Saturday Night,' her first picture with me, which carried her from one extreme to the other. It absolutely proved my belief that Miss Joy is a 'facial chameleon,' the rarest thing in pictures, and it was that which took her out of mediocrity to stardom."

Tragedy in the eyes of Pola Negri and a mouth with lips which can narrow and tighten till they be-

Pola Negri's haunting, tragic eyes.

Amore animated view of changeable Leatrice Joy.

The cleft chin of Lillian Rich.

The lovely, magnetic eyes of Carmel Myers.

Blanche Mehaffey's alluring mouth.

I ever saw." And she had appeared with Miss Negri in several plays. The sensitive mouth and the grave, thoughtful eyes of Mary Philbin are largely responsible for the remark made by Carl Laemmle, head of Universal: "She is the greatest actress in pictures today."

The bee-stung lip of Mae Murray, which is similar to that of Gloria Swanson, only stung a little harder, is declared by Erich von Stroheim to be one of the most remarkable possessed by any actress now appearing on the screen.

"She laughs easily, cries easily. And," he added naively, "sometimes combines the two."

In Carmel Myers, Monta Bell finds an unusual blending of Latin and American beauty. "But above the charm of her face and figure," he says, "is the haunting loveliness of her eyes. I believe them to be the most beautiful in pictures and there is a magnetism about them which registers superbly, even in photography."

When I asked Reginald Barker what was the most distinguishing facial feature of Claire Windsor, he reached for the dictionary and emerged with this:

[Continued on page 92]
Would You Marry An Actor?

Dorothy Mackaill says that she doubts she would, and tells why she has reached that decision.

By Myrtle Gebhart

No, I’m not engaged to him.” Dorothy Mackaill’s emphatic voice denied the rumor percolating Hollywood which had her neatly ringed to a young actor of promise.

“He is a charming boy, a darling playfellow. But I don’t think I’ll ever marry, or an actor anyway. Why? Oh, loads of reasons.”

Dorothy Mackaill is, as she says herself, “a different specimen—a funny kid.” She speaks with a revealing candor of her own impulses. There is a frankness about her that brushes aside petty conventions.

So we drove out to the beach and talked out this funny matter of love as it must impress itself upon almost every girl. I can’t say that all the theories we advanced were conclusive. There is bound to be in such rambling talks some uncertainty—some opinion that might be altered to-morrow—because girls, no matter how independent or how they think they have their little beliefs neatly catalogued, are seldom definitely sure of all their feelings.

But we did get as close to the actress’ viewpoint about the genus male as I ever have in discussing similar problems with a girl of the movies. So I am giving you, in her words, Dorothy’s observations and a candid account of those instances when her own heart seemed for a time to be rushed with the soft touch of romance.

Some people will think me forward in violating the silly rule that girls shouldn’t talk right out in meeting about love and men.

But why not? Girls nowadays are doing their own thinking, thank you. They’re meeting problems that would have made their grandmothers faint. And that’s as passe as stays.

Situations that used to be solved by mothers and spinster aunt are handled now by us. If girls of those days thought of love—of men—as intimately affecting themselves, it must have been awfully vague, for they never met the sort of things that girls face to-day.

Y’know, this is a funny world we live in now. Mothers are always saying it’s not the way it was when they were girls. Well, I should hope not! Picture me weeping on any manly bosom because somebody hurt my feelings! Or because a man looked at me! If he didn’t—I hope to tell you I’d make him look!

Youth’s different, to-day. Rebellious—but doing things. Impetuous, foolishly courageous. And in the spotlight. Look everywhere—how girls are occupying responsible business positions, and in the arts, following in their human contacts that blind instinct which is more surely right and unerring than all the old-fogy seasoned wisdom.

Girls are meeting men on a different footing. Can’t always lean on mother and auntie for counsel because the problems are of this new youth, that have come about through a greater freemasonry between the sexes. And the old folks are bewildered by the change—they can’t cope with it.

I think the girls of to-day are perfectly coxing, don’t you? Making good on their jobs, and winning admiration along a new line. Perhaps they’re too cocksure, and make mistakes. But they’ve got push and initiative. They scorn to clothe situations in ambiguity—it’s part of this vital, restless new youth to deal with facts in abrupt, startling fashion. Girls don’t haul out their beliefs from grandmother’s attic, and dust them off for second-hand use. They manufacture their own.

I’ve had a lot of contact with the opposite sex, but so has the average girl earning her living before Mr. Right Man ambles along. An actress simply multiplies this number. But the problems are the same, because they grow out of the oldest impulse on earth.

An actress meets more men, has a variety to interest her momentarily, and from which to choose her real friends. They aren’t “affairs”—these men we go about with—perhaps half a dozen a year. We have learned to judge values; we are easily disappointed. No fickle—just more exacting.

Really, an actress is an ordinary girl. More susceptible to an emotion, influence, because of her environment and as her work is a stimulant to the feelings. But she has as high standards as has the home girl—that is, according to what type of person she is.

Many careers do hinge upon friendships. Personal amity or enmity, gratitude or pet peeves, are powerful factors in proffering or denying opportunities.

We must make friends, and yet keep each relationship upon a platonic footing. Sometimes it’s difficult—again easy. Depends on the individual.

I lost a good chance because I wouldn’t go out with a certain man. Another, when he understood that I truly valued his friendship, as such, proved of the right caliber. Out at the Mission Inn we sat in that quaint Spanish garden, and talked and talked. I cried a little—it’s very effective, and a girl usually feels like it, in such moments, trying to make a funny, bewildered man understand. After that it was beautiful. He gave me a fine opportunity, and has been a genuine friend.

Men regret losing their illusions of womanhood. What about girls having their ideals of men shattered? Does it ever dawn upon these wonder beings that we can see their faults as well as their admirable qualities, and that it hurts us to have them show cowardly streaks? More than one of my male gods has proved to have “feet of clay.”

It seems to me every girl has to go through three stages: romantic illusion, cynical independence, friendship.

The first is all imaginary. The star dust of idol
worship blinds your eyes. You believe every word your hero says. You're a dumb little wide-eyed boob. You remember his adoring looks and things he has murmured, and they curl around your heart; you make much out of nothing. You sway between bliss and nameless, inchoate fears, both bred by your imagination.

When your first illusions are shattered, you turn very, very cynical. You become, in your own fancy, hard-boiled and independent. Self-reliant. You fling your head back. You can't ever trust a man again, and life is bitterly disappointing. Nobody understands you and you flit around and say very insistently that you don't care.

Gradually, through little heartaches that you think very deep and tragic, you come to the normal, common-sense attitude that a pleasant association is possible, meeting on some middle ground of companionship.

For instance, take my first sweetheart! John and I were just kids, fourteen, in school. A shy, fair little fellow with dreamy brown eyes. Those dark eyes intrigued me. They didn't look exactly as though they belonged in his face. I used to imagine they'd got put in by mistake, and were unhappy because they didn't feel at home. They seemed to glow dully, through a screen, as if candles had been lighted back of them, and gave a quiet illumination to his pale, thin face. Sometimes—when I had said something that struck him as odd or funny—they would slowly bubble into merriment.

John was going to do something very fine and beautiful when he grew up. A vague desire that he only revealed to me shyly, when I drew it out of him. And I was firmly convinced I would make my mark in the world.

I felt ages older, and scolded him about his colds. He adored me, and brought me odd-shaped little scones and cakes. And I brought him cough medicine!

We felt disdainful toward the other kids. They were so very ordinary. We'd go to the cinema and sit in the balcony, the last row back. Sometimes we fancied ourselves doing the heroic things the hero and heroine did. Mostly we whispered our great plans. The first time he reached out, so shyly, grooping for my hand in the dark, and held it, I felt awfully thrilled.

And the first kiss! Funny, that I should have kissed a boy for the first time in a cinema theater. All I remember of the film is that it was an idealistic moment. The hero had done something noble, the girl had patiently trusted, and they were in the moonlight—a lake of exquisite silver light all about them.
Would You Marry An Actor?

I went to work, at fourteen, in a small newspaper office, in an English seaport. In the mornings, I addressed papers. In the afternoons, I worked on the ledgers. And evenings, I studied typing.

I was the youngest girl in the office, and independent, earning my two pounds a week.

And I had a mass of un-ruly blond hair. My hair's the only bit of attractiveness I ever had. It blew all over everywhere, thick and heavy. I piled it on top of my head, and the men admired it. I noticed that if I sat in a certain corner, where the sun rays would touch it, it would show off to best advantage. So I had my desk moved there—"for the light."

It's hard to make you see what I was then, what I felt. A kid who in reality didn't know a blessed thing but who thought she knew it all. They flattered me, said it was so extraordinary that I should be self-supporting at fourteen. I read a smattering of the classics and quoted them upon the slightest provocation. I acted very supercilious and snappily gave my opinions. Couldn't tolerate boys of my own age. Wouldn't look at a man unless he was thirty and had lines in his face that betokened "experience."

I gauged them by my standard, my employer. He was a spare, lean individual who wore glasses and had deep furrows in his cheeks, and when he approved something I had done I was elated. I had a violent crush on him until he humiliated me by reprimanding me for some mistake.

It was during the war, and army and naval officers used to come in. I had flirtations with several of them. I dare say they got a lot of humor out of my kid importance. I used to meet them at a café for tea. Had a legitimate excuse to be there, as I had to go each afternoon to get a cup for Mr. Bell.

Those officers were idols. Perfect he-creatures. Glamorous, with their background of valorous exploits. Their uniforms thrilled me, but I pretended I wasn't the slightest impressed. Wasn't I a blasé newspaper woman, with my hints that I knew...
She Couldn't be Spared

Leatrice Joy had to come back to motion pictures because there was no one else of her artistic stature to play *The Dressmaker from Paris*.

Photos by Eugene Robert Richee

No doubt Leatrice Joy was perfectly sincere when she announced her intention of retiring from the screen permanently a few months ago. But then came the fascinating script of "The Dressmaker from Paris" and this clever new director, Paul Bern, and Miss Joy's determination weakened. Anyway, a lady has a perfect right to change her mind.

She is no longer the willowy, intense girl whom you knew in "Manslaughter," but a mature, poised woman, and in this picture she plays one of the most trying roles of her career. And, just incidentally, she is more lavishly and beautifully dressed in this than she has ever been before. She plays a millinette in Paris, who later comes to America with a group of fashion models.
Many wild parties have been staged in the movies, but the one in "The Merry Widow" has already been given a place of its own in Hollywood history.

Boredom, Bacchanal, and Beauty

The author, who is acting in "The Merry Widow," is disillusioned by John Gilbert, but rejuvenated by Mae Murray's dance.

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

THAT which I am about to perform is a knavish trick. It is always a recreant hand that pours the cold water of veracity down the back of illusion. Sometimes the shock is helpful; sometimes it merely paralyzes the innocent victim. But at all costs truth has been served which is what I was asked to do, in presenting my observations on the movies from a new angle of vision. I am just knave enough for that.

The outstanding discovery made during my eight weeks' experience as an actor in the company engaged on "The Merry Widow," is that there is no such thing as acting in the movies. The corollary is that the director is the only person concerned who can have the artistic satisfaction of creating something.

These two facts were rubbed in on me by a certain cynical and disillusioned young man—a dark, handsome young man of twenty-seven, who happens to be playing the leading masculine rôle, that of Prince Danilo, in "The Merry Widow." Yes, John Gilbert—the fortunate youth who was selected for this part by unanimous vote of the movie critics of America following a fervent performance in Elmer Glyn's late masterpiece of chronometry called "His Hour."

At the close of my second day before the camera this same fortunate youth, whose salary recently soared to a preposterous figure, invited me into his dressing room and over a tasty aperitif—it was nearly dinner time—informed me that movie acting was the bunk. It was the first time I had ever heard a movie actor admit it.

At the time I was only half inclined to believe him. But I do now, with slight modifications. For a young man of the mental stripe of Jack Gilbert, movie acting is of its nature unsatisfying; for those who do not have the creative urge, who are happy when doing what they are told without knowing why they do it—movie acting is glorious.

After eight weeks of it my own respect for the actor has declined below the horizon, while my respect for the genius who directs a picture has ascended to the zenith. Woe is me! how often have I been admonished that the fans are crazy only about the actors and don't give a whoop for the invisible director.

In an effort to justify the outrageous things I have just been saying, permit me to go back to the point at which this narrative was interrupted in the preceding issue of Picture-Play. The reader may recall that I was persuaded to assume the minor rôle of adjutant to the Crown Prince by Erich von Stroheim, who intrigued me by his description of this character. The Prince himself is represented as a cruel, arrogant, yet effeminate militarist of the Prussian school; his adjutant and yes-man is a minor edition of his royal master. Von assured me that I should have no difficulty with the part—that I needed only to be myself, the adjutant being arrogant, vicious, and depraved by nature. And so I fell for it.

The first two days were delightful. By some rare accident, such as will happen occasionally even in pictures, I was working all of the time. The opening scenes showed an extensive field maneuver participated in by the army of the imaginary kingdom of Monteblanco. Dressed in the smart uniform of the general staff, surrounded by familiar objects of the past, I felt
as if I were back in the brave days of the war. With Von Stroheim, a former Austrian cavalry officer, directing, this feeling was heightened. It was fun.

The third day it rained. All day I sat in the mud in my beautiful uniform, waiting for the sun to come out so we could match the last shot. The fourth day it rained again. The same performance was repeated. The fifth day we were on another sequence. That is—some of us were. I was still waiting—for what I didn't know. But I began to have an inkling. Jack Gilbert had already undermined my morale with his insidious anti-movie propaganda.

"I'll tell you why movie acting is the bunk," Jack had said that evening in his dressing room. "Why, the term 'movie acting' is a misnomer. On the stage the actor creates a character. He can feel the thing as he does it. He works it up to a climax. The curtain descends on the last act and he is through."

"Now this is what happens in the movies—this is what you will be up against from now on. The scene is set. The actors—so-called—are all in place. Von will sing out, 'All ready!' You tense up, preparing to spring into the part—ready to act! But nothing happens. Gradually you relax. You sit down if you can—probably you can't.

"You wait—ten, twenty, thirty minutes. At the end of forty minutes you hear it again—'All ready!' Again you prepare to fling yourself into the action. You wait. At the end of fifteen minutes you look around and see that a conference is in progress between the director, his assistants, the camera man, and the head electrician."

"Twenty minutes later the electricians concealed above you are moving the lights around to a different position. An hour later you overhear Von telling somebody to go out and get a prop that is missing from the scene. You wait. 'All ready!' Again you try to nerve yourself for the rapid action expected in this scene. Again you wait. 'All ready!'

"By this time what feeling you had conjured up has vanished. You think. 'Oh, blazze! what's the use?' Then, to your surprise, they really take it.

"Do you think the greatest actor in the world could feel the part under these circumstances? No. The best he can do is to move his limbs and body, smirk and smile and simulate the thing he cannot build.

"And remember, when the action really begins, it is so brief that under no circumstances could you call it acting. I grant you that when these bits are pieced together they create the illusion of acting—of continuous action. But it is the same illusion created by those little books we used to get with cigarettes—in the days before the movies—little books with pictures of prize fighters in action. When you flipped the leaves rapidly the illusion of action was created. But we knew the posed fighters were not acting. It is the same with us—the posed dummies of the movies!"

And he hastily took another spoonful of the consoling aperitif.

Discouraging? Yes. But, of course, there are compensations. Jack Gilbert, for example, is looking forward to the day when he can play on the legitimate stage—in a part won through his reputation as a movie actor. Meanwhile, his salary in the despised profession is three times what he could earn in legitimate drama. But he could probably drop it in a minute to play a real part in a real play in a real theater.
Boredom, Bacchanal, and Beauty

More and more as the days passed, did I come to think of what we were doing as the masquerade of children. It all reminded me of childhood days, when we would dress up in costume and get ready to play something. We never got very far with the play. There were too many voices raised in dissent—too many different opinions about what was to be done—a woeful lack of unity. The movies present a perfect parallel.

I am not saying that the effects achieved by the tedious methods of the studios are not fine. Some of those Von Stroheim has accomplished are pieces of realism equally worthy of a master of the pen or of this newer medium, the movies. But these are the achievements of the director—not of the puppets which are jerked about on his stage. For these are little more than blurs of paint on the palette of the artist.

The next scenes showed the interior of a Montenegrin inn, reproduced with that intensity for detail which is the distinguishing mark of Von Stroheim as a director. The imaginary Monteblanco is really the little kingdom of Montenegro.

Nothing less than real Montenegrins could serve as atmosphere in this sequence. The gurgle of thick, Slavish words was constantly heard and peasants lately divested of their native garb, assumed it again for the sake of art.

It was here in the dining room of the inn that the girls of the American theatrical troupe touring the Balkans were entertained at supper by the evil Crown Prince, a role taken by Roy Gristi, and Prince Danilo, his cousin, played by the disillusioned John Gilbert. In a bit which developed his cruel character, the Crown Prince gave a bone, covered with cayenne pepper, to Danilo’s favorite hound. Whereupon Sally O’Hara, the blond star of the follies company, retaliated by peppering the food of his highness, the Crown Prince.

The stellar role of Sally is played by Mae Murray. And it was during the scene in the dining room that I noticed with interest the baby spotlight which contributes to the eternal youth of this favorite star. In every scene in which she works this cherub of light caresses that graceful, nivous neck, just below the chin. The special lighting for eternal youth is a secret in the possession of her own camera man, who is an adjunct to every picture made by Miss Murray.

It is characteristic of Von Stroheim that he ruled out all make-up for the masculine characters. The result is a realism which, especially in the military scenes, will make the spectator think he is looking at a news reel rather than a staged performance. But in the case of Miss Murray make-up was—well, of course. She is a mistress of the art. Presided over by a dusky priestess attired in the lacy cap and apron of a serving maid, some very mysterious rites are performed daily in the gayly painted dressing room which was borne in on the shoulders of seven sweating servitors and deposited just out of line of the camera the very first day that Miss Sally O’Hara appeared on the set. Of what these rites consist nobody knows. But morning, noon or night, Miss Murray looks—and acts—an adorable eighteen. And we know she must be at least twenty-one!

This realist, Von Stroheim, is not only an artist in his line. He is a student. His penchant is Freud, with trimmings by Havelock Ellis and sauce by Kraft-EBing. Some of the characters he has composed—yes, that is the word—for this movie will be recognized only by those who have pursued a similar bent. But they are just as carefully built—more carefully, in fact, because Von is more intrigued by them—as the more ordinary human beings represented.

In the sequence at the inn there is a bit performed by an angular young lady—a member of the follies troupe—that is typically Von Stroheim. The reader may understand what I mean after seeing it. If not, the reader may enjoy the more usual love scene between Danilo and the inn-keeper’s daughter, which follows.

Trouping in “The Merry Widow” has uncovered for me some rare characters beside those represented in the picture. There is, for example, “Close-up Smith,” who climbed over the fence of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot and almost succeeded in getting a job in the picture. Almost, but not quite. Then there is an old Alsatian, who once ran amuck in a service bureau that supplied extras to the studios, and who promised to use a gun unless shameful treatment of extras by grafting agents was discontinued. I met a gentleman who said his usual occupation was working in horse opera—meaning the short Western pictures. He was playing a cavalry officer in the Monteblanco army, but he declared he liked the horse opera better.

The electricians have a language of their own. I promised to mention those important performers in

Continued on page 96
THE OBSERVER

Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

2,000 New Theaters

A new and significant chapter is about to be written in the hectic history of the motion-picture company operated by the Warner Brothers. They are going to build and manage theaters all over the country and present plans call for the completion of two thousand theaters in the course of the next two years. This is a startling move. It suggests that old familiar advertising slogan, "We couldn't improve the powder, so we improved the box." For the Warner Brothers have made pictures that ranked with some of the best achievements of motion-picture artists without any appreciable advance over their average number of bookings on ordinary pictures. This is due to the fact that the majority of theaters are controlled by big-releasing organizations and have few, if any, open dates for the playing of other pictures, however good they may be.

Weighed in the Balance

Up and down Broadway one often meets old stages who scorn the present-day artists of the stage. The art of the theater perished, they believe, with the passing of Booth and Barrett, Bernhardt and Duse. And there is no gainsaying them, for the performances cannot be viewed contemporaneously compared.

That is one of the most interesting phases of the motion picture. Its art is imperishable. No halo of sentimental memory, no glamour of foggy distance enchanter the early work of our Gishes, our Sweets and our Walthalls. Their achievements can all be unearthed and run in direct competition with the newest works of our Moores, our Shearers and our Hackathornes.

A year or more ago the Rialto Theater in New York had a revival week and several of the best films of the past were shown. This should be an annual occurrence in every picture theater in the country.

The Perennial Favorite

Popularity comes and popularity goes—the latter, alas, all too swiftly. A theater manager hardly knows nowadays which of the old favorites will continue to attract crowds to his theater for in several cases Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess and Rudolph Valentino all have failed to draw in neighborhoods where they were formerly sure-fire attractions. There is one star, however, whose drawing power seems never to diminish. That is Tom Mix. It is interesting to note that this is true in New York as well as in the small towns. At the magnificent New Piccadilly Theater in New York they played costume pictures, modern comedy-dramas, pictures from popular novels, vehicles exploiting popular stars—but not until they played Tom Mix in "Dick Turpin" did they know what real capacity business was.

Join a Good Cause

A group of people whose ire has been roused by the ever-growing custom of adding five or six musical numbers to film programs has enlisted the voice of The Observer for its chorus of protests.

The slogan of this informal association is "Film shows for film lovers." Perhaps, thought The Observer for a while, the situation is acute only here in New York. But a study of programs from towns large and small throughout the country convinced him that people were being given an overdose of opera, ballet, folk songs, and chamber music with their motion pictures.

When a symphony orchestra was first put in the Strand Theater in New York, the argument was advanced that this would probably attract music lovers to the theaters who otherwise might not come. But now the directors of the musical programs in even our small, rural theaters are so overbalancing the film programs with good music, bad, and indifferent that music lovers are apt to be attracted only at the expense of losing every one else.

One of the greatest features of the silent drama so far as The Observer is concerned is its silence. And he is just so crabbed that although he can enjoy a soft musical accompaniment, he cannot under any circumstances stay to see a picture which is introduced by a vocal number such as "Oh, Hear the Gentle Lark," or "In the Gloaming." When he wants to hear music he goes to the opera or the concert halls, when he wants vaudeville he goes to vaudeville, and when he wants motion pictures he wishes that it were possible to drop into a theater and see motion pictures.

The Observer did not realize how many fellow-sufferers he had in New York until one afternoon when he went to see "A Lost Lady." Although he arrived at the hour when the feature picture was scheduled to begin, it was about half over and he found that in order to see the first part of the picture he would have to tolerate vocal, orchestral, and organ selections. So he adjourned to the waffle-and-coffee house near by and asked the head usher to notify him when the picture began again. The usher seemed not in the least surprised. "There'll be quite a few people coming back then, sir," he said, "perhaps I'd better let you know a little early so's you can get your seat."

Film Taste in Cairo

In far-away Egypt the motion picture is beginning to gain overwhelming popularity and an amusement which until a few months ago was only a curiosity patronized by a few has now become the regular diversion of all classes.

And what do you suppose appeals particularly to the people in Cairo? To date their favorite films are "Potash and Perlmutter" and "The Sheik."
MARY PICKFORD is back at work on one of her good old-fashioned "Pollyanna" stories called "Little Annie Rooney." It is the romance of a shop girl in a five-and-ten-cent store, and was built up from an idea what was basically Mary's.

Her company has built a sort of Woolworth establishment on a Hollywood main thoroughfare, and tourists have been daily battling with policemen and studio employees in attempts to get a glimpse of Mary.

Mary changed directors twice before settling down to work on "Little Annie Rooney." She first announced that she would use Josef von Sternberg, director of "The Salvation Hunters," to direct her next production. But as soon as the publicity following this announcement had run its course she said she had engaged Marshall Neilan. Soon Hollywood was alive with talk of a falling out between Miss Pickford and Mr. Neilan. The rumors excited special interest because the two have been such excellent friends for years. Mary abandoned the picture with Neilan because she said that the story of his suggestion bore too close a resemblance to "The Desert Flower."

The director who finally was selected to guide Mary's destiny is William Beaudine, who was graduated recently from short-reel comedies, and who has since been making pictures for Warner Brothers. His most recently completed film was "Hero Stuff."
Do you remember "The Mark of Zorro"?

If you do, and you recall it with as much pleasure as most of the fans who saw it, you will be interested to know that a sequel to the story has been written for Douglas Fairbanks, and that the picture, on which he has been quietly working for several weeks, is nearly completed.

You may remember that in "The Mark of Zorro," the hero, at the conclusion, tosses his sword up on a wall, announcing that he is going to let it stay there until great necessity calls for its use again.

In this new picture, Zorro, a good many years older, is confronted with this necessity when he learns that his son is at the mercy of all the villains of Spain. It is a safe guess that the action will be fast and furious from that point, and Doug will have a great deal to do, for he will play not only the character of the father, but also that of the son; this, by the way, being the first time in which he has ever appeared in any but a youthful role.

Although it is heralded as an ambitious undertaking, one that will cost upward of half a million dollars, it will not require the time or money expended on "The Thief of Bagdad." Less money has been required for settings and other embellishments, but the cast, including beside Mary Astor as leading woman, Donald Crisp, who is also director, Jean Hersholt, Warner Oland and others, is on a par with others offered by Fairbanks. He seldom picks the more familiar faces of the screen for his films. Donald Crisp has done little if anything in the acting line since he played Battling Burres, the prize fighting father of Lillian Gish, in "Broken Blossoms." Lottie Pickford Forrest is also appearing in "Don Q," which is the present title of the picture.
When Hollywood Entertains

Its ways are many and likewise its guests.

By Caroline Bell

THE piercing cries of the redskins, undertonated by the stamping of feet and the monotonous wail that has in it all the sorrow of the Indian's farewell, streaked into the night. A circle of bodies painted in vivid colors ringed the big camp fire, arms beating to the rhythm of their chants; bronzed faces twisted in an aboriginal ecstasy.

Rimmed in by the high walls of the cañon, the scene went on.

Eyes closed, I lived in a California yesterday, when the savage Cahuenga tribe made bold war throughout these hills, their blood-curdling cries ringing unto the heavens while the good padres prayed in the missions — and crimson dyed our snow-white yuccas.

A laugh rippled softly upon the night, and Pola Negri's husky voice breathed a tremulous, "Thrilling!"

"You like it?" Margaret Beery's sweet face glowed in the rosy light reflected from the blaze. "All of our friends do. And Noah just loves to have the Indians do their tribal dances and sing their songs. Whenever red men are used in scenes at Lasky's, he always gives them a 'heap big feed.'"

The Beery home fairly pulses with hospitality. Generous, homely, big-hearted Noah feels actually aggrieved if you don't eat yourself into a stuffed ball, when partaking either of the barbecue, or the dainty sandwiches and cakes which the maids always have heaped on silver plates.

There's a unique air about these Sunday evening affairs, which lies perhaps in their adroit mingling of so many elements.

The house tops a steep hill, spreading its flanks and its terraced gardens down the slope. Back of the barns and garage is a rugged cañon, its walls covered with wild verdure. It is a section replete with legends of the hot battles that raged there when California was the outpost of Mexican rule.

A picturesque and historic spot, upon which Noah Beery chose a few years ago to roost. He could have bought the entire cañon for a song, but he hadn't all the song, and couldn't persuade any one to lend him the balance. So he bought a slice of the cañon, and bit by bit, with each raise in salary, built his home in sprawling wings, and landscaped his gardens.

There are ranches such as the Harry Carey's, where weed-end rodeos are held, but Beery's is the only place within Hollywood's confines where art and culture mingle in the passage of one evening with the real old Western spirit.

About the crackling timbers the redskins dance and shriek — giving vent to the primitive impulse which no amount of civilization can smother. Cowboys, loping from the enveloping blackness into the circle of radiance, pick up hats from the ground with a swooping downward of little young bodies, rope each other off their horses and throw their lariats into bewildering figures.

Red, Mr. Beery's protégé, fills his mouth with kerosene, lights a match to it as he expectorates, and gleefully dances about the tongues of flame whose origin leaves us guessing — until Mr. Beery's quiet, "That'll do, Red," stops this bit of boyish vaunt.

When we have sampled the succulent barbecue and the cowboys and Indians are settling to their feast about the dying flames, we feel our way, guided by mysterious little lanterns in quaint, triangular glass houses, up roughly hewn stone steps. Up and up, until we enter the music room by way of graduated terraces. Soft strains of Debussy drift out, Chopin trills lure us into the rose-shaded room.

There are Indian trophies about, and big, comfortable chairs. You are conscious of a homy feeling. The boy is hustled off to bed, grumbling why can't he stay up "till anyhow nine thirty," and groups settle for chatter.

In a corner Pola Negri is ensconced, the black of her dinner gown melting into the shadows from which her white face and luminous gray eyes peer out, points of focus in the half light. Her husky voice
curls in throaty chuckles of merriment, in deeper strains as she grows tense with the drama of what she is narrating, and like tentacles draws in, one by one, the others.

Big Rod La Rocque, who now clicks his heels with the Continental bow—the Negri influence, eh? Stately, gracious Kathlyn Williams, sometimes, and her husband, Charles Eyton. People of varied interests—artists and musicians, actors, bankers—others well known and others not well known, but all people who have ideas and humor, culture and charm and originality.

In one week, during the Christmas holidays, the Beerys seated at their dinner table no less than one hundred guests!

The conversation usually eddies about Pola, taking up her darting comments, like shafts of scintillant verbal steel, to discuss and tear apart or agree upon. What do they talk about? Oh, everything. Books, music, movies, the decadence of art, the lack of the true artistic impulse in the theater, changes in the business world, industrial and economic questions—always, however, through the conversational mazes they come back to the human factor, and with these personalities you feel your interest whetted.

You are stimulated to express your views, and you are surprised at the clever phrasing, and wonder that you had it in your mental storage tank. Original ideas—arc green nooks, and are chairs and swings. On sultry evenings, these gardens have a charming appeal.

Pola's latchstring is out to definitely interesting personalities. She has a superb scorn of the insipid soul whose conversational range is limited to the weather
In the long-drawn-room you dream idle fancies while Mr. Schertzing evokes melody from his prized Straßdavius, or Adele Rowland sings to the piano accompaniment of her husband, Conway Tearle. The talk is mostly of music.

The music at Ruth Roland's parties is in a lighter vein, and all who can warble a tune contribute or join in the chorus. After dancing to the Ambassador orchestra via radio, there is a buffet supper in the breakfast room. The Henry Kings are always there, and Roland Bottomley, actor and war hero who sings well, but mostly Ruth's friends are Los Angeles people who have nothing to do with the movies.

Theodore Kosloff's Russian evenings are interesting, with much trenchant discussion of books and art. Again, that mental stimulus. No weird incense, no samovar. But the art that is in bronzes of true lines and oils skillfully painted by the masters—the restlessness of talents that work for the joy of the creation alone—the genuineness of people who do not exaggerate and parade their artistic temperament but who encourage its natural expression.

The Fairbankses seldom entertain except in honor of some visiting noble or dignitary, such as the dinners given for the Duke of Alba and his party of Spanish grandees who said hello to Hollywood last year. Ordinarily the doors of "Pickfair" open only to relatives and a small circle of friends.

Formality is the keynote of the Cecil B. De Mille receptions and big dinner parties. You are awed from the moment when the butler opens the massive portal. The impressive simplicity of the long, deep rooms—the very solidity that you feel foundations every gesture there. Even the charm of Mrs. De Mille—and there is no more gracious, human, kindly soul than she—and the evident desire of your host to include you in the aura of friendliness which peeps through the pose of his greatness, cannot relieve the event of its grave dignity.

At Mae Murray's you wander around at will in the miniature gardens about the swimming pool, and through the long, cool rooms, chatting a moment with this group or that, choosing as you wish from the buffet supper, idling at the piano or dancing, as the whim strikes you. Celebrities and nobodies, you meet there, friends of the petite, golden Mae who asks neither brilliance nor beauty of her guests and usually gets both.

The last year or so the Talmadge girls have done more entertaining than formerly. Norma is always the gracious, natural hostess, her childlike impulsive- ness stripping dignity and throwing it gayly away, and Connie is a broadcaster of fun. At their parties, or with them at the theater, one always sees Theda and Lola Bara, the Frank Borzages, Eugene O'Brien, Marion Davies, Alma Rubens, Seena Owen, George Fitzmaurice and Connie's current swain.

When Sam Goldwyn can spare an hour between productions he spends it thinking up a spiffy idea for a party. Often it's a bal-masque, and the stars plan their costumes for weeks beforehand, each striving to cap the others' originality. Marie Antoinette and Joan of Arc powder each other's backs in the dressing rooms. A long, lean, gangling Buster Brown proves to be Lefty Flynn, shepherded by baby-doll Viola Dana. Chinks unmasked reveal a laughing Mildred Davis Lloyd and a shy Harold. The Ziegfeld Bay Marilyn Miller picks out a new step with Rajah Ronald Colman, under the approving eye of the Spanish Grande Pickford.

Another crowd that always gravitates together at the homes of its members includes the Fred Niblos,
JULIANNE JOHNSTON, princess of slender grace, has adventured through many countries on recent screen engagements. Recently she went to Rome for a vacation and rest.
JUST to prove that he meant it when he called Marie Prevost one of our very best actresses, Ernst Lubitsch has selected her for a leading rôle in his next production.
IF Anna Q. Nilsson is killed off early in another picture, her admirers will have to petition producers that she be allowed to live till the end for a change.
CONRAD NAGEL may not seem as thrilling as some of our screen stars, but his own followers would not trade his look of boyish idealism for all the Latin lovers in pictures.
BOTH in his screen roles and in private life, Ben Lyon now seems very much the irresistible hero. But he remains a nice, likable boy, for all that.
STARTING as an unknown in “The Salvation Hunters,” then signed by Douglas Fairbanks, and immediately thereafter drafted by Charles Chaplin for “The Gold Rush,” is the breath-taking screen history of Georgia Hale.
ALMA RUBENS' appearance inspires all the exotic adjectives, and her manner all the "regular" ones. So what can you do in presenting a picture of a girl like that?
AFTER years of interviewing all sorts of people Aileen Pringle gave me a great thrill," says Helen Klumpb. And you won't have to wonder why after reading the story on the opposite page.
Pringle, Pringle, What a Star!

Behind the stately graces and sometimes cold beauty of Aileen Pringle there lurks a disposition which for sheer ruthless independence can hardly be matched among the favorites of the screen.

By Helen Klumph

A POPULAR young débutante from St. Louis recently visited New York and expressed a desire to go to the Algonquin Hotel to see the film, stage, literary, and humorous stars in that their native haunt. Her impressions of this little world were enlightening to me. After several of our most widely heralded young actors and littérature had boisterously greeted each other, commented to her guides on mutual acquaintances and bowed themselves out in the most florid manner of a small-time prima donna, the young woman spoke her mind.

"I never saw anything so silly," quoth she. "Out home they would be considered very bad form. We'd never dream of jumping up and visiting around from table to table in a public restaurant. It is undignified. We wouldn't even act the way they do in our own homes. I thought I would die of mortification when that man—one of the most distinguished young American writers—danced out there on the sidewalk when he saw us in here. And the things you say to each other! You seem to come right out and say what you think. You're positively insulting. We wouldn't say such things about friends even behind their backs."

Now, wondering if her point of view is not much more generally accepted than mine, I find myself trying to evaluate these impulsive show folk with her measuring rod instead of my own. Mine is distorted, for I am frankly prejudiced in favor of people who do pretty much as they please regardless of what is wrong with the picture.

The young woman in question happens to be an ardent motion-picture fan and one of the objects of her adoration is Aileen Pringle. I was a little relieved for her sake that Aileen didn't happen along while she was there for, far from remaining aloof from the merrymaking, Aileen would probably have been ring-leader of it.

Never having met Aileen except in the repressive surroundings of celluloid, the girl from St. Louis had found her dignified, reserved, and supercieremonious. She hadn't seen "The Wife of the Centaur," incidentally. Anyway, I let her go on admiring Aileen as a human ice box, but let me assure the rest of you who may not share her regard for stilted actions that Aileen is not much like the Glyn girls she has portrayed on the screen.

From all I have heard of the gay, arrogant lack of decorum at the Court of St. James', Aileen just as she is would fit there perfectly whether the best people of St. Louis liked it or not.

And while we are speaking of St. Louis I am amazed that the young woman from there had never heard disquieting tales about Aileen. A few months ago she visited there with several other players on the occasion of the opening of a new theater. After the supper party which followed the festivities at the theater the impresario of a local laundry suggested that the crowd adjourn and go swimming in the pool at his washing emporium. Aileen was among those who went. After the swim at an hour when I dare say St. Louis society was repeating the decalogue of polite farewells from the accepted book of etiquette, Aileen and her friends went motoring to get a glimpse of the surrounding country at daybreak. When that palled, the exhaustible Aileen headed for a diary lunch, her companions still in evening clothes, Aileen wearing a dark but ornate Chinese student's coat which was a bit unusual for St. Louis at any hour. After a soothing repast there of hot cakes and coffee, she walked back to her hotel, strolling nonchalantly into the lobby of the Statler just as the wage slaves were starting out for their day's work.

Now impressionable reporters meeting Aileen Pringle for the first time dash out and record that she is "every inch a queen." Not having what you might call a wide acquaintance among queens—they not having joined the grand dukes and princes and countesses in the movie extra ranks as yet—I cannot assure you as to that. I can only say that after years of interviewing all sorts of people, Aileen Pringle gave me a great thrill. I had never met any one remotely like her before in real life. Fearful that I never may again I hope to cling to the acquaintance.

Those who are not fortunate enough to meet her can find her counterpart occasionally in English novels, a girl who has forgotten more about tradition and etiquette than slaves to custom will ever find out. A girl who embraces you in shabby clothes and insults you when you are guilty of shabby thinking. A girl whom a sloganer might express in "I ask no quarter and give none."

I almost hesitate to sketch for you Aileen's background, because the truth sounds so like those pretentious tales press agents used to make up. I can only refer you to newspapers, school records, and birth certificate if this sounds to you too good to be true.

She was born in San Francisco, her mother French, her father English. To the intense irritation of her grandmother who was a haughty grande dame, Aileen as a youngster used to tell people that among her ancestors was a gypsy and a spy. She fancied such personages more than the discreet and haughty gentlemen whose portraits hung on the home walls.

She went to one of those impeccably academic for correct young ladies in California, then to London and then to Paris. Somewhere along the way she picked up an understanding and appreciation of modern art that leads her to decorate her walls into unusual and interesting sketches and which makes talented and usually misunderstood young artists her devoted slaves.

Next the gypsy spirit led her to Jamaica as the wife of the governor's son. The social life of the island palmed on her after a while. After all, having the vicar and the island's distinguished visitors over to tea gets monotonous after a while, no matter how ingenious the hostess or how beautiful the home. So Aileen came to New York and all one season played in support of George Arliss in "The Green Goddess."

That was a gay, exhausting winter—as whose first one in New York is not?—and spring found Aileen going to her mother's in San Francisco for a rest. Restless, as usual, she abandoned the idea of a languid vacation for a little exploration of Los Angeles and the motion-picture studios. You may remember the first picture in which she distinguished herself. It was "The Tiger's Claw," in which Jack Holt starred.

Immediately following that appearance she was signed Continued on page 111
Away go some of every American's rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, whenever a player signs a long-term contract; this article tells some of the odd restrictions demanded by these documents.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

O H, I couldn't possibly do that! My contract won't permit it!

This is getting to be Hollywood's favorite tune, so many are the stringent rules being incorporated in contracts.

It used to be, in the bonanza days of the movies, that the favored actors were in clover. The stars drew tremendous salaries, and, confident of the box-office drawing power of their personalities, reported for work late in nonchalant disregard of the production schedule, and sat very, very pretty. They demanded everything and gave—mostly trouble.

And many were the concessions granted them—from redecorating their dressing rooms whenever they demanded it to allowing them an hour or two for their afternoon siesta. Florence Lawrence was the first actress to have cars placed at her disposal by the company—the old Victor concern—and every article of clothing, even her personal wardrobe, furnished.

But a few years ago, when several of the players, their heads turned by sudden success, their viewpoints distorted by their positions as public idols, let their volatile emotions cause them to be embroiled in scandals, the producers took steps to prevent such occurrences in the future by inserting clauses in contracts prohibiting unseemly conduct.

The "morality clause," for infracion of which players are penalized in proportion to the gravity of their offense, reads thus:

The artist agrees to conduct himself with due regard to public conventions and morals and agrees that he will not do or commit any act or thing that will tend to degrade him in society or bring him into public hatred, contempt, scorn, or ridicule, or that will tend to shock, insult, or offend the community or ridicule public morals or decency, or prejudice the producer or the motion-picture industry in general.

Though this at first caused an outburst of righteous indignation in Hollywood, it has come now to be regarded not as a possible reflection upon those of impeccable character but merely as a precautionary measure to safeguard the industry as a whole. And those who have its interests sincerely at heart sign with no hesitation. The only flare of rebellion come from those few players to whom this personal "insult" is "a shoe that fits."

Nor does the maze of legal verbiage which fills several printed pages of the usual contract confine itself solely to prohibitions of immorality. The specifications cover all sorts of possibilities, and sometimes seem upon the surface rather inconsequential and humorous, but each has a direct bearing upon the player's value to the company.

Facial disfigurement and bodily affliction are secondary in importance. Practically all of the stars' and featured actors' contracts are nullified if they suffer any accident, long and continuous illness, or facial blemish which would render them unable to work or destroy their photographic value.

Some of the women must even agree to keep sensible hours and not to concern themselves overmuch with social gaiety, that they may not develop lines to mar their lovely faces!

And the energetic fellows are protected against their own recklessness. Tom Mix and "Buck" Jones have to promise not to ride fractional horses except "in line of duty"—when such scenes are necessary in production—and not to take other chances which might cause them bodily harm. Several men are such valuable assets to their employers that they are even forbidden to drive their cars through "dangerous traffic."

Both Reginald Denny and Eddie Lowe have aeronautical hangankings, but they have to confine themselves to idle longing, for they can't go up to explore the air lanes in a plane.

And when Shirley Mason's engagement to a speed king was rumored recently, coincidental with Shirley's...
The Dotted Line of Don’ts

sudden and avid passion for accompanying the track wizard in his low-slung racer, Fox looked at Shirley—rather, at the latest sales reports of Shirley’s pictures—decided she was too good a bet to risk losing, beside being a pretty and a nice girl who should be guarded against her own impulsiveness. And said thumbs down on riding in racing automobiles, no matter how skilled the pilot might be. They take a taxi, now. And Shirley does the worrying. For, evidently, the Fox officials have never ridden in a Los Angeles taxi!

The documents binding Jack Hoxie and “Hoot” Gibson, both have clauses specifying that they shall ride only horses which they own and train. Universal pays all maintenance costs, but the star is thus protected from having to do riding stunts on strange mounts that might be nasty-tempered.

Joe Bonomo’s contract with the same company stipulates that all equipment required for his picture stunts shall be built according to his specifications. Thus the platforms, body harness and the like, used when the “strong man” lifts elephants, automobiles, and such toys and which distribute the weight over his body in such a way as to avoid breaking a bone or pulling a muscle or ligament out of place, are all made under his supervision.

Almost all of the long-time contract players must agree to be farmed out at the discretion of the concern paying their weekly stipends. In some instances, “splits” of the profits are arranged, when another company wants an actor so badly that it will pay a bonus over his regular salary. And some whose services are in constant demand insist upon the insertion of clauses giving them the right to refuse unsuitable roles, or provisions for such extra concessions as dressing rooms more comfortable than the average, special publicity, definite working hours, no location work outside of a certain radius from home, and the like. Night work is prohibited when an actor appearing in a local stage play is engaged.

A number of the stars, who are in a position to make such demands, have it down in black and white that they may make their pictures in the East or the West, according to whichever locality they prefer. By her contract, Colleen Moore is permitted to remain in California, though several of the First National production units have been moved to New York.

Lon Chaney’s agreement with Universal for “The Phantom of the Opera” prescribed definitely that no photograph showing his face should be publicly displayed or reproduced until after the release of the production. The company’s acquiescence in this instance, contrary to the usual custom, is motivated by a mutual desire to keep the startling make-up that he wears a surprise. On all production stills which were sent out as “advance publicity” The Phantom’s face was obliterated. By shrouding the character in a carefully evolved mystery, it was believed that interest in it would be stimulated.

Nita Naldi is a changed woman these days. The formerly buxom Nita has become as svelte as a reed. Honestly, you’d hardly know her, so

Taxis are not always considered the safest of conveyances, but the Fox company consider them better for Shirley Mason than racing cars, in which she is forbidden to ride.
PARTNERS AND PALS

FORTY-EIGHT years friends, and never a quarrel," muses Weber.

"How do we do it? Y'see," chortles Fields, "we're wise to each other. He doesn't know any more than I do, and I don't know any more than he does. So why fight?"

A record of professional partnership and of personal friendship unrivaled in the annals of the theater is that of the famous team of Joe Weber and Lew Fields, pals since boyhood.

And now they have come, arm-in-arm as always, arguing good-naturedly but never quarreling, to the movies, to play in "Friendly Enemies."

"Sure, we made some movies ten years ago," chuckles Weber.

"But we don't talk about it," adds Fields. "They were that bad."

"I'm the little one," Weber reminds insistently.

"Sure—and the sassy one."

"Argue? All the time. Differences of opinion. But never a fight. We lock the door and talk each other down. Or else our wives tell us both to shut up. Twenty-eight years married, Weber, and thirty-two years wed, Fields. And our wives share apartments or bungalows, be it New York or Hollywood that we're in, and never a cross word. Turtle-doves, that's us."

When they were kids of eight and nine, they joined forces, doing clog dances and singing ditties. Eight dollars a week. By the middle '80s they had made their way through cheap burlesque shows, dime museums and other entertainments of the kind then in vogue, to Gus Hill's traveling show, where their weekly honorarium totaled thirty dollars.

Through many vicissitudes, as the American theater grew from cheapness into lavish investiture, the two little products of New York's East Side made their way to musical comedy and vaudeville, eventually managing their own burlesque theater at which many stars now famous in the theater or on the screen were given their first try-outs.

"Sure, we know everybody," Weber reminisces urbanely. "Phone rings all day. Can't walk down the street without being hailed by somebody we gave a job to in the old days. It's great to have friends!"

The little man puffs out his chest, and his face beams.

"And no enemies!" adds Fields, echoing his partner's complete satisfaction.

ANOTHER FORMER FAVORITE RETURNS

TALENT that has been matured by years of acting and by the mellowing experiences of life is now achieving a merited recognition, with Warner Brothers featuring Beverly Bayne in "The Age of Innocence" and other new productions.

Have the fans of yesterday forgotten the loveliness and sweet charm of the feminine half of the Bayne and Bushman team, back in the Essanay days?

For a year or two the team left the movies, touring in a stage play. Upon their return, he to play Messala in "Ben-Hur" and Beverly to obtain what roles she could in the new Hollywood dramas—Mrs. Bayne found the way not altogether rose-strewn. New executives controlled the studio lots, and to the young striping casting directors she was but a vague name. But she did not get bitter or resentful, but waited, and eventually her quiet charm won a chance to come back. If you doubt her right to the new place that she is winning, contrast the fine realities of her work, its
Present 

interesting personalities on the screen.

skilled delineation of character, with what too often passes for acting among our younger generation. Back of every gesture lies meaning and the truth that life has taught her.

Beverly Bayne was a girl in the days of her Essanay triumph. To-day, still in her twenties, she is a woman made all the more lovely by maturity’s kind mark. The years have added character to her sweet face; few lines mar its serene calm; the brown eyes perhaps do not laugh as spontaneously at little things as they once did, but merriment dwells in them yet.

Her life is one of comparative seclusion. Her intimate friends are the Conrad Nagels, Lois Wilson, and Leatrice Joy. Quiet home dinners and attendance upon the opera and concerts constitute her social life. She is one of the most earnest students enrolled in the opera class conducted by Doctor Nagel, Conrad’s father, at which the operas are discussed and explained and their arias sung.

THE SCREEN’S LUXURY WOMAN

THE annual drive is on for a name for Miss Dupont.

Pattie Day—yes, that is her real name, antedating “Margaret Armstrong” and the subsequent “Miss Dupont”—is again looking about, in her serene, unhurried way, for a first name. And it must, she insists, express the new personality which she hopes to evolve from the chrysalis of her beauty and establish.

For beneath the outward complacency of her manner there lurks a desire to become an actress. Wrapped in by the luxurious ease of a Hollywood beauty’s life, seemingly content to lend her pale luster to roles unimportant dramatically but pleasing visually, the past few years, since she first was swathed in velvet in Von Stroheim’s “Foolish Wives,” have been uneventful ones. But now ambition stirs her.

She wants to slick back that corn-yellow hair into an unsightly knot, and conceal her graceful curves by calico! Because she epitomizes luxury, the producers cast her continually as pampered, indulged women of the glamorous half-world. For upon her have been lavished gifts of physical beauty.

Can the ghost of Pattie Day break through this mantle of beauty and reveal dramatic talent? Miss Dupont believes it can—if the producers will give her a chance to discard her furs and velvets and jewels.

ELINOR PICKS ANOTHER

BECAUSE she looks like the real thing—for the simple reason that she is just that—Dagmar Desmond is making her début in the films as a society matron attended by the gracious kindness of fate.

Mrs. Dagmar Friselle—for that is her own name—returned recently from her annual trip abroad, contemplating a re-

sumption of her social duties in Fresno, California. But fate decided that such a beautiful willowy brunette should be out in the spotlight and, through the medium of Elinor Glyn, presented her with the opportunity to play Odette in “Man and Maid.”

Within the span of a few hours her signature was affixed to a contract, her name was changed to Desmond and she acted her first scene! She has found the work so interesting that she plans to continue, so the pink-teas of Fresno will miss her charming presence.

The new Glyn discovery has spent much time in Italy, where she studied painting.
AN ACTOR MUST HAVE FAITH

THE first year in Hollywood generally riddles an actor’s enthusiasm. Not so, Edward Earle. His optimism is boundless, and he firmly believes that, whereas fame and fortune have come to actors like Percy Marmont and others only after many delays, so they will similarly shine upon him in due course of time.

Earle is no newcomer, of course. He has been in pictures for a full decade, and in the early days at Edison was associated with Viola Dana and Shirley Mason; later at Vitagraph with Alice Joyce, Agnes Ayres, Corinne Griffith, and others. With Miss Ayres he made the series of O. Henry stories.

Conditions have changed so greatly in pictures in the past few years, however, that some of the most successful actors of a few seasons ago have had to begin all over again to win a place in to-day’s spotlight. Earle is among these, and he has made up his mind that the quickest way is to keep working from picture to picture as they come, free dancing, and watching for the right kind of part to play for all it is worth, hoping that one will come along that will bring him to the attention of the more prominent directors.

“The thing is for them to see you on the screen,” he said recently in Hollywood. “I have a wide personal acquaintance here, and many of the best directors have promised me an opportunity as soon as a suitable rôle comes along. But I know well enough that what really counts is a performance, and nothing else.”

He could go on the stage, where he once was well established as a leading man, but he won’t do that.

“I had enough of tours and one-night stands; there’s a lot of glamour even about the New York engagements that don’t exist,” he said. “I’d much rather have a home, and as I have moved all my worldly goods to the Coast, I intend to stay indefinitely.”

And having made that decision, he probably will.

NIBLO’S FIRST LIEUTENANT

MY general-utility aide,” Fred Niblo once titled Bess Meredyth.

For Bess illustrates the value of a woman’s cleverness.

During the three and a half years that she has been scenarist for Niblo, she has adapted his stories, written his scripts, titled and helped edit his pictures, supervised wardrobes—dashing gayly from many a luncheon to find some prop or costume that was seemingly improcurable. “When in doubt, ask Bess,” is the slogan on the Niblo set.

Her reward came when she was hustled to Italy to work with Niblo in salvaging “Ben-Hur.”

After seven months of it, she has returned to Hollywood.

Bess is a bewildering, contradictory, adorable mixture of the eternal feminine and mentality. She feels no impulse to elevate the films, she isn’t erudite, but the girl has brains. She is a human being, first, and therein lies, perhaps, the quality of reality that imbues the Niblo scripts.

Other scenarists of less value to the screen.

SHE WENT TO HEADQUARTERS

A

n abundance of self-confidence won Dorothy Sebastian her chance on the screen. From Birmingham, nineteen-year-old and attractive Dorothy came to Hollywood to be a motion-picture star, scornin all warnings. She looked the gateman coolly in the eye and strolled past him. She didn’t even pause at the casting office, but kept right on going until she found Henry King, whom she recognized as a director, and asked for a job. This is the only instance of recent record of an inexperienced applicant actually “crashing the gates.”

Amused by her self-assurance, King gave her a test, following it with a small rôle in “Sackcloth and Scarlet.” And that brought her a five-year contract to play in Kane-King productions for Paramount.

This young graduate of the University of Alabama numbers among her accomplishments athletic sports, painting in oils, dancing—her only theatrical experience was a brief sojourn in George White’s “Scandals” last year—and singing. Also, if this be considered a talent, she plays the banjo.

She is superbly vital, startlingly sure of herself for one so young, and hers is a pleasing dark beauty.
Among Those Present

have been tooted to the skies, while Bess Meredyth worked and waited. Her day is dawning. Her worth to any director lies not so much in her ability to put words together, or even to visualize scenes in action, as in the way she injects her personality into every phase of a production.

More than a little bit of “Ben-Hur” owes itself to her capability. And it wouldn’t surprise a lot of folks in Hollywood to see the serene Bess driving a chariot in the big buggy race!

FOLLOWING IN MABEL’S FOOTSTEPS

WITH the promotion of Alice Day, Mack Sennett is breaking his rule to star only men with pretty girls merely in support. Mabel Normand was the only feminine star he ever presented.

Has Alice the personality which made Mabel so inimitable a comedienne? What attraction has she that surpasses the parade of Sennett puchritude? Sennett’s enthusiasm for Alice’s possibilities must be founded upon definite qualities.

Her first work, a small bit in Norma Talmadge’s “Secrets,” attracted his interest. He placed her in his stock company. Six months later—having played the usual comedy apprenticeship of character bits—she was cast as lead for Harry Langdon and Ralph Graves.

What she has is what, in greater degree, distinguishes Mary Philbin—a flash of inbred talent that knows not its own existence or the means of its expression, a quality not of conscious technique nor of brains, but simply of exquisitely natural spontaneity.

There is little to say of Alice, except that she is youth. Untutored, untrained, sparkling youth, sensitive and responsive. Much may be made of her—or nothing.

She is pretty, with brown curls and big, blue eyes, and hers is a lovable personality with a glint of humor in it. Through this girlish charm as through a crystal curtain vibrates the spark upon which Sennett is risking much money and time.

AN IRISH GENTLEMAN

THOUGH for many years he has given a fine ability to the screen, and was one of its pioneers, Owen Moore clings to the traditions of the stage. His motion-picture career, he will tell you without hesitation, has always been simply a matter of financial expediency, that in his heart he has never accepted the rôle of film actor seriously.

His stage technique still subconsciously colors his acting, and probably always will. He refuses to become enthusiastic over the opportunities that have been his this past year.

As it is difficult for a stranger to get beneath the shell of his outward personality and see the realities of character that underly his dry humor, Moore can best be described in the words of an old friend:

“He is a Celt of the Celts—high-tempered, impetuous, emotional, but disclaiming emotion as something to be covered up. Obstinate, but yielding magnificently if he can be made to see his error. He never gives in under pressure except through a change of his own convictions—but then he is contrite. He is very sensitive, but wouldn’t for the world show it.

“Owen has immense personal charm and an unusual amount of dignity—a personality which may give an erroneous impression, which must be known thoroughly, through many tests, to be fully understood. He is inclined to pose a bit, though I hardly think he is conscious of it.

“In spirit, really, he is just a great big boy.”

AN ORCHID OF THE THRILL PLAYS

TO look at Kathryn McGuire you would never imagine that she would come into the classification and category of indestructible heroines. She is so fragile, so delicate and orchidlike that you would expect her to be cast only for such sympathetic and appealing maidens, with hearts that echo old refrains, as Lillian Gish has created hauntingly for the screen. Slender, with hair of light and evanescent brown, and eyes plaintively hazel; manner somewhat unduly repressed, she is a true sotto voce and dreamily attractive personality.

Continued on page 100
Representing the Working Man

The standard leading man of the screen sees to it that the wage level keeps reasonably high; not once did he talk of Art for Art's sake.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

The next time a theater is opened in Hollywood with due ceremony, not to say undue ceremony, the ringmaster of the hour will do well to introduce Mr. Conway Tearle as The Workingman's Friend.

He is tall and handsome in a weary way, as one might expect after attending his cinema exercises, but he would surprise you. For he is a shrewd, commercial manager of his talents; a canny merchant of his histrionic tricks, a veritable Wanamaker of actors, selling his personality—wardrobe and ability included—to the highest bidder. Acting is his stock in trade. He comes from a family of actors. And so long as he is destined to make a living in and about the theater, he for one is going to see that it is a good living. Practical, you will agree. Pragmatic, as well, any producer who has paid Tearle salaries will tell you.

It might sound grandiloquent to say that picture actors are so many. Uncle Tom's being sold down the river, just as it might be a trifl e libelous to paint Carl Laemmle, Adolph Zukor, William Fox and the rest of the picture plantation proprietors as so many Simon Legrees. But it is quite true, nevertheless; there is a market where young Novarros, mature Stones, and Western Hoxies are quoted on the hoof, made up and ready for Spanish, domestic, and suburban wagon productions, respectively. It is quite true that the plantation owners are leagued together, and that they do their best to keep the market price of leading men at a minimum. The slaves of drama, on the other hand, are ever on the qui vive to maintain a robust rate for their services.

The interesting phase of this actor market is the setting of price. How do they decide what a leading man is worth?

There are two answers. If he is caught young and tied to a contract he is worth whatever he signed for. But if he is a free lance, flitting from picture to picture, now in this studio, now in that, he is gauged by Tearle measure. Conway Tearle, of whom you have heard me speak, is the standard lead. What he commands in the matter of reimbursement—to put it in a genteel manner—determines the salaries of a hundred lesser leading men. Tearle as for the price, costing him the position as biggest box-office attraction amongst the ranks of the unstarred. He is ratemaking because of his being the pacemaker.

If Tearle jumps his wages from $2,000 to $2,500 a week, Milton Sills jumps his from $1,750 to $2,000, Kirkwood raises his from $1,500 to $1,800, House Peters ascends from $1,250 to $1,500, and so on down the scale. If a producer were to succeed in engaging Tearle at not less than $2,000—taking this as an arbitrary figure—the reverse action would accordingly make itself felt all along the line. Just as the ups and downs of U. S. Steel influence the trend of the entire stock market, so does the status of Conway Tearle's weekly remuneration affect dozens of other pay envelopes.

"So when I hold out for what I think I'm worth," he told me, "it's purely a business transaction. There's no temperamental connection with it, no yen for publicity, no gratifying personal vanity. I find three or four producers clamoring for my services. What do I do? I boost the salary. If one of them meets it, well and good. I can only work for one at a time satisfactorily. When that picture is over the thing repeats itself. There are three or four offers, so again I boost."

He smiled wearily. "Economics," he murmured. "Elementary, to be sure. Supply and demand. If the demand for my appearance before various cameras exceeds the supply, wouldn't you call me something of a fool not to cash in on it?"

In speaking of himself Tearle adopts that impersonal, matter-of-fact tone that at once disposes of the question of egotism. When he mentions Tearle he is considering his professional equipment rather than his personality, much as Anna Nilsson mentioned the star cast that included Stone, Sills, and herself.

We were sitting in his suite in the Ambassador—Eastern version—at high noon. He had just left his couch, still attired in pajamas, but noticeably wide-awake on the subject of actors' salaries.

"I came from the Coast a month ago on the strength of a contract I had signed there to do a picture here. Upon arriving I was told that the deal was off unless I agreed to a slight cut under the salary I had signed for."

"But you had signed a contract, hadn't you?"

He laughed mirthlessly. "They hadn't. And they had been advised by their fellow producers to force my figure down a bit. I found this out when I refused their proposition and looked for another producer here. No one 'needed' me until I completed my picture with the people who had lured me East. They all stood by each other. Somewhere they had read 'In union there is strength.'"

"So I accepted a contract with a minor producer of independent pictures. Not the most artistic films, you know, but at my own figure."

He paused to light a cigarette.

"We're human, of course. We eat, drink, theater, entertain. It all runs into money. I was expected to starve myself into submission, and sign the paper-r-r-s at their terms. Instead I hired out to the independents, preparing meanwhile to make the whole affair a legal issue. The boycott of the producers' association was clearly in restraint of trade."

And that his case would have attracted considerable attention is attested most emphatically by the fact that the association of producing managers withdrew the boycott, met his salary, and have engaged him steadily since.

Do not assume from my report that Tearle is a grubby mercenary, enmeshed in the toils of his bank account, heedless of the artistic things of life, Hollywood and Manhattan. When I called I was curious to know why he had allied himself with such a comparatively insignificant picture manufacturer, and straightway he told me. But his talk was interrupted by a phoned invitation to the evening's opera, "Tosca," and a verbal reminder from his wife that they were to see the Zulaggs exhibit that very afternoon. Moreover he evinced a keen interest in the latest Belasco exposures, the new Chauve Souris, the upward strides of Young Strindberg, the boxers, and the screen possibilities of the dramatic hit of the season, "What Price Glory?" He revealed himself as well informed, well rounded and sufficiently enthusiastic to escape being called blase.
Representing the Working Man

"When, as, and if I return to the legitimate stage, I should like to do the prize fighter in Shaw's great comedy, 'Cahel Byon's Profession.' I don't know why that isn't played regularly. It's brilliant. Of course I think Shaw is priceless at all times. In fact one of my final stage appearances was with Grace George in 'Major Barbara.'"

Less was said of his last appearance, some two years ago. At that time he returned briefly to Broadway in a melodramatic concoction called "Mad Dog," but it was short lived. "A good idea," he said, "pounded into shapelessness by too many wise men.

"I often think the screen suffers unjustly when compared with the stage," mused Tearle. "We look upon it as commercial. But the theater is pretty thoroughly commercialized all the way through. In the Theater Guild lies its sole artistic salvation.

"Take this very play, 'Mad Dog.' We salvaged the idea for pictures, presented it more exactly as the author had conceived it, and it went very well. Proved popular."

He grinned as he added, "I believe we were obliged to call it 'One Week of Love.'"

It is interesting to note that Tearle prefers to ignore gilt-edged, long-term contracts in favor of free lancing. Instead of being committed to a stated salary, he is able to adjust his demands to the rising demand for his services. As a free agent he is at liberty to raise his fees whenever the time is auspicious.

Like Lew Stone and House Peters, Tearle fits easily into the select group of excellent characters whose characterizations are always adroit, well calculated, and maturely conceived. One may go a step farther: Tearle makes his heroes replicas of himself rather than adapting his own resources to resemble the hero. His peculiarly indifferent style of acting, his supreme nonchalance bordering on boredom, his arrogant aplomb—all make him a highly individual and unique type. Consequently when he is engaged to impersonate the columnist in "Black Oxen," or the open spaced Ghent in "The Great Divide," he is engaged with the understanding that he is to Tearle them.

Wallace Beery and Lon Chaney and Raymond Hatton change themselves into different characters in each new picture; many other actors attempt to make the change. But Tearle has only to step before the camera and be himself, regardless of the role. He may deny this but you have only to inspect his celluloid records for verification. Can you imagine him growing a beard for screen purposes as Ernest Torrence has to do for every third picture in which he appears? It is for this reason that he is in such demand. If a producer has a picture that calls for a Tearle part, that means Tearle is required, and the current market has many scripts with such parts—worldly fellows fed up on romance, yet sufficiently

This portrait is one of the most recent ones taken of Conway Tearle; like all his portraits, it suggests his well-known characteristics.

Continued on page 94
Over the

Fanny the Fan unburdens her soul of heightened by prejudice about new

me is made up of film players. They have sworn to take the life in some horrible manner of the next star who tells the world's oldest and most-used personal-appearance joke.

"You probably know the story. You must if you have ever seen a star make a personal appearance. It is the one about the eager fan who was waiting outside the studio every day when the star came out. Each day she asked for an autographed picture and each day she got one. Finally on the fifth day the star asked, 'But won't you tell me why you want so many pictures of me?' 'Oh, yes,' said the fan, 'the girl who lives next door said she would trade me one picture of Mary Pickford for six of you!' Larry Semon used that story for years and so did Hope Hampton. Ben Lyon had the audacity to tell it a few weeks ago down in Philadelphia. But when some misguided soul started to tell it at the A.M.P.A. party, it was greeted by groans."

"And now that you have told it, that makes you eligible for murder.

Photo by Fredric
Viola Dana may fool a few people into thinking she is terribly grown up by looking weary and blase in photographs, but in real life she is still a youngster.

FANNY was in the midst of a long tirade about something or other when I finally located her just inside the door of the café at the Algonquin.

"Membership is open to all," she informed me generously, "so you can join."

Somehow her reception did not seem particularly enthusiastic but I stayed on out of curiosity.

"You really must join a group that is protesting about something. Otherwise you will feel quite out of everything," she assured me. "There is one group whose members have agreed to rise and walk out of any theater where Anna Q. Nilsson is shown dying. They are so tired of having lovely Anna Q. killed off to make room for another heroine. There is another group whose members flee whenever a heroine gets coy about suggesting approaching motherhood. One wave of a baby shoe and they are off. But the most interesting society to

May McAvoi came back from Italy looking radiant, her few added pounds being vastly becoming to her.
Teacups

a few remarks frankly tinged with malice and films, old favorites, and hopes for the future

Bystander

Stars in favor of your immediate execution may now step forward," I told her. "But what was that party you spoke of?

"Oh! haven't you heard?" Fanny was aghast. "A. M. P. A. stands for Associated Motion Picture Advertisers and their slogan modestly proclaims them 'The Brains of the Industry.' Once a year they give a big party in New York. That is the one night when the lid is off and the press agents tell what they really think of the people they work for. No one in the picture industry feels just comfortable until it is over. And of course every one goes to it. Staying away from a party where you know you are going to be talked about is just inhuman.

"There weren't any terrible slurs against the stars; only the producers. They did show a picture though of the 'Lita Grey Home in the West,' and that got a lot of laughs. Samuel Goldwyn was announced as now being connected with Samuel Goldwyn and some doubt was expressed over whether Cecil De Mille dropped Famous Players or Famous Players dropped Cecil De Mille. But it was all innocent fun.

"Harry Reichenbach, the champion of all publicity men had arranged and rehearsed a minstrel show and when the time came for it half of his stars weren't there. He was resourceful though; he simply wrote out his jokes on slips of paper, drafted Dorothy Mackaill, Jacqueline Logan, John Bowers, Bessie Love, Johnny Hines, and a few others and gave the show without any rehearsal.

"Of course, Dorothy Mackaill had to fool him by changing her lines. She would. You've probably seen Jacky Logan dance in pictures but you'll never believe how marvelous she is until you really see her dance on a stage. She was quite a sensation that night. She didn't know that she was supposed to perform and she wore a
spend so much time in Italy just sitting around wondering when she started work, but it certainly did wonders for her appearance. She has lost that harassed, wan look she had when she made so many pictures. She put on a little weight and it is vastly becoming.

"Kathleen Key came back with them but she left town right away. She wanted to go to New Orleans for a day's visit before going back to Hollywood. Kathleen is a confirmed traveler. When the company was ordered home she rushed to Paris and then to London for a short visit before sailing for New York. And in her one day here she did more shopping than she did all the while she was in Europe.

"But speaking of 'Ben-Hur,' have you heard the rumor that it will probably be finished in time to take over all the theaters where 'Abie's Irish Rose' has finished its run?"

Of course I hadn't, as Fanny was just starting it.

"There's Viola Dana over at that big table with Alice Lake and her husband," she announced, always on the alert for news. "Let's bribe the waiter to take her a high chair and a dish. She looks too ridiculously young! She fools a lot of her fans into thinking that she is quite grown up by posing for photographs looking blasé and weary. But look at her! She looks about sixteen. Just because people can remember hearing about her and seeing her in pictures since the year one, they expect her to be a dowager type.

"The public is funny that way."

"Almost any way," I suggested but she took no notice of me.

"They think that because they can remember a star's work of years ago that she must be old. And if a star retires for a year or two and then comes back, even casting directors think of her as middle-aged. And some of them are younger than the girls who are just getting a start as leading women."

"And who, if I may ask," I did ask, "is this harangue about age and retirement and injustice dedicated to?"

"Louise Glaum, of course," Fanny snapped. "I finally met her and she is a

Alvce Mills has signed a five-year contract with Schulberg and will play the coveted leading role in "Faint Perfume."
lovely person. She is even more attractive, I think, than she was years ago when she was starring in Lee pictures. She is playing in "Fifty-Fifty" with Lionel Barrymore and Hope Hampton now. I do hope she stays in pictures. But if casting directors insist upon considering her a middle-aged matron just because she retired from pictures for two years or so—"

"What does that make Virginia Lee Corbin?" I inquired. "Now that she has come back do they try to cast her as a grandmother?"

But Fanny insisted that I was just trying to spoil her point and wouldn't answer me. And that shows she was in the wrong. But then, some of us think she usually is.

"Who do you suppose got the greatest applause at the A. M. P. A. party? Clara Kimball Young, Louise Glaum, and William S. Hart. That shows that the people in the industry, at least, are loyal to their early favorites if the fans are not.

"Despite the jewelry exhibits of Hope Hampton, Marion Davies, and the rest, Miss Young still has the most gorgeous diamonds I have ever seen any one wearing. And a chinchilla coat against her velvet skin and blue-black hair is something to make artists rave."

"Most of them don't need anything to make them rave."

But Fanny was intent on studying herself in a mirror. She has been simply unbearably cocky ever since some misguided soul told her that she looked like Carmelita Geraghty. Of course she doesn't; Carmelita has gorgeous eyes, whatever the faults that may make her resemble Fanny.

"And Gloria went and did it," Fanny ruminated. "Every one is simply dying to see her new husband. In the newspaper photographs he looked like a wax dummy but then Gloria did too, so obviously something was wrong with the camera man.

"But now that Gloria has a title I do not believe that she will be the least bit different from what she was before. It fits my picture of her perfectly to have people kowtowing before her. But why, oh why, does everything turn out so beautifully for Gloria and so tragically for Lillian Gish? There seems to be a jinx governing Lillian's career. Now she and Mr. Duell, the head of her company, are involved in a lawsuit over her contract. Lillian didn't get the money that was due her, she claims, and she doesn't want to continue with that company. Goodness knows, every one would like to see Lillian working for a company that turned out about ten times as many pictures as she has made in the past two years, whether its her present company or another.

"People keep insisting that

Continued on page 97

Edna Murphy is having the time of her life playing a variety of roles and racing from one production to another.
The Captain of His Soul

Erich von Stroheim is fighting madly, desperately, almost—but not quite—in despair of achieving what he wants to do. Yet he still cries defiance and says that some day his work will be shown as he intended it to be.

By Doris Denbo

determination to make pictures as he believes they should be made, and as he wants them, regardless of the beliefs of every one around him, he has been far too persistent and consistent to be ignored.

It is true in all history that men descended from warring nations have an ebullient, overpowering personality. This is so of this Austrian officer, Von Stroheim, for it is this characteristic you feel irresistibly when in his presence, whether you are a star, an electrician, or an interviewer. I was on the set but five minutes before I was determined to talk to this much-harangued and maligned man. I was convinced that whatever else he might be he was a man of infecting energy and I believe absolutely honest in his firm conviction that he is right. At any rate, I was after his side of the story from his own lips as to just why he had so persistently defied all precedent. He would have

Von Stroheim never appears without gloves, cane, wrist watch and marriage bracelet.

The intensity of the man shows in his face even when posing for a photograph.


SHORT of stature, dynamic disposition, without mercy for man or beast to attain a desired effect, including himself in every hardship, loved and hated, cursed and adored all at the same time by those who work for him, Von Stroheim might well be called the Napoleon of Hollywood. Driving on and on in his
The Captain of His Soul

a reason—you feel that with Von Stroheim—he would have a reason satisfactory to himself, at any rate, for everything that he did.

I was told, however, that I was requesting the impossible as he was so wrapped up in his production, working day and night to keep within his time schedule, that he positively refused an interview to any one. Such concentration seems to be a part of the man. He was eating, living, and thinking "The Merry Widow." However, I did finally, after much persistence get the interview with him at his own time.

Von Stroheim's set is not like any other set in the industry. There is a live businesslike tenseness in the atmosphere, no repressed giggling by little extras, no blase inertia on the part of stars or principals, no whistling, or calling back and forth of electricians—not a loud, blaring sound. Every one whispers or speaks in subdued tones, Von Stroheim moves quietly among the players and tells each one what he expects of him or her, instead of yells through the megaphone as is customary. There is a respect, a reverence in the very atmosphere for the quiet, forceful, personal atmosphere at the head. Yet this man is sneered at and scoffed at here and there by those who do not know him, but when he is present and from those with whom he has ever come into contact there is a definite respect and admiration which no one else in the industry seems to command in quite the same way.

While waiting for the day set by Von Stroheim for our interview I spent much time talking to the men who worked with him on "Greed."

Jean Hersholt, who played the part of Marcus Schoeller, said: "When you go into a scene for Von Stroheim you know you are going to do a living, monumental piece of work—he somehow puts it into you." He could not speak too highly of Von Stroheim's direction, even though he was in the hospital for six weeks in San Francisco because of injuries to his spine. Went crazy and had to be hit over the head with a club to knock him out in Death Valley due to his intense suffering, and was ill in bed with a temperature of one hundred and three degrees for three weeks upon his return—all this caused by Von Stroheim's greed for realism. Yet he and Von Stroheim are the best of friends and the two families visit back and forth often. He laughs about it now with a shake of his head, says: "We lived through real hell together on that picture!" And there is not a murmur of reproach in his voice, though everything that happened to him might have so easily been avoided.

Gibson Gowland, playing the part of McTeague, said of the trip into Death Valley: "It's a miracle we didn't kill him down there! What we suffered no one knows but those with us. I'd like to have smashed him down—so!" he said, doubling up his powerful fists into a hard knot, his eyes narrowed with hatred. Then with a quick change of expression and a whimsical, half-tender little smile he added with a shrug, "And then I'd probably lift him up again—so," and he put his arm through the motion of gently picking up a hurt loved one. "Funny to feel both ways about him, isn't it? But I do."

Every member of the party said it was Von Stro-

heim's spirit and sacrifice for an ideal that imbued them with the adventure of the thing and carried them through. They unanimously agreed that had it not been for this forceful and commanding little figure at their head they would not have all come back alive or mentally balanced. Insurance agents, doctors, Death Valley experts, all claimed it could not be done; but as usual, nothing daunted, Von Stroheim said, "Well, maybe it can't be done but I am going to prove it can!" So he took his little group of men unused to hardships, into the heart of the world's lowest, hottest and most treacherous spot in the hottest month of the year and brought them out again thirty days later, having successfully accomplished the supposedly impossible.

Merciless, ruthless, hard-driven director that he is, they scramble over one another to work for him. On the set for "The Merry Widow" a rather famous character actress entered, her face radiantly happy. She rushed up breathlessly to a friend standing near me and said jubilantly, "Oh, I got it! I got it!" The friend answered enthusiastically, "Oh, really? What part did he give you?" "Oh, just a maid!" the famous one said simply, "but I would be a stone statue just to work for him!"

What is it about this man that seems so overpowering? He is a spectacular figure in the picture industry. His name mentioned in any group of individuals meets with an immediate clamor of conflicting exclamations. Some cannot be too scathing in their comments, others cannot praise too highly—again there is a strange mixture of both from the same personality. It must be a certain Napoleon characteristic for Napoleon's soldiers stuck by him, win or lose, loving and hating—loyal and constantly on the verge of mutiny. Herein lies the proof of Von Stroheim's true greatness.

There has always been the question in the minds of some as to why producers will continue to allow this man to spend so much of their money and still give him another chance. Were these same people ever to meet the man himself they would never be in doubt again, for the producers feel that once Von Stroheim concentrates on keeping his art and genius within bounds, they will have one of the greatest money-making combines known to the industry. So they hope and watch and wait.

At last the day and hour arrived and I found him outwardly much the same except for the drawn look in his piercing brown eyes. The same courtly manner, nicky attire, and the famous white gloves, cane, wrist watch and marriage bracelet are ever in evidence. But inwardly he is a seething, bubbling volcano of resentment and determination to some day "show them" that the public would have welcomed his pictures as he produced them.

He said, "The public? Bah! They are not given a chance to know what they want! The exhibitors and producers decide what they shall have and then they say, 'That is what the dear public want and they will take nothing else.' I tell you it is not so."

It was an embittered, crushed, broken-spirited Von Stroheim who talked to me. "I have but one plea for
Helen group the train. go about with been its by direction sea little mean a and appeal feel Vilk.ge, "Hazard relatively charming sensation micro- of that, up away dull their this the to the the moment, be- is new Grace usual keeping unlikely at person-Provincetown, find most crevices intelligent in-settled the exits has beautiful just little find everywhere the was study it Neighborhood France.

comes crocus husband trans-a small little old Greenwich by dramatic deserted the playing the photography and could exhibit them to a relatively small audience without the necessity of keeping both eyes on the box office. It was out of just such experiment that the Theater Guild grew into the most important stage group of the country. And something of the kind must happen in the movie world if we are ever going to reveal the true artistic power of the films—a power that thus far has only been suggested.

While the mills of the little art theaters are grinding away down in the Village, Broadway goes blazing on with its usual number of exits and entrances. At least three new plays recently have excited unusual interest.

The first is a new French play, "She Had to Know," brought over and translated by Grace George. It is by Paul Geraldy and is about as merry and wise a study of husband and wife as you could expect to find even in France.

This wife, after twelve years of married life, begins to feel that she has settled down into a dull sort of personality with no interest or appeal for men, including her husband. She questions him on this delicate mat-

On the New
What the legitimate theaters have been offer
By Alison

THIS is the time of year when little theaters spring up under your feet along with the snappy poems and the crocus. It would take more than a microscope to find a crocus between the cobblestones of Times Square but the little theaters are everywhere—in old stables in Greenwich Village, in deserted saloons in the Bronx, in crevices which are so small and so unlikely that I fully expect to find a new little theater in the subway or on the elevated platform the next time I go there for a train.

So, at this moment, the Neighborhood Playhouse, the Provincetown, the Greenwich Village Theater, the Cherry Lane, and countless others are busily engaged with art for art's sake. Nothing epoch-making has come out of them this season except for the Eugene O'Neill revival of sea plays—"S. S. Glencairn"—which caused something of a sensation and which made a most successful trip uptown. Incidentally this same group would make a beautiful and expressive movie if the right director got hold of its dramatic high lights against its foggy background.

If it comes to that, the movies could do very nicely with a little theater movement of their own. I mean a group of intelligent people who could make experiments with the marvelous possibilities in direction and
York Stage

ing by way of new attractions on Broadway.
Smith

ter and his fond, clumsy answers—for the poor fellow hasn't the faintest idea what she is talking about—make up one of the most delightfully absurd scenes I have ever watched in comedy. This naturally sends the wife into similar investigations with other men and finally opens the eyes of the husband in a final curtain which is hilarious and at the same time, more than a little pathetic.

Bruce McRae is the husband to the exploring wife, a rôle which is played by Miss George with naive seduction. Anita Damrosch, the daughter of the famous symphony conductor, makes her stage début in a small rôle which has real distinction. Both in acting and direction, the production has caught the spirit of the play. And the play is a little French masterpiece.
believe that it was written by Michael Arlen under a pen name. Also it is beautifully acted by Reginald Mason and Patricia Collinge. With another author and less skillful actors, the plot might have turned into a very sticky bit of war sentimentality. As it is, you find it rescued at every turn by the saving grace of good taste and artistry.

Jane Weeps Again.

There isn't anything sadder in the theater than Jane Cowl wasted on a poor play. After finding out what she can do with Juliet, it is really a blow to watch her using all that brilliant, colorful talent on just another bit of trash. "The Depths" is about as foolish and empty a piece of work as we have ever seen devoted to the red-light trade. Why do authors who apparently know about as much about life as Pseud, always pick out fallen women to write about? This one, of course, falls in love with an arty young composer, goes to live with him but finds the memories of her past life unbearable, so she jumps out of the window as the only solution for the third act. Even the quiet, urgent power of Jane Cowl fails to make any of this sort of thing believable for a moment. Except when she begins to cry in just that choked abandon which is so utterly convincing. You can believe in her then but you have to forget the play to do it.

"Good-Bad" Drama.

Perhaps you have noticed that each month lately has brought at least one play rougher and rawer than any of the month before. Thus "The Harem," which seemed wild enough, was followed by "Ladies of the Evening," which made its predecessor look like the home life of Elsie Dinsmore dramatized. All this set the editorials to scolding Mr. Belasco, who produced both plays, with the result that business picked up wonderfully.

But finally a play arrived which shocked the newspapers so thoroughly that they have started a definite first-page campaign against rough drama. As I write this, the journal on the desk before me has screaming headlines about "Police

George Arliss has no time to make movies this season; he has been too successful in his stage play, "Old English."
After "Good-Bad Woman," Brady Play to be Suppressed." For the play had this hyphenated title, though the critics couldn't see the "Bad Woman" as "Good," even in spots.

It is a foul bit of rubbish but I'm afraid all this publicity will do more harm than good. The play was just about to fail, they tell me, when the excitement about its suppression started and now you can't buy standing room. At one stage of the game, Helen MacKellar came out with a statement that she simply couldn't read those wicked lines any longer and wouldn't dear Mr. Brady let her give up the part. Now inasmuch as she had read them without protest all through the rehearsals, this sudden sensitiveness is a bit puzzling. Some one told a reporter that she didn't know what the words meant until she read the reviews and the critics enlightened her. Which would make a wonderful comedy line in itself!

They may suppress the play and certainly nothing will be lost to the stage if they do. But all this plays right into the hands of the censors who are just as certain to kill good dramas with the bad ones—for the average censor's idea of decency usually results in just the reverse. In the last analysis, the public is its own best censor. Incidentally, I haven't yet heard of any theatergoer being gagged, bound, and dragged into any of these off-color theaters against his will.

"The Stork."

Here in this French farce is a perfect example of a stupidly naughty play which might have been made a nine-day wonder if any one had raged about it. Nobody did, and the stork died peacefully. It is a crude adaptation by Ben Hecht of a Fedor comedy in which a young premier, in fighting race suicide in politics, neglects his own home. There is some bright dialogue and bits of excellent acting by Katherine Alexander and Geoffrey Kerr but the impression it leaves you with is a rather weary leer.

Grace George has found in "She Had to Know" a comedy worthy of her special talents.

"The Dove."

"The Dove" has Holbrook Blinn and a Mexican setting and is that far related to "The Bad Man." Here, however, the resemblance suddenly ceases, for this old-fashioned and utterly humorless melodrama by Willard Mack is a far cry from the excellence of that shrewd and exciting play by Porter Emerson Browne. It is the old story of one noble heroine and an assortment of Mexican villains. There is little conviction in this conventionally written role and not even the vivid spirit of Judith Anderson could make it anything but commonplace. Miss Anderson, you will remember was the unknown actress who scored such a spectacular hit in "Cobra," and was immediately captured by Mr. Belasco. He may have great roles in store for her but "The Dove" is not one of them.

"The Love Song."

Nothing is ever going to shake the popularity of the Broadway revue established so agreeably through the magnificence of Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies." But, within the last few years there has been an increasing demand for the type of operetta which was made immortal by Victor Herbert. Now we have Victor Herbert no longer to weave those haunting and unforgettable melodies which have become an eternal part of our music in this country and thus far no new composer has arisen to take his place. So the pro-
Nita Tells How

You don't have to nearly kill your
Nita Naldi. It is simply a case of

By A. L.

"My weight?" she said, after it seemed as
if about nineteen years had passed.
"Yes, Miss Naldi," I replied. "You see,
just about a year ago, you were rather—well,
somewhat—ah, inclined to be a bit, what you
might call a trifle plump. Only a trifle, you
know. And women everywhere are so inter-
ested in the eternal question of reducing, I
thought you might be able to tell something
that would interest them, on how you did it."

I just wish she wouldn't look at an inter-
viewer the way she does sometimes when she
wants to know how really in earnest he is!
Those great, lustrous vampire eyes turned
about a thousand volts on me and again I
felt nervous. Everything seemed to be all
right, but I had the feeling that it wasn't. The
question did seem impertinent and I was ex-
pecting to be told very
soon just what to do
to sell my War Cries.
I was at the point
of retreating when again
she turned those eyes
on me—and smiled.
"Why, my dear sir,"
she said, "there isn't
any secret to it. Any
one can reduce who
wants to reduce.
"Is it very hard
work?"
"Work! May
heaven protect the
poor working girl
who tries to reduce
that way! Work
lends ambition to
your appetite, I
don't believe in it
—that is, the kind
of work you
mean."
"Do you intend
to imply that you
didn't work, didn't
exercise, to get rid
of that which is
gone?"
"Never a bit!"
"Then how was
it?"
"I cut out spa-
ghetti!"

Ah! I thought,
I have the secret.
Banish the spaghetti
and away goes the
poundage.
"Is that all you
banished?" I in-
quired dubiously.

These photographs, taken something more than a year ago, show
the alarming state of avoirdupois Nita had attained.

WHEN Nita Naldi looked at me after I had
asked that impertinent question, "How did you
do it?" I wondered if my nose supporter was
down or if, in dressing, I had forgotten to put on a
necktie.

Something seemed to be wrong.

She didn't exactly see, it appeared, how the loss of
twenty pounds or forty pounds or whatever it was,
could be of interest to me or to women anywhere in
the world. And the fact that Ritz-Carlton in signing
her up to a very juicy contract had stipulated that she
was to be out of a job if she ever again weighed one
hundred and thirty pounds, was a matter between her
and Ritz-C and a set of scales which didn't dare lie.

I had gone to see her with the idea that she would
very sweetly describe how she rolled on the floor twenty-
six times each night and nineteen times in the early
morning hours; how she stood for an hour at a time
on the back of her neck, played teeter-totter over the
foot of her bed, ran four miles in the dewy grass be-
fore the sun or anything else had peeped over the hills,
then ended by whailing the tar out of a punching bag
and breakfasting on a pair of prunes and a slice of
whole-wheat bread, toasted till it cracked.

But not Nita! Not on your life! Catch her doing
any gymnastic stunts—never!
She Did It

self with exercises to reduce, says
not looking upon food when it is fat.

Wooldridge

"Oh, that and a few starchy foods. Then
I occupied a drawing-room compartment on
the water wagon, limited."

"Did you, or do you, eat spinach?"

"Spinach! Oh, I just love spinach! It's
so green and satisfying. I buy it by the bale.
But when I want a banquet, a whole gorgeous
banquet with everything from soup to nuts.
I eat a bowl of chop suey about as big as
your ear. Then, occasionally—only once in
a while. I have a piece of chicken. I'm due
for another piece of chicken about next
Wednesday."

Shades of the open market! I just couldn't
help wondering what would happen to the
vendors of food if all the world simply gobbled
up sustenance as Nita Naldi does! Spinach
and lettuce and celery and chop suey and some-
times a little piece of bread toasted so hard
it cracks. Yet that is what the famous ac-
tress absorbed in order to bring her weight
down to one hundred and twenty-three pounds.
She just quit eating. She confesses to having
weighed one hundred and forty-two pounds.
Then she stops confessing. Denies she ever
got beyond that in weight. But the photo-
graphs taken of her when she played in
"Don't Call It Love," a William de Mille
production filmed something more than a year
ago, show her to have been a very husky one-
hundred-and-forty-two pounder. Writers were
unkind enough to refer to her as "corn fed."
"stalk fed," "overfed," and the like.

The remarkable thing about Nita Naldi's
reducing is that she accomplished it without
any of the gymnastic exer-
cises which are punishing
the very souls of so many
American women. And she
very bluntly and boldly as-
serts that such reducing ex-
ercises are unnecessary.

"Tennis!" she exclaimed.
"I loathe it! What can be
more ungainly than a woman
sprawling herself out into
the air batting at a tennis
ball.

"Golf! It develops your
feet—spreads 'em out over
the green.

"Horseback riding! Noth-
ing more ridiculous than a
woman sitting down on a
horse to reduce.

"Swimming! That's worth while, if you keep it up.
But here is the idea: Exercise just naturally gives
ambition to the appetite. When you eat, you give your
body something on which to build. If you wish to
reduce, quit giving your body that 'something.' You
can't acquire flesh if there's nothing to acquire it from.
You can eat just enough each day to sustain your
strength and keep your mind clear and body ac-
tive. That's enough. Stop at that. Very soon
your figure will assume the natural proportions it was intended to have. The

---Continued on page 112---
Clothing the

Seduction lies in silk and simplicity in chiffon in the costumes he designed for Barbara

By Louise

a visit to the West Indies, is smart and chic and dressed in exquisite taste. But Barbara's costumes on the screen have been something to write letters of protest about to "What the Fans Think." And many of you have.

Now all that is changed. Her next picture, "The Heart of a Temptress," will show you gowns far more alluring than any Barbara has worn before and yet there will be none of the screen vampire trade-marks about them—beads, sequins, leopard skin.

The reason for this is that after years of trying this famous designer and that, Barbara has at last found an artist who can grasp her ideas of costuming and embody them in his designs. This is Charles Le Mair, famous for his costumes for various revues in New York, and well remembered by all film fans because of those exquisite costumes he designed years ago for Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Through."

One of the most alluring costumes he has designed for Barbara is a negligee that is all bewitching swirls of tulle edged with metallic thread and with flowers nestling here and there. The robe itself is simple and close-fitting but the shoulders and sleeves and train are soft billows of ruffles. Never has she worn anything more enchanting.

Some of the other costumes she wears in this picture are less extreme and offer many hints of what the coming season's styles will be. There is a simple gray frock, for instance, pictured here, which is draped into a bustle in the back. This is the newest development in Paris fashions and to it Mr. Le Mairie has added—to accentuate the daring tendencies of the character he is dressing—small gaps between the ribbon-bow fastenings on the waist.

As a matter of fact neither Miss La Marr nor Mr. Le Maire are slaves to fashion. They are individualists, regardless of the current mode. So it is by accident rather than by design that these frocks introduce so many

OUT of the tangles of beads that have continuously enmeshed her, flinging away the conventional screen garb of vampires, Barbara La Marr is about to emerge one of the best-dressed women on the screen. Now Barbara, glimpsed at the Ritz at tea time or seen at the pier just before she sailed away recently for

Barbara La Marr has the courage of her personality and so insists upon the grace of long lines.

The colorful flower, at the ankle, is accepted as a part of the smart evening ensemble.

Charles Le Maire, who promises to make Barbara La Marr one of the best-dressed women on the screen.
Temptress

as Charles Le Maire demonstrates La Marr's latest productions.

features that Paris correspondents assure us will be the vogue next summer.

A close-fitting black velvet gown caught with flowers where it is draped up on one hip is Mr. Le Maire's conception of a siren gown. While he was arranging the flowers on this, one of them dropped and caught at the hem and it looked so attractive there that he left it, as is shown in the picture. As it happens, Paris fashion leaders too have discovered this piquant innovation and by summer it is likely that flowers at the ankle will be as accepted a part of an ensemble, as a gardenia on the coat lapel was this past winter.

The most charming and girlish frock worn by Miss La Marr in this picture is one of palest orchid chiffon made on the simplest lines and achieving grace through its long, unbroken folds.

She wears this gown at a point in the story where she is trying to be sweet and natural and free of the studied airs of the temptress. But the simplicity of gingham is not for her. Soft, clinging fabrics as bewitching in their way as the more worldly velvet are her choice. The soul of the temptress will out.

Although current fashions call for very short skirts, Miss La Marr will continue to wear hers very long for she knows that long lines are more becoming to her. She has the courage of her personality, and never follows styles that she does not think suited to her.
"The Last Laugh" is one of the finest pictures of the year and the performance by Emil Jannings is overwhelmingly fine.

The Screen

Critical comment on

By Agnes

Caricatures by

THE LAST LAUGH" sneaked into New York with scarcely the whisper of a press notice. Unlike Mr. Sternberg's "The Salvation Hunters," it wasn't indorsed by anybody but Carl Laemmle, who purchased this German picture for Universal. Hugo Riesenfeld, our local manager, brought it into his Rivoli Theater for one week, where it proved so popular with the critics and with the public that it was held over for a second week.

They tell me that a New York verdict means nothing out of town, so "The Last Laugh" may die the death of a dog in remoter cities. However, I hope it will share the fate of "Abraham Lincoln," which was first set down as a failure and emerged triumphantly as a success. And I rather think "The Last Laugh" will be popular, not because it is an advance in the art of picture making—that doesn't mean anything to anybody—but because it has a quality that audiences will find hard to resist—it has the good old human appeal.

Properly speaking, it has no definite story. It is merely a character study of an old fellow who is employed as carriage starter at a Berlin hotel. The old fellow is played by Emil Jannings, who knows more about camera acting than any man, woman, child, or dog on the screen. The poor old man's life is centered upon the gorgeous coat, all buttons and gold lace, which he wears in the performance of his dignified office.

Old age comes upon him and the manager of the hotel takes away his job and his coat and transfers him to the menial situation of attendant in the washroom. It is as though a general had been demoted to the rank of a private; Napoleon at St. Helena was not a more tragic figure. The idea of returning to his home without the coat and the consequent salutes of the neighbors breaks him down. He steals the coat and wears it on the sly.

But he is caught in his deception. His miserable friends find that he is no longer a glittering carriage starter. He tumbles down the social scale and settles down to an old age of poverty and decline. But here the Ufa company, makers of the picture, decided to take pity on the American public. They decided to give the picture a happy ending.

This happy ending is a masterpiece of satire. A Mexican millionaire leaves all his money to the old man so that he can end his days in a riot of feasting and splendor.

The production of the picture is the most brilliant I have ever seen. It is told without subtitles and you don't miss them. I have never seen such eloquent and beautiful camera work. Where did the Ufa company find such an instrument and such a camera man? The camera is centered almost entirely on Mr. Jannings; it reads his thoughts, it follows his footsteps; it acts as his eyes; it interprets his emotions. With the help of this marvelous camera, you live the character with him.

Technically, "The Last Laugh" has 'em all guessing. No one seems to know how the night scenes were taken. Nor can we guess how the scenes were enacted on the streets of Berlin. And if some of the scenes were taken in a studio, how were the lights arranged and how did the director make them so amazingly natural?

"The Last Laugh" marks the only important technical advance in pictures since D. W. Griffith invented the close-up and the flashback. It is so startling and dazzling an experiment, that it will be a long time before any one gathers up the nerve to imitate it.

However, the technical side has but slight interest for the public; it is so radical that many people are apt to be confused by it. The appeal of "The Last Laugh" lies in the performance given by Mr. Jannings which is overwhelmingly fine. I use the word "overwhelmingly" on purpose because it ought to overwhelm a lot of other actors into going back and playing charades.

I don't know why I have such a deep affection for Mr. Jannings. Perhaps because he is far away, across the ocean. I have never seen him photographed with Frau Jannings and the kindchen. He has never posed before the fireplace with a book. Elinor Glyn has never selected him as her ideal man. He has never been married in Tia Juana or Mexico. He has never been reported engaged to Barbara La Marr. I have a strong notion that he is an artist and gentleman. I hope he stays in Germany.

Starring Ferocious Animal Crackers.

"The Lost World" has the great merit of being something new. If it falls down, at least you can only
say that its worst moments are no more than commonplace movie. I think it was the idea of Mr. Watterson Rothacker to transfer this fantastic story by Conan Doyle to the screen. And it was no ordinary thing to attempt, for it is a weird tale of an inaccessible plateau near the Amazon inhabited by the animals of thousands of centuries ago.

It was up to the producers to rebuild the world as pictured by H. G. Wells in the early chapters of "The Outline of History." And, lo! the movies are now so educated that the technical department of a studio can turn out a perfect replica of a dinosaur or a brontosaurus on order. The hideous pterodactyl acts as cute and playful in front of the camera as a Griffith kitten. The dinosaur is as up in his stuff as Strongheart.

The high spot of the production comes when our old friend the brontosaurus runs berserk in the streets of London, breaking up poker games, scaring drunks and frightening taxicab drivers. It really is a wonderful movie business and one of the most imposing novelties of the year.

It is unfortunate that it was necessary to introduce a silly love story and a lot of tiresome modern stuff into an otherwise excellent fantasy. After all the strange animals and the weirdly beautiful settings, you have small patience with the foolish explorers who found them for you. Moreover, the acting is very bad. When the explorers are first introduced to the wild animals, they show no more emotion of surprise and horror than a millionaire getting his check at a supper club. Not so much, in fact.

"The Lost World" is an ideal picture for children. There are so few pictures that are really suitable for them and still fewer pictures that they really enjoy that I feel I can recommend this one unreservedly for the smallest fans.

I haven't said much of the technical wonders of the picture because that was all explained by Edwin Schal- lert last month. However, the director made the animals much more real than the humans of the story and there is lots of nice, shivery scenery and a rampageous volcano.

Another Crack at Nero.

When I said that Emil Jannings should remain in Germany, I also should have warned him specifically to stay away from Italy. He never should have ventured south to appear in "Quo Vadis" for an Italian company. Mr. Jannings plays the role of Nero in this newest version of Sienkiewicz's historical romance. Now Mr. Jannings come off gloriously and with honor. But the Italian director and the Italian cast run him such a poor second that the undertaking was hardly worth his while.

However, Nero is another great and compelling performance. It is a marvelous character sketch, because Jannings makes Nero somehow human, even if he also makes him horribly cruel and repellent. The rest of the picture is just another one of those Italian spectaculars, filled with florid acting, jammed with extras and overflowing with historical detail. It has beauty, it has also a certain sense of reality but the more I see of these pictures the more I realize that only our own Americans and the Germans have an idea of what movies should be like.

Incidentally, I bet you never knew that Nero played a zither and not a violin while Rome burned. I didn't, either.

The Perfect Lady.

The best thing that I can think to say about "The Lady" is that it is Norma Talmadge at her very best. Norma may make her mistakes but she never strays very far from the righteous path. If she has never done anything to bowl us over, at least she has made a far better average than most stars.

"The Lady" is better than "Secrets." It is an excellent example of the most obvious sort of heart-and-flowers melodrama produced with grace and charm. The story, adapted from the play by Martin Brown, is the tale of a chorus girl who marries into the aristocracy, just to become a lady. The husband is no gentleman; he throws her out in the cold, because of a silly misunderstanding. The little gal from the chorus is true blue. To prove it, she relinquishes her son, so that he won't be brought up in the atmosphere of the stage and dance halls.

Years later, the lady buys a cafe. The son comes in and is shot. Can you imagine a better mother-love situation? The matinee audience in New York demolished one handkerchief after another. After the show, hundred of women flocked to the nearest soda fountain to brace themselves up with three thousand calories of chocolate sundaes. I always see Norma's pictures at a matinee audience. You get what the experts call a "perfect reaction."

It is no disgrace for Norma to please the wives and mothers. It is the most grateful and appreciative audience in the world. Most pictures are made for flappers or boys who hope to grow up into red-blooded men. And such audiences are fickle... But so long as...
Tom Mix had to have his fling at a costume drama, so he chose the character of Dick Turpin because of the chance it gave him to ride.

Norma retains her gentleness and charm, she can keep this audience that wants neither jazz nor gun play.

“The Lady” has been deftly and delicately produced by Frank Borzage. The London scenes are beautifully photographed and the Monte Carlo episode is staged on a large scale. I think you will enjoy the theatrical scenes of life backstage twenty years ago when chorus girls wore skirts—yes, and even stockings.

A Rare Old Antique.

The manuscript of “Charley’s Aunt” was dug up somewhere by archaeologists and made into a motion picture by the Christies, starring Syd Chaplin. And audiences are now laughing themselves to death over it—no kidding. Probably, somewhere, too, young boys are doubling up over a book called “A Slow Train Through Arkansas.”

So “Charley’s Aunt” must be a great comedy. It has one of those everlasting farce ideas that refuses to lie down and die. The idea of a man masquerading as a woman that has been done done time and time again but, somehow, there must be a singular and unique quality about the special twists of the situation in this fatal farce. The story takes place in an English university and the picture will upset all the ideas you ever had as to what Oxford or Cambridge is like.

It seemed to me but mildly funny, but the two little boys who went with me are laughing yet at the very memory of Syd hopping about the garden with his skirts flying and his trousers showing. The picture is rough and rowdy; the gags didn’t seem to be the least original. However, it has been done in capable slapstick style, with snappy titles and lots of speed. Syd Chaplin is funny and he is welcome to come again as often as he likes.

To be strictly honest I cannot review “New Toys” from a personal angle. I wrote the subtitles for it and after seeing it thousands of times, I don’t know whether it is terrible or wonderful. So I will be fair and simply tell you what the reviewers of the New York newspapers said about it. But, to carry honesty to the point of foolishness, if the reviews hadn’t been good, I wouldn’t mention them at all. That’s how square I am.

All the critics, except one—The Times—liked the picture a lot. They went out of their way to praise Richard Barthelmess as a comedian. It is the first light rôle he has played in a long time and he surprised ’em all. Mary Hay, in her first screen appearance since “Way Down East,” made a real hit. The reviewers thought her natural and an excellent comedian and all the men reviewers said she was “cute.”

The picture is a light comedy, the story of a domestic quarrel. Most of the reviewers also mentioned that Josephine Lovett’s screen version was an improvement on the play and that John Robertson’s direction was easy and natural. Clifton Webb also came in for a generous hand. Katherine Wilson, a newcomer to the screen, got some notices and so did Bijou Fernandez and Francis Conlon.

Nobody said that “New Toys” would set the river on fire, but every one seemed to approve of the idea of Barthelmess playing light comedy for a vacation. And they particularly emphasized the fact that they liked to see him with Mary Hay.

This is a dull way for me to review a picture. I don’t like to rely on other critics. But if you go to see the picture and don’t like it, don’t blame me. Other pens than mine have recommended it.

Like “Charley’s Aunt,” “The Great Divide” has long been the pattern for other plays and countless movies of the same type. And also like “Charley’s Aunt,” there must be something unique about its appeal because the fact that it is now old stuff has by no means dampened its popularity.

As a matter of credit, the movie version has been given excellent production by Reginald Barker. Con-way Tearle is seen in the rôle of the man who woos his own wife and lots of fans just love Mr. Tearle. Of course, I would rather see him in the part than—well, say Ben Lyon—but I wish he didn’t look so bowed down with care. Alice Terry, however, as the stubborn lady is something delightful to look at, while Wallace Beery and Huntley Gordon—ah, yes, and Zasu Pitts—add strength to the cast. The scenery is something wonderful.

Wallace Beery also is a featured player in “The Devil’s Cargo,” a good adventure picture if you can believe everything you see. Among other things, you are asked to believe is that William Collier, Jr., looks like an adventurer and editor of the days of forty-nine. Barring this and other inconsistencies, “The Devil’s Cargo” is a fairly entertaining story of a ship that plowed the Western waters in the pioneer days manned exclusively by Wallace Beery and other heavies. Beery himself is great and Pauline Starke, his leading woman, is unusually beautiful.

All Lace and Ruffles.

Tom Mix has gone and made himself a costume picture if you can believe such a thing. He simply couldn’t go all through his screen career with a reputation for making nothing but those Westerns, and any way, all the other boys have had their fling, so why not Tom?

Tom’s flight into art and beauty is “Dick Turpin” and yes, you are right, it is a story of the adventurer
who made Merrie England considerably merrier several hundred years ago. But Tom proves there were he-men even in England, although many of Tom's fans believe that Englishmen are saps who drink tea and wear their handkerchiefs up their sleeves. Tom has his moments of being all sweet and pretty in ruffles and finery but the picture has the swing, the melodrama, and the honest thrills of all Mix's films. There is riding and Tom also stages a swell prize fight. "Dick Turpin" is a good picture. I don't suppose Honest Tom ever made a bad one in all his hectic career.

The modern melodrama called "Capital Punishment" will only please those who like a morbid touch to their amusements. Given the title, any expert fan will be able to tell you what it is all about. There is the innocent boy who is sent to the electric chair; there are the trusting friends, the stanch girl and the surly influences. And, if you will credit it, there is the old race with death with the pardon arriving just as—— But, oh! my goodness, when will these governors learn to use the telephone? George Hackathorne's fine acting lends a note of sincerity to the whole picture.

**Nearly a Masterpiece.**

A picture called "Grass," purchased by Famous Players-Lasky might have been a masterpiece. Unfortunately, it isn't. But it deserved to be. It was filmed in the interior—the remotest reaches of Persia—and it pictures the migration of one of those strange tribe of herdsmen that roam the arid land. It is the story of the tribe's long journey to find another grassy plain on which to feed its flocks.

Now this story is strange and dramatic and true. It is something new and unheard of for the camera and the expedition that undertook to bring it to the screen accomplished a real achievement. The three explorers were M. C. Cooper and Margarette Harrison, writers and travel- ers, and Earnest Sholesack, the most expert of the camera men stationed in foreign territory.

But the migrating Persians made the mistake of crossing the river Kazum. Every time a movie company sees a lot of men, women and cattle struggling in a raging torrent, it becomes obsessed by the idea that it has another "Covered Wagon." Consequently, "Grass" is presented to the public from the wrong angle. In its editing, it has been sentimentalized to the point of foolishness. Scenes that are beautiful and impressive need no one to sob over them; scenery that is strange and awe-inspiring needs no one to shout about it. When the movies venture to the realm of travel, exploration and science, they seem to be deadly afraid of being informative and instructive; instead they shy off from romance and an attempt at fiction. "Grass" is a good example of good straight reporting on the part of the cameraman and bad editing on the part of the sponsors of the picture.

**While in Brief.**

"The Monster" is the thriller of the month. You cannot quite make out whether Crane Wilbur's story is melodrama or burlesque but anyway, it is thrilling and ingenious. Lon Chaney plays the rôle of a lunatic doctor who becomes king of an insane asylum. He and the inmates have all kinds of fun until an amateur detective, played by Johnny Arthur, puts an end to the autos and other carrying on. Arthur, a new face, makes a real comedy hit, while Chaney just revels in the trick stuff. "The Monster" will be one of the most popular pictures of the season.

"Fifty Winks" is another enterprising comedy, with Raymond Griffith in a scene that is one of the funniest I have watched for months. You must be sure to see Mr. Griffith in the motor boat. After fumbling around in his comedy for some time, this actor has found himself and threatens to become a star.

If you like Rupert Hughes in his lighter moments, then I recommend "Excuse Me." The idea is old and creaky. Personally I am a little tired and a trifle suspicious of these young folks who find themselves starting on a honeymoon without being married. It is a typical
Hollywood High Lights

Reeling off recent events that have transpired in the world of the studios.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Poor Colleen Moore has been attracting all the reserve of sympathy in Hollywood, and as a result of the accident that befell her during the filming of her latest picture, the florists' shops have been doing a rushing business. Work has only just been resumed on this feature, "The Desert Flower," after being suspended for nearly a month, while Colleen was confined to her bed with dislocated vertebrae.

The accident happened while some scenes were being made on location. Colleen was attempting to operate a hand car, which was being pulled along by a rope. The rope slipped, and the sudden jerk threw her onto the track. Colleen suffered a great deal of pain at the time, but tried to continue work for a day or so. The effort only increased her injury apparently, for she had to call a doctor and was immediately ordered to bed to stay there indefinitely.

The night before, despite that she was in great pain, Colleen went to the annual Wampas festivities long enough to receive a huge gold- and-silver cup and make her bow to the public. The cup was tendered her as a reward for the progress that she has made in pictures the past several seasons. Her competitors were the other stars selected for fame by the Wampas, or press agents, during the past three or four years, and the choice was based on their individual opportunities, and the use that they had made of these.

Everybody granted that though Colleen's chances of success may have been better than some of the others, she was deserving of the prize because her advancement has been so consistent. Eleanor Boardman, Dorothy Mackaill, Laura La Plante, Mary Philbin, and a few others won high places as a result of the vote secured from motion-picture editors and writers throughout the country.

Hoodoo is Active.

This has been a rather fateful time all around for picture people. There must, in fact, be some sort of hoodoo or Nemesis at large in Hollywood, and it had better be caught and tied up in a cage right away with one of the tumble lions at Universal.

Early in the year Mildred Davis was badly burned at the Harold Lloyd studio, which was partially destroyed by an almost uncontrollable blaze. Helen Ferguson was injured during a fight with the villain of a Hoot Gibson film on location, suffering a badly sprained shoulder. Marie Prevost had a very severe attack of the flu just after her return from the East, and Pauline Garon has had a throat operation lately to remove the distinguishing note of huskiness, which we have always considered very fascinating, from her voice.

Jack Holt, with a much-bruised nose, Erich von Stroheim, with a sprained ankle, and others have endured minor accidents and ailsments. It may be remarked that Von Stroheim's injury was not the result of any of the disagreements that have occurred during "The Merry Widow."

A Tragic Instance.

The saddest case is that of little Lucille Rickson, who showed such promise when she made her debut as an ingenue something over a year ago in Marshall Neilan's production, "The Rendezvous." Miss Rickson has been forced to give up all picture work, because of a lingering illness, and is sad and broken in spirit, but courageously fighting to regain her health. Lucille had been in the films since she was a child, playing in the "Edgar" comedies with little Johnny Jones and other youngsters. On attaining her full girlhood she was hailed as having unusual possibilities. She has always been a frail and flowerlike type, but nobody suspected that her apparent delicate physique portended anything so tragic as her present illness.

Ramon's Homecoming.

Though the return of Ramon Novarro to California was not quite as festive as the arrival of Rudolph Valentino last fall, it must be proclaimed that he caused an unrivaled series of heart palpitations among the girls who congregated at the railroad station to see him pass by en route to his motor car. Ramon's absence has certainly made the heart grow a lot fonder as far as the débütantes are concerned, and the little church where he sings of a Sunday, when he is working in Hollywood, has enjoyed an increase in attendance since his very rich tenor voice is heard once more.

Novarro is said to be very much opposed to military stardom that has been contemplated for him at various times by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, and some rumors have been drifting around that he may join the new film company sponsored by Cecil B. De
Hollywood High Lights

Mille, or else work under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. He is still under contract, though.

De Mille has already made some interesting acquisitions for this company, including Florence Vidor, Rod La Rocque, Lilian Rich, Leatrice Joy, Vera Reynolds, and others. He has also signed Edward Burns, who appeared opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Humming Bird," and Clive Brook, an English actor of exceptional promise. La Rocque, by the way, is to be starred, and C. B.'s plans seem to be going ahead briskly, as usual.

Waxing Hopeful.

With the indications of so much activity and competition as the new shuffles and deals in destiny herald, we are inclined to be more sanguine about the future than we have been of late. An increase in production of thirty per cent is anticipated this year, and surely some of this extra celluloid ought to yield a few bigger features just for the sake of variety, and to inspire renewed interest on the part of the fans, not to speak of the fan writers.

Sets Style for Film Wives.

Estelle Taylor rather took every one's breath away for a moment with the sweetly feminine declarations that she made following her wedding to Jack Dempsey. Quite naïvely she remarked that her entire future career depended wholly upon the desires and wishes of her husband.

"Whatever Jack decides in regard to my professional work I will abide by," she said, "but I have made up my mind to one thing and that is that I will only take part in big features." Such ambition is not new; but such devotion has seldom, perhaps, been recorded in Hollywood.

Possibly, in view of Dempsey's pugilistic fame, Miss Taylor's submissive attitude is not so extraordinary. In any event we tender the couple our heartiest congratulations, for we have enjoyed tremendously meeting and talking with both of them. We would have to say this anyway because if we didn't Jack might knock us both out.

Kathleen's Romantic Heart.

The marriage of Dempsey and Miss Taylor, which, by the way, was in the nature of a romantic elopement, although everybody had known about their devotion to each other for months, was not the only news of this kind to enliven the film colony lately. Kathleen Key, now known to her friends as Kate, sprung quite a sensation on her return from working in "Ben-Hur" abroad by saying that she might wed an Italian nobleman. Since Gloria has wed the marquis it appears to be fast becoming a habit.

Kathleen coyly indicated that she wanted to survey the American field first, but averred that her suitor would be coming to California soon. His name is Doctor Octavius Prochet, but he isn't a medical man. He is a broker. She calls him Jimmy, because she doesn't know any way to shorten Octavius for use on the Boulevard.

Vital Record Continued.

Alberta Vaughan and George O'Hara, who have been featured together in F. B. O. pictures, are now securely affiliated, per their own announcements. When both parties admit an engagement it must be true!

Larry Semon and Dorothy Dwan, recently married, will probably be building a home very shortly, as this custom is now quite popular.

Clyde Cook, the film comedian, has wed Alice Knowlton, a vaudeville star.

Rumor has been linking the names and fates of Lois Wilson and John Considine, importantly identified with Joseph Schenck enterprises.

And when all else fails—there are Constance Talvadge and Buster Collier. (Elza says that she thinks this is surely going to be a match, because she met them in a bookstore recently, and they were both attesting their love and admiration for the same authors, which is a sure sign of the community of their tastes, especially in the picture world, where opinions regarding such matters so often differ.)

Mysterious Conferences.

When a group of players are found holding a sort of closed conference on the set nowadays, it does not betoken an attempt on their part to compare salaries and see if they are getting sufficient for their services, or that they are engaged in working out a charade or cross-word puzzle. All they are doing is comparing notes on the talents of contractors and architects and real estate agents, and discussing building costs.

The reason is that everybody seems to be building or buying a home, and Beverly Hills is the principal Mecca for those who are settling down to such comfort, luxury, and well-being. The undertakings of Bert Lytell, George Fitzmaurice, the director, and Lew Cody, are the most interesting. For since Wallace Beery and Monte Blue set a precedent for building dwellings and then getting married, it is assumed that they are going to do likewise.

Bert Lytell's marital intentions are already known, for he and Claire Windsor have freely or almost freely admitted their engagement. Fitzmaurice's are more of a mystery, but we soon anticipate an official announcement as—and this is only to be whispered, of course—he is frequently seen in public with Florence Vidor.

And Lew Cody? Ah! that is a question, to be sure, but we have reason to surmise that he too will soon be numbered among the beneficiaries.
Offsetting all these very engaging romantic happenings, there have lately appeared some reports in the newspapers of the separation of Virginia Valli and her husband, Demmy Lamson. So far these reports have not been very definitely verified, and naturally we hope for the best, or whatever may be suitably said under the circumstances.

Oh, yes—one more marriage—there are so many nowadays!—and then we're through with Hollywood romance for this time. Millard Webb, one of the newer directors, who made "Her Marriage Vow" and "The Dark Swan," has wed Dorothy Wallace, who played in "Merry Go Round," the role of the lady who struck the stable groom with a riding crop. There is no sinister reflection, however, in our mention of this performance by her.

News from Battlefield.

Mac Murray and Erich von Stroheim are now holding a mutual admiration meeting, but they both have their hands behind their backs, and everybody is prepared to run for cover.

The trouble that everybody had been prophesying from the day the picture was first announced broke out finally, and after he had left the set in a rage Von Stroheim told what he thought of Miss Murray's acting, and Miss Murray said what she felt about Von's personality, and the upshot of the explosion of temperament was that they both felt happier than at any time since "The Merry Widow" began.

Curiously enough, the argument all ensued in connection with the filming of the famous "Merry Widow Waltz." Mae Murray, being a dancer by tradition, as well as experience, wanted to do this in her own very effective way. Von's ideas of realism and truth to original customs were at variance with this.

The studio executives, it would appear, tried to do their best toward sustaining both parties, although the prevailing opinion is that Miss Murray had a little

Continued on page 116

HERO OR VILLAIN—A GOOD ACTOR CAN PLAY EITHER

By Harold Seton

HOW oddly Fate shifts personalities about in shaping their careers! A few years ago Francis X. Bushman was the matinee idol of the screen, the hero par excellence. To-day he is just completing a heavy villain role, that of Messala in "Ben-Hur."

And who is that beside him? None other than our old friend Bill Hart, who, long before he ever thought of becoming the greatest Western hero of the screen, played that same role of Messala in the first stage production of "Ben-Hur," twenty-five years ago!
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Peter Pan"—Paramount. The long-awaited screen version of Barrie's famous fairy play. Herbert Brenon's direction is reverent and skillful, while Betty Bronson makes a youthfully appealing and convincing Peter. The rest of the cast is excellent.

"So Big"—First National. Though Edna Ferber's novel was poor screen material, Colleen Moore's inspired performance as Selina makes the picture memorable. John Bowers and Wallace Beery are also good.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?"—United Artists. A sincere and poignant after-war picture, made in Germany by D. W. Griffith. Carol Dempster is remarkable as the girl, while Neil Hamilton plays the hero.

"North of 36"—Paramount. Another pioneer film, with vivid scenes in the early cattle country. Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, and Jack Holt play leading roles.

"The Snob"—Metro-Goldwyn. A delightful and intelligent comedy, refreshingly treated. Monta Belle directed, while Norma Shearer and John Gilbert are excellent in the principal roles.

"The Iron Horse"—Fox. A stirring film depicting the building of the transcontinental railroad. George O'Brien is the attractive hero, while many historical characters march through the plot.


FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Her Night of Romance"—First National. A spirited and enjoyable comedy—the best that Constance Talmadge has had in a long while. Ronald Colman adds much to the pleasure of the film.

"A Lost Lady"—Warner Brothers. Irene Rich as the lovely, unfortunate heroine of Willa Cather's novel, gives one of the finest characterizations of the season. There isn't much else to the picture, except good performances by Matt Moore and George Fawcett.

"A Thief in Paradise"—First National. A raffling good movie plot, with trimmings out-Denilling De Mille. It is lavish in high lights, and has a cast that includes Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, and Doris Kenyon.

"Wife of the Centaur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A sex story, but handled with intelligence and good taste. John Gilbert is the Centaur who struggles between sirenic Aileen Pringle and innocent Eleanor Boardman.

"Broken Laws"—F. B. O. Mrs. Wallace Reid's second propaganda picture. It has more merit and good sense than is often found in more pretentious offerings, and is well worth seeing.

"Greed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Grim and sordid throughout, but splendidly done. The picture suffers through having to be cut down to some ten reels when it should have been shown in about thirty-five.

"Wages of Virtue"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson as a catty picturesque darling of the Foreign Legion in Algiers. The story is not quite as good as Gloria. Ben Lyon is the attractive leading man.

"Romola"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in George Eliot's story of fourteenth-century Italy. It is somewhat dull despite the beautiful and authentic settings. William Powell, who plays the villain, is the only one who gets a real chance to act. Ronald Colman and Dorothy Gish are the other principals.

"A Sainted Devil"—Paramount. Not so good for Valentino, considering his high standard. However, he tangoes in South American atmosphere again, and has some interesting moments. Helen D'Algy and Nita Naldi support him.

"Dante's Inferno"—Fox. An elaborately allegorical production that is sometimes maudlin, but which has some beautiful moments.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"The Golden Bed"—Paramount. A typical De Mille riot of pseudo high life in a candy setting. Like so many of De Mille's pictures it's a marvelous show, very diverting, but not to be taken too seriously.

"Flaming Passion"—Metro-Goldwyn. The ripest melodrama recently shown, in which Priscilla Lane, an Alaskan queen, played by Mae Busch, rescues a drunken actor.

"East of Suez"—Paramount. A picture which proves once more that Pola Negri does her best when directed by Ernst Lubitsch. A morbid and heavy production, not so good as "Forbidden Paradise."

"If I Marry Again"—First National. Not a very convincing story, redeemed largely by the good work of Doris Kenyon.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Salvation Hunters"—United Artists. Interesting as an eccentric example of screen treatment, and forceful in spots, but too slow and dull to offer much in the way of entertainment, or to justify the advance trumpetings about the genius of Von Sternberg, who made it.
To the Rescue of the Villain

William Powell lends a much-needed note of humanness and charm to those abused screen characters.

By Nadeyne Fergus

WHEN I had five stage failures in one year I decided it was about time to think of making a decent living again." Thus did William Powell concisely and eloquently explain the question of how it all happened.

I had met this fascinating screen intriguerc in a studio in Fort Lee, New Jersey, than which there seems no place more outlandishly isolated to the New Yorker. And after we started talking and Mr. Powell began to radiate something that must be the "It" Elinor Glyn talks about, I forgot that I had planned to stay only long enough to collect a few facts and rush back to civilization. What cared I if I were two hours late for dinner? You don't meet "It" every day.

But, you are probably thinking, if William Powell is so charming as all that, why such a disastrous stage record? Alas, it isn't only being a good actor or an attractive personality that matters nowadays. As a matter of fact William Powell was a clever, capable actor with ten years' stage training in all kinds of parts. But his experience is typical of a curious situation that now exists on the stage.

Plays open in New York constantly and with much trumpeting. Plays die out in New York almost as constantly, but without the trumpeting. And when they die in New York, that is the end of them.

"There is practically no road any more," said Mr. Powell. "Whether it's the movies, or the radio, that has killed it, is hard to say. But the stage actor to-day can depend really only upon the New York runs, and there are so many miserable plays that open only to flop that even that is becoming more hazardous all the time. Why, I know any number of clever, responsible actors who are hanging around the Lambs Club and other places, without jobs, pretty nearly broke.

"So when I realized that the stage wasn't what it used to be and that I would have to do something to insure a livable income, I thought of the movies. Luckily, while I was still on the stage, I had played a small part in "Sherlock Holmes" with John Barrymore, who had seen me in "Spanish Love" and asked me to appear in the picture. That served as an introduction, and I have been on the screen now for over two years."

In talking with him you become conscious that he is just the sort of person to play characters with a dash of devilment. Not that he is devilish, but in his rather strange blue eyes there is a potentiality of adventure, a promise of impetuous romance, that is very effective in arousing feminine interest and that seems particularly suited to such parts. He has just the thing we need to make our so-called villains more like the human and all-too-likeable persons such characters very often are in real life.

His performance of Tito in "Romola" brought forth much praise from the critics and caused considerable wonderment within the industry as to how it managed to slide through the cutter's fingers. Many persons who saw the production when it first appeared criticized Lillian Gish for making a picture in which she was almost a negligible figure, and in which the villain—of all persons—had the best acting part and most of the spotlight.

But Mr. Powell explained that neither Miss Gish nor the director, Henry King, really wanted to go ahead with the picture. It was the choice of Charles Duell, president of the company, who, apparently, had power to overrule every one else. Struggling as they would with the scenario, they could not fix it so that Miss Gish would have the chief interest, as a star naturally should. So it became a case of trying to save what story there was, let the interest fall where it would.

Which is how it happened that William Powell was permitted to offer such a perfectly charming and magnetic sketch of an unscrupulous character that he snatched most of the sympathy and interest from a very fine and well-known cast. Usually, such things never get past the cutting room.

When I saw him Mr. Powell was playing a hero—for the first time in pictures—in a film called "White Mice," taken from the Richard Harding Davis adventure. His tall figure was clothed in a modern Palm Beach suit, which seemed rather a pity, for he is one of those rare actors who has a genuine flair for wearing costumes. And, even worse, the débonair mustache which seems so much a part of his personality, had been shaved off at the request of the company. They were afraid, perhaps, that the audience might not recognize him as the hero.

"Do you find much difference between playing heroes and villains?" I asked him.

"No difference at all," he answered promptly. "You know, that's the important thing about screen acting. You have to be careful not to grow type-conscious, and to have a certain set of tricks for a heavy rôle and another set for a hero. No matter what kind of a part I play, I just try to act like that particular human being and let the story explain whether I'm good or bad.

"This is rather a novel attitude for a film actor. And as has been said before, the secret of everything is in the attitude. That, probably, is what makes William Powell such a refreshing addition to any picture. You can always be sure that there will be a gleam of magnetism, a note of difference, in anything he does. Like Erich von Stroheim and Lew Cody he can play unscrupulous and even despicable characters so charmingly that you are anxious to forgive him and start all over again. Which, I have always thought, is the great test of screen personality.

Later, after all our talk of acting, he suddenly surprised me by saying, "The more I see of picture making, the more I think that it is nine-tenths direction. The actor seldom has the chance he should to get really inside his part. I so often have a sense of bewilderment, a feeling that I haven't really been able to grasp a scene, and I think that if I could have had a little more time to absorb it beforehand I would do so much better."

"You see, one of the hardest things about movie acting is keeping up with the new ideas the director gets overnight. You go to the studio in the morning, and discover that a scene you never heard of is going to be shot. You must jump right in and act it without any preliminary thought or preparation, and with only a sketchy outline from the director. You can see that an actor can't get much satisfaction out of that system."

"But it's a fascinating game just the same." Even

Continued on page 112
How William Powell came to have such an outstanding part in "Romola" is told in the story on the opposite page.
A lovely lady whose proud ancestry and social position could not save her from the penalty of being indiscreet is the character which Corinne Griffith plays in her next production. As Lady Helen she walks in the footsteps of no less a person than Ethel Barrymore, who gave such a superb performance in the stage play several years ago. With Miss Griffith in the production is Clive Brook, the English actor, who appears with her in the scene above.
One of the first big screen productions that was ever made was "Quo Vadis," which came to this country from Italy and antedated our own early film spectacles. And now the Unione Cinematografie Italiana, the company which produced that record-breaking picture, has gone and made it all over again, with a different cast, and American fans will have an opportunity to see it shortly. This time, the rôle of Nero is played by Emil Jannings, who appears in the picture above. The oval shows Lillian Hall Davis in the part of Lydia, and the picture at the left depicts the beginning of the famous burning of Rome started by Nero.
Pre-Merry Mae

These pictures from "The Merry Widow" show Mae Murray as the title character before she turns into the gay, dashing personality who became the rage of Europe. The man in the picture above is her husband, Count Sadoja, who is stricken with paralysis on their wedding night and dies soon after, leaving her with a huge fortune to indulge her caprices.
Under Egypt's Spell

The life of Ben-Hur, played by Ramon Novarro, is a chain of romantic, dramatic episodes. After the nightmare of his galley-slave days is over and the titles and property of his royal house have been returned to him, he makes a fateful visit to Egypt, during which he comes under the sway of Iras, the Egyptian courtesan, who is impersonated by Carmel Myers.
Perhaps Norma Shearer was afraid people would begin to think she was appearing too much in the natural loveliness of her own personality, for in her next picture, "Lady of the Night," she plays two roles, and will be able to please both those audiences who like their heroines beautiful, regardless, and those who prefer them plainer and more unrestrained as to acting.
Not that we like to further arguments, but there has been so much agitation in the “What the Fans Think” department of this magazine recently as to whether Ronald Colman or John Gilbert is the more attractive screen lover, that we are printing their pictures here together just in case it might help to straighten out this important question.
Anita Stewart apparently repented keeping her presence off the screen so long, for lately she has been indulging in a regular orgy of picture-making.
A Letter from Location

Making a picture on an ocean steamer and in Honolulu has many thrills, both disconcerting and joyous, writes Laura La Plante.

To Myrtle Gebhart

DEAR Myrtle:

I'm writing this to-night to mail when we dock in Honolulu to-morrow. You can't imagine all the fun we've had. Trying to make a picture on a steamer was my idea of the "bunk" before we started, but we've discovered it can be done.

We're making Pamela Wynne's novel, "Ann's an Idiot," but they're calling it "Dangerous Innocence." I'm the Innocent and nobody's really dangerous, but that's all right. It's a good title.

William Seiter also directed "The Fast Worker," you know, in which I played with Reg Denny. He is celebrating the trip with a new flat derby—I think men look so funny in 'em but they act insulted if you tell them so.

It was queer, how we came to make this trip. They wanted the actual atmosphere of the story but when Mr. Seiter and Jacob Lawton, the location man, started looking for a ship they found only one which anywhere near fitted the description—the S. S. Calawaii.

They couldn't charter the boat and make the picture right at home because it's in regular service between Los Angeles and Hawaii. So we were given the Honolulu trip as a Christmas present from Universal.

It's a seven-day trip each way, and we'll have a week or two in Honolulu, which of course displeases me terribly! The weather man hasn't been with us all the time—maybe he doesn't like our movies!—for there were two days when the clouds were thick. However, no storms—and a pleasant trip was had by all.

The most novel thing about this attempt to make a picture on a boat is the fact that we brought lights—and Merritt Gerstad, our first camera man, and Mr. Seiter have learned more about getting the best out of a small bunch of lights than they ever dreamed of before. It's impossible to support a regular string of lights, such as

Continued on page 100

At the top of the page Laura La Plante and Eugene O'Brien are shown indulging in the usual deck recreation of shuffleboard, while just above they are learning the workings of the ship from the captain.
An Extraordi

One of the best actors casting shadows tells us that Fame is a four-letter word

By Malcolm

When a picture manufacturer is going in for splendor, nothing is quite so ostentatious, not even a Park Avenue wedding or a presidential inauguration. The vulgar pales into insignificance.

On this particular day the Messrs. Zukor and Lasky were spreading themselves. The squat, brune Mr. Buchowetzki was officiating as stage host at a lavish party given in the course of events going to make up "The Swan." Bebe Daniels was strutting a series of imports as her contribution to the gayety of nations and "Little Miss Bluebeard," and extra gentlemen in topcoats and bristling high hats stood about looking like models for that Manhattan advertiser who labels his clothes "The Nonchalant" and "Formality"—so many Merton's, roused and polished for the day.

"That," I was told by some one who probably knew, "is Kenneth McKenna, Bebe's leading man." Mr. McKenna was dressed to represent a society man, and looked unhappy in his disguise. "There," added the knowing one, "is Godfrey Tearle, the English actor supporting Jetta Goudal in "Salome of the Tenements."" Mr. Tearle looked a bit more impressive. Some one else was pointed out, the Maharajah of Burwashjaga. I believe, doing an extra part for sport and seven fifty a day. The atmosphere bristled with formality. Adolphe Menjou clicked across the burnished floor, resplendent in court uniform and waxed mustachios.

But the man whom I had been ordered to get—and the Ed. is strikingly like a commandant of the Royal Northwest Mounted—was nowhere to be seen. We looked about, visited with Frances Howard and Edna Murphy and Jetta Goudal and other charming ladies, met the foreign Mr. Buchowetzki, and watched Mr. Menjou act like a prince, but still our man put in no appearance. The morning was slipping by... Restlessness approached.

"There," some one announced, "there he is."

And sure enough, there he was. Ray Griffith was not a legend, nor yet a myth; he was a short, humorous figure in bright pajamas and a dejected opera hat that had not been persuaded to open to its full height.

"Hello," said the blithe Mr. Griffith, rubbing his eyes. "I've been napping."

He is a pert comedian with a mouselike mustache hovering whimsically above his mouth, and a whispering voice that tingles everything he says as confidential. Wild horses could not tear the story from him, probably, but the studio saga has it that years ago, playing in "The Witching Hour," he was obliged to shriek night after night, with the resultant loss of voice that drove him to pictures, first as a scenario writer and gag man, later as an actor, one of the best.
nary Fellow
on the perpendicular platforms
meaning—What Have You?
H. Oettinger

"I'm due on the Daniels set in this rig," he murmured, "and I've been getting into character by sleeping on another bedroom set until they called me . . . The object of the game being," he added softly, "to select a set where no one can find you. A wonderful way to make up for lost sleep. New York—you know New York." He tilted the hat over one half-closed eye and surveyed the elegant extras in mild amusement. "Men about town," he summarized, "from the Winter Garden . . ."

The Griffith nonchalance was complete and disarming. As far as he is concerned, publicity is the bunk. He didn't vouchsafe that information, but he didn't have to. He was wearily tolerant, politely attentive, totally indifferent to what success he has attained, and gently cynical.

Here is an actor who has consistently advanced, attracting attention in a Neian melodrama called "Fools First," if the old bean retains, and holding the spotlight with unwavering certainty in each following appearance. He is able, and he is appreciated. Yet his attitude is one of doubt.

"Don't tell me I've done anything good," he whispered. "It's luck. Luck that it wasn't cut to pieces. Luck that the part you liked stayed in. All luck. I'm apt to flop to-day, to-morrow." He shrugged his shoulders disconsolately. "It's all luck. De Mille to-day, hokum to-morrow . . ."

With all his good reviews he remainsagreeably discontent. The world is his grapefruit, but it persists in squirting in his eye.

"Adolphe Menjou and I are known as the spendthrifts of Hollywood," he said, winking drolly. "We know the game. We're working now. Yeah. Got jobs and everything. Sure. Sitting pretty. But we're saving the weekly stipend. Because when they find out really 'n' truly. . . . when they discover what we're getting away with. . . . then we'll be fixed. No ditch digging for us." He grew very serious. He drew back to ask a question. "Do you know what they say? . . . Well, they say we'll get a dime to see the Statue of Liberty drop the torch and dance." He did a little clog, and as he finished, he added: "But not eleven cents. . . ."

We sauntered over to the glamorous palace that housed The Swan and her royal family. Rococo columns reared majestically, flunkies drooped beneath yards and yards of gold braid, extra ladies of the court fluttered about expectantly.

Griffith indicated the setting with an expressive twist of the wrist.

"This is the big idea," he said quietly. "De Mille started it all. De Mille's the man who knows what to give 'em."

I started back mildly, and attempted to speak.

"You," said Griffith quickly, "you won't say something about that Art now, will you? . . . Because Art has nothing to do with it. Neither has subtlety. Pictures are like a circus, and the louder the bass drum sounds the bigger your crowd will be." He stretched his arms to sweep the scene before us. "Tinsel," he murmured. "Tinsel and glitter gets 'em. Bareback riders and clowns and ringmasters and wild animals. . . . Thousands of elephants, ladies and gentlemen, ponderous pachyderms. . . . It's all a circus."

The opera hat slid forward again over one eye, a knowing disillusioned eye. Griffith carelessly waved a hand in time to the music that sifted across the floor from Bebe Daniels' set.

"If the theater can occasionally accomplish something subtle with commercial success, why not the screen?"

He looked at me and grinned as he listened to my question.

"Speaking of the Theater Guild, I suppose. A group with a subscription list that practically underwrites their season, a group playing to the select few. And you ask me to compare that with pictures which must play to millions in order to be commercially successful. Figure it out for yourself. . . . In magazine production, too, you can point to an occasional job that's civilized. But how many American Mercury subscribers are there? How many New Republics sell on the newsstands? Comparatively a handful. No picture maker living can afford to cater to the fifty thousand when it's so much easier and so much more profitable to cater to the fifty million."

Continued on page 108
The Tragedies of Hollywood

Back of many thrilling screen stunts and realistic effects lie heartbreaking stories of injury and death that the public rarely hears about.

By A. L. Wooldridge

Two young men struggled last October in a torrent of water below Laguna Dam in the Colorado River near Yuma, Arizona. The locks had been opened and the pent-up flood was churning itself into a froth as it roared down the river bed toward the sea. At one side, motion-picture cameras were clicking while a few feet away a guard held on to a rope which was fastened to the waist of the smaller of the swimmers.

One of the two was dark from sunburn. From his head to his feet his body was tawny from exposure to the air. He handled himself magnificently in the raging stream. He belonged to the Coast Guard service. The other young man was white and a good swimmer, too, but he did not possess that long, graceful stroke of arm and powerful blow of leg which distinguished his companion who had come from service by the side of the sea.

One moment submerged, the next afloat, the two fought themselves and the water.

“Careful! Careful!” shouted a director on the bank. But the sound of his voice was lost. As well have told Niagara to quiet down. It was wasted energy.

The struggling men neared the shore. The shot was finished. The director ordered the camera men to “Cut!” The smaller of the swimmers gained a footing, stood up panting for breath and loosed the guard rope about his waist. At that very moment, an unexpected whirlpool came creeping about him, reached for him and in a flash he was drawn into its vortex. The life guard leaped after him. But the body was gone. The Indians say that the Colorado River never gives up its dead, but this young man’s corpse was discovered half buried in silt about six weeks later. His name was William Harbaugh and he had come from Virginia to work in motion pictures.

This struggle in the water will be seen by millions, no doubt, when “The Desert Fiddler,” a Charles Ray picture produced by the late Thomas H. Ince, is released. But the fatal whirlpool and the casualty which followed will be deleted. The incident, in time, will be forgotten save in that Virginia home where William Harbaugh used to live.

Theatregoers spend evenings enjoying thrilling plays without knowing that back of their production oftentimes rides the spectre of death and sometimes it claims its victims. The world doesn’t see the tragedies of Hollywood. It isn’t shown the scenes which resulted in broken arms, broken legs, broken bodies. Those things would not be pleasing entertainment. Yet the big, gray ambulance with the Red Cross insignia on the
When Dick Kerwood tried the stunt which Cliff Bergere is performing above, something went wrong and he was killed.

glass moves to and from the studios with painful regularity. Sometimes with some little extra girl who tried to do a stunt, and failed. Sometimes with a fellow who miscalculated his distance. Sometimes, though not so often, with a featured player.

The demand for thrills and more thrills is increasing the hazard in motion-picture production. While it is true that trick camera work lends illusion to many dangerous-appearing spectacles, it nevertheless is a fact that directors are calling more and more for the performance of hazardous feats. The old days of the dummy are gone where it is humanly possible for a human being to accomplish a feat. Harold Lloyd had audiences gasping for breath as he appeared to be climbing the exterior of a skyscraper in “Safety Last,” and yet he never was more than a few feet above a solid foundation, due to trick sets. Douglas Fairbanks appeared to be sailing

Blithely through the air on a magic rug in the “Thief of Bagdad,” and yet he was securely protected and safeguarded through the use of piano wire. Any number of riders have been shown leaping mighty chasms astride tough little cow ponies when in reality the chasms were photographed first and the leaps made afterwards over miniatures. Sometimes, however, scenes cannot be faked; chances must be taken, and injury results.

A tragedy is back of the production of “The Great Circus Mystery,” a Universal picture filmed in and

Continued on page 104
A Star for

Our reporter-extra plays the principal rôle and tells you how thrillingly different it is to see a new face in that guise than in her usual

By Margaret

one entire day, leaving sufficient excitement to last a year at least.
The publicity director of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer—my favorite studio, both before and since—called me by phone late one evening.

"What on earth," I marveled, "can this mean?"

"Aren't you the Miss Reid who has told some of her experiences as an extra in Picture-Play?"

I mumbled modest assent, and he continued,

"Well, Miss Reid, we'd like to ask a favor of you. We are planning to make a publicity reel for this studio, showing a few of the companies at work, the interior of the studio and so forth. We thought, to bring the personal touch into it, we would like to show some one visiting the lot and taking the audience along. We asked the casting office to find us a girl and when they suggested you we remembered reading one of your stories and decided it would be better to use you than any of the other extras. Now if you would oblige us—we'd appreciate it if you could come out tomorrow and let us get some shots of you around the studio and with Von Stroheim, Mae Murray, Alice Terry, and so forth."

Imagine, if you can, where my breath had gone, and picture my heart simply strangling me. They were begging me to be photographed with Mae Murray, Von Stroheim—begging me! And of course I refused!

Next morning I spent an hour and a half on my make-up—putting here, retouching there—until I looked like an Edwin Bower Hesser photograph—or tried to

The Victor Seastrom set was as quiet and reserved as the director himself. Every one walked on tiptoe there.
think I did. On the way out I attempted with Spartan will to be composed—but you know perfectly well I couldn't. I had only the most vague idea of what was before me, but the little I guessed was too thrilling to contemplate.

Instead of waiting in the queue at the casting director's window, I entered the main office—of unfamiliar grandeur—and sent my name back. From long habit I selected a chair most suited to a long wait—but was immediately ushered through the door and directed to the publicity department. A nice-looking young man, Mr. Condon, greeted me and we went back to the front gate where a camera was already placed and a group behind it. Outside the gates the usual mobs hoping to work in "The Merry Widow," pressed forward, craning their necks to decide if I were Claire Windsor or Norma Shearer. To be quite frank, I felt like both—and Mae Murray as well.

A long, imported limousine—a Delage—stood at the gate. A beautiful thing of tan with a liveried chauffeur and an enormous Great Dane in the front seat. The car I remembered having seen often during "Dorothy Vernon," when it belonged to Mrs. Pickford. Its present owner—one Jack Donovan—stood beside it. This was what I was to arrive at the studio in—! From its satinet-upholstered, rosewood inlaid with mother-of-pearl interior I gazed loftily about the gathering crowd of curious onlookers as we swept up through the gates and past the camera. It was exhilarating! Various shots of a minor character came next—views here and there of the lot, which is the most beautiful in California. Dorothy Manners—whom you know as a promising young literateur and whom I know as a very best friend—had accompanied me as badly needed moral support. In one shot another girl was suddenly required and Dorothy loaned her lovely, exotic face to the occasion. She was too poised and I too excited to have any symptoms of camera fright despite the fact that various celebrities—on their way across the lawns—paused in momentary curiosity to watch.

Then at last it was decided we had enough of this material and a move was made toward the stage, where Victor Seastrom was making "Confessions of a Queen," with Alice Terry, Lewis Stone, and John Bowers. Right past the "Absolutely No Admittance" signs we went—into the outskirts of a regal-looking room. Many props and lights lay between us and the players and director, so it was immediately decided to set up the camera in a secluded cubby-hole and trust to luck that they would walk within range without realizing it. It worked splendidly and the assistant director—who was in on the secret—dexterously drew the unconscious celebrities to an excellent vantage point.

Victor Seastrom is an enormous person of over six feet, and handsome in a powerful, middle-aged way. His set was the quietest I had ever known. There was no crash-banging of props and lights, no vociferous shouting. Instinctively people walked on tiptoe and

Malcolm MacGregor and Norma Shearer were doing a love scene, which made a nice romantic insert for the special film.
It was not—as it usually is—discovering a new personality under the expected one. The only additions were his keen, brown eyes and deep, cultured voice.

From here we moved over to stage No. 5, where Monta Bell was directing Norma Shearer in "Lady of the Night." I had already worked in this production, but being an extra and being a friend of the publicity department are two quite entirely different things, though less so in this company than almost any other.

Norma Shearer is one of my particular favorites and I have the extra's instinctive awe of the genius director, none of which added to my composure. But no one could stand in awe of such "regulars" as this director and his little star. Meeting them was so pleasant that I forgot to be reverent—a recommendation in itself.

Miss Shearer and Malcolm MacGregor were rehearsing a kiss scene—so we quickly took advantage of this opportunity to inject a touch of the romantic appeal into our masterpiece.

And then—and then—I embarked upon one of those adventures I had dreamed over without any real thought of living! I met Erich von Stroheim. I wonder if I can make you understand. Mad crushes, cases and so forth on distant stars—I have been through it all in the most acute forms. But three admirations—real and untouched by changing times—have endured. Since I first saw a picture—Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick meant everything that was wonderful to me. I adored them with the idealism of a child. Since I acquired enough intelligence to understand the more understandable part of the industry—Erich von Stroheim! Sincerity—in every one of its fine, straight meanings—means more to me than any other quality, and it has been conclusively proven that sincerity—complete and dominating—is Von Stroheim's most vital trait. It is what he has fought for, been fought because of, ridiculed for, yes—crucified for. As just one instance—rather than turn out a picture in rush order and haul in a new bonus—he works, slaves, to make it as perfect as he sees it in his mind—and lets the bonus go hang. The only one in the business who has the courage to challenge commerce with art—but I don't believe he could do otherwise and live.

And I met him. I think if I had been disappointed in him I should have quit the industry on the spot. But I wasn't. Here was no féted god of the glass-roofed stage—no self-loved emperor—and no little, tin hero flanting a silly, puerile title like "the man you love to hate." He is a gentleman. Small but powerful, with a strength that is as much mental as physical,

Continued on page 106
Harriet’s Tragic Eyes

Pain and suffering, which she had to undergo, were not endured without some compensation.

By Doris Irving

ELINOR GLYN selected Harriet Hammond for the heroine of “Man and Maid” because she was the only tragic-eyed blond in Hollywood, and so satisfying has her work proven in that production that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have placed her under long-term contract.

Indeed, a much happier fortune has been accorded her upon her return to the screen after two years’ absence than has met the efforts of others to reinstate themselves.

The lovely, pink-and-golden Harriet was one of the most popular comedy girls and seemed capable of lending her beauty quite acceptably to the more pretentious dramatic productions, to which she progressed after leaving the Sennett swimming pool, when an accident occurred which threatened to put the cold blanket upon her hopes for all time.

She was injured during an explosion scene and it was feared for a while that she would be disfigured. No scars, however, mar the exquisite smoothness of her skin to-day and during the past two years, which she has spent on a ranch recuperating her health, the beauty but hinted at during her bathing-nymph days has blossomed more fulsomely.
When Hollywood Entertains

Continued from page 34

Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet, Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman—between marital squalls—and the Douglas MacLeans.

Pat O'Malley's guests include an assortment of theatrical celebrities, musicians and nonprofessionals, friendships of many years' duration and old ties that changing fortunes haven't been permitted to sever.

Music and traveesty make up the spontaneous entertainment. Ludi- crous sketches are put on—one that I remember was screamingly funny, with Viola Dana as a serio-comic clown, Helene Chadwick in vamping vestments and the irrepresible Pat all gotten up as a luring Latin lover.

Mrs. O'Malley, who was a concert singer before she began liking lullabies, adds her bit. Roy Ingram's latest popular song is given its initial wail and his sister, a vaudeville actress, presents an act.

Mr. and Mrs. Raymond McKee, the Bob Walkers, the Bletchers, Marguerite Zander, Edith Clifford, and Alice Howard are usually there. Incidentally, "Cross-eyed Poppy" and "Alabama Blacksheep" were first tried out at the O'Malley home by composer Ingram.

Dignity prevails at the palatial Ranchero Moreno, when Tony and his charming wife, the queen of Los Angeles' exclusive social circles, seat at their long Jacobean table a formal dinner party. The Fairbankses have often broken bread with them, as have the Lubitsches, the Talmadge girls and Mr. Schenck and the Marshall Neilans. And, too, financiers from the East, friends of Mrs. More no's family, debutantes of the social world, judges and executives of the city's business marts and their wives.

In the flickering light from the tall candelabra, the scene takes on a decorous charm. Conversation is discreetly toned to a low pitch.

The mantle of formality is dropped somewhat when the guests repair to the music room. On balmy summer evenings the swimming pool is the Mecca of all, with Buster Keaton leading in the aquatic sports. Real treats are invitations to one of the Moreno Spanish dinners, served alfresco in the gardens.

"The nerve of her!" feminine Hollywood piped in righteous wrath as high-handed Priscilla Dean grabbed our aviator heroes. She was peepily present when they landed at Clover Field and welcomed them with a party, following it with a succession of dinners for the globe flyers.

If it weren't for her gay spirits and her absolute inability to regard the most awesome occasion with deserving gravity, her dinner dances might have a formal, military aspect. But a few moments of her humorous repartee, and the mask falls from worried, tanned faces, and the puppets in uniform become boys eager for a dance with the ebullient Priscilla.

Prissy and Florence Vidor, with Corinne Griffith and Catherine Bennett, play tennis every afternoon, late, and afterward Annette Kellermann, Mrs. Douglas MacLean, Ann May, Ken Hawks, and others drop in for tea and a half hour of gay banter.

Corinne Griffith seldom gives the elaborate dinners which one might expect of her as one of the "luxury stars" of the screen. Her guests meet at her new home—an English manse of cream stucco that guards the entrance to Benedict Cañon—for the hors d'œuvre. Then the party is bundled into motors and whirled, in holiday mood, to the Ambassador or the Baltimore for dinner.

Returning home, they adjourn to the roof garden, protected against inclement weather by curtains that can be lowered and sections glassed in. They play bridge or mah jong or preview a new film in the projection room. As the nucleus of these parties one finds Florence Vidor, Aileen Pringle, Claire Windsor and Bert Lytell, George Fitzmaurice and, of course, Walter Morosco, husband of the beautifully languid Corinne.

The Ernest Torrencees gather about their hearth friends of many years standing for music and chatter in which there is a great deal of gay banter. The Percy Marmonts and the Jack Holts head their invitation list.

At Lois Wilson's parties one meets the younger bunch—the girls of Our Club and their current gallants among the picture juveniles and millionaires' sons. The older folks—the Torrencees, the Holts and the Noah Beerys—talk with Lois' father and mother while the youngsters dance or make fudge or exercise their ingenuity thinking up novel games to play.

The "Creighton Hale Gang" is composed of directors Phil Rosen, Earl Kenton and Gil Pratt, the Raymonds, McKees, Mac Busch, Robert Oher and Bill Crothers. They indulge in what they fondly term music, Creighton leading valiantly with full saxophone power. Every type of instrument from guitars and ukules to kettle drums and harmonicas does its worst to add to the inharmonious occasion. Everybody cooks, and wondrous concoctions result from these culinary efforts, one iron-clad rule being that all help wash the dishes.

And this is how Hollywood entertains. To which home would you prefer to be invited?

Don't Be Beautiful—Be Different!

Continued from page 21

"Wavy blond hair, azure eyes, lips arched into a small red mouth, and a delicately modeled face, all impart a charm rarely found in the blond type of beauty."

The mouths of both Blanche McHaffey and Clara Bow, together with unusually large, appealing eyes, did most to sell them to pictures, directors say. Perfectly shaped teeth and the most clearly defined dimples possessed by any motion-picture star, did much to win distinction for Laura La Plante.

Elinor Glyn searched the studios in Hollywood for a beautiful blonde to play the leading role in her forthcoming production, "Man and Maid." She stipulated that she must have tragic eyes. Stars came and went. Ingenues called and vamps flitted. A seemingly endless chain of screen beauties were interviewed. But of each, the celebrated writer said: "There is no tragedy in her eyes. They are smiling and laughing even when she cries!"

But in Harriet Hammond, a former Sennett bathing beauty, she declared at last she had found what she sought. Two years ago, while playing small parts, Miss Hammond was to appear in a dynamiting scene. There was a premature explosion which hurled her against an iron railing, resulting in an injury to her spine and a subsequent nervous breakdown. Those two years of suffering put tragedy in her eyes, Madame Glyn said, but it resulted in bringing her a starring rôle. Her eyes are distinctive.

About the only widely known actress who hasn't one single distinguishing feature is Barbara La Marr. She it was whom the judge told to go home and stay there because she was "too beautiful."
Adventure and the Adventuress

Gladys Brockwell has found the first throughout her life, and has been forced, alas! to play the second.

By Barbara Little

To some people adventure means capturing wild animals in the jungle or shooting rapids in a canoe or climbing Alpine heights or even stealing into the secret cities of Tibet. To them I don't suppose that Gladys Brockwell's life sounds like much of an adventure. But to people who know and love the theater it will. And to people who have a real flair for living—people who don't have to go far afield seeking adventure but who find it right at hand in trying to do the things they want most to do, it will seem vivid and exciting.

I hope that I do not sound preachy. It would be little short of a crime to give the impression that Gladys Brockwell brought about that sort of reaction in one who has freely confessed in these pages a partiality for the irresponsible and trivial. Rather, she makes one feel that a good rousing laugh at one's own expense is worth a dozen noble resolutions.

If the land of calcium and make-believe is one of unending fascination for you; if you have ever hung around a railroad station watching for the "opery house" troupe to arrive; if as a child you harbored a desire to be one of those little blond darlings who said her prayers before the footlights and fairly dissolved the audience in tears—then you would love knowing Gladys Brockwell. For Gladys Brockwell was carried on the stage to play her first part when she was but three and a half years old. By the time she had reached her gawky schoolgirl years she was playing all manner of parts in a stock company from romping children on the stage to murderous, grown-up shreiks in the wings. She was barely eleven when it fell to her lot to play three parts in one performance of "East Lynne." Not a normal childhood, but one fraught with the excitement of life back stage. Learning a part on the day a show had to be given, feverishly lengthening a skirt and making a dress over to look grown up while some one listened to her lines, sleeping on jerky trains and eating wherever and whatever was available; spoiled and petted one day, ignored the next; belonging to a vivacious, companionably gay creature who seemed surprised and a little abashed at the idea of being a parent—that was Gladys Brockwell's childhood.

At fourteen, widely experienced and with considerable business acumen she went into vaudeville as the head in a dramatic skit. Coming into pictures at eighteen, girls even older than herself looked on her as an old-timer. She seemed to be the pet inspiration of the advertising men in the days of those old Fox melodramas that she starred in. They lavished on her the titles of "Modjeska of the Screen," "Empress of Fiery Emotions," and too she was the original of that phrase that has since become so hackneyed that it is always a cue for a laugh—"The Girl of a Thousand Faces."

"Oh, they made me look very grand on the billboards and in the publicity," Gladys Brockwell told me one day recently, recalling those old days at my insistence. "But the studio carpenters didn't read the papers evidently. They went right on calling me 'Glad-eyes,' so I didn't have to...

Continued on page 114
Continued from page 51
handsome to court adventure, and debonair enough to win the heart of the women in the audience, be they sixteen or forty-six.

"I was offered the bad son in De Mille's 'Commandments' but it never would have done for me. A bad boy? No, sir! That would be detrimental to the public who had looked upon me as a noble fellow... In business you protect your interests. This was a case of protection, pure and simple. My screen self is my bread and butter. One bad part would cause its value to deteriorate, and that would lessen my market worth. You can see how it is."

It would have been bad business, he argued, to accept the unsympathetic part. "The Great Divide" offered a leading figure who started out badly, "but he reformed," Tearle pointed out, with a smile. "And what a part that is!"

He makes no pretense of choosing artistic pictures, however. If working conditions are agreeable, and his price is met, he performs. It matters not whether it be opposite the lustrous Barbara La Marr in a film version of "Hail and Farewell"—a stately vehicle used by Florence Reed and never worth resurrecting—or opposite Corinne Griffith in "Hearts Are Hearts," by the author of "Souls Are Souls."

But if you enjoy watching an actor who knows his craft, you enjoy Conway Tearle in better or worse. Born near the stage and bred upon it with the Barrymores, Anglin, Hillington, Sothern, and Grace George, he evidences a mastery of his trade.

Then, too, it should be interesting watching him, to hark back to these paragraphs that celebrate him as the standard leading man of pictures, and estimate his latest salary quotation.

Continued from page 69
Hughes picture; it is full of pep, full of enthusiasm, and full of lapses in bad taste.

"Cheaper to Marry" is a highly moral picture that proves it is cheaper to marry than to... Well, anyhow, the wife is a man's truest pal, especially when she saves money on the grocery bill, while a girl friend is a luxury that only the rich can afford. It is typical Broadway stuff made into a typical movie which means that it is a lot of gib sophisti- cation with a veneer of morality.

Here I have left "Chu Chin Chow" until almost the end of my reviews and you probably have been waiting for months to hear about Betty Blythe's newest bead spectacle. Betty does her best but our nice young actresses shouldn't intrude their art to English directors.

I don't know why the title of "The Magnificent Ambersons" was changed to "Pampered Youth," Personally I think that Vitagraph has hurt the box-office value of a good picture by giving it a cheap title. Booth Tarkington's story is a wonder- ful study of the richest family in a middle Western town. It ranges from the Ambersons of a generation ago to the Ambersons of a few years ago and it is a gorgeous study of manners, costumes and customs.

David Smith, the director, produced it with some real feeling for the Tarkington style, although the plot itself is jerkily presented. In a burst of generosity for Mr. Tarkington, the director has also inserted a big fire scene that is so thrillingly done that you almost forgive it for being in the film at all. Alice Calhoun gives a charming and sensitive portrayal of Isabel Amberson Minaker and most of the other parts are well played.

"The Folly of Vanity" is only somebody's nightmare of a picture. If I told you the plot you would brand me as a liar. It's all about a wife who drops off a yacht and is dragged to Neptune's lair, where a pleasant time is had by all. It is fantasy gone wrong—terribly wrong.

"The Top of the World" is good if you like Ethel M. Dell or dual roles. The only thing the picture has to recommend it is a convincing flood scene and a lot of varied brands of acting by James Kirkwood. "As a Man Desires" is not even so good because, if possible, it is even more improbable and not so expertly told. Both these pictures prove that whether in Alaska or the South Seas, an actor is always an actor. Milton Sills is the actor in "As a Man Desires," Viola Dana gives variety to the proceedings by playing a serious role.

"The Parasites" is probably the most unpleasant, annoying and thoroughly no-good picture that has come along of late, with Owen Moore doing his best and Madge Bellamy doing her best, too, which doesn't help the picture at that. "A Man Must Live" presents Richard Dix as a newspaper reporter who refuses to write a sensational story. It is fairly good but it is an axiom of fiction and the stage that newspaper stories never ring true. The real atmosphere is almost impossible to duplicate.

Latest reports from the doctors are that Thomas Meighan is still in a critical condition and if he keeps on making pictures like "Coming Through," the experts will have to bring in the pulmotor.

Continued from page 61

On the New York Stage

The Screen in Review

dancers, sensing the public demand for these scores have hit upon the plan of drawing themes from old musical masters and blending them into a complete work with a plot—at least enough of a plot to keep the operetta coherent.

It started with "Blossom Time," that colorful and tender score which was made from the romance in the life and works of Franz Schubert. The reception this received was a surprise even to its producers; the public took it to its heart with an enthusiasm which rivaled their interest in the snappiest jazz pieces. This year, the experience was followed by "The Love Song," an operetta compiled in the same way from the works of Offenbach, who hitherto has been known to the phonograph audiences chiefly through his famous barcarole in his "Tales of Hoffman." It will not repeat the success of "Blossom Time" chiefly because Offenbach's music is only skin deep and cannot be compared with the eternal hold which Schubert has on the hearts of his listeners. But it was tuneful and ingratiating and an agreeable relief from the silly tinkle of meaningless airs which the average operetta gives us.

A much more important score was made from the music of Tchaikovsky in an imported piece called "Nadja." The melancholy music of this Russian has been strung on a libretto dealing not very originally with Catherine of Russia. Its plot is obvious but nobody cares; the music is there and very skillfully arranged and if the rapt devotion of the first-night audience is any indication, the piece is in for a long and dis-tinguished run on Broadway.
Believe it or Not

Ricardo Cortez will play a dashing, romantic, Spanish type in his first starring picture "The Spaniard," thereby setting the controversy over whether he is hero or heavy.

What backlighting means to a blond, what rain means to a garden, what "The Four Horsemen" meant to Rudolph Valentino—that Paramount officials hope that "The Spaniard" will mean to Ricardo Cortez. For months and months they have been grooming him for stardom, giving him every chance to develop under the best directors, trying him out in a variety of roles. And now they challenge those critics who insist that Mr. Cortez is just a "heavy" by putting him in this romantic star rôle.

To him have fallen the spangles and gold lace, the funny haircut and the dark make-up of the movie bull-fighter and to him the responsibility of giving as great a performance as Valentino gave in "Blood and Sand." It will be interesting to see if he can do it.
Continued from page 28

Boredom, Bacchanal, and Beauty

my next story, for, as they themselves remark, no picture could be made without the angels of light. On my first day at the studio, in the midst of trying my best to act, I was startled out of my boots to hear a gruff voice directly over my head sing out:

"Hit Mr. Ryan with your ash can!"

I knew I deserved it—but even then it was unexpected. Naturally, I dodged. Yet all the honest electrician had meant to infer was that a certain kind of spotlight, resembling the aforesaid kitchen adjunct in appearance, should be trained in my direction.

The wild party on "The Merry Widow" set has already been given a place of its own in Hollywood history.

According to the story, the Bulgarian military attached on duty at the court of Montebello gave an after-theater party at which the Crown Prince and the officers of the general staff, together with some brisk ladies of the capital, were the guests.

This wild party differed from similar affairs I have seen produced by Cecil De Mille and other specialists as much as the wild party of "The Merry Widow" was the life. The early morning sun revealed a scene of wreckage that beggars description: a piano swimming in cider and broken glass; a lieutenant of the guard stretched at length beneath it, while from a rent in the bottom of the instrument a stream of liquid descended upon his unconscious face; a bedraggled group of revelers, sticky with cider and covered with feathers. One of the little whimsies of the evening had been a descent upon the sofa pillows of the apartment with drawn swords. An electric fan had added to the confusion. Over in the wardrobe section ten maddened employees toiled all next day picking feathers off of uniforms.

Yet there was one refinement of artistry about this bacchanal—one asomatous touch that lingers in the memory. It consisted of byplay with the foil of the ethereal against the gross—a dash of contrast, as when an artist, working en plein air, will suddenly splash dark canvas with a spot of bursting light.

Somebody—I know not who the artist was—introduced into this scene a group of purely decorative musicians—three girls and three young men. Their bodies had been whitened to an unnatural chalkiness, the heads of the boys adorned with tall white wigs that stood upright, and those of the girls with close-fitting dresses of pearls.

I suppose it was because Von Stroheim knew that I had made some desultory study of the dance that he directed me to pose this group, first in an archway, later atop the abused piano and in the window niche adjoin ing. Perhaps he flung me this simple bit of directing to compensate for the boredom which he well knew had descended upon me. For in posing these figures, I experienced the first real interest since those opening scenes before the novelty had been worn from the task of acting in the movies.

I can understand now how a director may talk about his art—even the inconsiderable art of making an artistic bit of living sculpture with a group of whitened figures clustered about a piano. But I resolved that in the future when I heard the same expression employed by a mere actor in the pictures, I should not assent to spare argument, at the same time smiling knowingly into the sleeve of my red-white-and-blue astrakhan sweater—yes, that is what we are wearing this season in Hollywood!

And then, one day, while I steeped myself in pessimism of this variety, the movies suddenly—like a man pulling a rabbit out of a hat—produced a work of art.

We were sitting in the royal box: the cynical Prince of Montebello, the young and handsome Prince Danilo, the aged Baron de Sadoja, and the two adjutants of whom I was one.

Readers already know the Crown Prince and his handsome cousin. Let me introduce the Baron de Sadoja, who has not entered "The Merry Widow" before this writing. Tully Marshall is playing him. He is a creation of Erich von Stroheim's—perhaps his best. To understand him you must know Von Stroheim—an artist who finds beauty in contrast, in ugliness, in being ugly as life itself is ugly.

The Baron has a hideous form of paralysis. He walks—horribly—like a crawling thing, holding himself erect on two ebony canes. His face is chalky. On one cheek burns a livid circle. And when he looks at a woman he sees only her feet.

Mae Murray was to dance. She looked beautiful—seen from the box, softened in the special lighting, dressed scantily in beads and satin, wearing the long blond wig that so becomes her.

First there were shots of the members of the royal party in the box. A shot of Danilo—who sees only her face; a shot of the Crown Prince—who see only her body—and a shot of Sadoja—who sees only her feet.

Then Mae Murray danced.

With a breath-taking flight, like that of a swallow, she dived from a tall pedestal into the arms of her partner. And across the darkly hung stage this couple moved in softly graceful postures that melted like snow from one shape into another that was like celestial geometry.

I was astonished. I had not known. Mae Murray—she used to dance in the Broadway shows—a hooser! I had seen her hoofing it in many pictures; dancing jazz stuff. But this she was doing with young Harvey Kares on the make-believe stage that was like a real one—this was aerial adagio, the most difficult achievement of the ballet.

But as he closes his eyes, the music, circulating.

Comes laughing about him and softly sings,

The trees whisper, the meadows tremble, and it seems to him,

The music touches him with soft hands, the music, dancing about him,

Is a dance of immortal maidens in flaring eternal rings.

Mae Murray was this as she danced—a stanza of Conrad Aiken's interpreted in flesh and spirit.

And she could dance! Long hours before the training bar to build that flashing tour-jeter. Weari bindings and twistings to make possible that curving body line lifted aloft. Mae Murray is a movie actress—but she can dance. And now I know the secret of her youth. It is not the baby spot that cheats in favor of her face in every scene. It is devotion to the art of youth—the return cult of the new Diana—the dance.

Working in the movies is tiresome—unsatisfactory. Because nothing is done in toto. The gesture begins is halted and—completed next week. But this dance could not be halted. It ran on and on and finished as a dance should finish, with a climax of beauty and adroitness that brought spontaneous applause from the paid extras. Yes, after they had ended the applause decreed by the director, they broke out again—a real tribute to what they had seen.

Then the illusion of beauty was severed. They moved the cameras up to the stage and began cutting the dance into fragments; making close-ups, cut-backs, lap-dissolves. I settled back in the royal box to wait—waiting—waiting—for I knew not what.

Yet for a moment had beauty shown her face.
Over the Teacups

Continued from page 55

Lillian was engaged to Mr. Duell at the time she signed the contract but it isn’t true. She was never engaged to him. I am sure. Oh, I do hope that however it turns out we will see more of her in the future.”

I racked my brains to think of a way of getting Fanny off such a mournful subject.

“Mournful?” she repeated in shocked surprise. “You have never seen a really mournful gathering. If you had been in the Algonquin the other day when Herbert Brenon’s niece who is just back from California told us that Lucille Ricksen is very seriously ill and may never recover completely, then you would have known how hard a lot of light-minded people can hit. It just breaks your heart when I think of that lovely child wasting away.”

It was some time before Fanny could be swerved to some more cheerful subject. She began to lament the sudden change in Baby Peggy’s fortunes. Exhibitors report no demand for the baby’s pictures, you know, so she has gone into vaudeville. She is appearing at the New York Hippodrome and acting as hostess at Tovtland there. A terrible responsibility for such a tiny mite and not a very joyous childhood.

But eventually some one mentioned radio and Fanny brightened perceptibly.

“John Bowers is simply marvelous over the radio. He has a splendid voice and he is clever. He really tries to entertain people instead of merely talking about himself.”

“I don’t know who you are slamming, but—”

“Well, almost every one who talks over the radio talks about himself exclusively. Doris Kenyon doesn’t. She wrote some very nice verse about the marvels of radio and read that when she talked over WIP down in Philadelphia.

“All the prominent First National players went down to Philadelphia, you know, on a special train to speak over WIP and attend a concert given by the Shriners at the Opera House. I went with them. Not that any one in Philadelphia wanted me, but Dorothy Mackail and Viola Dana asked me to go. We all went down in a special car and we laughed so hard at each other that everyone was exhausted when the train reached Philadelphia. Ben Alexander flatly refused to read the speech the publicity department had prepared for him. He said it made him sound egotistical. And you know that any boy of his age who freely uses words like ‘egotistical’ is perfectly capable of writing his own radio speech. So Ben did.

“Myrtle Stedman and her son Lincoln both sing beautifully, so they surprised the listeners by singing instead of speaking. Hardly an hour after they sang, Myrtle got a telegram from one who was listening in asking her if she wouldn’t sing ‘Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?’ but she lacked inspiration. Lincoln was right there.

“When the players made personal appearances at the Shriners’ concert the next day Viola Dana made a tremendous hit. She just skipped out on the stage, all but buried in a big muff coat, and threw kisses at the audience and they fairly lost their heads over her.

“The radio announcer who had introduced the players at WIP the night before officiated at the Shriners’ concert too. When he was about to introduce Hobart Bosworth he made a long speech about some one they had often seen in thrilling pictures, some one they all loved. Then when he said, ‘And now, boys and girls, who is this old favorite whom you are all looking forward to seeing?’ some youngsters in the balcony yelled ‘Tony! Tony Mix’s horse!’ Mr. Bosworth made a very dignified address but when Gladys Brockwell came on the stage she showed what a good trouper she is by calling up to the balcony, ‘I’m sorry to disappoint you. I wish that I were Tom Mix’s horse if that is what you want. I know Tony and I love him, too.’

“Well, of course, after that Gladys Brockwell was one of their favorites.

“Incidentally, Gladys is living up Barbara La Marr’s apartment while Barbara is in the West Indies. They have been friends for years—ever since Barbara was a scenario writer out at the Fox studio and wrote some of Gladys’ starring pictures. Barbara is going to make ‘The White Monkey’ when she returns. Galsworthy’s last novel, you know. The story isn’t much good for pictures, but they bought it because the book had a sale of three hundred thousand copies. Some one ought to buy the film rights to the Cross-word Puzzle book. A million copies have been sold of that.”

“Don’t jest about it,” I urged her.

“One some probably will.”

“That reminds me—there is something up on Fifth Avenue I want to show you. But you will have to wait until Edna Murphy comes. I want her to see it too. Every time you make a date with Edna thinking she is going to have a day or two between pictures she goes off and starts another one. She should have been free to-day, but she isn’t. But she promised to get away early. She finished her part in ‘Wildfire’—playing Aileen Pringle’s sister—a few days ago, then right away she started Lying Wives.”

“Of course, to my mind there is only one way to assemble a perfect cast. That is to start with Ronald Colman and Lewis Stone. Joseph Schenck’s choice for the beginning of a perfect cast is Norma Talmadge and Thomas Meighan. I know loads of girls who think a picture without Rod La Rocque is a total loss. And I am willing to bet you anything that twenty-six months one of the most popular men on the screen will be Eddie Burns.

“Rod La Rocque will start out with the new De Mille company with a wardrobe even Adolphe Menjou would envy. When he went abroad recently to make a picture with Gloria was ill and he just had to wait around. So he employed his idle hours by looking up the Prince of Wales’ tailor and ordering lots of clothes. He never had a chance to wear them abroad because the company’s plans were changed suddenly and he was ordered back here to work.

“There comes Edna now. But do remind me to tell you about Mary Hay. She and Clifton Webb are dancing up at Ciro’s. The place used to be as deserted as a tomb but now right after the theater it is crowded. And let’s telephone Bessie Love, tell her it’s Police Headquarters and say that there have been complaints about her practicing the hula-hula in her room at the Biltmore. She did it for me the other night with the phonograph screeching an accompaniment at—I don’t know what time it was, but it was after the opera—and when the phone rang Bessie jumped about three feet, thinking the neighbors were about to complain.’

“And just what is this you’re dragging me off to see?” Edna inquired, looking hungrily at the table.

“Wait and see,” muttered Fanny mysteriously.

Whereupon she led us down Fifth Avenue and paused in front of an impressive church.

“There,” she announced, looking up at the notice about the coming Sunday’s sermon, “is a title that Will Hays and the blue-law advocates would never allow for a motion picture. There it is; the perfect title for a vehicle for Nita Naldi, Barbara La Marr, and any number of others.

It was: ‘Magnificent in Sin.’
all about life? I manufactured heart-rending stories of great tragedies that I murmured in half-confidences, with eloquent sighs. Oh, I acted better than that I ever have on the screen.

I was in for a jolt. When I went to London to finish my schooling, I realized what a piece of nothing I was. My head turned by the port-town flattery, I found myself in a different atmosphere. I didn't have much money, and didn't know how to dress. I must have looked queer. For I have no beauty whatever. Only my hair, and I couldn't do it well. I was so ashamed. Other girls had beaus to take them out. The boys would pass me up, and it hurt. Many a night I cried because I couldn't make myself beautiful.

Immediately I became a chorus girl in the Hippodrome show. things changed. Chappies asked to take me out to supper, sent me flowers. Thought I, "The kid's on the stage now. . . ." Mackail will show 'em if she can be attractive or not." So I pretended some more.

Not intellectual, this time, as my instinct told me it wasn't learning they were looking for. I implied that I was awfully worldly, wise, and bored. And I tell you, I didn't get half of what they were talking about!

When it came to a show-down, I would run. Sometimes the man would be ashamed and apologize, and take me under his wing and look after me, like a kid sister. Some would get sore. But most of them smiled tolerantly, let me parade my little cynical airs and thought me amusing.

Other girls in the show were really much more experienced. When I was one of six chosen to go to Paris with a musical comedy, they nearly died. They wondered what this Mackail tyke had been putting over on them!

In Paris, I began to really get my bearings. I had bluffed, beautifully. But Englishmen are hesitant about expressing deep emotions. I would rouge and wear the shortest frocks—plucked out of odd bits but worn with a swagger—and they thought my kid sophistication entrancing. Paris put an end to my play acting. Parisian men are charming, with their art of flattery, of subtle compliments. But they won't be trifled with. They make of every girl a queen. You imbibe the spirit that is Paris—a surface intoxication, a gay, saucy effrontery. The very air breathes a perfume that thrills your senses. Weird cafes, with the oddest decorations. Uncanny music, that makes you vaguely restless.

The Latin Quarter, with its mingled odors, repellent and yet fascinating its queer, distorted talents struggling to express each individual ego.

I liked it all, except that I wouldn't drink. And the men thought it a huge joke that I always ordered ice cream, because, to me, it was a luxury.

There was a count, a polished chap of middle age. Mortgaged to the artiostocratic eyebrows, but classy. Used to take the show girls around. Once he took me out to his chateau, a pile of stone in a woodland.

Inside, there were long halls, with portraits of pompous gentlemen in wigs, and of skinny, high-eyed-browed women, regarding one insolently from the walls. The drawing-room was all gilt ornamentation. It seemed musty and tarnished, as though all that carving needed a thorough dusting.

He was so attentive, and asked me how I would like to live there. I replied flippantly that I had just turned down an English duke with a house in London and a hunting lodge in Scotland and a fortune—a man of affairs.

I got uncomfortable, with his dark eyes on me—eyes that vary gay, one moment, and the very next went wild, with little flames in them that seemed to reach out and touch me almost, and scared me. I was glad when finally, after looking at me thoughtfully and silently, he sighed and said he would take me back to Paris. Gee, but I have been a lucky kid!

Only the flippant courage of blind ignorance saved me from something tragic, time and again, or the inherent decency of men. Guess they aren't a bad lot. I didn't understand half the covert meanings that I sensed back of their words, the queer expressions in their eyes. I thought I was playing a smart game—and they were probably smiling over what a funny specimen I was!

My first and only real love affair came then. He was an art student, and made love so impetuously, and told me he worshiped me. I was to be his inspiration, the model for his great statues. Possibly he had some talent for sculpture—I don't know. At any rate he was a genius in my eyes.

We would spend hours in the art galleries and the cathedrals, feeling very little and humble before the works of Michelangelo and the Della Robbia, and all these great ones. He told me he had had moments of "temptation;" of weakness, but that I was his salvation. He called me his Madonna. It was all so sacred and lovely.

And then one evening, just after leaving me with that fine light in his eyes, I saw him step into a motor and drive off with a woman whom all Paris had ticketed as "bad," a notorious creature. I stood there absolutely numb.

That hurt proved the turning point, in a way, for me. For a long time I didn't believe a word a man said. I became, overnight, the cynical young person I had been pretending. I danced in the show and said saucy, impudent things to the men who gave us supper parties, and all the while I felt bitter.

All girls have that first disillusionment. You have to get it over with. First impressions are the most lasting, first burst the most stinging. You don't realize that they are good for you until much later. Your Prince Charming flops over on his back, turns up his toes, and dies, and you're miserable.

If you have a Glenn for a lifesaver, you are fortunate. Some girls marry their Glenns, in a spiteful blazing of injured pride. That's regrettable, for a marriage based on pique isn't fair and can't last.

As long as I live I'll be grateful for Glenn. An English boy, in Paris on a holiday—clean, fine, decent. He didn't rave about my golden hair "with sun poems imprisoned in it," the bosh the Parisians had talked. He said he thought me "a good sort" and was eager for me to meet his sisters.

He was virile and vital, like a breath from home, and so very determined. I liked the pugnacious way he teetered his jaw out, his muscular protectiveness—it made me feel little and dependable, a reaction to the hard-boiled Me I had been flaunting—and the steel that would glint in his level blue eyes upon occasion, driving out the bright, teasing smile.

We used to walk, matching our long strides, and pick out things in the shop windows that we'd buy when he had loads of money. And we ate gobs and gobs of ice cream.

The night before I was to sail for America he asked me to marry him.

It was my first proposal. He had followed me to Calais. He pictured a tiny flat in London, and children, maybe, and work and ordinary things. I was embarking upon a hazardous adventure in coming to America without assurance of an engagement. I had no friends upon whom I could rely. My whole little world was topsy-turvy, but I couldn't say, "Yes."

Clarity of vision comes in such moments. I think. I felt momentarily blocked in my ambition, but my faith

Continued on page 108
If You Love Horses

you'll enjoy "Black Thunder," a picture in which only horses are the actors.

MEET Rex, Girl and Speck, the newest movie triangle.

They are, respectively, star, leading lady and villain of "Black Thunder," Hal Roach's new horse drama.

It is a most unusual undertaking. We have had numerous films in which animals were featured, and the fowl and pets of Roach's "Dippy-Doo-Dad" comedies have been well received.

But this is the first serious drama to be filmed depending almost entirely upon the animals as actors. In "Black Thunder," the human is a negligible element, appearing only in a few scenes, and then mere background.

Drama in a horse's life? Bosh! But wait—

The story concerns the fortunes of Rex, who is driven out of his native hills, away from his own kind, while a colt, and who returns in the prime of his virile strength to vanquish the villain. This Speck, a nasty beast, has taken over the leadership of the herd that always has been under the guidance of Rex's forefathers, and there is a primitive battle between the two, from which our hero emerges victor.

The scenes, filmed in the unsettled Nevada wastelands, reflect a rugged photographic beauty. Rex, the wild killer, must have the acting instinct, or else he has been most skillfully trained by his owner—the only one who can approach him when he is in a fractious mood—for he seems uncannily to grasp each dramatic situation, and to play it for its fullest value.
we would have on a studio set, on the current furnished by the ship's generators.

If you want to see something awfully funny, you should be on a steamer when a half dozen electricians, used to the stationary floor of the studio stages, start moving lights. The deck lurches down and they scoot forward, trying to hold back the heavy twins and spots, and then it lurches the other way and they have all they can do to keep themselves and the lights from sliding into a backward somersault. And when we laugh at them, it doesn't make them mad at all—oh, no! By the time two or three of them had been bruised, knocked down and given first aid, however, they learned how to do it.

Eugene O'Brien, who plays an English major, was the first on the casualty list. He got hit by a light and luckily covered his face with one hand—but the hand was minus about half its skin and hurt for days.

I've met some interesting passengers on the boat. There's David Kahanamoku, brother of the athletic Duke Kahanamoku, who saw him off at San Pedro. David is returning from a tour of the world. He wears a white sweater autographed by all the famous people he has met—including practically every one of the great athletes who took part in the Olympic Games.

Honestly, there are a million things to write—but when you're working on such a production as this, where they make interior scenes right on a boat and do other unheard-of things, it's tiresome. I'm going to bed. I'll mail this first thing to-morrow.

—Laura La Plante.

P. S.—I didn't mail it, after all. I was awakened at the interesting hour of five a.m. by a loud knock on the door of my stateroom. I didn't get excited and think it was a catastrophe or something, because I had been warned the night before of the custom. Dressing hurriedly, I went out on deck with Violet—oh, yes, she came along to do the younger-sister-chaperon act—and I saw as beautiful a sight as any my eyes had ever gazed upon—the mountains of the islands.

I decided right then I wouldn't mail the letter. I had a lunch there was much to see and, this being my first visit to Honolulu, I knew I'd have a lot of vivid impressions.

The strange thing about the landing—after we had passed Malakai, the leper island, and talked about that and the scenery for two hours—was that I didn't once think of what date it was. You get that somnolent, pleasant feeling of latitude immediately.

We went to the Seaside Hotel, where we got ourselves nicely established in bungalow quarters and prepared to go sight-seeing. I was handed a radiogram as I walked into the lobby. Gee, how that did scare me, and thrill me, too! I thought of everything terrible—but it was just the sweetest message from mother about how she thanked the Lord I had arrived at her house twenty years before! Wasn't that wonderful of her?

Of course, the whole company extended congratulations and tried to buy me candy—which I'm not eating and couldn't accept—and I got a lovely sleeping clock, a beautiful necklace and other things.

Some one told Kahanamoku about it and that evening at dinner the table's centerpiece was the most eatable-looking cake I ever saw, from his family. It was made in a Japanese tea house up on a hill and was delicious.

To make this short so you won't have to read all day, I'll say Mala Oe. But when I see you I've got more than a little bit to tell you. The thing that sticks in my memory most is the absolute lavishness of all colors that the rainbow ever dreamed of. Honolulu is a riot of colors. Vegetation looks more like artificially painted pictures than the real thing. It's all just gobs and smears of color.

Iridescent pebbles, you might imagine the houses to be, huddled under their red-and-yellow roofs. Or bright toys, that a child had scattered about, and tired of playing with. The primitive boats slip silently into the lagoons without a stir of the turquoise water. It's so beautiful, it just takes your breath, and you don't have to be a poet or an artist to appreciate it. Just ordinary people like me can. And at night, under this shaving of a silver moon, it wouldn't be hard to feel romantic and to forget all about work and making movies.

But wait—I'll tell you.

Ooe no ka'a aloha.

A loko e hana nei.

—Laura.

P. S. 2.—On second thought, now that I'm shut off, I'll stay shut.

Among Those Present

Yet—when Buster Keaton was seeking for a girl to go through a series of madcap exploits with him during the filming of "The Navigator," it was not on any vigorous viking's daughter that his choice settled. Instead, he found more susceptible of that sympathy appropriate to the heroine of the comedy, the sensitive, wistful grace of Miss McGuire.

She had had experience, of course, in thrill comedies. She had played the much-persecuted heroine in "The Crossroads of New York" at Sen nett's, and had been both pursued and protected by the stalwart Ben Turpin in "The Shrike of Araby."

In "The Crossroads" she had replaced two other girls chosen for the lead—she had at first had only a bit. And she had shown herself a type-perfect victim for the villain's torturing devices. Also, in one or two thrill sequences, proved that despite her apparent frailty she couldtrump, had nerve.

Comedy leads seldom mean much to a girl in pictures, but "The Navigator," was an exception. In at least three-fourths of the scenes aboard the disabled vessel, the setting for most of the film, Miss McGuire took a part almost coequal in importance to that of the star.

She didn't have to plunge into the ocean quite as many times, nor don a diver's suit in order to do sub-sea stunts, as he did. But she put up with the discomforts of being drenched by the sea and prop rain.

Since that picture Miss McGuire has been rated such a good troupener that the makers of Western thrillers are demanding her services. She appeared as the lead in a Jack Hoxie feature, "Find the Man," and in an independent Western called "Trailin' Trouble."

Miss McGuire was only in her third year in high school when she started in pictures, and it was the study of dancing that really opened the way. The late Thomas H. Ince saw her dancing at a hotel in Pasadena, and offered her her first work, terpsichorean bits in Dorothy Dalton and Jack Pickford films. Right thereafter Sennett's signed her up.

It is the dancing, too, that has given the strength to her muscles and slender fragile form, that enables her to withstand the wear and tear of playing in the comedies and other black-and-blue plays.
Some of Our Dog Stars

Here are a few of those who, through their intelligence and friendliness, have made themselves much loved by the many who know them.

Wolf is the half-wolf-half-dog star in "Baree, Son of Karzan." He saw service during the war. Strongheart, at the right, needs little introduction; he has been starred for some years and his feats of intelligence and bravery have endeared him to thousands. One of his late achievements is "The Lighthouse by the Sea."

Peter the Great, above, looks like Strongheart; he first broke into the movies by appearing as the latter's double. Later he played in Jack Dempsey pictures. Teddy, below, is the children's favorite. He's the Mack Sennett Comedy dog.

Jean was the first canine film star, having been featured twelve years ago by Vitagraph. She was known and loved all "round the world."

Rin Tin Tin is a German trained dog, but he saw service with the French troops and was the most decorated of all the war dogs. Since his "honorable discharge" he has become a movie hero.
By The Picture Oracle

**SALLY.**—So you're going to make me work and suggest that I take a deep breath and throw out my chest? But I might need the chest again. Eddie Burns just got back from Germany, where he made two pictures, and is now under a five-year contract to Cecil B. De Mille. No, he isn't married. You can write him at the Hollywood Athletic Club. And by the way, he's to be known as Edmund Burns from now on, because Dr. De Mille likes Edmund better than Edward. Gloria's latest picture is "Madame Sans Gene." Gloria is playing a title role these days as the Marquise de la Falaise de la Courdry.

**RAGG AND BORTAL.**—So that's a fictitious name? I'm relieved to know that; otherwise I might question your parents' judgment. Yes, Aileen Pringle is very beautiful in real life; Elinor Glyn calls her the most beautiful woman in the world. Aileen has been making "A Kiss in the Dark" and "Wildfire." Pringle is her married name. Conway Tearle has been married three times; his present wife is Adele Rowland, who has been playing on the stage in California in "No, No, Nanette."

**THE TELEPHONE GIRL.**—Has the voice with a smile won you anything yet? Yes, Alberta Vaughn is making another series of short reels called "The Ace Makers." George O'Hara still plays opposite her. No, he isn't married and neither is Alberta. "Letty" Flynn is divorced from Blanche Palmer. "Letty" is the nickname acquired at Yale when he was a star football player. Yes, he is good looking, isn't he? His latest picture is "Speed Wild."

**WHO AM I?**—I give up; who are you? Yes, Ramon Novarro and the rest of the "Ben-Hur" company returned from Rome early in February; the picture was completed in Hollywood. No, Ramon isn't married. He is twenty-six years old.

**PATIENCE.**—That's right; you'll get your answers eventually, but you must have patience. So must a doctor. Alice Terry is Mrs. Rex Ingram. No, her hair isn't really blond at all, but is auburn. Her latest release is "Sackcloth and Scarlet." Antonio Moreno has gone abroad to make "Marc Nostrum," another Ibáñez novel which Rex Ingram is filming. Jacqueline Logan isn't married.

**TOOT TOOT.**—I suppose you have a wonderful train of thought. Larry Semon recently married Dorothy Dwan, the leading woman in his picture, "The Wizard of Oz." He says he had had four times to propose to her and hadn't the nerve, so finally when he reached New York he proposed by telephone and her answer was to take the train next day to New York.

**ANORA.**—Don't tell Ramon you're wild about him, will you? He doesn't like women. He was born in Mexico, February 6, 1899; it's too late to send him that birthday tie this year. His real name is Jose Ramon Sernio menigos. Yes, Ricardo Cortez is to be a star now; he was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. He is to be starred in "The Spaniard." Mary Mac-Laren doesn't play in pictures any more, as she married a British army officer, Lieutenant Colonel George Herbert Young, who is stationed in India—and they don't make many pictures in India.

**DECIDED BLOND.**—Was it Nature who decided? Yes, there are many blond actresses: Marion Davies, Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Mackaill, Virginia Lee Corbin, the Novak sisters, Agnes Ayres—to mention only a few of them. Constance Talmadge has blond hair and brown eyes.

**OLD AS THE HILLS.**—But when I took Uncle Isaac's Ipecac Vitalizer, I felt like a new man! No, Eleanor Boardman isn't married. She was born in Philadelphia. She is five feet six, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and has blond hair and green eyes. She lives at 1602 Vista Del Mar, Hollywood. Sylvia Breamer isn't playing in pictures any more; she married Doctor Harry Martin last November and retired to become "just a wife." Louise Glauw was ill for several years, but is soon to appear again on the screen. Incidentally he has gotten much thinner. Constance Bennett recently played in a Paramount picture, "The Goose Hangs High."

**WANT TO KNOW BLUES.**—I know several "blues" I could teach you. Alma Rubens is a Fox star now. She was recently divorced from Doctor Daniel Carson Goodman. It was said that she and Ricardo Cortez were thinking of getting married, but Ricardo's contract with Famous Players forbids his marriage during its duration, as they fear that it would lessen his box-office value. Edmund Lowe's latest picture is "Ports of Call." He is engaged to Liliyan Tashman.

**COBRA.**—I hope you're not a snake in the grass. Nita Naldi is playing opposite Rudolph in "Cobra." I don't know what picture Valentino is to make after that. Nita isn't married.

**ANNABELLE.**—Yes, Harold Lloyd has a new picture out, called "Among Those Presents." He might have called it "Among Those Presents"—a tale of married life. Marjorie Daw is Mrs. Eddie Sutherland. Her late pictures are "Fear and Loathing" and "The One Way Street."

**TRAVELER.**—So you're just back from Europe and you're all tired out? Did the leaning tower of Pisa lean on you? Yes, Ronald Colman is one of the handsomest leading men on the screen. He is English and is about thirty-three. His new pictures are "Her Night of Romance" and "A Thief in Paradise." Patsy Ruth Miller was born in St. Louis about nineteen years ago. No, she isn't married. She is five feet two and a quarter inches, and weighs one hundred and eight pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. She has been very active in pictures lately; her recent productions include: "Those Who Judge," "The Girl on the Stairs," "Her Husband's Secret," and "Back to Life."

**IVOR ADAMER.**—Yes, it's too bad for his American fans that Ivor Novello didn't continue his screen career, but after all, since England is his native country, you can't blame him for preferring to live there and work. He has a tremendous following at home, and has been appearing for months in London at the Prince of Wales Theater in "The Rat." He is said to have written it himself under the name of David LE'Strange. No, I don't think he is married. Carol Dempster hasn't made any pictures since "Isn't Life Wonderful?" Marion Davies' latest is "Zander the Great," with Harrison Ford playing opposite her.

**BLACK EYES.**—Were you born with them, or were they a present? John Bow- ers is married to Marguerite De La Motte. Georgia Hale in "The Salvation Hunters" is a newcomer in pictures. She is quite lovely, isn't she? She is playing opposite Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush"—or whatever he finally decides to call his new picture—and I predict that we'll hear great things of her in the future. She is a former beauty contest winner. Claire Windsor was born in Cawker City, Kansas. Her real name is Ola Cronk and she is of Swedish descent. Bebe Dani- els was born in Texas, January 14, 1901. She is of Spanish descent. No, she isn't married.
An Extraordinary Fellow

Continued from page 85

"The Guardman," he pointed out, will not pictureize, any more than "What Price Glory?" or "Rain" or "Desire Under the Elms," all of which he had seen during his brief two weeks in New York. Pictures, he reasoned, are for the many, calculating the average mentality at age fourteen. "So why kid yourself," he asked. "Why all this bother about art?"

He twirled abruptly to look at a Ménage scene in the making.

Then, as in a number of his screen appearances, he reminded me of Chaplin. But he said that he had never worked with Charlie, although they are friends.

"Chaplin," he said, "is the greatest mimic in the world. He can caricature any one in a few deft strokes—with the arching of his cheek, the turn of a hand, the position of his body. He is remarkably versatile, yet the world knows him only as a great comedian. That ambition to do Hamlet is no fake, either. And I believe he could act it, on the speaking stage, with tremendous effect. I wish some one would get him to do it."

Griffith was diffident about discussing his own work, and steadfastly insisted, with a show of apparent sincerity, that it was a matter of luck, inferring that the actor's fate lay entirely in the hands of the cutter.

"The power of the cutter is something terrible to behold," he whispered. "He takes a million feet of film and makes it a masterpiece or a flop. He makes you a Mansfield or a ham-and-egger. When you finish a picture you start dedicating prayers to the cutter, that's all. Because everything from then on is up to him."

The cutter has been good, then, to Ray Griffith, for almost without exception he has revealed an elusive comedy touch, a gentle, sparkling quirk of humor, an easy assurance that is inbred rather than Broadway.

Running away with the number of pictures that he has, stardom is inevitable. But to his original soul the idea is an empty one.

"Star? Do I want to star?" he repeated. "Why should I? What's the good? I'm on a contract. Huh?" He leaned toward me. "Fame. Did you say?" He eyed me askance. Tolerantly, his gaze lingered on me. "Some one, he muttered, wrote a book about Fane, I think."

He scratched his head lazily. "A four-letter word meaning what have you?"

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The Tragedies of Hollywood

Continued from page 87

about Hollywood during the past fall. Theater audiences will see a thrilling race between an airplane and a motor car along a mountain road. They will see the car skid, swerve and overturn, but they will not see members of the company take from the wreck the lifeless body of Frank Tally, a former circus acrobat, nor the mangled figure of Tony Brack, his companion. But they were there. Camera men had been told the car was to skid and turn turtle and had been instructed to keep on cranking. The accident happened, however, at a point other than the one selected. It is in the picture.

One of the most thrilling plays produced last season was "Rex, the King of Wild Horses," by Hal Roach. In his employ was C. P. ("Chick") Morrison, one of the best horsemen in the entire West. Chick Morrison staged a combat between Rex and another stallion which was a classic of its kind, although he took ample precautions to see that neither of the two animals was painfully hurt. He took an Arabian stallion from the Hal Roach stables soon after the picture was completed to teach it quick turns for appearance in a polo game. The animal fell on him on the studio lot and Chick Morrison died on the way to a surgeon's office.

While Franklyn Farnum, featured player in "Batting Brewster," was working on pictures in Hollywood, Dick Kerwood and Frank Tomick climbed in an airplane and flew to a point beyond Newhah, California, where cameras had been stationed to photograph Kerwood changing from the plane to a speeding automobile. As they neared the point, Kerwood left the cockpit and made his way over the fuselage to swing onto a rope ladder which dangled beneath. Just what happened, no one knows, but they found Kerwood's body at the bottom of the cliff. He had fallen about five hundred feet and was dashed to death. No pictures were made of the tragedy. Kerwood had performed the feat before, but he tried it once too often.

Kate Lester, stage beauty of a generation ago, sat in her dressing room at the Universal studio in October, making up for the part of "Lady Melrose" in "Railにs," a play featuring House Peters and Miss DuPont. Before her was a little heater which for some reason not yet explained, exploded. The flames singed most of Kate Lester's hair from her head, igniting her clothing and she died next day at the Receiving Hospital from burns. There was still about five weeks' shooting to be done on the picture. Mathilde Brundage was called in, was made up as nearly as possible to represent Kate Lester, and the picture was finished.

The foregoing were the casualties of Hollywood's motion-picture studios during 1924, but the near tragedies were innumerable. Matt Moore came near drowning during the filming of "Another Man's Wife" when a rising tide in Los Angeles harbor submerged the periscope of a submarine which he was expected to grasp during the act. Thrown from a rum-running barge, according to the picture story, he floundered in the water, a poor swimmer. He was in imminent danger of sinking when members of the company suddenly realized his predicament and fished him out.

Fred Thomson, hero of many Western photoplays, broke a leg in two places in attempting to leap from his horse, Silver King, to the wheelhorse of a stage coach in "Pal o' Mine," in August. Fred Thomson, nationally known as a Princeton athlete a few years ago. He won the National Ten-Events Championship of the U. S. A., in 1910, 1911 and 1913, and in the latter year won the title of World's Champion All-round Athlete. Thomson did not emerge from his retirement until December, when he started work on "Qemado." But when you see that leap in "Pal o' Mine," just remember that it cost the rider months of suffering because of his broken leg.

Cecil B. De Mille and forty-three actors and actresses were caught in a blizzard ten thousand feet up the side of Mount Rainier in Washington during October and but for the timely arrival of government forest rangers and guides probably would have perished on the Nisqually Glacier. Scenes in "The Golden Bed" were being shot. The company had been warned that a storm was impending but it stayed to get important scenes and when the blinding snow and sleet drove in upon them, they were ill prepared to weather the gale. Following the first mad scramble for safety, the Hollywood actors were taken in charge by three guides and eight rangers and were able to make their way to National Park Inn. Abandoning equipment valued at twenty-two thousand dol-
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perfectly groomed—but not in the conventional Hollywood trappings. The close military hair cut, the clever, defiant brown eyes, the solemn mouth and the smile that reveals two deep, unexpressed dimples. He walked toward us with the quick, erect stride that his early military training has indelibly marked in him. He bowed low over my hand. It was thrilling—and the more so because it is not an acquired trick but is a natural courtesy. His voice is very firm and certain in tone—and I suppose you would call his speech guttural. His English is perfect—but with the betraying exactitude of pronunciation and occasionally an incorrect emphasis that is fascinating. When he talks to you his attention is complete—everything else is ignored. His conversation is brilliant and intensely interesting—not bounded on the north by box office and on the south by overhead—but the comprehensive talk of a cosmopolitan untouche by the rules and rites of Hollywood.

He was working almost inhumanly to finish "The Merry Widow" quickly and perfectly—and every moment was so full that the days were sometimes twenty-four hours long. Yet when they asked him to stop work in the midst of a difficult scene and pose for the publicity reel, did he call noisily on high heaven and Will Hays to witness his woes? He agreed as politely and readily as if the set were a drawing-room and we a social gathering.

As if my condition were not sufficiently dazed and irresponsible by now, Mae Murray came from her portable dressing room and Jack Gilbert from his chair in a corner to pose for the picture.

Let the critics scowl where they may. I have always loved Mae Murray's characterizations. The impish, frivolous loveliness of her heroines—the bright beauty of her productions that is surely one form of art in its tinsel glamour—what this has meant to tired toilers whose one glimpse of light is the big, white screen! For that matter—to any one with enough love of beauty to overlook possible discrepancies of plot and see the lyric charm and grace in every mood and glance of the little dancing actress.

Having read just about every Murray interview, I was prepared for her quaint, quiet dignity instead of the vivacity of her screen self, but since I had only had brief, distant glimpses of her before, I was not prepared to find her so exactly like her pictures in appearance. So pink and white, and golden, and dainty. So frail and Dresden-like. There is, however, a rather sad light in her clear, blue eyes that the camera catches only a little of. And a trace of it drifts into her soft voice now and then, making her admirably appealing.

Mrs. Gilbert—so unaffectedly friendly and interested that my knees ceased to knock together and became of some use to me.

Seeing Miss Murray with Jack Gilbert one could not but immediately perceive the perfection of such casting. Mr. Gilbert is such an exact opposite, yet both have a charm in common that for want of a better word might be called "dash." He is even better looking off the screen, for his bronze skin and the unusual touch of color in his cheeks add immeasurably to his attraction. He is self-possessed and easy of manner, but there is an underlying boyishness that crops out in his frequent laugh and his enthusiasm. He talks cleverly and frankly and with a constant—and I think unconscious—little, "I do hope you will like me," that is irresistible. At least, I couldn't resist it. Almost any evening now you may find me trailling "The Snob" or "The Wife of the Centaur" round the neighborhood theaters.

By this time the camera was set up and as the lights sputtered on we stood and chatted chummily for the little grinding box. When the camera stopped we moved out of the way of the lights as they were hauled back to regular work. When I look back—how did I live through it? Only the state of thrilled coma into which I had mercifully lapsed saved me. I believe if I had been really conscious I should just have withered straight away from sheer ecstasy.

Erich von Stroheim telling me odd little details of the story of "The Merry Widow." Mae Murray showing me the lovely wig she wears in the first part when the heroine is long haired "and rather simple." Jack Gilbert telling me how delightful Mr. von Stroheim was to work for. Me—me—it was just ridiculous!

When they finally returned to work it would have been a physical impossibility to remove me from the set. Dorothy and I sat in the canvas chairs that denote glory and watched the action. Dorothy was in a condition of blank-eyed amazement because Mr. von Stroheim had remembered when she worked for him
in “Merry Go Round,” although that was three years ago. Not only remembered but admitted—which is enough to make a loyal slave of any one who has once been an extra.

One very tall, good-looking young man caught our attention. He was quite gorgeous in an elaborate uniform, a rather studied cynical expression on his face, and although he seemed to be playing quite a prominent rôle we could not place him as any actor we knew of. On question we were informed that he was none other than Don Ryan—who needs no introduction to you—whom his friend, Von Stroheim, had persuaded to play the part of Adjutant to the Crown Prince.

Among the officers working in the scene were captains, majors, even colonels, from the armies of nearly every nation in Europe. How they were spirited into the picture heaven alone—who gave Von Stroheim some uncanny gift for acquiring realism—knows. He moved among them, talking and directing forcefully—but never shouting, seldom needing to. And before long it was borne in upon my consciousness that his assistants and camera men and so forth were not fluttering anxiously about, eager to reflect his every mood. He did not order—he really directed—and if they disagreed they said so without fear and trembling. Von Stroheim would pause and discuss the matter quietly. If the suggestion were practical he took it—otherwise not. But he always listened! The only director in the business, to my knowledge, who is genuinely unafraid of other minds—yet his pictures are more essentially expressions of himself than are those of any other. Make your own morals. As for me—my hat is off to such splendid courage and Rex Ingram is a companion on that sky-high pedestal.

But the hands of the clock move steadily on. No matter how they are prayed to pause, and midnight fell as the six o’clock whistle announced the end of the day. Slowly the company dispersed—Miss Murray bidding us a sweet good-night and stepping out to where her big, blond husband, Robert Leonard, waited by the canary-colored Rolls-Royce. Jack Gilbert pulling at the high, stiff collar of his uniform and shouting with relief when he got it off. Von Stroheim, still as courteous and charming as though he were but a chance visitor on the set—pausing to say good-by before disappearing into his office for five more hours of frantic work.

Then, as the gates swung to behind us—just an extra once again.

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Would You Marry An Actor?

Continued from page 98

that I would get to the spotlight some day wasn't shaken. And he was only like a brother, sweet and tender and kind. The hardest thing I ever did in my life was refusing him, seeing the confident light die out of his eyes and leave a vague wonder and hurt. It hadn't dawned on him that I could possibly say "No"—the egotism of the male! But, while he begged until everybody except passengers was ordered off the boat, I kept shaking my head.

I hope he got a good girl. He deserves the best, and will make a dependable, comfortable husband. I know I did right, though, in following my instinct that time.

When I was between fourteen and seventeen, I wouldn't waste time on a man who wasn't good looking. He had to be a snappy dresser, and have a personal charm. It didn't occur to me to look for mental qualities or character in a man.

In America, in the "Follies," I received my share of attention flattery. But I wasn't so easily taken in. The conceit had been taken out of me. And my faith in men had been destroyed by that disillusionment—when I had seen my Knight of the Latin Quarter step out with that bad creature.

For a time I was awfully cynical, and disgusted. Men sometimes reveal themselves to an actress as pretty poor specimens. They see in us an ideal—a glamorous unreality—just the reflection of the theatrical spotlight. We're a contrast to our own home women, their wives, sisters and sweethearts. They can't see our ordinary faults. Our hearts, either.

We're a symbol of glamour, that's all.

The married men represent a problem. After getting established in business, they ease up and become dissatisfied. Life goes stale. They look about for excitement to take them out of their rut.

Out of their "affair" with actresses sometimes fine friendships develop. With several men who at first were simply blinded by the glamour about me in time I reached a point of understanding. Non-professional women cannot see how it is possible for a man and a girl to enjoy a platonic friendship. It requires tact, but that is up to the girl. She can do it, subtly, if the man is the right sort. But if his wife can't see how negligible the heart attraction is, the only thing, for her happiness and the general peace, is to break it off.

I don't feel attracted by handsome men any more—they're too cheap in Hollywood. The Johnny boys on the corner are the best-looking things in town. But what conceited boys they are! I admire character and mentality now. I like men who can talk interestingly, preferably about business or about people who do things.

It's foolish to lay down definite rules, and there are fine men on the screen, but I don't think I'll ever marry an actor. Perhaps it's because I see so much of them that I welcome a contrast. I admire business men, their achievements in a man's world.

Actors are temperamentally volatile; business men seem, at least, more stable and dependable.

I think men need girls, and girls need men. We give them a bit of beauty that their own coarser lives lack. And they add vitality to ours.

I used to laugh, during my cynical stage, at how women leaned on men. Squawky—weak and silly! I wondered what stuff they were made of; thought that anything this Mackaill kid wanted she's shrewdly get for herself.

But now I realize they're sort of useful creatures—and interesting. They really do control things, and can help us a lot, and often ask only a natural gratitude. Besides, the age-old instinct can't be thrown overboard in a generation by youth's hot-headed, impulsive restlessness.

Each man friend gives me something of value, and I hope I help each a little. Friendship must be built on something fine, upon durable reality.

One gives me humor, his exquisite sense of fun, to buoy me up when I'm depressed. He's so jolly, and makes life glow of a sudden. From another I get encouragement in my work. One gives me a sort of fathery affection—I go to him for advice; he has an uncanny way of making things clear.

These platonic contacts are possible anywhere. I know girls in business offices who enjoy the finest companionships with men without their hearts being touched at all. Understanding is the first quality necessary. Tolerance, next. And then sentence—the ability to catch and match the other's mood. I couldn't ever be friends with a man who would cling obstinately to his own moods, and never be willing to humor mine.

I guess, like all girls, I'm a little selfish. But I try to play fair.

For an actress, after all, is underneath her superficial charm and glamour, just a regular, average girl.
As a Film Star Sees New York

Continued from page 18

of them. She wonders if she is an ungrateful wretch.

In New York there are always the theaters. She will surely get to them. She does. She sees the last half of two or three good plays after long dinner parties. And the other guests, having already seen the show, talk through most of it. She sees two or three plays that are about to be closed because, although they are flops on the stage, they may contain good screen material. She attends a few first nights, dreamy affairs where even the cast seems to lose interest in the play. But her friends who are entertaining her have seen everything good and she cannot offend them by asking them to let her go alone to something she wants to see.

Somewhere in this very city with her are the things she longs for. Even in her own hotel she has seen announcements of concerts that sound inspiring. But she goes on and on in a sort of treadmill, doing the same things she might be doing in Hollywood, seeing the same people.

"Big hotels are the same the world over," I guess," she tells you a little dejectedly, "and that's evidently all my fate meant me to see. Take a look at those early Italian robes up in the Metropolitan Museum for me, will you?" she asks plaintively, "and write and tell me about them."

She wants to wander aimlessly up Fifth Avenue and across Fifty-seventh Street where the specialty shops are, looking in the windows hunting for bargains and taking her time about shopping. But her shopping is done by being rushed over to Madame Frances', which isn't a shop where frocks are displayed but a fine old white stone mansion just off Fifth Avenue, where Frances herself joins her in a little French drawing room where designs and fabrics are shown to her and a model or two come in to display a dress. Overawed by Frances, and perhaps it is just as well, she orders what Frances decides she needs instead of inquiring into her own desires.

She loves hats. She would like to go into the biggest department store and prowl around among the bargain tables picking things up. She might give them to her secretary later, but she would love the fun of buying them. But there is only one afternoon for buying hats and she must think of her next picture. So she goes to little houses in the East Fifties, as uncommercial in appearance as Frances' mansion, where hat specialists design for her.

Shoes—jewelry—furs; the most exclusive dealers in them come to her hotel.

And, a little depressed when the day comes for her to go back to Hollywood, she reviews her new experiences. She did hear some wonderful Russian music at the Russian Eagle; she saw half of three good plays; one day she met an interviewer who wasn't hungry and instead of lunching at the Ritz they rushed over to Fifth Avenue and went window shopping. She went to the Algonquin and saw the famous round table of men who have done big things in writing, play producing, acting.

In the midst of her recital, as she is clearing things off the desk to make room for her traveling bag, she picks up something and laughs impassily. She holds out a package of picture post cards, souvenirs of the hotel.

"Look, look!" she exclaims delightedly, "I'm sightseeing! Here is the Goddess of Liberty, and here is the Frances Tavern where George Washington used to eat, and here is the Bowery Mission. Her is the Museum of the Hispanic Society and a scene in the Russian quarter and the pushcarts on Rivington Street. Oh, come on, let's mail them all to my friends in Hollywood. They will think I have beaten the game."

And the very next time she has a vacation, she tells me that she is going to board an eastbound train, get off at the first station and spend her time reading reviews of what is happening in New York. "That is getting closer to the arts than I can if I come here."

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By Edna Wallace Happer

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White Youth Clay Youth Cream Facial Youth Hair Youth

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White Youth Clay Youth Cream Facial Youth Hair Youth

Name

Address
the public," he said. "Please ask the picture lovers to remember that they have never yet witnessed a Von Stroheim picture! They have only seen the mutilated, hacked, cut and slashed remains." His powerful brow was drawn into wrinkled lines of real suffering as he talked, his face earnest and tense. "If you had given all your strength, sacrificed years of your life to the creation of a beautiful, exquisite painting, would you like to have some one say, 'Oh, you do not need this or that touch, or splash of color; you do not need this or that object,' until there was nothing left of your painting but the crude, bare outlines of the idea of your picture? Would you want to look at it? Would you want it to be exhibited in an art gallery as your painting? Would you go to that art gallery and look on that painting with pride and be glad to have people say, 'Well, why did she make such a fuss about it? I do not see anything but the most ordinary picture which any one might paint? Why should the price be so high on such a picture?' No, you would not go! So it is I have not seen 'Greed' as it is and never will! If I had to sit through 'Greed' as it is to-day I should die! I know I should!" And his voice was hoarse with emotion as he said it. "I worked on that picture for fourteen months without a cent of pay. I wanted to make of that picture something that would live forever. Frank Norris never wrote the book 'McTeague' in a few weeks, nor was it ten pages long! It was after years of thought and careful planning and working that he wrote that book and then they ask me to make such a picture in a few months and put all the virile strength and life into it that Frank Norris did after years of concentrated study. Bah! I would not do it! I wanted to make it worthy of the subject. My years of endeavor and sacrifice have gone to naught."

His heart was full of sobs and there was no pretension about it. You could see this man loved "Greed" with all the intensity of his nature and when he spoke of the reels and reels of his touches that have been cut out lying on the shelves, some day to be burned, his voice was choked and harsh.

"Art?" He broke off bitterly, "Hah! Commercialized photography for me from now on! I am determined to give them what they want now. I am producing this 'Merry Widow' horse opera, with all the box-office value I can. They are going to get what they are asking for now—Von Stroheim is through—for now. But some day the laugh will be the other way round when I have enough money to produce my own pictures. Then we shall see what the public really wants, for they will be even a Von Stroheim picture as it is, not as others make it. By that time," he shrugged, "Von Stroheim will perhaps only be remembered as the 'crazy fool that used to make his pictures reels and reels too long and spend fortunes on pictures with no unusual merit.' All because I have never been permitted to exhibit the pictures reel for reel as they were made by me. My reputation will be gone. All gone! It is not like a book or painting that can just be put aside until some one who is big enough comes along to appreciate it and take it off the shelf and tenderly brush off the dust and acclaim its masterful qualities to an astonished world. If I could have bought "Greed" outright and kept it in its original forty-nine reels I would gladly have spent my last cent on it, for I truly believe that some day it would have introduced a new era in motion pictures and then perhaps the world would have understood what Von Stroheim was striving for. But alas! there are reels and reels of masterful scenes lying in crumpled heaps just waiting to be destroyed."

There was not a trace of egotism in all this; it was just faith and an earnest belief in the finished picture "Greed," with the personal complex removed entirely. Strange man, but I believe sincere and honest in every endeavor and effort he makes. He himself sacrifices himself physically, mentally, and drives himself harder than his cohorts, so there must be sincerity there. Even though, to most, it seems much misplaced at times.

It will be interesting to note what Von Stroheim will do with "The Merry Widow." He has concentrated on this picture and the preparation of the script with the same intensity that he always has, but it is the very first time he has admitted that it shall all be done as the producers want it done. The story is written around Continental people and Continental night life, both of which are familiar to Von Stroheim. He says that in many phases it will be like a page out of his own life. He has actually lived through many experiences such as he is portraying in "The Merry Widow." With such players as Mae Murray and John
Gilbert, Von Stroheim will probably create a production not soon forgotten, and even though he fails, he is going to “give them what they want” in defiant and bitter emphasis, it is a safe guess that there will be flashes of the real Von Stroheim.

In spite of the saying that no great man can be killed, there seems little doubt that Von Stroheim and his tremendous determination to force producers to see things his way, is fast dying. Like Napoleon he is defeated, crushed, dispirited. “Greed” was his last defiant stand—"they" failed to see it. He threw every ounce of his strength and faith into trying to make every one see it in his way. He failed. That the world would welcome such a picture shown in two consecutive nights he firmly believed, but he could not convince “them” of it. He still stands unshaken in his belief that it could be done in this way and show profits. The producers and exhibitors were his Waterloo and though he made a valiant fight he was defeated, this little Hollywood Napoleon—that is, for the time being. However, out of this defeat may come an even greater genius, with a finer touch, held within bounds. One thing is certain—this man will never produce just the ordinary picture in the ordinary way.

Pringle, Pringle, What a Star!

Continued from page 48

by the Goldwyn company, starting at a small salary and in small parts with the promise of big opportunities ahead of her. But since it is hard to write down in a contract in definite terms just what constitutes a big opportunity, you will have to decide for yourself whether she has it.

To me her most interesting rôle has been in “A Thief in Paradise.” There she was freed of the stifling influence of dressy clothes and ran around in a piece of old sackcloth. In “A Kiss in the Dark,” for which she was recently loaned to Famous Players, she returns to the drawing room.

“I have the most wonderful rôle in this picture,” she assured me vivaciously one day during the making of it. “I come in a door, walk over to Kenneth McKenna and say, ‘Don’t worry; everything is going to be all right.’ Then I come in the door of another room, wearing another costume and do precisely the same thing. Oh, well, what does it matter? I’d rather do that for Frank Tuttle than emote all over the scenery for some one else.”

Although she has great respect for certain talents of her employers out at the Metro-Goldwyn, she refers to the place as the sardine factory. She never assures you feelingly that it is just like one big family out there and that all the girls are simply devoted to each other.

The only two girls in pictures that I have ever heard her express a real fondness for are Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackail. The ones she doesn’t like she simply flays in a few choice phrases.

I dare say that it is frequently gratifying to men who are obviously her intellectual as well as social inferiors to give her orders. A girl of spineless ambition would fawn upon them and flatter them and get whatever she wanted. But that isn’t Aileen’s way. She remains crisp and critical and sincerely whatever the cost. You know the definition of a gentleman—“a man who is never rude unintentionally.” Well, that is Aileen’s style. With her it is not so much the goal to be reached as the way she plays the game.

She is making “Wildfire” now, an old Lillian Russell starring vehicle, for Henry Hobart. After that, no one knows. She is under contract to the Metro-Goldwyn company for two years more, but if they continue lending her out to other companies she may succeed in escaping their classification for her, a society vampire.

One day not long ago Dorothy Mackail and I had dropped into Aileen’s suite at the Algonquin—a dull-colored place that seemed incongruous, remembering Aileen’s exquisite little house out in the hills of Hollywood—and I asked her just what she would write about herself if she were the interviewer.

“Miss Pringle,” she said, allowing herself a moment of introspection and carefully scrutinizing a haughty sneer on her face, “has the distinction of being the lowest-paid leading woman on the screen. That’s about all.”

And before I could urge her to continue we had got started on an argument over whether it was really necessary for a girl’s feet to flop up in the air when she fainted on the screen. In a moment Aileen had us standing up and falling over at her count of three and you can’t continue an interview under those circumstances.

But you may be interested to know that Aileen practised until her feet didn’t flop up.
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D. D. D. Co., Dept. 1765, 2456 Renway Ave, Chicago.

To the Rescue of the Villain
Continued from page 74

though there are a lot of things you
wish were different, you keep right
on. And then there is the credit side
of the situation. On the stage you
don't have the luxury of parts or
contracts, the interesting side diver-
sion. Neither do you have long trips
to Italy, in which you can manage
to see a good part of Europe in be-
tween times. And of course, with
all that, you have a very nice salary.
William Powell so far has confined
his screen activities to New York.
"I've been thinking a lot of going
to the Coast," he told me, "but"
— with a rather wistful smile—"I hate
to think of going so far away from
the stage. You know," he added
more lightly, "we actors are always
hoping that the great play will come
along and that we will get the great
part. And how terrible it would be
to be in Hollywood if that happen-
ed!"

NORMA TALMADGE—An Impression.

Dusk of dreams, warm mystery of night.
Eyes that hold the passion of the south:
Deep eyes, soft-shadowed by dark hair,
And love's sweet promise writ upon the mouth.
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Advertising

suffer the loneliness of greatness in
my own studio.

"I used to loll about on tiger skins
in many of those pictures and receive
gorgeous presents from leering men.
After a day of that I would go home
and darn stockings or do something
prosaic like that. Salaries weren't
so grand in those days. We were
lavish only when we were on the
screen.

"People actually used to believe
that I was like the parts I played.
As a wicked woman of the world my
advice was sought through my fan
mail on every subject connected with
impropriety and sin. I'm afraid
some audiences still expect players
to be like the parts they play. They
may expect me to look like Maartje
in 'So Big!' Worse than that, they
may think I am like the old bag I
played in 'The Hunchback of Notre
Dame.' It's great for your art to
play these character parts, but a girl
ought to have a chance at a few
young roles before she is shelved in
them.

As she spoke a little regretfully
of the public that thought she was
an old woman because she had played
such parts and wished wistfully for
a place in the fuzzy close-ups, I
cried a little and averted my glance.

Until recently, in fact until I got
in the Algolquin elevator one day
and the friend with me exclaimed,
'Gladys Brockwell!' I had a hazy
notion that she was a nice, big, raw-
boned woman about forty, with a
stern countenance. Instead, she is
a bob-haired blonde, who rushes
about with a sort of restless energy.

"Yes I was off the screen for quite
a long time after the expiration of
my Fox contract," she told me. "Not
that I wanted to be. I suppose I
had some mistaken notions about how
important I was. Anyway, I had to
sit home until I got over them.

"That's one of the most remark-
able things about some of the young
stars today. They seem to keep
their heads. Look at Colleen Moore.
She is as simple and unaffected and
interested in other people as though
she didn't have a million and one
responsibilities to think about. Most
of us cannot take success like that.

"I confess I was pretty dubious
about supporting a girl star. I never
had done it until 'So Big!' But after
that experience I ask for nothing
better. Miss Moore always seems to
overhear the nice things that are said
about you. After the day's rushes
are shown she comes sometimes and
tells you what people liked about
your work—compliments from peo-
ple who count, you know—cutters
and camera men and people like that.

"Is that rare?" She repeated my
question in surprise. "Oh, you must
come over to the studio on some nice
catty day when we are all trying to
discourage each other."

There is an engaging frankness
and gayety about Gladys Brockwell
that is refreshing. She never seems
to be saying anything to make an
impression or to be diplomatic. She
doesn't make a single effort to
another, ridiculing herself more often
than not. But for my part I wouldn't
care much what she talked about so
long as she talked. I wish that I
could describe her sort of voice so
as to make you hear it. It is one
of those vibrant voices that has met
all the demands of a hundred melo-
dramas. It has an emotional range
that goes from the bleatings of Little
Eva to the fireworks of Tosca and
the rapping cough of Camille. And
yet it is just a gay, husky, friendly
little voice, not one of those stage
voices that sounds upholstered.

Don't let me give you the impres-
sion that Gladys Brockwell had no
childhood at all. She certainly did,
as attested by a collection of snap-
shots which her grandmother re-
cently dug out of the attic of their
old Brooklyn home and sent to her.
One of them shows her a chubby
youngster dominated by an enormous
hair ribbon and standing proudly be-
side a new bicycle. With her was
another youngster of about the same
age.

"Guess who it is," she urged me.
"Some one you're crazy about. Every
one is."

I couldn't guess, so eventually she
told me. It was Dorothy Davenport,
whom you know as Mrs. Wallace
Reid. They were chums as little
girls and are still devoted friends.

Gladys Brockwell came to New
York in January to play in some
First National productions. It was
entirely natural that in building up
a troupe of versatile players they
should think of her. Her first ap-
pearance will be in "Chickie," in
which she plays Dorothy Mackall's
mother. She is bound to be good;
she always is. But since meeting
her I cannot help wishing that she
might get her wish to play a young
part in a picture again. I would like
to have the public know her just as
she is.
filed off are the once-generous curves of her.

"One hundred and thirty's my limit," she says blithely. "Blame it on Rudy. Rather, on that stack of papers I had to sign. If I long to be a Valentino vamp, I've got to be skinny."

It is said that Gloria Swanson's last contract with Paramount also demanded that she retain her slim silhouette.

But there is a stipulation in Walter Hiers' agreement which is just the opposite. If Walter so neglects eating that his rotundity decreases and the scales register less than two hundred and twenty-five pounds, Christie will stop paying him his weekly salary check. So Walter looks upon the beefsteak and the chocolate pudding and does his duty manfully, and says it's all for his art.

The "bob clause" in contracts is now a standing joke in Hollywood. Almost every one of the few girls who failed to succumb to the shears' temptation has boasted it, but Marian Nixon was really the first to insist upon its insertion in her Fox contract, and Dorothy Mackaill and Patsy Ruth Miller followed suit.

Adversely, JobynaRalston was refused permission to appear with shorn locks in Harold Lloyd's productions.

Many of the girls agree not to marry, this stipulation on the producers' part having some reasonable basis in that motherhood might take them from the screen and the money spent upon establishing their personalities would be wasted.

"Truly, when you sign a contract to play in the movies, you wonder if, after all, this is a free country," the actors wail.

But they sign, just the same. Jokes.

The Thirst for Knowledge

Tell me, Picture Oracle, tell me true, I pray,

What is it the actors drink in those scenes so gay?

Is it really rare old wine
In those bottles, tall and fine?

Has it got the pre-war jingle;

Does it make their senses tingle;

Or is it but imitation?

Is there nought to their elation?

Tell me, Picture Oracle, tell me quickly, tell me true—

If it's honest, cheero! I'll be an actor too!

L. B. BIRDSELL.
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 72

the best of the final decree. So the jazzy touch will perhaps not be absent from her terpsichorean performance after all.

More Jazz.

Not since the days when the late Wallie Reid was a familiar presence at all public events has there been a representative jazz band composed of members of the film colony. Wallie, you know, used to have one that he led himself, for he had quite a talent for the violin and the saxophone that brought enjoyment to many listeners.

We don’t know just how representative an aggregation is the one recently formed in the colony, because we have not heard them toole yet. Creighton Hale has sponsored the aggregation, and it is surprising how much unsuspected musical talent he has developed in a short while.

The players include Lew Cody, Lewis Stone, Crawford Kent, Gaston Glass, Charles Parrott, and Erle Kenton, the director, among others.

The casts in Ernst Lubitsch’s modern pictures all appear to be small, and the only players in his present one, beside Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, and Clara Bow, are Willard Louis and John Roche. The feature was delayed because of Miss Prevost’s flu attack, but it is now just about finished.

Reviving the West.

Raymond McKee is now a restaurateur, as well as screen comedian. He has a novel eating place on the road near Universal city. It is extraordinarily popular, and the thing that has made it so is that Ray furnishes no knives, forks, or spoons to his guests. Which means that in accredited Western fashion, as demonstrated in the past by William S. Hart and certain other celebrities, they eat with their fingers.

People flock there at all hours of the night to enjoy a repast. There are only dirt floors, and only the roughest sort of board construction for sides and ceiling, but there is approval for the institution because of its unique atmosphere.

Good Training for Bumps.

Another novel resort now is the ice-skating palace recently opened. This is a great attraction for the stars who miss the winter sports that they used to enjoy in the East. Of course, they can occasionally indulge their love for skating, ski-ing and snowballing on location in the mountains, but there is nothing fashionable about this, and at the ice-skating rink fiduum mingles with the social world of southern California, who have taken up this new type of diversion with avidity.

Lew Cody acted as master of ceremonies the opening evening, and introduced a group of baby stars, both old and new. Lew incidentally demonstrated his proficiency as a skater, and says that he has a few black-and-blue spots yet to prove it.
Sylvia Breamer—
Maiden with meek brown eyes
In whose orbs a shadow lies,
Like the dusk in evening skies.
—Longfellow.

Enid Bennett—
Sweet was her blue eye’s modest smile,
And down her shoulders graceful roll’d
Her tear proof teat of nelly gold.
She charmed at once, and tamed the heart.
—Scott.

Pauline Frederick—
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.
—Wordsworth.

Mae Murray—
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle and waylay.
—Wordsworth.

Eleanor Boardman—
She is a fair vision, the beau
Ideal of a poet’s first mistress.
—Carlyle.

Pauline Giovanni Pagan—
1330 Columbus Street, New Orleans, La.

Stars Suggested by Shakespeare’s Sonnets.

Lillian Gish—
“But thy eternal summer shall not fade.”—Sonnnet XVIII.

Mae Marsh—
“Thou art thy mother’s glass, and she in thee calls back the lovely April of her prime.”—Sonnnet III.

Norma Talmadge—
“My bosom is endeared with all hearts.”—Sonnet XXI.

Doris Kenyon—
“That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell.”—Sonnet XCI.

Virginia Valli—
“Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.”—Sonnet XCV.

Joe Gartside,
520 Monroe Street, Topeka, Kan.

About Serials.

I am greatly interested in motion-picture serials, and often wonder if the day will come when serials will be no more. I think that the declining interest in serials is due to the theater managers. We have three theaters here, and, a few years ago, you couldn’t step inside one of them without seeing an episode of some “shoot-em-up” serial. At one time there were five serials running simultaneously! By the summer of 1922 not a single serial was to be seen. That went on until January, 1924. Then the manager of the Princess Theater began to show Ruth Roland in “Haunted Valley.” It took very well.

Last year the Princess showed four serials. Beside “Haunted Valley” they gave Edna Murphy in “Her Dangerous Path,” Allene Ray and Harold Miller in “The Way of a Man,” and Ruth Roland in “Ruth of the Range.” All were successful with only a few protests. What I have said proves that if you give the movie public a little less than what they desire, they’ll give a heartier handclap for what is given to them.

I have a keen interest in serials, but I find two great faults with them. First, a serial episode has a tendency to drag until near the end, when the hero or heroine gets in serious trouble and a scrape, so as to make a good excuse for the “To be Continued” sign. Second, most serials have a tendency to drag along slowly, after the fourth or fifth episode, one can pick up again around the thirteenth or fourteenth episode. I hope some serial producers see this, and paste it in their hats.

I sincerely hope that Picture-Play see able to publish this.

Martin Boyer,
80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

From a Disheartened Fan.

Your invitation to fans to express your opinions about short features comes at a time when I am disgusted with the whole tribe of theater exhibitors.

Three times within a year I have tried to get at least one of Tolhurst’s “Secrets of Life” serials, on the 12-15, Wise. When I first asked, two local men jointly owned the two theaters. They favored showing the pictures, but they would have to contract to take the whole series, they hesitated, not knowing how the audiences would respond to them.

Since that time a company operating a large chain of theaters has come here, opened theaters, forced the local men to sell to them, and now they have a local monopoly. Immediately the quality of pictures shown here dropped.

Recently I asked the manager of the new combination about “Secrets of Life,” and he didn’t seem to know much about them, and I could get no satisfaction that he would even consider it.

Nine out of ten of these serials bore me to death—and I have heard others express the same opinion. I like some of the Granatell Rice Sportlightis, the popular-science series of Pathe Review, and Hodge Podge often has something of interest. I have lost hope of seeing any more pictures while they are still new, now that the theaters control, unless they do better than they have in other towns this size where they have forced out competition.

G. B.

Concerning Tommy.

Agnes Smith, lay off of Thomas Meighan! Mr. Meighan is more than an actor, he is an institution, and I am pleased to term him America’s Lover.

In the face of the rapidly increasing number of sophisticated heroes and arch-villains it is good to know that we still have Thomas Meighan.

Naturalness is the keynote of his acting, and he radiates sweetness and charm.

He is firmly and affectionately ensnared in the hearts of the men, women, and children that keep the screen.

Long may he reign!

Mrs. Lorenzo Stevens.

711 Superba Avenue, Venice, Calif.

In your “Forecast for 1925,” Edwin Schallert said that Thomas Meighan has had a “benevolence time in the past year with dull maids, and Looking at the future.

This indeed is true. Even if it is Tommy himself who makes the selections, the person selecting the vehicles is alone responsible for the terrible pictures we see this most popular star struggling through. There are too few male stars on the screen as it is, without our losing, or being bored by, our precious Tommy. So here’s
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**In Memory of Wallace Reid.**

I have just recollected that the 15th of April is the birthday of Wallace Reid, and it certainly will be a day of reflection for me.

Three years ago Wallace’s name shone forth in the brightest light of the motion-picture theaters on Broadway, all of the motion-picture magazines had pictures of him with his winning, happy-go-lucky smile, and the movie world laughed and cried with Wallace Reid in his clean, wholesome, typically American pictures. To-day his pictures don’t display the name of Wallace Reid. When one opens a magazine his smiling face no longer greets us with a “Hello, fans!”

Surely it doesn’t mean that he is forgotten or that you want to forget him. Surely you are not of “The king is dead, long live the king” type. Why haven’t you seen Lasky’s reissue his pictures? We’ve got to let them know that we want him back on the screen. We must let Famous Players know that we want him back.

How many of you are with me? Ray E. Harris.

Woodstock, Va.

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**A Widely Traveled Periodical.**

In the November issue of PICTURE-PLAY I clambered aboard a Britisher’s neck, and to my pleasant surprise my act has bred correspondence with PICTURE-PLAY subscribers located in many of the countries located in different parts of the globe.

Hardly had my magazine appeared before I received a missive from North Dakota, fairly keen with the spirit of Yankee. A few days after the Dakota letter, I received one from Luton, England.

This has certainly shown me that PICTURE-PLAY is a widely traveled periodical.

F. JURGEN DOXTATER,
737 South Burlington Avenue, Los Angeles, Cali.

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**Society and the Movies.**

My immediate reason for writing this letter is the distressing and uncontrollable irritation produced in me by the two letters you have published written by a child who claims to be a debataante of great prominence, who never forgives much time and thought to art.” To begin with, I cannot believe she is in society at all, and receive the general tone of her letters. That, however, is a matter of opinion. What I protest against is that this Roscuro Cortez is far superior to Valentino, and her even more absurd demand that the movies are Irene Castle and Huntley Gordon because she imagines they are the only players received on Park Avenue and Newport.

I am the first to admit that the screen is ridiculously inadequate in representing society, and I have good reason to laugh at Cecil de Mille’s naive conception of a big social event as a cross between Saturday night at the Ziegfeld “Follies” and a California barn dance. I do think that Miss Anthony’s suggestion would bring about a change for the better, do you? Actors are not judged by the number of them that could be called “Bible” or “Combat,” but by their solid amounts of dramatic ability. And, while we are on the subject, let me add that if Miss Pickford or Miss Talmadge or any other of a dozen or so of the best-known stars showed the slightest desire to be lionized by the four hundred, wouldn’t we all be trampled in the rush! Arthur Meeks, Jr., 15, East de la Guerra Street, Santa Barbara, Cali.

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**A Difficult Position.**

A few months ago every critic was beside himself with praise for the work of Valentino in “Monsieur Beaucouze.” Also, many were the letters that appeared in the columns of “What the Fans Think” of this magazine, protesting against this picture. They wanted to have Valentino be the good-bad boy.

Now that Valentino has made a picture such as his public demands, the critics are all crying that he is skipping. What is the poor man to do? He seems to be in no position to have to be panned by the public or by the critics. But why need the critics be so pessimistic about his latest picture? Other stars have made pictures below the average, but have it in them raised above it? For a time, wasn’t Douglass Fairbanks rapidly losing ground? What about Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, and even our Thomas Meighan? So why pick so much on Rudy? A. R. Harris.

155 East One Hundred and Sixteenth Street, Chicago, Illinois.

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**A Fan’s Wishes.**

I wish—
That William S. Hart would return to the screen.
That Gloria Swanson and Irene Rich would change their minds about pictures.
That Betty Bronson would become our most popular star.
That Jackie Coogan would retire for five years and bestow upon us the memory of how he looks now.
That Pauline Frederick, Nazimova, and Clara Kimball Young would continue to play on the screen; we do need them so.
That Ben Lyon would become a star in light comedy portrayals.
That Colleen Moore would become some sort of “S Bigs.”
That Mary and Doug would play together in some well-known story.
That Pola Negri play “Joan of Arc” under Cecil B. De Mille’s direction, with Red LaRocque.
That Katherine MacDonald would show the critics, as Marion Davies has done.
That Loniell Glaum and Theda Bara would return again.
That Barbara Everest, Mar and Hope Hampson would use less make-up.

Lee Bailey.

P. O. Box 176, Fulton, Ark.

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**A High Standard.**

In answer to The Observer’s question a fan says in your last issue that no company puts out consistently good enough pictures to have their trade mark mean anything to her. I don’t think she can say that of Paramount pictures. I don’t mind agreeing with her that now and then there will be one of their pictures that is beyond her criticism, but it seems to me that Paramount pictures, if they are not fantastic, are at least above average. If Paramount could only do one picture a month, it would be worth seeing. Paramount pictures are a way of life to me.

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**One of Tommy’s Fans.**

New York City.

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**Advertising Section**

hopping he gets better stories for the coming month and holds his place with the fans.

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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

ANXIOUS ANN.—So you are dying to know about the life of Corinne Griffith. Gather around and I'll throw you a life saver. He was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, and played on the stage before going into pictures. She is five feet, eight inches tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Did you see him in "The Mine With the Iron Door"? Irene Castle hasn't played in pictures for several years. She recently became the mother of a little girl. Irene is Mrs. Frederic McLaughlin.

BROCHIO BUSTER.—I'm afraid the only thing I ever broke successfully was dishes. I never burst a broncho. Yes, Hoot Gibson was a real cowboy—a circus cowboy, that is. He was born in Tecumseh, Nebraska, in 1892. He has been in pictures since 1911. He married Helen Johnson, April 2, 1922. Jack Hoxie is married to Marin Sais. Jack was born in Oklahoma and reared on a cattle ranch. He won several championships as a trick and fancy rider and then went into the movies. He lives at Los Angeles. Tom Mooney, who was once reported engaged to Betty Compton, but later for Betty was just one rumored engagement after another. However, she is now Mrs. James Craze, so that's settled.

PUPPY LOVE.—The nicest thing about puppy love is that one always gets over it. Robert Agnew was born in Dayton, Kentucky, in 1899, but he grew up in San Antonio. He has brown hair and blue eyes, is five feet eight inches tall and weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds. No, he isn't married.

Ronal Colman Admirer.—Yes, Ronald Colman is one of the big bets of the screen. Lilian Gish and Henry King did the movies a real service when they discovered him in England to play the leading male role in "The White Sister." He has proved to be a real find. His current pictures are "Greater Nights of Romance," opposite Constance Talmadge, and "A Thief in Paradise." That, by the way, if you haven't seen it, is a picture that is more worthwhile. Pringle and Doris Kenyon are also in the cast.

YOU KNOW ME.—Well, I didn't, but I'll know you next time; I do hope there'll be a next time. Mae Murray is Mrs. Robert Leonard. He isn't directing her pictures any more. It seems the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to do away with the husband-and-wife combination in pictures; by that I mean, to cease the practice of having a husband direct a picture in which his wife was playing. The company feels that a star's husband couldn't help giving her a little the best of other members of the cast. There was the Emil Bennett-Fred Niblo combination, Alice Terry and Rex Ingram, and Mabel and Hugo Ballin.

JOHN BULL.—Yes, there are a great many English actors playing in American pictures; so many, in fact, that English producers are beginning to see a scarcity of good actors when they try to cast their plays. Ronald Colman, of course, is English, and so are Percy Marmont, H. B. Warner, Wyndham Standing, Herbert Rudlinson, and many others of London. Renee or Renee who is more or less considered English, having been reared there, though he was born in Santiago, Chile.

CURLY HEAR.—The waves were just born permanent; how convenient! Yes, there is a new Trip coin gave us this picture; Mary Pickford, of course, Marie Prevost, Pauline Garon, Claire Adams, and Norma Shearer. Norma seems to be one of the best of these new girls. Recently appeared in "How Who Gets Slapped" and "The Snob." No, Norma isn't married. Pauline Starke was born in Joplin, Missouri. She recently appeared with Pola Negri in "Forbidden Paradise."

BROWN-EYED SUE.—Yes, Anlta Stew- art still plays in pictures. She was working for months in "Never the Twin Shall Meet." Harold Cameron, Albania Rubens is married to Doctor Daniel Carlson Goodman, a film producer. She recently signed a contract with Fox.

THREE CHEERS.—I'm generous, I'll make it six if you say so, but for whom? I suppose Floyd Hughes, as your questions are all about him. He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899, is six feet tall, and has brown hair and gray eyes. He is married to Gloria Hope, and they live at 601 South Rampart Street, Los Angeles.

CURIOUS.—What do I look like? I'd hate to tell you. Marian Nixon is a Wisconsin girl; she has been appearing in Fox productions since 1922.

HICK.—Well, I've known lots of hicks, but few of them admit it. Of course you admire Corinne Griffith; she's one of the stars whom admiration just surrounds. If you want to talk about one of my favorites. Corinne has been working quite hard, making "Declase" and "Ashes." She is Mrs. Walter Morriso, who was once reported engaged to Betty Compton, but later for Betty was just one rumored engagement after another. However, she is now Mrs. James Craze, so that's settled.

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Texas—Rex, the horse that played in that Hal Roach feature, "The King of Wild Horses," some time ago, has not been starred in anything since then. Perhaps Mr. Roach will make another feature with him if he finds a suitable story, as Rex certainly seemed to make a tremendous hit in his first and, so far, only starring production. Yes, they have quite a large menagerie at the Roach studios, as there is a constant and extensive call for animals in the various comedies made on the lot. The Mack Sennett studios also maintain a considerable array of animal talent for comedy purposes, while at Universal City they have what is probably the most elaborate zoo of any in the film colony. They use theirs principally in serials, though, of course, they are always available for a touch of comedy or drama in other productions.

CURIOSITY—There is some production of American pictures going on abroad at present, but for the most part American directors who have tried it seem to be fed up with picture making abroad, and are ready to settle down in Hollywood and leave the business of making realistic settings to the art directors. You see, conditions on the screen decided the question of disappointing to directors who were accustomed to having every facility at hand during the making of a film, "Ben-Hur," under Fred Niblo's direction, is now well under way in Italy, though there was a great deal of time and money used up on the film before it was possible to shoot any scenery, as Rex Ingram plans to make "Mare Nostrum" abroad, and probably will have started by the time you read this. But with the exception of those films, and possibly one or two others, it looks as though Europe will again be left to European directors for picture purposes.

I imagine that, when American directors film a story with a foreign locale, they may make hurried trips across for exterior shots, but will do the studio stuff in the United States. Shots can be matched in so cleverly nowadays that that would seem to be the most satisfactory all-around arrangement.

OWEN D.—The reason why you have not seen Walter Hiers in features recently is the very simple one that he has not been playing in them. Walter has been appearing in two-release Christie comedies for some time now. I cannot say whether he will go back to features again. I suppose he will, if he is offered a good opportunity.

TRILBY FAN.—Andree Lafayette went back to France months ago. She played in one or two pictures after "Trilby," but that was her only outstanding performance in this country. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is not in pictures any more. She was on the stage some months ago, but whether she still is or not I can't say, as I don't keep track of stage personalities. I have a difficult enough time trying to keep up with the goings on of the movie folk. Thelma Morgan, one of your society favorites, seems to be taking the screen more seriously, and though you may see her in quite an important role in the Metro-Goldwyn film, "So This Is Marriage."

GLEN HUNTER FAN, Wooster, Ohio.—Glen Hunter is now in his late twenties, and he has made a few pictures because he has been almost continually engaged on the stage for the past few years. His most recent appearance was in "The Silent Watcher," a first National picture. He played Merton on the New York stage for a year, and before that appeared in "The Intimate Strangers," "Seville," and long before that trouped the country in "Folly."
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So we are going to offer the first 10,000 treatments at just enough to cover the actual cost of making, advertising and selling, which we have figured down to 1.87 cents.

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You don't even have to pay for this treatment in advance. Simply sign and mail the coupon. Then when the postman brings your Beauty Outfit, just pay him $1.87, plus a few cents postage. Remember, you don't take any risk. Your mirror is the sole judge. If you are not perfectly delighted with results, simply return the Outfit after five days' trial and we will refund your money without a question.

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Mrs. Crone: I am writing to let you know that your new treatment—Presto-White—will remove freckles, blackheads, pimples, and other blemishes, which my skin and face have, for years. It is, not only beautifying, but also beautiful and pleasing. After five days' trial, I am not, and I am delighted with results. I will return the package and you are to refund my money in full.

Mr. McGowan: I am writing to let you know that your new treatment—Presto-White—will remove freckles, blackheads, pimples, and other blemishes, which my skin and face have, for years. It is beautiful and pleasing. After five days' trial, I am not, and I am delighted with results. I will return the package and you are to refund my money in full.

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What the Fans Think ............................................. 8
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

Starring Milton .................................................. 15
A new portrait of Milton Sills, who has just been made a star.

The Hand of Destiny ........................................... 16
Prophecies of the greatness which Fate seems to be holding for little Mary
Philbin.

Hollywood's Little Soldier .................................... 17
A touching story of the brave fight Lucille Ricksen made against her fatal
illness.

Getting Under the Grease Paint ............................. 18
The inside story of some dramatic episodes in the making of "The Merry Widow."

Does Familiarity Breed Disillusionment? ............... 22
An interviewer takes up the question.

Which Pictures Do the Players Like Best? ............... 24
A symposium of the preferences of a number of well-known stars.

Over the Teacups ............................................... 26
In and out of gossip lane with Fanny the Fan.

The Observer ................................................... 30
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Richard is (Very Much) Himself ............................. 31
An illuminating picture of Richard Dix, in this interviewer's inimitable style.

Looking on with An Extra Girl ............................... 32
Detailing a gay and carefree session at the Harold Lloyd studio.

Favorite Picture Players ....................................... 35
Portraits in rotogravure of popular motion-picture players.

An Ugly Duckling Becomes a Swan .......................... 43
Louise Fazenda's own story of her slow and painful evolution.

When a Picture Opens in Los Angeles ..................... 46
An account of what happens at these sometimes brilliant, sometimes deadly, affairs.

Among Those Present .......................................... 48
Brief sketches about interesting people connected with pictures and picture
making.

"The Salvation Hunters" Hero .............................. 53
Presenting the driving personality behind the apparently sudden success of
George Arliss.

How the Stars Use Their Hands ............................. 54
Some valuable hints for those who would act in pictures.

Continued on the Second Page Following
DO not attempt to solve the enigma of Pola Negri's personality in cold daylight.

She is of the theatre, theatrical, and the logic of her magnetism is the divine logic of art, as potent as the perfume of the tuberose which sways the senses.

People who saw her first picture, "Passion," left the theatre feeling that they had experienced an electric storm, yet this was but Pola Negri's first attempt.

With her first American productions this extraordinary Polish girl swiftly picked up all the threads of American screen technique and in the same gesture inflamed ten thousand audiences with the determination to miss no Paramount Picture she ever made.

If you did not see her in the "Spanish Dancer," "Shadows of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise" and "The Charmer" you have hours of intense excitement in store.

Joseph Hergesheimer, famous author, is now at work on an original story for Pola Negri's next Paramount Picture.

A Party Everyone Can Enjoy

If you had a great big group of friends of all ages and conditions, from grandparents to school children, and from rich families to poor, what kind of entertainment could you all enjoy together in a party?

A photoplay—the pictures and accompanying music of the screen. The reason is that the movies contain something for everyone, sentiment and merriment, adventure and romance.

It is the emotions of men and women that are universal, and it is of the emotions that the photoplay tells, starting gasps, sighs, tears and laughter.

Paramount Pictures make life brighter and gayer and more exciting, touching the greyest of days with a little color of rose.

You thoughtful people appreciate the influence of the screen today, and you see that no competent judge of entertainment values can deny that Paramount's long leadership has been earned season by season.

Ask "Is it a Paramount Picture?" and go. You can know no more, whatever you ask, if it's the best you want.

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"
YOU MUST HAVE WONDERED

while passing some of the little dingy, out-of-the-way theaters, where the pictures come from that are advertised on the lurid posters hung about the entrances. The names of the producing companies are seldom, if ever, mentioned in the magazines. The players are often as little publicized.

These pictures, the cheaper product of the great motion-picture industry, are made in what is known as "Poverty Row" or "Death Valley," A. L. Woollridge has written an article for us about these pictures which is extremely interesting and illuminating, and which will acquaint you with a phase of picture making of which little is generally known. This will appear in the next issue.

In the same issue you will learn about another, and very different location now being used extensively for picture making, the "hundred-dollar-a-day town," Miami, Florida. Here, where money is spent more lavishly than in almost any other place in the country, some of the finest scenes are made for the Eastern-made productions.

Helen Klumph recently spent some time in Miami with the "Chickie" company, and her account of what they did and saw there is extremely vivid and colorful.

It is by covering every remote phase of picture making in stories like these, and others, that makes Picture-Play, in the course of the year, the one standard reference work on the industry wherein the picture lover may find information on any subject that interests him. To make this information easily available, the magazine is indexed twice a year, so that if you have your back numbers you may quickly look up every article printed about any general subject, any player, or any outstanding production. If you have not started saving your copies, do so now. You will find them valuable later on.

Our next issue will also contain some extremely interesting interviews by Malcolm H. Oettinger, Constance Palmer Littlefield, Myrtle Gebhart, and—we hope—one by Ethel Sands, whom all of our old readers will recall. And by way of variety, we expect to offer one or two new and distinctive features, of which we will have more to say next month.
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Use the Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification for your baby. It has raised thousands of the brightest and healthiest babies in the world.

Write to us for a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants", also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food.

Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think

Film Fans.

Writes A, “I am a Fairbanks fan.”
Writes B, “How I dislike that man.”
Writes C, “Miss Pickford’s charm is great.”
Writes D, “Her silliness I hate.”
Writes E, “Charles Chaplin I adore.”
Writes F, “He is a perfect bore.”
Writes G, “Miss Negri is the best.”
Writes H, “Her methods I detest.”
Writes I, “And Lloyd I idolize.”
Writes J, “His nonsense I despise.”
Writes K, “Miss Swanson fills the bill.”
Writes L, “She always makes me ill.”
Writes M, “Jack Gilbert none resist.”
Writes N, “He heads the booby list.”

And so they flatter and afflict,
And praise, and scorn, and contradict.

HAROLD SETON.

Two Divergent Points of View.

In March Picture-Play it seems to me The Observer is making a mountain out of the mole hill of small-town prejudices.

The scene in “Beaucaire,” where Valentino appears naked from the waist up, in fact the whole sequence showing the young duke in his apartment, was, I think, necessary and very good. It helped to make a fine, manly, human being out of a silk-and-lace picture prince. It was a virile, artistic and well-chosen touch in a most excellent picture.

MABEL WARREN.
Municipal Hospital, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Rudolph Valentino not only drove a nail in his coffin with his shirt scenes in “Beaucaire,” he dug his grave and interred himself forever as far as I am concerned! That was the most blatant display of an actor’s physique that I have ever witnessed in the seventeen years that I have been an ardent screen devotee. It was disgusting, to say the least. MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.
711 Superba Avenue, Venice, California.

Jack Gilbert’s Mustache.

Do men really appreciate seeing some of our handsome men upon the screen? Do they go to see only the beautiful women? What takes them to the theater: the star, the author, the director, or the producing company?

I am one who goes to see the star. I had picked Jack Gilbert as a great actor months ago, but the stories in which he was playing soon made me take his name off my list.

One day I happened to see an announcement of “His Hour.” I am very fond of reading Miss Glyn’s books, so in I went. I am more than happy that I did, for it brought back my admiration for Jack Gilbert. He is more handsome than ever! Why? I will say that his mustache is the making of his handsomeness. Later I saw him in “The Snob.” It is a great story, a great cast, but one thing was lacking, the mustache.

Am I not right? CHARLES MANK, JR.
226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Illinois.

Keep the Stars Shrouded in Mystery.

Don’t you think a person is more interested in the stars, and can imagine them better in the parts they are trying to portray, when he does not know much about their private lives? Who can imagine a woman as being in love with a blond young man when it is a well-known fact that her choice of a husband was a black-haired man? And when a woman tries to play the part of a young, unsophisticated girl, when it is a well-known fact that she has been married and divorced several times—why, that’s out!

I think actors and actresses should keep themselves as mysterious as possible, for when a person ceases to be mysterious to a certain degree he ceases to be interesting. The right kind of publicity is a wonderful aid to popularity—but the wrong kind is a drawback to any one. The kind that is right is the kind that tells something about the person in question, and yet tells nothing. That keeps the star before the public eye, and yet keeps her or him mysterious! The wrong kind is that which makes an open book of their lives.

DORA V. RONDEAU.
614 East Seventh Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Let the Stars Make More Personal Appearances.

Why can’t producers of motion pictures realize the importance of personal appearances of the stars? They evidently think it hurts the star. From the letters in “What the Fans Think” and the way we all rush to the theater where the star is appearing, I’m sure the producer is wrong. How many of us cease to be interested in the player whom we have seen in real life?

Continued on page 12
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We have begun the publication of a line of splendidly bound cloth books with very attractive jackets, printed from new plates, and devoted to adventure, Western, detective, and love fiction.

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The Scarlet Scourge. A Detective Story
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CHELSEA HOUSE
79-93 Seventh Ave. New York City
See the Photoplays that "Must be Fine"

SOME authors' names have magic in them—you know that any story by them must be fine. In the same way you can always count on enjoying a "First National Picture." First National stands for all the resources and the knack that can contribute to the making of splendid photoplays—drawing on the greatest book and plays for stories, employing gifted actors and directors, all with the idea of creating superb entertainment.

"His Supreme Moment"

THIS picturization of May Edginton's novel "World Without End," is another fine production from Samuel Goldwyn and George Fitzmaurice. You will find that popular young hero, Ronald Colman, in the rôle of a mining engineer who adopts unusual methods to win the heart of the girl he loves. Blanche Sweet is featured with Mr. Colman, and others in the cast are Kathlyn Myers, Belle Bennett and Cyril Chadwick.

"His Supreme Moment" is a love drama you will not soon forget.

"Chickie"

"CHICKIE" is the love story of a little stenographer who dreamed and hoped some day to say good-bye to a typewriter and revel in the luxury of a beautiful home provided by a millionaire husband. And while eligible millionaires are few and far between, Chickie was attractive. But then, of course, the only man she ever could love, came along to stand between her and her dream.

Dorothy Mackaill plays the title rôle and John Bowers is featured with her. They are seen on the left.
"The Necessary Evil"

In every picture in which that young actor, Ben Lyon, appears he is winning new admirers. This time you will find him in a particularly appealing role—as a lad who inherits a disposition to care-free wildness, gets into a scrape at college and, for his own good, is sentenced to live in a torrid land. And Viola Dana plays the part of the charming girl with whom the high-spirited young man and his own foster-father both fall in love.

"Fine Clothes"

John M. Stahl, with an array of such successes as "Why Men Leave Home" and "Husbands and Lovers" behind him, has produced another delightful comedy drama in "Fine Clothes." On the stage it enjoyed a long run under the title of "Fashions for Men." Its central figure is the simple-minded Peter who, because he can see nothing but good in any one, finally takes the evil out of the hearts about him.

Percy Marmont plays Peter. On the right are Alma Rubens and Lewis Stone, the other principals. Louis B. Mayer presents the picture.
AGENTS $6 A DAY

Agents needed to take orders for Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors. Every variety. Put up in colorful, attractive, eye-getting frippery. Three times the amounts of better flavors. Not to be sold for drink. High income every day.

Men and Women

Duties will consist of giving door-to-door sales demonstrations on Non-Alcoholic Food Flavors, the assortment and income will be on a commission basis. Any one with an entreprenuer spirit and aptitude is cordially invited to apply. No experience necessary.

Commissions will be immediately paid. The longer you work the more you will earn. No contracts. No capital needed. Write at once.

American Products Co. 1230 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

What the Fans Think

I have seen about twenty-two stars and have yet to be disappointed.

"What the Fans Think" is the best feature in Picture Play. Think of being able to read the opinions of fans all over the world! It is a wonderful treat.

HELEN L. STEWART

1256 Bryn Mawr Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

If

If Famous Players would give Bebe Daniels roles worthy of her real dramatic ability—

If Metro-Goldwyn would sign Patsy Ruth Miller on a five-year contract—

If the producers would become cognizant of the fact that in Helen Ferguson they have an unusual player—

If the critics would give Ricardo Cortez a chance to live down the title "Valentine's Successor"—

If Virginia Valli's pictures were distributed more widely—

If Mary Pickford would make more pictures—

If Edna Murphy would leave serial pictures for features—

If Lilian Rich would offer her bland wits—

If Mildred Davis would come back to the screen—

If Leatrice Joy would allow her bob to grow out again—

If, I say, all these things would come to pass, this writer would be the movies' best fan and most sympathetic critic.

DOROTHY LUBOW

2664 Vyse Avenue, New York City.

Meighan’s Recent Stories Do Not Satisfy.

I like Thomas Meighan. He’s good to look at, but I don’t like in his recent pictures. I have heard several make the same remark—they don’t like the stories. Why can’t he find something like “Manslaughter,” “Back Home and Broke,” and “A Badgered Dandy?” They are fine. He is too good an actor for that kind of stuff.

JESSIE PINE

Burlington, Vt.

What the Fans Like.

What do the fans think? They think quite a bit, and if Eric von Stroheim thinks that they will enjoy his horrible old picture, “Greed,” let me disillusion him right here and now. People have troubles and anxieties enough in their daily life, and nine tenths of them go to the movies for relaxation and entertainment, and not to have their nerves sharpened to a point. Of course, the acting in “Greed” was wonderful. ZaSu Pitts never did better, but, oh, what a wast of talent.

The pictures the general public wants to see are ones like “A Thief in Paradise.” “The Thief of Bagdad” was good, but we couldn’t see one of that nature, very often and with equal skill. With equal skill in particular, Bebe Daniels, might not be looked upon by the critics as an especially good picture, but it is highly entertaining, and it gives the audience a chance to forget its troubles for a while. “The Devil’s Cargo” was good. So was “Classmates,” “Her Night of Romance,” “The Navigator,” Harold Lloyd’s pictures, and others of this type are the ones that draw the crowds.

HELEN NOEL

2337 Central Avenue, Indianapolis, Ind.

Why the Girls Love Ruth.

I am right with Esther Short when it comes to Ruth Roland. I’ve never worshipped her, and before I came to California for a visit I organized a Ruth Roland Dollar Down Club in Buffalo, my hometown.

Our club is a social one, and to boost our favorite actresses when they come to Buffalo.

As Ruth Roland is our favorite star we named our club after her, and have between fifty and a hundred members. Each member paid a dollar to join. We had various dances and social gatherings to raise funds, and each time the admission was one dollar a card. When we wrote to Miss Roland and told her of our club, she sent us a large autographed photo for our clubroom. Since I have been out here, I wrote her and she invited me out to the studio to watch her work.

Maybe I wasn’t thrilled and excited at the prospect of meeting Ruth Roland! After feeling her firm, strong hands and finding her violet-blue eyes glistening into mine, I could neither think nor see anything else. Thrilled? My, I tingled all over in excitement and I haven’t recovered yet. After the show Miss Roland came and talked with us who were watching her and had some snips taken with us. I surely prize them. How I wish Esther Short could have the same experience I did! She says she doesn’t know why she loves Ruth. I think it is because she is so sincere, kind, and thoughtful, and a real girl who is really much prettier off the screen.

RUTH MILLER.

An Interest in Two Stars.

Haven’t any one noticed Pierre Gendron? I was impressed by his work in “Three Women” and “The City that Never Sleeps.” It seems to me that this young chap has possibilities. I shall watch for him in the future. But am I the only one who has marked him? I may echo what Ruth Raymond says in the March number: ‘If only some one would find out what is wrong with Ruth Hughes. I wonder why inferior talent is exploited while they let such fine players as Gareth Hughes sink into obscurity? If only some one could do something! ’

DAPHNE R.

Marshalltown, Iowa.

News About Ivor Novello.

"Where are our wandering stars to-day?" is the call of every English fan since the "flower of the British movie world" decamped to Hollywood. Clive Brook, Betty Balfour, Flora Le Breton, George Alexander, and Ivor Novello himself, if you have all deserted us, and in spite of the perfectly appalling fact that we can’t blame any of you, we do wish you’d come home.

We have a mere handful of stars left to comfort us, but they do work hard for us, and there isn’t a fan in the British Isles who does not thrill with pride and gratitude at the mention of Ivor Novello. You have all heard of him before—Ivor Novello, popularly supposed at one time to be a candidate in rivalry to Rudy, Ramon Novarro, and Richard Dix, but never has rivalled them because he is as different from them as Doug is from Jackie Coogan.

Besides being a popular film star, he has become, in the course of a few years, an author, musician, composer, singer, playwright, producer, and stage actor. He doesn’t let his efforts rest at that either,
because just recently he tried his powers at oratory when he spoke for the Stage Guild—and did a dinner club in Dardour Street, which he calls the “50-50.” The cartoonist, Herman, has created a mural decoration in the shape of a huge frieze containing nearly all the famous stage folk. John Barrymore is often at the club. Ivor had a wonderful success in his play, "The Rat," which netted enough to make the stoutest heart flinch. Ivor bore up bravely till they began pulling his hair out for souvenirs, but now he puts a screen between himself and lets him get torn to bits.

He has just produced "Old Heidelberg," and I'm going to see it this week; the advance photos look very tempting.

Vera Paualin.


Strength to "Carry On."

The letter in a recent Picture-Play entitiled "A Débutante Writes Again," and signed by Thedora Anthony, expresses the sentiment of most movie fans at the present time—namely, that Ricardo Cortez is certainly "perfect" in every way, shape and manner. Any one who was lucky enough to have seen "The Next Corner" certainly had a treat.

But I should like to ask Joe Newman, of Philadelphia, what fault he had to find with "Fancy Photographs," in "Robinson Crusoe, Jr.?" Both these pictures were mighty good and he should have heard the shouts and claps of approval when it puts its second film, "Jr.," was shown in our city. The children like wild over it. It was very entertaining for adults as well, for we are not all just grown-up children.

Betty van Bensolten, of Brookline, Massachusetts, is right in boosting Vera Reynolds, but was it necessary for Miss van Bensolten to knock Gloria, Pola, and the others? The box-office returns show what the public thinks. One could never tire of these stars!

I am not a débutante or a college student. I am a housewife. I am the tired class that looks forward to occasional good movie that helps give strength enough to "carry on," as my class belongs to the big army of those who get "three meals a day and dishes" for 18 million a day, but not for us.

Nora McCarty.

17 Plymouth Place, Holyoke, Mass.

Lips That Are Clean.

Don't you prefer the actors that in their love scenes elevate love by their reverence for it rather than these actors that degrade it by their bawdy jokes, that just gets by? Don't we like actors whose lips are clean? Off the screen Rudy may be as pure as snow, but on—it do you admire the very thought of him kissing the girl he kisses? It makes you shiver with delight at its roughness—yes, I shivered, too—but don't you just like to sigh happily when a different type of hero very gently embraces the heroine and kisses her? 

Frances Butler.

1657 Thirty-first Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

So Big!

I have just seen "So Big." It is one of the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen. And the whole idea of having the intangible something which grips you, and the feeling isn't easy to shake off, even after leaving the show house. Colleen Moore's portrayal of the woman whom hardship couldn't down, who worked for and fought for her son, is a very good piece of work.

Not only Miss Moore, but the rest of the cast also seemed to fit in and be the people they were portraying.

Ah, Ben Lyon, how I wish I had the courage to write you a fan letter! I've tried, but I never know what to say, so I'll continue to carry on.

6650 Mesaba Avenue, Oakland, Calif.

Better Luck Next Time.

Year's chart entitiled "The Idol Sips a Little" is responsible for this communication. Since you are interested in knowing what patrons think, I am telling you what I think.

I was so delighted with "Beau-
caire" the Tarkington story being a favor-
ite, of mine, that I went to see "A Sainted Devil." Poor Rudy had a rôle that I doubt any one could have made interesting. I fancy it pleased neither his new nor old admirers. I saw a new one. I was one of those upon whom the undesirable "he vamp" publicity made an unfavorable impression. I was willing to admit that for a soldier made an acceptable Julio, but Julio was not a part that interested me.

I saw him always by accident, never by seeking his plays. His Gallardo interested me, and Beaucaire was "Beau-
caire" quite the perfect picture of the year, faithful in detail as to time, customs, et cetera, including the scene complained of. The fine actors and actresses are not very well informed of courts and great folk of other days. Since many patrons are not familiar with customs of bygone times that scene could have been omitted with propriety, and properly served. However, it was to some patrons but another of the perfections of detail with which the picture was replete.

But if Rudy's performance is an off the mark plays as "A Sainted Devil," who was neither saint nor devil, and therefore uninteresting to both classes of his admirers, I shall not go "a Sainting" next time. I had hoped he would not be tempted to be Sheik or Rajah for some time. I am not fond of seeing any actor for his personal attractiveness, even though I enjoy it where the part calls for it, as did "Beaucaire." I shall go to see the next one, but one more fivver will cool my intered. Not Always Easily Pleased.

Washington, D. C.

More About Milton Sills.

Since another writer has commented upon my previous letter, may I make more clear why I know About Milton Sills? Before discussing him as an actor, let us try to determine whether or not he is really a great man. Is he endowed with those qualities that we associate with true greatness? We know that he is a gradu-
ate of the University of Chicago, where he was a teacher of philosophy and assisted in writing the "Book." This in itself means an unusual mind. I think there will be no argument as to his intelligence. However, I realize that a man may be an intelligent, or possessed of a great in-
tellect, and yet lack that perfect balance of qualities that go to make up a truly great man, or, if you please, a godlike man. If we should try to arrive at what God intended everything be, what we least would we could say is a "sound mind in a sound body."

From the human viewpoint, we usually associate with the human personality some character, goodness, tolerance, fairness, cleverness, and impulses. According to Plato, the ideal character would be: "Loyalty, cleanliness, receptivity, attentiveness, et cetera. Those who read Don Ryan's article, "Milton Sills, Pragmatist," in De-

Continued on page 117

 scenefrom "Judgment of the Storm," one of the ten best photoplays of 1924

We paid $1000 for this photoplay.

Mrs. Ethel Styles Middleton, a Pittsburgh housewife, had never had a single story accepted for publication when she began to write "Judgment of the Storm." She wrote this photoplay and sold it for $1000 during the Box-Office boom.

Unknown writer wins $10,000 prize

Miss Winifred Kimball, a Palmer student living in Apalachicola, Florida, won the $10,000 prize in the scenario contest conducted by the Chicago Daily News in collaboration with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation. Mrs. Anna Blake Meredith, another Palmer student, won the second prize of $1000 in the same contest, and seven $500 prizes were also won by Palmer students.

Well-known writers help you

The success of Palmer students is due simply and solely to the fact that you study right at home in spare time under the personal direction of men and women who are themselves well-known authors, dramatists, and motion picture writers.

You learn to write by writing. You are given the manuscript and continuity of famous motion picture scenario to analyze and study. You write a scenario for a cartoon and photograph which we send you to sell through our Story Sales Department in Hollywood, with representatives in New York and Los Angeles.

Send for this Free Creative Test

The Palmer Institute is unique among educational institutions because it accepts only a limited number of students for its home-study courses and seeks only those who have natural creative ability and can profit by its instruction.

To ensure that you find out quickly if you possess this ability, the Palmer Institute will gladly send you its Creative Test—the most novel means ever devised for discovering latent writing talent. Our Board of Examiners will study your replies to this test and send you information as to your abilities. You will find out whether you have the ability to profit by the training the Institute offers.

Address

All correspondence strictly confidential.
WILLIAM FOX PRESENTS, IN SEPTEMBER, 1925

Three treats for Picture Patrons!

The IRON HORSE

One year in New York with a Superb Cast of Leading Players

A Regiment of United States Troops and Cavalry; 3,000 Railway Workmen; 1,000 Chinese Laborers; 800 Pawnee, Sioux and Cheyenne Indians; 2,800 Horses; 1,300 Buffaloes; 10,000 Texas Steers.

A JOHN FORD Production

AS NO MAN HAS LOVED

A soul-stirring spectacle based on EDWARD EVERETT HALE'S "The Man Without a Country"

A record-breaker at the Central Theatre, New York

A ROWLAND V. LEE Production

THE FOOL

Another New York hit that has swept the Nation, setting new high marks for its entertainment powers.

A HARRY MILLARDE Production

FOX FILM CORPORATION
 WHILE the passing years mean nothing but a gradual fadeout for most screen players, they seem only to have increased the power and rather extraordinary personal following of Milton Sills. His rating at the box office has been rising so steadily that First National have just made him a star.
The Hand of Destiny

Slowly it has been shaping the career of Mary Philbin, who, if the future can be read aright, is to become one of our greatest screen actresses.

By Constance Palmer Littlefield

In the general scheme of things there is a rule which says that, finally, each of us shall find his niche—and shall work like the very old Ned to keep it.

I thought of that as I sat talking with Mary Philbin. She has not yet found her niche; and, though she is working very hard toward her goal, perhaps she does not even know just what it is.

Some two years ago Myrtle Gebhart wrote a splendid story about Mary Philbin for Picture-Play. In it she said Mary was like the flame of a candle—flaring up, dying down, according perhaps to the breeze that blew.

She is more than that now. Although she might still be called only a child, she has within her a certain nameless quality which all great actors have had since the beginning of the theater. For lack of a better term, I can only call it—and how inadequately—"that something." It is that genius of portrayal—that very soul of acting without which the smoothest technique becomes an empty sham.

Lillian Gish was her ideal four years ago, and she is today. It is rank blasphemy for me to say I cannot see why. But to my mind, the Philbin has far more humanity, heart—what you will—than that particular Gish ever registered on my plebeian brain, George Jean Nathan, Joseph Hergetsheimer, et al., to the contrary. And in addition, she has quite enough spirituality for this mundane sphere. So there. But Mary Philbin, of course, being what she is, must have an ideal. I take heart, however, when I remember that she spoke with great reverence of the incomparable Pauline Frederick.

Yesterday I found Mary in a typically pretty Hollywood house. She told me that she was afraid when they took it that it was too far from the heart of town—the town she loves.

"It is so wonderful just to walk down Hollywood Boulevard"—and the smile and beam of her made me suddenly realize just what an entrancing thoroughfare Hollywood Boulevard really is. "Then I feel that I actually belong here—I'm a part of the wonderful place I thought about for so many years. The studio—the people I work with—it all makes me happy. It's just too good to be true!" "They tell me how delicate I am—but, goodness, I seem to be able to stand an awful lot of work! All during the making of 'The Phantom of the Opera' there was a miscarriage here waiting when I got home about half past six. After she had rubbed me, I would have my dinner and then go right to bed. I really managed very nicely."

"But this is my vacation—so they tell me, and I must be grateful for it. But hardly a day has passed that I haven't been called to the studio to have publicity pic-

Continued on page 98
Hollywood's Little Soldier

The story of Lucille Ricksen's brave struggle.

By Caroline Bell

In the cold, gray hours of a foggy dawn the gamest little soldier that Hollywood has ever known lost her fight. Quietly, mercifully without suffering in her last moments, Lucille Ricksen slipped away from us. From sunlight and laughter and joyous work, from tears and pain and struggle, to the long, long sleep.

Kneeling by her bedside were her father, her brother Marshall, her dear "big sister," Lois Wilson, and Paul Bern, loyal friends whose love tried so hard to hold her. Only in the last moment did her gallant spirit weaken. For weeks her gameness had kept her alive. But tired little girls can stand just so much, and then they must rest, and Lucille was oh, so very, very weary of this funny thing called life. So her white, puckered lips formed into a whisper, "I'm going to die. Hold my hand, Lois."

In the soft rose glow from the night lamp, her eyes turned first to one, then another, and rested upon Lois, and she said, "I think—mother is waiting. Good-by—everybody." Her farewell to them was a brave little grin that struggled to her lips and flickered there for a second.

They had thought up to the very last moment that Lucille would win her gallant fight. There had been times before when she had mocked death with courage—and that plucky little grin.

The same scene—a few weeks before. A group of people gazed silently down at the still, thin form that scarcely rippled the coverlet. The face, framed in a rumpled mass of pale gold hair, was waxen; the brown eyes were open, but they did not see, for already a glaze was overspreading them.

"Dying." The word was smothered by a sob, and the speaker brushed the mist from her eyes. It welled unceasingly, though, for with every sweep of her hand it clouded her gaze again.

There was a barely perceptible change in the sick child. The still form was immovable in its lethargy; her waxen face was expressionless. But through the glaze upon her eyes something struggled—some light, a flicker of consciousness. The doctor, light fingers constantly on the child's pulse, noticed it first.

"She is trying to tell us something."

Gradually the brown eyes grew more clear, and a defiance came into them, wavered, then riveted upon the group about the bedside.

"Ain't goin'—dying," the words slipped out like a sigh. "Mother wouldn't want me—die—Mother said—wonderful future—Going to do big things—Won't die! I won't!"

And in the days that followed the fighting spirit that had spoken through inertia struggled valiantly to save Lucille Ricksen. There were days when she lay in a coma, and knew not when kind hands ministered to her, when eyes regarded her through a screen of tears. Always, though, she came back, the blaze growing stronger in her eyes with each resurgitation of the instinct to live.

You have probably read in the papers of her long illness, of her mother's sudden passing, of how the first child of the movies to be visited by such tragedy in her sunshine years finally lost her flight.

Sob stories are easy to write—you can lay on the sad, sentimental words—the dictionary is full of them—and you can drag in poetry to quote. But fighting

Continued on page 18
Getting Under the Grease Paint

By Don Ryan

An agnostic, I embarked upon the uncharted sea of moviedom; a skeptic, I sailed my course; and now I draw into harbor at the end of the voyage, an out-and-out recusant. From start to finish of my first adventure as a movie actor my skepticism has been confirmed, except—

My skepticism about the drama that goes on behind the scenes.

The oldest story in the world is the story of the clown who makes others laugh, while beneath ridiculous vestments he nurses a broken heart; of the actor who plays his part, gayly, fervently, while tucked inside his pocket is a telegram announcing that his wife just ran away with the owner of the trained seals.

But certain things have happened during the making of "The Merry Widow" that prove the fictionists are right. These things do happen, all too frequently, in the lives of those who dance and posture for the amusement of mankind.

Again my skepticism has been punctured where it embraced the motion-picture extra. For weeks my experiences combined to confirm me in the belief that a movie extra would do anything—from slitting the throat of his grandmother to kissing the boots of a property boy—to get a job.

I had been making a study of these strange creatures, and I had finally decided they were not human at all—that they were not even animal or mineral. They were liquid!

Moving-picture extras are the most fluid things about the business. More fluid, in truth, than the tears of the heroine wrongly oppressed by fell circumstance.

The extras have developed a technique of fluids in motion. They are experts and past masters in hydraulics, hydraulics and hydrokinetics. Especially the latter. Without apparent effort on their part they are able to make themselves liquid and to flow, meander, dribble, trickle or well into the position that will enable them to gaze into the cameras, during a close-up.

About their invisible movement there is something awful—as in the rising of the insidious tide. I have watched them oozing into position without apparently taking a step, until it gave me the creeps just to see them.

When I began work I was unconscious of this mystery of the moving extra. But my own position—a step removed from the mob of the nameless—soon acquainted me with the strange phenomenon.

The principals in the picture are not put upon by the rising tide of extras! But the position I occupy—that of adjutant to the Crown Prince, who is the heavy lead of the story—makes me a buffer between his highness and the silent, surging throng behind him. In dozens of veary mob scenes I have had to stand a little behind and a little to the left of the Prince. And upon my unarmored back this moving tide has beaten and broken until I feel like the lighthouse on Cape Cod.

I remember the first time I was told to take up this position by Erich von Stroheim, the director. Behind me, yet at a respectful distance, was a rout of extras—male and female. We rehearsed the scene some dozen times, as is customary, and then I heard Von peevishly calling me:

"Come out, Don! I told you to stand in front!"

I glanced around. To my astonishment I was surrounded—submerged—by the silently flowing ocean of humanity which had risen at my back and completely engulfed me.

"Oh, Mary, come and call the cattle home, And call the cattle home, and call the cattle home, Across the sands of Dee."

And just like Mary, I had been creaked down by the "cruel, crawling tide." The thing was perfectly uncanny.

However, necessity driven, I soon began to devise ways and means of diking off the fluvial extra. I found that the saber I wore, when held in a certain position with the hilt sticking out behind, was very discouraging to the screen aspirant who designed to crawl up my back and gaze wistfully over my shoulder when the camera began to turn.

Gradually the extras began to learn to dread the saber. And for a space I was unjostled. But when we began that accursed ballroom sequence the studio employed six thousand new extras, none of whom had felt the hilt in their ribs.

Exactly behind me on the dais where the Crown Prince.
was seated and where I had to stand in my usual respectful rearward position, was an old woman dressed in a drab robe, and no sooner had the first scene begun than I felt the familiar pressure from behind. Before the scene was finished the pressure had increased until it seemed that this dreadful old woman had climbed clean up my back and was seated like a witch astride of my neck. I was choking.

When the next scene began I had my trusty saber in position. The old woman hit the hilt once and the grunt she emitted was music to my waiting ears. She fidgeted and fussed and fumed in vain. At last she spoke:

"Say, can't you hold that thing up a little? The handle's stickin' me."

My moment had come.

"Madam," said I politely, "I only wish it were the point."

For a space she was flabbergasted. I presume that she had expected a chivalrous reply—even an apology. She was old. I was comparatively young. Most important of all, she was a member of the opposite sex—the weaker sex!

Gradually the full horror of the affront dawned upon her. Her frame shook.

"What!" she screamed in falsetto. "You mean you'd like to stick me with the point?"

I bowed with a pleasant smile.

"With the greatest of pleasure, madam."

After the scene was finished I saw her talking with the other old women on the dais. They were whispering together with amazed faces—pointing to me—discussing the horrible degeneracy of the younger generation. From then on they avoided me like a scourge. For which I was truly thankful. I had had my revenge.

There is, nevertheless, an element of pathos in the persistent effort of the extras to get their faces into the foreground. The pathos lies in the fact that all of their pains, all of their technique of cautious creeping, goes for naught. When the picture flashes on the screen nobody will notice them. The audience will see only the pouting lips of the heroine, the manly limbs of the hero; while a row of hopeful, aging faces, purposely thrown out of focus by the camera man, smile and leer and grimace vainly from behind.

And then came that historic clash between director and star which has given more publicity to "The Merry Widow" than press agents reckoned with in their fondest imaginings. Came the dire and ominous moment when, in the middle of the famous Merry Widow Waltz—the high spot of the picture—Mae Murray threw her fan of black bird-of-paradise feathers to the ballroom floor, stamped her foot in the direction of Erich von Stroheim and screamed.

Later she apologized. But before a reconciliation was effected, Von Stroheim, the directing genius responsible for everything, was out of the picture. Louis B. Mayer said he quit. Von Stroheim said he was fired when he demanded more authority to handle the star. Any way he was out, and the future of "The Merry Widow" trembled in the balance.

It was at this critical juncture that my preconceived opinions about movie extras were upset by one of those happenings which, flashing gloriously upon the drab screen of life, revive the drooping spark of faith within us.

I know from these learned gentlemen who probe into human emotions with the cold steel of science, that when a man dies for his country he is only acting on an instinct of the subconscious mind, which is cognizant that group survival is more important than the survival of an individual.

And I know when a mother gives up her life for her baby that the same subconscious mind is aware how much more importance nature attaches to the offspring than to the parent.

But still I cannot forget what happened that day.

The newspapers treated it humorously—a battle of temperaments; sorties, incursions, strategies, frontal attacks and finally a peace pact signed.

Which, of course, was the proper way to handle it. It was funny—to everybody except Mae Murray and Von Stroheim—and perhaps to Louis Mayer, who has half a million invested in the unfinished picture. I don't remember that Mayer laughed very loudly when he stood looking down over the expensive ballroom set where Monta Bell, called in for the emergency, was unsuccessfully trying to go on with the scene that had been interrupted when Von Stroheim was dismissed.

The break with Von Stroheim had occurred at lunch-time. When Bell mounted the director's stand the crowd of five hundred who were working in this scene did not yet know exactly what had happened. But they knew soon enough. Such things are not long kept in darkness. Something like an electric charge swept over the room.

The scene ended. The chief of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization turned away from the set, shaking his head gloomily. He knew the scene would have to be retaken. It was hopeless. Everybody knew.

Then, just as Mayer, with a knot of studio officials, was turning to go, he wheeled and with a smile of surprise, paused to look back.
Getting Under the Grease Paint

A mighty cheer was going up. A knot of men, dressed in the uniforms of many nations, stood together, their mouths open, while a volume of sound rolled forth. Monta Bell also turned around and actually blushed, smiling his wholesome, boyish smile. In the attitude of Mayer and Bell you could read their thoughts. First surprise, then gratification. They thought the cheering was for them.

And then, as they stood smiling, from the group of cheering men came the name of the absent director three times repeated:

"Von Stroheim! Von Stroheim! Von Stroheim!"

The extras had struck!

Not the principals, whose wishes stood for something, but the bit men and the mob of unheralded and untamed extra persons who had nothing to gain but everything to lose by this manifestation of loyalty to a king de-throned.

"We want Von Stroheim!"

They were taking their jobs in their hands—these silly extras—and hurling them right into Mayer’s face. They were carried away by emotion, true enough. But they knew what they were doing. They knew that it was a hundred to one shot they would never work again in any movie studio in Los Angeles. There is a system of dealing with insubordination in the movie industry as in other industries.

Still they shouted: "Give us back Von Stroheim!"

Well, they got him back. Strangely enough it worked. It was just as if this had been a movie instead of the reality of making a movie.

That night two of these cheering insurrectionists—bit men, whose names will not appear in the cast of "The Merry Widow"—went to Mayer’s house and asked him if he wished Von Stroheim back.

"We know it will not stop production or anything of that kind, Mr. Mayer. But twenty-five of us will be absent in the morning unless Von is reinstated."

Then they went to Von Stroheim’s house. Then back to Mayer. At midnight these two bit men, whose names will not appear in the cast of "The Merry Widow," led the millionaire producer and the world-famous director into a room and said:

"Now, gentlemen, here you are. For all our sakes, get together and settle this."

And in that room at midnight the settlement was effected which was confirmed next morning when Mac Murray sat in at the conference. At ten o’clock Von Stroheim climbed to the director’s tall stand amid a salvo of cheers. The bit two men, who had been up all night, took their places, inconspicuously and a little sleepily—in the mob.

The names of these two bit men will not appear in the cast of "The Merry Widow." But I am glad to publish them here. They are Wilhelm Ferdinand von Brixcken and Owen Martin.

A strange pair? Quite strange. Enemies during the war, probably? Well, one is a former German nobleman—the other a former major in the British army!

I feel sorry for Jack Gilbert. He is too intelligent, too frank, too devoid of the usual egotism of the actor, to be popular in Hollywood. He will not be a hypocrite about his emotions. He prefers to read Boccaccio to Elinor Glyn because he thinks Boccaccio handled the same subject-matter better. From traits such as these he has earned the reputation of being a thinker—a dangerous fellow.

I believe Jack Gilbert is the most misunderstood man in the movies. He has told me the truth about his life—an amazing story, which cannot be printed now for lack of space. Briefly, Jack has been kicked and pummeled by Fate in a way calculated to discourage the most ambitious, but it has not discouraged him.

And now, after he has struggled through adversity to the top of his profession, come a succession of happenings—beginning with the separation from Leatrice Joy, his wife—a succession of happenings, ominous, disturbing, nervewracking; but a succession of happenings highly dramatic; a succession of happenings that confirm the truth of the oldest story in the world.

I remember what elaborate preparations, as for a battle, had been made on the occasion I have in mind—the opening day of the ballroom sequence. Two cameras had been mounted on a perambulator, from which protruded a padded pole to keep the dancers at their distance during the close-ups of the Merry Widow Waltz. And now, with a room full of extras and another battery of cameras stationed, like machine guns, to enfable from every side, they were preparing to film the ball entire. Dignitaries of every nationality strutted briefly their hour in dazzling uniforms. One of them spoke slyly into my ear.

"It’s his father," said the Bey of Tunis. The Bey of Tunis is a pet. Usually I do not listen to his chatter. But this was something else.

We were standing at one end of the set, which represented an official palace in Paris. The embassy ball was in progress. At the other end of the long room in which, over a black, polished surface, innumerable couples were revolving, a short flight of steps led to the high, curtained inclosure through which the arriving guests made entrance. A large, gilt mirror reflected their stately backs Standing one on each side of the wide entrance, where the folds of the yellow curtains
twined aloft, were two other pieces of furniture—two old lackeys in purple coats and black silk knickerbockers.

"The lackey on the right is his father," repeated the Bey of Tunis.

Two old lackeys, extra men, sent out by the service bureau for a pitance to stand immovable beside the entrance while the principals of "The Merry Widow" swept elaborately into range of the camera.

I began to study the lackey on the right. He was quite old and lined. His gray hair was smoothly parted and brushed across his forehead in the fashion of English servants. His ears, too, were large and stuck up behind in the fashion of English servants' ears. His nose was long. His old legs in the black silk stockings were thin. His feet were large. A large mole adorned his forehead. He looked the lackey.

"Here comes Jack now," remarked the Bey of Tunis.

The stage was expensively set with furniture—gilded, wooden furniture and painted human furniture. Now the guest of honor was arriving.

Prince Danilo of Monteblanco—an imaginary prince, an imaginary kingdom—but in the movie hierarchy just as much the potentate he played as were the throng of extras surrounding him his humble servitors.

Dressed in the flaming colors of the Balkans; graceful in the long, white fistanella with flaring skirts; princely in the short, red bolero loaded with gold braid and with the star of royalty blazing on his chest.

For one dramatic moment he paused in the entrance, his lackey eyes scanning the room. A hush fell over the assembly. Discretely officers made their way forward to escort the royal visitor. Discretely the whisper ran around: "The prince!"

Prince Danilo of Monteblanco—John Gilbert, hero of "The Merry Widow." A prince indeed—of that strange new kingdom lately arisen in democratic America and which we call Moviedom!

"The old lackey on the right is Jack Gilbert's father!"

The words of the Bey of Tunis hissed in my ear in that moment of silence.

It was true. As I watched I knew it was true.

The son gave no sign, Nor did the father. The father, indeed, must stand rigid and must look straight ahead. He was the lackey.

But his eyes grew larger as he looked straight ahead, and his large ears seemed to quicken, as if to catch the footsteps of the prince. And when he could, without turning his head, he stole a glance to the left, where the prince had paused dramatically in the entrance.

In that glance was pride and joy and pain. The glance said: "That is my son! That is my boy—the prince! Look at him! My son is the prince! I am a lackey, but I am father of a prince!"

"My name is John Pringle," said the old lackey.

His hand, resting on his skinny knee, shook, pulsing with the troubled rhythm of age.

"My name is John Pringle. I was with a tent show. We closed in Frisco last week. I wanted to see my son. I got this—this employment. But I have played good parts—on the stage. And when I was his age I was just as—as handsome as my son. You can see the resemblance—at least some—between the boy and me, can't you?

"His mother was Ida Adair—my wife. Yes, she became a famous actress of her day. I started her in the Pringle Stock Company. I let her go when the opportunity came for bigger parts. But she never came back to me. We were divorced. She married again—a man named Gilbert. She died. I have not seen Jack since he was a child. And—and I wanted to see him. You're a young man but perhaps you understand."

Jack Gilbert's eyes were large and troubled looking as I had never seen them before.

"I haven't got adjusted to it—quite. He came into my dressing room two days ago and said, 'I am your father.' At first I didn't quite get what he was driving at.

"'But my father has been dead for years.' I told him. 'I do not know you—I can't remember you—who are you? And he repeated again—this time his eyes were full of tears as he repeated slowly. 'I'm your father. I suppose you wouldn't remember me, but it's true.'

"'I intend to take care of him now.' But when he came into my room I couldn't—I couldn't take him in my arms. I didn't know him. I couldn't remember ever having seen him—this stranger—my father. It was rather a shock. One doesn't encounter a strange father every day—especially under such circumstances. You understand?'

Jack laughed mirthlessly.

"It's a good story, isn't it? A good story for you. I suppose you will say our positions in real life correspond exactly to the parts we play in the picture. My father an extra man—a lackey. And I am a prince!"

He laughed again, nervously.

"Wasn't I right?" demanded the Bey of Tunis, brushing by.

"Wasn't I right? Wasn't he his father?"

The Bey of Tunis is a pest. Usually I do not listen to his chatter, and more than once I have gone out of my way to avoid him—one can pick one's intimates even on a motion-picture lot. But this time I replied with some fervor:

"Yes, and thank you for the story."

A padded pole, attached to the perambulator, kept the dancers from coming too close to the camera in the waltz scene.
Merry Widow"—went to Mayer's house and asked him if he wished Von Stroheim back.

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The words of the Bey of Tunis hissed in my ear in that moment of silence.

It was true. As I watched I knew it was true.

The son gave no sign. Nor did the father. The father, indeed, must stand rigid and must look straight ahead. He was the lackey.

But his eyes grew larger as he looked straight ahead, and his large ears seemed to quiver, as if to catch the footsteps of the prince. And when he could, without turning his head, he stole a glance to the left, where the prince had paused dramatically in the entrance.

In that glance was pride and joy and pain. The glance said: "That is my son! That is my boy—the prince! Look at him! My son is the prince! I am a lackey, but I am father of a prince!"

"My name is John Pringle," said the old lackey.

His hand, resting on his skinny knee, shook, pulsing with the troubled rhythm of age.

"My name is John Pringle. I was with a tent show. We closed in Frisco last week. I wanted to see my son. I got this—this employment. But
Does Familiarity Breed Disillusionment?

Any one who associates with motion-picture celebrities is frequently asked that question; the answer is a halting "Yes" followed by an emphatic "No."

By Helen Klumph

You cannot tell me that the motion-picture public is not cynical. They are a lot of wary, suspicious, wise guys. Even though popular motion-picture players get anywhere from two hundred to ten thousand ardent fan letters a week, that doesn't disprove my contention. For I too get great batches of mail from utter strangers. And mine is not exactly respectful in speaking of the stars.

Here are a few samples:

"Of course, you haven't any illusions left about the players; you know them so well," one says. "How disappointing it must be to meet the idols of the screen world and find that they have feet of clay," another one observes. But the one that I have really been trying for weeks to get around to answer is one that assured me that a girl would just die if she met Richard Dix and found that he was more like the breezy, light-hearted man interviewers have pictured than the noble and self-sacrificing hero he so often plays. And something should be done right away about my correspondent in Visalia, Ohio, who says that she is happy to be living far from the madding crowd of Broadway as the movies are her one diversion and glimpse of a brighter life and the blow would be simply too much for her were she to bump into one of her favorite ingénues and find cigarette smoke and caustic remarks emitting from her lips. As for a certain confirmed bachelor of Sacramento, he won't even venture a trip to Hollywood. He says that he has lost his faith in womankind—all womankind but Irene Rich. And he is afraid to risk seeing her in person for fear that she won't live up to his ideal.

As nearly as I can figure out, the art of acting means nothing in these people's lives. They want to believe that the players live the roles they play on the screen. Let me assure you that they don't. At least, none that I know and I know most of them.

But what started this pessimistic trend anyhow? Was it the yellow newspapers that gloried in occasional scandals a while back? Is it hearsay repeated by some one who has a friend who knew a girl who had a friend who went to a beauty shop where Pola Negri once had her hair washed? Or do we people who know the film stars rather well and write about them smash your illusions by letting you in on the secret that aside from their ability to exert a certain magnetism on the screen, they are pretty much like other people?

In the heydays of the Mertons, film celebrities were gods and goddesses to their public, although sometimes absurd frankensteins to their press agents, and often egotistical absurdities to the people they met. But now the tables seem to have turned. It is the public that is unduly crabbed and suspicious and ready to believe the worst of motion-picture favorites while the people who know them best—scenario writers, press agents, interviewers—are devoted to them! It happens that since those early Merton days the personnel in the studios has changed somewhat. Players whose heads swelled unduly eventually capsized and passed out of the range of the camera. The ones who are left—and most of the new ones who come in—are, in the studio vernacular, "Regular." And that implies good nature, good sportsmanship, and considerable charm.
"Of course, you haven't any illusions left about movie people," some one is always saying to me. Well, maybe I haven't. They stand on no pedestals before me and I wear no rose-colored glasses. What reverent awe I am capable of is reserved for their ability to make a lot of money.

Being in the habit of writing the unvarnished truth about acquaintances among the motion-picture players, I wonder if I sound sometimes a little like the girl whose high-church family always sent her to divine service to absorb religion for the family. She came home one Sunday appearing unusually animated and upon being asked if she enjoyed the service she announced that it was wonderful. The incense had spilled, a beetle had crawled up a choir boy's back making the rest giggle, and an old man had fallen asleep and snored loudly.

I always seem to enjoy those players most who are least concerned with maintaining their dignity.

Take Richard Dix, for instance. Perhaps if you visualize him as a sort of animated statue of Adonis living but to be admired, you would be disappointed in him. But I rather like to recall the day when he and I were walking toward Fifth Avenue in the fashionable fifties and suddenly ran into two exceptionally pretty girls. They glanced at him as though not quite sure it was he, and quick as a flash Richard had let his shoulders slump—had begun to amble rather than walk, and practically covered his face with a handkerchief into which he coughed convulsively.

No one would take that shambling, decrepit creature for Richard Dix. It was a great performance which lasted until the girls were far down the block. Then Richard straightened up and smiled triumphantly.

Because I cannot think of Richard Barthelmess as a hashful rugged mountain boy except when I am actually seeing him in "Tol'able David" or "The Bond Boy," or a shy, bumbling young man such as he was in "New Toys," I suppose I shall he denied membership in his fan club. Still I can bear it. Because I have the greater pleasure of knowing young Mr. Barthelmess the earnest and ambitious young business man. He is a pleasant and engaging chap to meet with his cunning wife. And because I never think of Alma Rubens as a stately beauty but rather as a girl with an endless capacity for playing practical jokes, I suppose I am ruled out of the clan that idolizes her. Alma vaudevillian reciting "They're hanging Danny Deever in the morning" is uproariously funny.

Only the other day when I sat in a projection room watching some of the first scenes of "Chickie" and marveling at the deft performance given by Dorothy Mackaill, some one remarked that it must be difficult for me to forget the Dorothy I know in watching her impersonate some one quite different. Sometimes it is.

In the case of "Chickie" events seem to bear down on the poor girl inevitably. She seems helpless to withstand the blows of life. And all the time I was watching the picture I was thinking of the smart retort Dorothy would have made back to the men who were trying to entangle her there on the screen. Thinking too of the casual way she would have kept them at a comprehensible distance.

That is what knowing Dorothy has done to my illusions about her. I can watch her suffer in a picture without any pangs for fear she won't be quite capable of looking out for herself in real life.

And she isn't the only one who isn't half so dumb as the parts she plays.

You have seen Irene Rich suffer and suffer and suffer as the repressed wife. I can hear now the low, infectious laugh with which she would dispel any such mood in real life.

I may not have the illusions of a fan about players, but perhaps I admire them even more. Only my reasons are different.

I am frankly maudlin about Norma Talmadge. Ask me what she is like and you will have to take a whole day off to listen. Yet, I cannot assure you that she is the submissive, resigned woman of "Secrets" or the intense "Lady." There is a bell-like clarity about Norma, a quality almost of indifference. She is the master technician of the acting profession. She walks into a scene, plays it with such intensity that even the electricians are spellbound, and then strolls back to her friends to continue a story the telling of which was interrupted by the director's call.

Other players may seek solitude after work, there to recover from an emotional upheaval in the studio, but not Norma. When she is through acting, she is through. It is as though she shut her desk after her day's work.

Does that seem crisp and business-like to you? Does it shatter an illusion of perpetual preoccupation in her work? It doesn't to me. I admire tremendously her work on the screen, and it Continued on page 111.
Pola Negri

"Greed" and "North of 36," different though they are, are two of my favorite recent pictures.

Mr. Von Stroheim has injected something more than acting into "Greed." Ah, how welcome to those of us who want the truth! It amazes me, it is so uncanny clever.

"North of 36" stands out because of its combination of splendid direction, scenic backgrounds and photographic beauties. This picture made me want to cry because what it represents is gone forever, and it made me want to stand up and cheer, because I am just beginning to understand—and to feel stirring in myself—your spirit of national pride.

My favorite picture of those made long ago? Well, sometimes "The Miracle Man" lingers most poignantly in my memory; again it is "Way Down East," and often I think "Smilin' Through" a perfect classic. I cannot say which of these three I like best.

Patsy Ruth Miller

Lives there a man—or woman—with so dwarfed a sense of appreciation that he—or she—hesitates to rave over "A Woman of Paris?" If you ask me, I will remark that it was the picture. Perhaps, as my fond father claims, I pretend to be more sophisticated than I really am; but I got a terrific kick out of that film!

It was like reading George Jean Nathan when he is in a particularly satiric humor, or driving forty miles an hour down Sunset Boulevard in a shiny, low-slung roadster, or dancing to some heavenly music, or meeting a perfectly handsome young football hero. Thrills, just a trifle sugar-coated, but nothing that could be termed offensive.

Next to the sophisticated and slightly cynical type of film, I like comedies. Lloyd Hamilton is my favorite comedian—I won't stop saying that he isn't where he should be in the picture business, until he gets there. I will keep on rooting and shouting for him.

Helen Ferguson

My favorite pictures are the popular ones of yesterday, though I am an avid fan and like to keep up with the various players' work and progress. I see my favorites in every film they make, for the personality is the supreme attraction to me. My idols are mostly the trouper who gave their faith to the early movies and helped to build them up.

"The Girl I Loved" I consider the best example of mental acting I have ever seen.

"The Mark of Zorro" is another that stands the test of time, in my opinion. I like Douglas Fairbanks in everything, but this I consider his outstanding picture.

"Stella Maris" was Mary at her greatest and dearest. She kept the two roles so distinct and presented two totally different personalities. That, to my mind, was great artistry.

Which Pictures Do

These statements by players, regard impressed them, show that their in the screen, and reveals prefer

Raymond Hatton

Because of Colleen Moore's marvelous performance, I cast my ballot for "So Big." Miss Moore showed a great deal of courage in disregarding all the usual conventions of the actress who places such a stress upon beauty.

"A Thief in Paradise" is commendable because of Ronald Colman's tremendous earnestness and real acting ability. "Husbands and Lovers" was just about perfect, excellently directed by John Stahl, superbly performed by Lewis Stone, Florence Vidor and Lew Cody. From every angle it was a darn good picture.

"The Narrow Street" was a simple story, told without furbelows. It showed very good work by Matt Moore.

Constance Talmadge

Do you mind if I pick a favorite? If I had all the flowers in the whole wide world, I would make them into a gigantic bouquet and lay it at the feet of Lillian Gish. She is our supreme artiste, and her characterization in "The White Sister" was a perfect cameo of brilliant, poignantly beautiful acting.

I have admired Ernest Torrence tremendously ever since he made "The Covered Wagon" a memorable picture, and see him in every appearance.

"Peter Pan" charmed me, principally because of the natural skill displayed by Betty Bronson. That child has great talent and should become one of our most loved screen figures.

Huntley Gordon

I am interested always in personal performances of the actors and that, to a great extent, guides my selection of the pictures that have appealed to me the most.

I appreciated "Manhandled" particularly, because I admire Gloria Swanson and this picture introduced to us a new Gloria, one I had not known before, and I enjoyed the meeting very much.

"So Big" was a real treat because it revealed to me more fully than ever before Colleen Moore's capabilities.

"He Who Gets Slapped," however, I enjoyed for another reason—I think it the most perfectly directed photoplay I have ever seen.

For its wonderfully human and sympathetic comedy, I liked "The Narrow Street," with its humorous touches bordering so close to pathos.
I close "The tears I have delicacy the personal Walthall recently. I know its little him, first pity a adore Nation."

Perhaps, after all, I am slightly cynical, however, for I did enjoy "The Last Laugh" and "The Snob. These two pictures had a polished luster and a satirical veneer that delighted me. I still find myself chuckling over their subtleties. In these, the stories, acting, and direction all merited high praise.

Corinne Griffith

The screen's greatest achievement, from my viewpoint, is "The Birth of a Nation." One scene that I shall never forget was that of the little Colonel's return to find his family in dire distress. When Mae Marsh stood in the doorway, with Henry B. Walthall gazing down at her—what poignant tragedy there was in that simple scene, the most human touch ever caught on the screen.

Of recent films, John Gilbert's work in "The Snob" delighted me most. "Charley's Aunt" is a joy. I have no recollection of laughing harder. "The Lost World" interested me because of its fantastic element.

Walter Hiers

Maybe all fat men really are good-natured. I'm pretty easy to suit, and almost any picture that has plenty of comedy, some tears and a few thrills pleases me.


And "Barbara Frietchie" because of its wonderful romance—and fat men, who are unloved, according to the old adage—enjoy romance immensely.

Perhaps none of my selections will be named by the critics as among the "ten best," but I liked them anyway.

Irene Rich

Perhaps I should base my approval of pictures on technical merits, but I cannot. After eight years of close association with the films I am still at heart a movie fan.

I prefer pictures in which I like to imagine myself playing. They are usually of a type diametrically opposed to those in which I am cast. "North of 36," for instance—every moment was packed with thrills. I would love to swim and ride and shoot game. But I must enjoy my adventure second-hand, via the screen, in kinship with so many fans.

My critical taste must be awfully poor, for the majority of the reviewers differed with my approval of Gloria Swanson's "Wages of Virtue." I adore it. I also liked "Smoldering Fires." Ernst Lubitsch's direction caused me to see "Forbidden Paradise" twice. It had a suavity and skill that entranced me.

Alice Terry

I admire brilliant men and women who are not content to follow the beaten path. Perhaps this feeling is responsible for my placing "Forbidden Paradise" and "He Who Gets Slapped" far above any other pictures I have seen recently. The delightful subtlety of the former is comparable only to that in "The Marriage Circle" and "A Woman of Paris." The effects of many directors to achieve subtlety result only in vagueness. Not so with Lubitsch—he is always definite.

"He" combines a deft sincerity of direction with a marvelous character faultlessly played.

I readily admit there is a possibility of my being biased in my judgment of "Trifling Women" as the best picture of all. You see, my husband, Rex Ingram, made it from his own story and he put his whole heart into it. He made it just because he wanted to, and I know what a personal thing it meant to him, so I may be pardoned for thinking so highly of it.

Mae Busch

Few pictures have been produced which compare with "He Who Gets Slapped" and "The Salvation Hunters." Of the two, the former had the greater interest for me. Seastrom is my favorite director, not only because I have found him delightful to work for but because of his skill in imprinting effects upon the screen with, seemingly, so little effort. Yet, despite this restraint, the emotional tide of "He" gains in crescendo until it fairly sweeps you along with it. I love sea music, because it tears me out of my self-absorption and makes me feel exhilarated and then a little sad. When I see "He," I seem to hear Mendelssohn's "The Hebrides." I don't know exactly why—crashing chords, rolling waters, the soughing of the wind and resounding echoes, followed by the peace of a gentle, melancholy
Over the

Fanny the Fan goes thoroughly foibles and tells of Hollywood's

By The

gether. She will think that I have terrible manners."

"And she won't be alone in that," I commented casually, hardly expecting to get a rise out of Fanny. But I did. With fire in her eyes she demanded to know at once what I was referring to.

"When girls stop to speak to you in a café or hotel lobby it would be nicer if you would introduce the man you are with to them."

Fanny's laugh was hollow and hard. "When it is any one less attractive than John Gilbert I will. But when girls who cannot even see me when I am alone suddenly become effusive over me in the hope of meeting him I just have to fool them. And, incidentally, isn't it wonderful how popular he is? I thought Louis B. Mayer was blinded by a pleasant day-dream when he said that within a year Gilbert would be more popular than Valentino but it begins to look as though his prediction might come true. If Valentino has just a few more rows with whatever company he happens to be working with, people will think of him as a pugilist or debater rather than a matinée idol. Just think, Gilbert has made three or four pictures since Valentino made one. And an autographed picture on the dressing table can hardly keep one's affections constant when a new idol is appearing at the Main Street theater every few weeks.

"John Gilbert is simply determined not to

Lila Lee is back again with her old film-mate, Thomas Meighan.

Photograph by William Potter

Richard Dix looks Frances Howard so well as a leading woman that he'd be content to have her play in all his pictures.

WHO is going abroad to make a picture?" I inquired idly of Fanny the Fan as I found her staggering into the Algonquin, a mammoth steamer basket hanging on her arm.

"No one," she told me, a sob of weariness in her voice.

"But then who on earth is all that for?" The basket seemed to hold everything from a pocket-size phonograph to ten books to read on a desert island and tempting delicacies for invalids. No one save a picture star could inspire such a tribute.

"I know it must look silly," Fanny admitted regretfully and without her usual high spirits, "but you see Pola Negri is going abroad Saturday for a visit and I've been shopping around trying to find just the appropriate bon voyage gift for her. And every time I think I have found it I decide it isn't quite original or smart enough for her and then I go get something else."

"And now the only thing for you to do is charter a ship and send all of them to the starving orphans or something like that."

"I suppose so," Fanny spoke with resignation. "I cannot decide which is worse—to send her something she won't want or simply to ignore her departure alto-
play any more great lover rôles. Says they make him feel foolish and I don't wonder. But he will have to get awfully good parts if he is going to hold the ga-ga girls without any hectic love interest. He may do 'The Guardsman'—the play Alfred Lunt is playing on the New York stage. It would be a glorious part for him because it is the story of a matinée idol who suspects that his wife is not true to him. To test her love he makes himself up as a Cossack officer and carries on a flirtation with her. When the flirtation has gone as far as the censors will allow, he removes his make-up and starts to bawl her out. But she is much too clever for him. She says that she recognized him all the time. Mae Busch ought to play the wife. She would make her delightful."

"While you're offering free advice on casting pictures you might hearken to the plea of J. Gordon Edwards," I informed her. "He wants a 1925 model vampire for the Fox picture 'Havoc.' He directed Theda Bara, you know, so the new girl will have to be good to impress him."

"Madeline Hurlock." Determination and finality were in Fanny's voice. "Until Madeline Hurlock is given a big part in a feature picture I refuse even to think of any other candidate. But aside from vampire parts—if I were a director and was looking for talent, I would take a look at the models in 'A Dressmaker from Paris.' I have seen leading women who made less of big parts than they did of bits."

"But speaking of 'A Dressmaker from Paris,' every one is arguing over Leatrice Joy's return to the screen. Many think she ought not to make pictures until she gets thinner; some of us think that her development of poise and tenderness are much more important than the little matter of weight that she has put on."

And to think that frivolous Fanny should ever find soul more important than avaricepois!

"Of course, you have heard about Barbara La Marr," Fanny rattled on. "While she was down South on her vacation she lost about ten more pounds. That makes her half-sister to a ghost. Instead of playing the heroine in 'The White Monkey' she may have to play the monkey if she shrinks any more.

"Do you remember Flora Le Breton?" Fanny asked, and without waiting for any reply went right on to explain who she is. "She is that little English actress who came over here to go into pictures and had a pretty dull time of it. Then she was featured in a play and all New York simply raved over her. She is so dainty and sweet. But now the play has closed and Miss Le Breton still wants to go into pictures. So who but Barbara should step forward and offer her a really big part."

"Of course you have heard that since Elsie Ferguson's play flopped she is coming back to pictures. She will make 'The Phantom Lover' for Vitagraph. The temptation is too great to remark that she may find only a phantom public."

"And somebody told me that Marjorie Rambeau might make pictures again. Of course photography has improved marvelously since the days of her film trials but she ought to remember Lenore Ulric's attempted return to the screen and not try it herself. The screen is for youth, except in the case of Pauline Frederick. And I will trade you almost any ten ingenues for Polly any day."
Since Bebe Daniels' contract with Paramount expires soon, her chief occupation these days is listening to offers from other companies.

"Too late," I mourned with her. "I have heard that she has gone to Australia for a year's stage tour."

"Oh well," Fanny remarked, "then let's see if we can't agitate a revival of 'Madame X.' We must have her with us somehow if only as a measuring stick for younger actresses to grow to."

Fanny wriggled around until I thought her chair would tip over. "I don't see why you always put me where I will have my back to the lobby," she complained—just as though she didn't always take what she wants—chairs or anything else—"when you know that I like to see who is coming in and going out. There has been a regular invasion from Hollywood lately. John Gilbert, Frank Borzage, Eleanor Boardman, King Vidor, and Mae Murray all arrived last week. Miss Murray isn't stopping here though.

"She is going abroad next week for a vacation—and rumor has it, for a divorce. It seems hard to believe that, though. Here it is almost the season for brides and not a single film star has announced her engagement. More of them seem to be contemplating divorce. Dagmar Godowsky is getting one from Frank Mayo but it seems to be that the papers have been full of that for years. May Allison has divorced Bob Ellis."

"But about Mae——" I reminded her, not really caring who divorced who if they just went on making good pictures.

"Oh, she is going abroad to shop and see shows and just get a change from Hollywood. And she is going to talk business to some picture company that wants to give her a young fortune to come to Germany and make a picture. It is on South American capital—some banking syndicate—but the picture is to be made in Germany. I understand that she has two more pictures to make for Metro-Goldwyn but they always shut down their studio for a while every spring, so perhaps they will let Mae skip over and make a picture abroad while they are not producing.

"I would love to see those South American bankers when Mae starts talking finance to them. Perhaps they think they are dealing with a flighty blonde but when she starts talking interest and percentages and overhead they will think she was the real inventor of the Dawes plan.

"Oh well, when the next war is settled she and Gloria Swanson will head the reparations committee. You have heard, of course, that Gloria is to get seventeen thousand five hundred dollars a week under her new contract!"

"I cannot even think that high."

"Oh well, when they see the way money is thrown away in most studios the girls get big ideas. Patsy Ruth Miller has signed a five-year contract with Warner Brothers and you can be sure that she is getting a real salary this time. She learned her lesson when the Goldwyn company signed her at a small salary and then loaned her out to other companies at a big one. In about three years while she was under contract..."
to them she made only two or three pictures for them. And all the time they were making money on her.

"I don't see why long sleeves had to come in style"—Fanny started struggling to get at her wrist watch—"I'm late everywhere I go because it is so much bother to look at the time. But I mustn't be late to-day. I am going backstage to see Priscilla Dean. She is playing part of her latest picture in person, you know. If you don't know what that means I'll try to explain, though the more I explain it to some people the more confused they seem to get. But this is the situation—Priscilla made a picture called 'A Café in Cairo' and she is now making personal appearances in connection with it. Instead of merely coming out and saying, 'You don't know what a pleasure it is to me to meet my public face to face,' she acts a scene from the picture. In the middle of the film the lights flicker out and instead of having the filmed scene before you, the stage is lighted up and there is Priscilla and a leading man in person. She isn't as good on the stage as you would expect. I wish she hadn't done it. But then I would die of the shock if any one ever took my advice.

"Buster Keaton came East to see the opening of his last picture 'Seven Chances.' It must have given him a thrill to see the crowds pour into the Capitol and shriek at his comedy. I wonder what he will do next.

"But I am quite forgetting to tell you the most exciting news of all. Hollywood can now prepare for another invasion—and I only hope that the new invader won't meet as much petty prejudice as Pola Negri did. This one is Vilma Banky, a Continental star signed by Sam Goldwyn when he was in Budapest a few weeks ago. I don't know what she was star of and no one else seems to, but Sam says she is good and perhaps he is right. He is going to give her about two weeks in New York to buy clothes, see shows and learn to speak English, then she is going to the Coast to play opposite Ronald Colman. After one or two pictures with him, if she is as good as they expect her to be, she will be starred. She is a little thing—blond and slim and not particularly foreign looking.

"Isn't it terrible that there are no big picture premiers for her to attend while she is here. Then every one would have a chance to see her. No one will open their big pictures on Broadway now because business at most of the theaters has been poor ever since early spring. The only time you ever see all the picture celebrities now is at stage openings that have some one in the cast that interests them. There is Leon Errol, for instance. Since he made 'Sally,' film people look on him as one of the foremost members of their profession. And every one who worked with him was simply delighted with him. So, of course, every one turned out to see the opening of 'Louie the 14th.' Likewise, the new 'Follies,' with Will Rogers

Continued on page 96
The Observer

Brief Chats with You on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

Better Pictures or Special Attractions

Although the treasurers of many big motion-picture theaters are getting panicky about the small receipts at their houses, additional theaters will be opened next season in almost every city of any size in the United States. This close competition forces theater owners to demand that something be done at once to attract more people to their houses. Unless picture producers develop more Harold Lloyds and Gloria Swansons and other sure-fire box-office attractions, the picture theaters are going to draft high-class vaudeville and special attractions into their theaters to attract patronage. Indeed, some of them have already done so. Julian Eltinge, the female impersonator, and Gilda Gray, the dancer, are the two sensationally successful attractions that have revived sagging box-office receipts in several cities.

It is not particularly gratifying to players in pictures to find that these performers increase business to such an extent that they are worth a guarantee of three thousand dollars a week and a percentage of the profits.

Personal Appearances

The success of these artists—and it must be recalled that in vaudeville any one who isn’t a trained seal is an artist—does not mean that audiences are more eager to see people in person than on the screen. They merely want to see artists do that thing at which they are best. A troupe of motion-picture players, including Bryant Washburn, Anna May Wong, Phyllis Haver and Jack Daughtery have found that out to their sorrow. This group started out to make a country-wide personal appearance tour and instead of raking in lots of money went broke in Des Moines, Iowa, a few weeks after their tour started. Already most of them have returned to the motion-picture studios. It has been pretty clearly established in the last few months that audiences do not care for personal appearances of motion-picture stars unless the stars have something to offer beyond a “Hello, folks.” Among theater owners they are now spoken of as “Poisonal” appearances.

Who Knows Siegfried?

For two years a German motion-picture company has been at work on a beautiful and thrilling transcription of “Siegfried” to the films, of which more is told elsewhere in this issue. This story of the unruly and fearous young warrior and the divine Brunhilde, personifications of the Sun and Spring, should be familiar to every school child. But the producers of the picture have found, alas, that the name of Ziegfield is better known in this country. An exhibitor when approached by the makers of the picture remarked, “And who would be interested in a story about a Broadway musical-show producer?”

Somebody Is Always Kicking

No motion picture, however good, seems able to escape the condemnation of some organized labor society or official board. Police officials started it long ago when the Sennett cops ridiiled them; government authorities kicked when numerous pictures showed representatives of the people accepting bribes; stable owners disapprove of racing pictures which almost invariably are built around the “fixing” of a race, and traveling salesmen have been loud in their condemnation of the scenario writers who think the suit case gentry are always good material for a laugh. The latest protest to be registered comes from an organization of hotel porters in Germany who object strenuously to Emil Jannings’ characterization of a hotel porter in “The Last Laugh,” which Universal is showing with great success in this country. But don’t let that keep you away from it.

Thrills Only for the Movies

Although plays dealing chiefly with sordid and seamy sides of life are flourishing on Broadway, their success will not dictate the type of picture that will dominate the programs of next season. All of the bigger companies are going in for thrill pictures. Physical action, around which the early motion pictures were chiefly built, is again coming into its own and many a director has already chucked his mail-order course in psychology into the waste basket.

The Big Successes

The only motion pictures which have achieved notable success of late on Broadway are “Charley’s Aunt,” “Oh, Doctor,” and “Lady of the Night.” Talents notice that two of these are long comedies. It was only about two years ago that exhibitors said that comedies more than two reels in length would never be popular. Some of them still maintain that a girl star can succeed only in sexy melodramas. I wonder if they have ever heard of Colleen Moore?

A Former Contributor Returns

Old readers of Picture-Play Magazine will be delighted in seeing the name of Emma-Lindsay Squier in this issue. Miss Squier, whose magazine work began when she sold her first article to us six years ago, has since made a big reputation by her stories about animals, as well as by her fiction. It was during a recent visit to New York that her old interest in the studios and in the players impelled her to look up some of those she had known in the past, and as a result we are to have a series of interviews by her. In this issue she tells you about her chat with Richard Dix. Next month she will tell you about Myrtle Stedman.
Richard is (Very Much) Himself

And that means that he is much more human and likable than he has appeared in some of the roles assigned to him.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

A

n editor once told me that any manuscript beginning, "It's a far cry—et cetera," went automatically into the wire basket marked "Rejected."

I can sympathize with those unfortunates who make the fatal blunder, for there are times when nothing else seems to fit the subject matter of your story. There are times when it is a far cry from something to something else, and that's that.

All this by way of prefacing my own feeling that it is a distant howl—no editor could take exception to that—from the writing of animal and Indian stories to the concoction of screen interviews. There has been a hiatus of several years between my one-time familiarity with things cinematical, and my present feeling of strangeness in a motion-picture studio. It might be compared to drinking a glass of 1860 port. Old stuff, with a new kick.

I had the same shock that every visitor to a studio feels when, under the blue-green Cooper Hewitts I saw my face turned to a haggard sea-sick green, ornamented with rich purple lips and pink eyes. There was all the thrill of novelty in the clicking of the camera, a new feeling of wonder at the prevalence of the studio musicians who were ready to furnish emotional music for a prize fight, a love scene, or a business office episode.

It was at the Famous Players-Lasky studio in New York, and I had been asked to interview Richard Dix, who was in the midst of filming "The Shock Punch." I was rather prepared in advance to like Mr. Dix, for "I knew him when"—to quote the current phrase—he was playing leads with the Morosco stock company in Los Angeles. In those days he was popular, not only with the theater fans but with every member of the company as well. He had the reputation of being always in good humor, on friendly terms with every one, and of doing the square thing under all circumstances.

I am glad to say that he hasn't changed. Fame and stardom have not increased the size of his lat hand. He possesses an exuberant sense of humor that hits on all six early in the morning, and is with him until he packs it into the dream kit at night. Even on the day I saw him, with his eyes rather weary looking from the baleful effects of the Klieg lights, having worked the whole day previous, and late into the night, he could still smile spontaneously, and jump into the middle of the interview as if it were the one thing he had been wanting to do for weeks and weeks.

"Well, now," he jibed, sinking down into the canvas chair marked with his name, "you can say that I wasn't born in a log cabin, so I couldn't be president. I was born in a brick house, so they had to make a movie actor out of me."

His director signaled to him relentlessly. Mr. Dix rose with no suggestion of weariness, even though he had just finished telling me of the gruelling grind of the past few days.

"Just a minute," he said, "I must go and give another masterpiece to a waiting world."

Then he went up the steps to the balcony set with the light, springy step that is characteristic of him. You can tell from the way he walks that he is an athlete, trained down to the last ounce of bone and muscle.

Continued on page 92
Looking on with An Extra Girl

She is given an opportunity to work in a college-life comedy at the Lloyd studio, where she finds that all is fun and that Harold and his gang are not snobbish to the extras.

By Margaret Reid

UNLIKE the stars, most of whom know pretty definitely that their work is going to be fairly steady and continuous for a year or so, at least, we extras seldom know from one week to the next whether we are going to have work or not. I had just finished a short engagement, and the old question, "Where next?" at once arose.

Lasky's? Nothing seemed to offer there, except for Mexican types. Only chorus-girl types were needed at Metro-Goldwyns. At the other casting offices it was the same old story, "Not a thing now; maybe in a week or ten days."

I had visions of a barren week of regretting the wanton extravagance of the last hat I had purchased, when an idea suddenly occurred to me. Why it had not occurred before might be explained by the fact that the star I thought of makes only two or three pictures a year, and even then seldom uses extras. But Harold Lloyd was making a comedy of college life and unless his casting director had some preconceived idea of a college type that misfitted me, I might yet wear my new hat with justifiable pride and satisfaction.

I rushed out and caught a trolley which takes Fordless extras to the Lloyd studio. Arriving there, my first impression was that I was too late, as the place seemed to be burning up. From the big glass-covered stage thick clouds of smoke were rolling upward, pierced by wicked tongues of flame. This alone would have caused me no alarm, for in Hollywood nearly every murder, fire, or battle usually has a camera thirty feet or so behind it. But from every corner of the lot men were rushing, shedding their coats as they ran, and shouting hoarsely above the low roar of the flames and the crash of falling glass and timber. For blocks around work was abandoned and crowds of curious natives surged around the walls.

The gate leading from the outer office was deserted. After cautiously waiting until the main attraction seemed to be subsiding, I slipped through. Inside was pan- demonium—no one knew where he or any one else was going. The fire apparatus was ploughing through the smoking, drenched wreck of the stage and what gaunt shreds were left of the pretty set inside. The main structure was saved but the set was sadly ruined.

Gaylord Lloyd—Harold's brother and casting director for the company—indicated it.

"There goes your job," he said. "It's not my fault it went up in smoke! That was the ball room set we were getting ready for. But they're putting men to work on it right away—so it won't be long before we're ready again. Yes, we can use you."

A few days later my call came and I hauled the old evening dress from out the enshrouding pillow case. This was one of the few companies spoken of in awed whispers by the extras as "paying well." You did not have to browbeat the company into paying ten dollars for evening-dress stuff. It was straightforward and generous in all its dealings—and very popular among the extra talent.

When we arrived and hung about in chatting groups outside the stage the next morning, Harold Lloyd's
huge tan car was already parked and Harold was ready to work. No temperamental gestures here—and even less were demonstrated later. Harold could not disappoint his most rabid fan. He is a "regular!"

Inside we found the set—a portion of the lobby and the big ballroom of a hotel. The cameras were already placed and the orchestra—in red and white blazers—tuning up.

Great care had been taken in choosing the people for this scene. While many were regular extras of a youthful type, some had been secured from the holidaying college crowds ready for a lark. One of them was Bud Ralston—Jobyna's brother, who was intently serious on all sorts of tricky dancing steps. Dancing with him was Iona Marlowe—the little soft-eyed sister of June Marlowe, one of last year's baby stars. Gaylord Lloyd's bride, Barbara Starr, was also among them—a plump, pretty girl with remarkable eyelashes.

Everybody was young, happy, and rather excited. The novitiates because the novelty was enchanting, the professionals because a run of several days' work had been promised. They hardly seemed conscious of the cameras, so intent were they on the party.

Comedy making is purported to be such a dreary, serious business. Maybe it is at the Chaplin studio, where it is said the czar of comedy sits silent in a corner for days at a time waiting for an idea to strike. But in the Lloyd company fun and laughter seem to come easily. Even in the serious moments—which are when the camera is grinding—they are never far from the surface.

Maybe one reason for this is that every one in the whole outfit is young and not overly inclined to take himself seriously. Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor—whose gray hair alone belies his twenty-eight years—are the co-directors, and their greatest worry seems to be in dragging Harold away from the hand-ball courts when he's needed on the set.

The production manager, who usually can be spotted on the side lines by his glum misery when some one breaks a prop cup, is a snif-}

—because of his seriousness at work—"David Wark" Golden. It is not like a producing unit under the
Looking on with An Extra Girl

The greatest male drawing card of the day. But just Harold's gang — friends tried and true, unchanging through the years, and squabbling mightily and briefly as boys will.

The first scenes were of the dance — with balloons tossing and serpentine shooting over our heads. A tiny, piquant, little thing, with long, brown curls falling over her trim maid's costume, was helping one of the prop boys throw the serpentine into the scene. She was as earnest as if this were what she drew her check for — and she was Jobyna Ralston, the leading lady.

Nobody was "Ritzing" us — nobody was threatening us. The music was irresistible. All we had to do was dance and hoot and cavort — making general rough house. Contrary to the usual custom, the music was kept up between shots. Burlesque dances were given by the more gifted players, while an audience formed a circle and alternately cheered and hissed.

At one end an impromptu football games commenced with a red balloon. This was shattered in the first tackle so a boy was stationed to replace the ball as they broke. Red Golden, the demonstrant at his heels, swore that the next boy who smashed a balloon would not be called back the following day — and then deliberately turned his back when the next one exploded.

Harold — the image of his pictures in make-up — made his appearance with a rather dilapidated bath robe thrown over his dinner clothes. He snatched Jobyna from a cross-word puzzle and whirled her onto the floor. They danced three steps, then walked three steps, then danced again and so on — with serious faces. Goodness knows how long they would have kept it up, had not Red called — as if to some recalcitrant school boy — "Hey — c'mon, Harold. We're ready to shoot! C'mon — hurry up!" And the popular comedian ran over to the side lines, shed his bath robe, submitted restlessly while a prop boy brushed him, and jazzed up to the camera in a sliding step to the orchestra's "Tea for Two."

It was impossible to be depressed or weary. Every one, even extras who, on other sets, would sit — sit in bored dolour, seemed imbued with a crazy recklessness that was eminently suited to the scene. It was difficult for us to stop. Even when the noon whistle blew, announcing lunch, the orchestra was begged to play "All Alone" just once more. The crowds that surged out to lunch were typical of nothing but those you see around a coed university on the day of the game. The little Fords that took them up to various boulevard restaurants were almost invisible for the yelling, waving figures they bore. Props had been borrowed from the Lloyd company, and every car had at least two festive balloons or paper what-you-call-'ems or horns.

"Frank's," famous for its French cooking, was invaded but the line already waiting was too discouraging. The famous Montmartre and its coffee shop beneath were also tried, but working people who have just one hour for lunch cannot fritter it away in waiting for tables. I finally landed at the exclusive Hollywood Athletic Club, whose house-guest list reads like a blue book of the screen.

At lunch in the long, beautifully dim room I saw Constance Bennett, Alec Francis, Hobart Henley, Emory Johnson, Paul Bern — and Ronald Colman. He looked perfectly devastating as usual, and although I had not talked with him much in "The Sporting Venus," I hoped desperately that he might remember me. But he didn't.

When we got back to the studio, Harold had discarded his coat, collar, and glasses and was playing a vigorous game of hand ball in one of the courts he has built. In the adjoining court Jobyna was playing a skillful game that revealed practice. The mania seems to have spread through the whole company; it's the only thing that is saving them from too acute cross-word puzzling. They seem to be madly devoting themselves to one or the other all the time — and as long as leaders of the profession can find pleasure in pastimes like these the industry is pretty safe.

Back on the set Jobyna, who is a genuine, real-life ingénue, was nursing a doll she had been having some publicity stills taken with. This is the only company I know of where extras dare chat with principals without being, in varied degrees, frozen. An informal group surrounded Jobyna. Harold joined it with his smile that is, in real life, more shy than breezy. Jobyna immediately beseeched him to admire the beauty of the doll, which was a replica of a six-months-old baby.

"Why," exclaimed Harold disgustedly, "our baby

Continued on page 98
HAVING been touched with the magic fairy dust of "Peter Pan," Esther Ralston and Mary Brian are now working hard in the opportunities which that picture opened to them.
FLORENCE VIDOR has been called the most beautiful, the most refined, the most conventional actress in pictures. But she remains serene and unburdened by the responsibility of all those superlatives.
THERE is something so cute about Marian Nixon that you don't have to wonder why she has been progressing so rapidly. She makes an unusual but popular foil for Western stars.
It took Helen Lee Worthing a long time to follow the traditional path of "Follies" beauties, but now that she has become absorbed in screen acting you may expect to see her often.
GRETA NISSEN is an interesting personality from Sweden who seems to have golden days ahead on the American screen. Famous Players gave her a contract before she made even one picture here.
Upon finishing "The Charmer" Pola Negri sailed for a vacation in Europe. It will be interesting to see what it does for this flaming continental actress who has been so dimmed in Hollywood's restricted atmosphere.
SINCE coming back after scaring every one with talk of her retirement Leatrice Joy has settled down to serious, hard work and promises no intermission between pictures. She is now on "Grounds for Divorce."
EVEN if you aren't a misfit we think you'll feel all the
pregnancy and the heartbreak in the story which Lou-
ise Fazenda tells so frankly and bravely on the opposite
page.
An Ugly Duckling Becomes a Swan

It wasn't always easy for Louise Fazenda to have to sit back and see the prettiest girls getting all the attention, during her comedy days; but with more serious work and matured understanding she has attained contentment for herself, and a deep sympathy for every girl who is a wallflower in the dance of life.

By Myrtle Gebhart

To the thousands of girls who feel they are misfits, this article is dedicated.

To the girls who, like Louise Fazenda, are acutely sensitive under a surface of awkwardness, whose hearts long for an understanding companionship, whose tragedy is that they are not beautiful and popular.

Poor, crumpled, self-tortured wallflowers whose fine inner bloom of character is too seldom seen, you have a champion in Louise. She has known every agony that you have known when you have seen the prettiest girls flattered with attentions, when you have tried so hard in one way or another to win popularity and failed so miserably.

With Louise, the hurt goes even deeper, because her environment makes the fact that she is not physically beautiful all the more striking.

I want to say a few words about Louise, first, and then I shall let her tell those of you who don't know how it feels to be a misfit.

There is nobody like Louise. She is unique. A very difficult girl to know—and she will tell you the why of that—but one with a great wealth of character when you eventually win her friendship and learn to understand her.

I have never known her intentionally to hurt any one. She is generosity, plus. I have seen too many instances of how her big heart beats so humanly attuned to others' suffering ever to believe her capable of meanness or stinginess. I have seen her cry over others' problems, then set about in her practical way to right them. Trouble is no factor to her when she can please a friend. Though she is parsimonious in buying things for herself and always chooses the sensible, prosaic things, despite her craving for beauty which underlies her outward bluntness, she lavishes gifts upon those she loves.

The following thoughts were not expressed in any one interview. Bit by bit she has opened her heart to me, through almost four years of friendship. When I told her that I wanted to pass on to you the experiences that have been hers, I had to beat down that wall of self-consciousness, that fear of ridicule which hedges in the real Louise Fazenda.

I had to do it gradually. The only way to handle Louise in matters that touch her heart closely is with patience. When she is stubborn, you can't budge her. She claims that she is "as hard as a railroad spike." But that is the Louise that she wears on the surface—an armor of steel as self-protection against a world sometimes unconsciously but again very often deliberately and intentionally, cruel.

If you are interested only in the glamorous personalities, don't bother to read this. But, one thing we ask of you—Louise and I—please don't laugh. That's the tragedy of her life—and, too, the means whereby she has to an extent conquered her
enemy, self-consciousness. Here, then, is the story, as she has told it to me:

The movie public is kind enough to applaud my comic antics. When I sit in a darkened theater and hear the people laughing at my screen reflection, I experience a curious mingling of sensations.

First, the sensitive hurt that has been both a curse and a blessing to me, that has made me miserable and yet has enabled me to get a great deal out of life.

Then there wells up in me a profound gratitude for the movies and their fans. The movies have been a godsend to me. They have given me financial inde-

Cinderella of the ashes, making people laugh, and all the while envying the other girls.

pendence, the translation of a handicap into an asset, which has given me certain contentment in my work when I have realized that some other forms of happiness were not for me. And they have given me that glorious feeling of being of some account for brightening other people's lives a little.

From my very childhood, I've been a misfit. I'm not pretty or graceful; I haven't the personality that stands out attractively. Though I read a lot and think and have my own ideas about books, I never could converse with intellectual and spontaneous brilliance. I haven't one single trait that is of value socially.

Being a wallflower hurts until you grow to appreciate its compensations. It was because I realized some years ago that I couldn't expect the flattering attentions that the prettier girls consider their logical right, that I began to save my money. Financial independence, I saw, would virtually mean self-protection.

Though the tribute to beauty was denied me by the contrariness of nature, I could win respect—and a feeling of security—by success. By saving money, I could free myself from worry as to my future.

While, for this very reason, I have been working hard. I have tried to build a little corner of life for myself, which would not be dependent upon outside influences. By reading and thinking a lot, threshing out my opinions with myself, by taking up hobbies. We've no idea what hidden wells we have inside of us, until we are thrown upon our own resources and learn to depend upon ourselves for companionship.

They call me a "lone wolf." I don't run much in crowds, because it's very hard for me to let people get acquainted with me. That's a bad trait, I know, but I haven't been able entirely to overcome it. I never could make friends easily, in a light, yet personal, manner. Something in me just ruffs up and rebuffs too sudden attempts at intimacy. I have a few very dear friends, but I want to pick them myself and take a long time to get to know them. If they can't stand the tests of time and of waiting, I solace myself with the reminder that they could never understand me or add anything to my life.

No matter where I am, whether among people or by myself, I am never lonely. I read or sew or write out my moods, or tidy up or get out my treasures and look at them—odd things I've picked up when I felt I could afford them, pewter mugs, Japanese prints, 1830 samplers, china ducks, and odd, cracked, beveled mirrors. They may contain some pieces of value but I bought them because they attracted me when I found them in dumby, dusty, little shops. I'm always poking around cobwebby places and my varied collection probably wouldn't interest any one but a crazy sort of person like myself.

"Louise isn't pretty, but she is so healthy!"

Those words have stalked me since my babyhood, and I suppose they will be inscribed in the past tense on my tombstone.

If just one human would fail to comment that I look healthy, I'd be eternally grateful. The fact that
I am as strong as an ox has been a blessing to me during my hard work—but who wants to look at just a healthy girl?

It seems so odd, too, that I should be an ugly duckling, for my mother was a beautiful girl and is still a very handsome woman. Friends used to ask, “Can this be Nellie’s child?”

I first remember having those apologetic words fastened on me when I was about three. We had moved West when I was a baby, and I grew up in Los Angeles. They used to have flower parades—floats beautifully decorated and pretty children throwing roses to the crowd. I watched those dainty rose angels up there in clouds of pink and longed to be one of them.

With the granting of my wish came my first hurt.

One little girl was ill and they put me in her place at the last minute. Of course, I was enjoying my usual good health! They dressed me in a fluffy, pink tarlatan and I thought I was the grandest thing, though my knees knocked together with fright.

My moment of triumph was brief. When the parade was passing down Hill Street, I tried to stand on one toe and pirouette as the other children did so prettily. And I toppled over.

Fortunately I fell onto a soft blanket of roses. But my hair got tangled with the stems of the flowers, and my ribbon was all awry—and I lost a shoe. As the float lurched on, I scrambled back to my place, and my efforts to pull myself up onto the top shelf again must have been ludicrous, for the crowds banking the sidewalk simply howled. All I remember after that was how mortified I was, with the other children giggling at me.

As my mother helped my father in his work, I was left much to the care of my grandmother. They put me in kindergarten early to keep me from running wild. I was so active and full of energy that I had to be occupied or I would run away and explore the town—blocks from home.

Once the neighborhood kids were putting on a show, “Lulu and Leander.” They wouldn’t let me be beautiful Lulu but said I could be Leander. I refused, heatedly. I was so lonely, standing outside, watching the children troop into the tent. Out of spite, I started an opposition show, climbing trees and doing jumps and flops. I collected the pins before starting each performance and soon had more pins than my competitors, with their dressed-up acting show!

At school I first became poignantly conscious of that difference which has been such a factor in my life. My grandmother made my clothes and, dear soul, she had just come from the old country and didn’t know how American children dressed. My stockings were always coming down, or my petticoats showing, or something, and everything was of heavy, coarse material, not dainty and fluffy. The youngsters would laugh at my awkward, shamed efforts to fix myself right.

Once a little girl offered to help and I’ll never forget the fury that gripped me. I replied loftily that I knew what I was doing, and she got mad. That child couldn’t understand that with all my soul I wanted her to show me how to look pretty and cute as she did but that my fierce pride wouldn’t let me admit my ignorance.

It is a long time before we can smile over those little tragedies.

Later I asked that same girl’s aid, when I had learned that the best thing to do is to confess your lack and accept help. She taught me how to pull my hair down over my forehead. Did you ever see anybody with a forehead like this? Look! Intellect? Well, I hope it’s good for something—it certainly has been an eyesore to me all my life. It’s inches too high and it sticks out like the hook on a question mark. It makes me look inquisitive—and I’m not. [Continued on page 94]
When a Pic in Los

There are premiere showings never to be forgotten events, selves, these must be selected

By Norbert

expenses with the theaters, that sponsor openings, not the stars. Every picture is "great" or a "flop" in the parlance of the studios. And the monetary cost of a flop seems never to be foreseen when its preliminary publicity is ordered by the producer. Hence the string of overplayed openings.

Yet if a producer is active in a colony of persons who think, talk, see and live pictures and little else, it is small wonder that he yields to the common passion for exploiting his fellows' first sight of his latest confection.

By some unfathomable process of deduction the latest just can't help being his best. It is to make the greatest number of persons share this belief that he splurges on his opening. It is not for the primary purpose of giving anyone a good time. If by chance he privately thinks the new picture is not quite a masterpiece he most likely orders that its opening be made all the bigger. Often a producer deludes himself with the notion that in spite of his picture's shortcomings, its first night's excitement will be communicated to audiences sitting in their homes idly wondering where next to go, and of course to every theater owner in the country. And so—big profits and big openings, more of them. His trustful optimism is that of a child who believes in Santa Claus, or the self-confidence of a gambler who thinks himself fortune's own pet.

The vanity which inspires many of these elaborate premieres is another story altogether. It has to do with rivalry, the desire to outshine other picture people. Because this is a phase of ego not confined to the movies it is more easily understood. First nights themselves are difficult to understand. Moreover, many of them are unpardonable because they are calculated attempts to misrepresent, to deceive.

What really is the nature of these festivities that I should so snort about them? Perhaps you think the Los Angeles public loves to attend openings. If you were a star out there you would adore the thrill of applause as you stepped from your scented limousine. Maybe you opine thus. If you do, the error of your ways must be gently—and fully—shown you.

Many who cannot obtain a seat at some of the big openings manage to see the stars as they enter the theater.

IT is not unlikely that a great many ardent lovers of the screen and its celebrities often wish, upon reading glamorous accounts of this or that big opening of some famous production, that they might live in Los Angeles, in order to be present at such gala events.

Could this wish be gratified, there are certain openings in that city which would bear out all that the most fervent fan might anticipate. Of these I shall speak later on.

But if you are contemplating a trip to the film capital it is well that you should know that, beside picking your pictures, you should pick your openings if you wish to get the full realization of all that a really great picture opening can be. For some of them would prove disappointing.

A lively, leaping optimism is part and parcel of the toilers in the cinema vineyard—that, and vanity. I hasten to say that it is the producers, sometimes sharing
ture Opens Angeles

at the film capital which are but, like the pictures them-
with care to be satisfying.

Lusk Photos by J. C. Milligan

In the first place, the satiated Los Angeles public does not jam all of these first nights. If screen celebrities always tramped into any theater that happened to be showing a picture for the first time, no especial effort would have to be made to get them there. But vacant seats stand out like missing teeth, stars are noticeable by their absence and distraught minions are in a last-minute frenzy. All because their employer has chosen to forget that people can be bored by that which happens too often. It is the routine opening frantically whipped into something that passes for a gala event that I have to do with now. This brings us to the ballyhoo, the mechanics of its execution and the naive futility of it.

Ten thousand dollars is not an unusual amount to spend on a first night. I have known this sum to be allotted to an ordinary picture. Noisy efforts were made to palm it off as a miracle of entertainment but the public decided otherwise. In spite of all that was done, the picture ran a week to dwindling houses. If this was not an example of money thrown away as well as proof that the public is skeptical rather than gullible, just ask the theater men—and those who saw this program film grandiloquently described as “a glorious panorama of American history.” It is scarcely necessary to remark in passing that it was nothing of the sort.

For weeks in advance of the opening a corps of workers scurried around the city ordering flaming posters of a somewhat misleading nature; devising “tie-ups,” meaning, in this instance, that various contests were arranged, such as “essays” by school children; the inmates of an old soldiers’ home were involved in the whole thing on the score of patriotism, and a tired little woman won an automobile for doing something to further the cause of publicity. All of which be-tokened clever work and no end of physical energy on the part of the young men who were well paid for the task. I mention these details not because they are exceptional but because they make up a typical opening; and also because such expenditures show where the money goes prior to the actual first night. Only this first night was rather less successful than most. Let us consider what the world première of this picture yielded in return for the money spent. Again you are reminded that the occurrences on the night in question were typical and the box-office receipts on succeeding nights did not indicate a classic fiasco.

A brass band stationed outside the theater on a bus decorated with bunting disclosed appropriate airs. Arc lights focused upon the theater entrance so fiercely illuminated the pavement that not even an ant could have crawled past unseen. But timid ants were not expected. What stars might come must be seen in all the glory of youth and beauty and success. The crowd waited. Whereupon a dainty robin’s egg-blue car drew up. Out of it squeezed a fat, pompous actor and you can’t tell me his rigid torso didn’t mean corsets. His yellow smile won no salvo of applause from by-

standers. They did not recognize him.

Continued on page 106
Among Those

Brief sketches of some of the most

her an average of sixteen dollars a week, enough to sustain her until Bob McIntyre of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, scouting for promising talent, astonished her by presenting her with a contract. Following minor rôles, she was given a real opportunity in “Escape.”

ON HIS OWN

In spite of his heritage of theatrical tradition, it has taken Arthur Rankin several years to earn recognition in the movies. Inherited glory often focuses attention upon young talents, regardless of their own merits. But to the motion-picture public the glamorous names of the stage mean little.

So the fact that he comes of the illustrious Rankin and Drew families was no tremendous asset in Arthur’s cap when he set out to carve a name for himself in the movies. The son of Harry Davenport and Phyllis Rankin, the grandson of McKee Rankin, related to the late Sidney Drew and to the three Barrymores, he was surrounded upon all sides by theatrical achievement. Their attainments, however, had been mostly confined to the stage.

His apparent youth also has been a handicap. Though his years are mature, time neglects to set its mark upon him and he continues to be cast, against his wish, as a juvenile. His ambition is to play deeply dramatic rôles similar to those acted by his famous relatives.

Upon occasion this longing is satisfied to a degree, as when he is permitted to play a sympathetic character such as he essays in “Sun Up,” the dope-crazed youngster of “Yellow Faces,” an F. B. O. production, or the crippled French soldier of “The Dressmaker from Paris.”

But too often his dramatic eagerness must be curbed within the restrictions of ingenuous, untested youth. Even in these rôles, however, he reveals a spark of that inbred talent.

His favorite pastime is whippet racing, and he never tires of showing the ribbons that his miniature greyhound, “Stromboli,” has won.

NOT WHAT YOU’D EXPECT

VIVIAN RICH scarcely fulfills one’s expectations of a serial heroine, for she is a quiet, unobtrusive young woman whom one could never imagine as the feminine prize of those blood-curdling thrills. Yet, strangely enough, in this she resembles almost all queens of the black-and-blue drama, who are unostentatious girls, leading quite uneventful lives.

To be sure, she is not a permanent serialite, but appears in the chapter-thrillers periodically. Her latest is “Idaho” with Mahlon Hamilton, which Pathé
Present

interesting people in pictures.

will release, and in most of the episodes of which she plays a boy. She was starred for a time by Fox and has had a varied movie career packed into a very few years.

Miss Rich was born in Boston and carries the Back Bay influence still in her culture and charm of manner. She is a sensible sort of person with no ideas or theories or fads off the beaten path of convention. Contrary to most of feminine Hollywood, she welcomes rainy days and loves to walk, carrying an umbrella, and does her own marketing. In her leaf-brown eyes there is much humor which seems to be saying, "Why make a fuss over this movie business? It's as ordinary as anything else when you get on familiar terms with it."

PLUCK WON OUT

A PLUCKY kid," they called Lola Todd during her apprenticeship in Universal repertoire. For everybody knew that Lola had left school to work that she might help out the sadly afflicted family finances. And Lola knew, the same as everybody else, that she lacked the first bit of knowledge concerning the technique of acting, and had to learn by the bitter route of mistakes.

Her cleverness in designing gowns had attracted the notice of Harry Collins, who had given her some opportunity to execute her ideas in his New York dressmaking establishment. An official for Universal, seeing in her youth and prettiness possibilities for screen development, offered her a trial, and she accepted with the intention of saving enough money by working in the movies for a while to continue her study of art abroad later.

Being in stock with a large concern that turns out a vast number of films varying in type is no sinecure. Lola played in serials and Westerns and comedies, all sorts of characters, and at first was rather awful. Corrections she took in good spirit, pathetically grateful for every bit of help. Experience improved her work and recently she was offered, and accepted, a five-year contract to play leads, postponing still further her belated art studies. The Wampas have chosen her one of their Baby Stars of 1925.

She is a quiet little thing who seldom has much to say but who uses her brain to advantage in studying and improving her work. She wants, more than anything, to play vampire roles, but at present gives her best to whatever is offered her. The boys on the "U" lot all root for her and pick her as a "comer."

THE FACE ON THE WALL

If you want to get into the movies, come to Hollywood, have your family buy a home and sell it to a director. But be careful to leave a photograph of yourself on the wall.

That method—unintentional though it was, with no thought of fame to follow—served to interest Emory Johnson in pretty Martha Sleeper. He saw a youthful charm in the sweet, childish face and, locating her through the real-estate agent, gave her a role in "The Mail Man."

At fifteen, Martha faces interesting opportunities. She is of theatrical parentage and as a child danced in Russian ballet and with Gloria Gould. Further youthful exploits included the winning of a swimming contest and of a tennis cup. And now Hal Roach is preparing to feature her in a series of short comedies concerning the adventures of a slavey type. She is the youngest girl to be paid such signal honors on a comedy lot in recent years, but Roach has confidence in her ability.

Martha, who is a lovely youngster with light-brown hair and hazel eyes, says ingeniously that her hobbies are eating ice cream and reading the fan magazines. She is quite, quite mad about the movies and thrilled at being in them.

And she is very glad that she forgot to take that picture down when their house was sold.
Among Those Present

The Man Who Sold Himself

PERSONALITY has done for John Roche what endeavor fails to accomplish for many. At each step from choir boy in the town of Penn Yan, a pin-point on the map of New York, to featured screen player with a long-term Warner Brothers contract, a charming personality has "sold" him to some one who aided his advancement.

His boyish soprano served in the church choir and in the home-town movie where, at eleven, he sang illustrated songs. A scout for Conway's Band chanced to hear him and engaged him for a tour. Returning, he found employment singing at the Hotel Seneca, in Rochester, where Charles Dillingham happened to hear him. An engagement in support of Elsie Janis for two years followed.

Musical study in Europe after his war service developed his talent and upon his return he headlined in vaudeville. Again his charm of personality found an interested buyer and a season in musical comedy resulted. Next, Monta Bell, now a director, was impressed with his engaging manner and gave him splendid repertoire experience with a Washington stock company. David Belasco dropped into the theater at a friend's insistence, saw Roche, and signed him for the rôle of Armand Durval in "Deburau." Later he played opposite Doris Keane in "The Czarina." Big-hearted Matt Moore arranged an introduction to a movie nabob.

In the year and a half that he has been in pictures Roche has enjoyed an astonishingly quick advancement. And the noteworthy point about his career is that he never has set out to obtain a rôle for himself. "Kiss Me Again," Ernst Lubitsch's next production, presents him as a French pianist.

John Roche in a number of ways bears a resemblance to Jack Gilbert. The same dark handsomeness, wavy, black hair and glowing, vibrant eyes; the same impetuosity and rush of vitality. He has, however, more of boyish eagerness and idealism.

The Life of the Party

MATURE lovers of the theater will welcome the arrival of Trixie Friganza in pictures. For years she has been a popular star in musical comedy and in vaudeville, a riotous comedienne. Until recently she never considered the movies, though she has known every one in Hollywood through having lived there between seasons, and through stage associations. But while appearing in a Western stage production she was asked to undertake the rôle of a Spanish mother in Pola Negri's "The Charmer," the picture being a light and gay one, and the rôle demanding comedy.

Trixie's own hair is perfectly white, and they felt after they had called for her that she might not quite suit the rôle. Nevertheless, they made a test with a black wig, and found then that there was no, doubt but that she would qualify in every respect. It so happens that she is really of Spanish descent, her mother's name having actually been Friganza, and the shawls, combs and appurtenances of the Castilian dowager served to bring out to the satisfaction of everybody the Spanish characteristics in her personality.

While working on the picture, Trixie was the life of the party. She and Pola were on the happiest terms, and the pitter and comment that went on between them, for they are both noted for their bright and witty talk, kept everybody in high spirits.

Miss Friganza also worked lately in "Proud Flesh," directed by King Vidor for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and about a year ago she made one of the "Tish" stories by Mary Roberts Rinehart. "I love pictures," she said, "and I'm going to stay in them if they'll only let me. I have had several lovely mother roles all planned out for myself; nice sympathetic, sweet mothers, the kind I've wanted to do all my life, but for some reason they will consider me a comedienne."

An Artist of Distinction

WHEN "The Thief of Bagdad" flashed its imaginative beauty upon the screen, the settings elicited more admiration than any film sets ever had before, and interest was immediately centered upon the young man, William Cameron Menzies, who had been responsible for their compelling
fascination. For eight years, Menzies has been engaged in designing motion-picture sets along the prescribed lines and it was not until Fairbanks gave him an opportunity to execute his original designs that his name came to mean anything, even in studio circles.

The son of a construction engineer, he received a practical foundation of training in architecture, completing his artistic studies in London. The cleverness of his magazine illustrations brought him an opportunity to translate his skill into screen settings.

He has designed the sets for "Rosita," "The Lady," "Cobra," and other notable productions and is now engaged upon evolving picturesque dwellings of the fourteenth century for Valentino's "The Hooded Falcon."

PERSISTENCE WINS

A DESIRE of several years' duration is being gratified with the casting of Freeman Wood, identified with dress-suit rôles, as a Western hero in a new Fox film.

Born to wealth and social prestige—the son of a wealthy real-estate broker of New York City—Wood was educated in private schools and was permitted to indulge his boyhood's hobby of piloting a plane. The confession of his ambition to become an actor met with parental disapproval, but no amount of debating, nor even the gift of a Bleriot monoplane as a peace offering, could dissuade him.

Leaving Columbia, he sought—and failed to find—theatrical opportunity. So he took a position with an architectural firm, studied modeling at night school, and proved sufficiently capable at designing buildings and illustrating to keep the wolf from his door. However, his primary ambition was not lost sight of and eventually he was given his chance with a small stock company at Mount Vernon, New York.

After the war—he served in the Canadian Royal Flying Corps—he listened to his parents' pleas and, instead of returning to the stage, went to work as a machinist at eighty cents an hour. His father's pride that he was "beginning at the bottom and learning an honest trade" he could not share, and when a chuck on a large lathe slipped and, crushed his foot he decided that he would be artistic if he had to starve. Fortunately he obtained a rôle with Grace George in "The Ruined Lady," carrying on a real-estate business as a side line. Several successful seasons on Broadway enabled him to give up trade altogether.

Deciding to try his luck in the movies, he went to Hollywood. It was a year before he landed a job. But he refused extra work, at one time going without food for four days.

Finally a director offered him a dress-suit rôle and in suave, debonair parts he continued—with Mae Murray, Betty Compson and other stars. Only now is his ambition to do more vital parts being gratified.

He is superbly confident. For six months he remained idle rather than lower his salary.

Another evidence of acute obstinacy is his choice of a roost for his home—the topmost peak of Lookout Mountain which soars above Laurel Canyon. Because he is a clever chap, with a fund of humor, he has many friends who defile its location but still trek up that winding, tortuous path to his home.

ANOTHER GLYN DISCOVERY

THOUGH she is a native daughter of California and has been appearing in motion pictures since her childhood, it was only recently, when Elinor Glyn's discerning eye spied her charm, that Jacqueline Gadsden, whose picture is in the center of the page, began to feel confident of success.

She played child rôles in Triangle pictures, leaving the screen for the routine of the three R's. Upon her return she acted bits and small parts in a number of films.

Tall, slender, golden haired, she possessed the qualifications for the camera spotlight—beauty, poise, personality. But Hollywood displays such a parade of pulchritude that she
Among Those Present

complex, and brought out her real personality. She has, of late, played leads in seven Fox productions.

She is quite pretty, with lovely tawny hair, and a newly vibrant personality. Also, for those who are interested in romance, she is engaged to George Melford, the director, whose advice may have been instrumental in the blossoming of the new Diana from the meek little Ruth of yesterday.

The Western White Hope

GIVE us a new Western hero! the fans demanded in their letters to the producers. “Mix and Desmond and Hoxie still hold, but we’d like a new one as well. Get us a boy who can do the stunts; and he must be good looking and have an attractive personality.”

About a year and a half ago this demand was made. There were many youths at hand, but their attention was centered upon the sophisticated drama then beginning to be a vogue.

Bob Custer had come West, driving out, in a spirit of adventure. Of a well-to-do family, educated at the University of Kentucky, he found civil engineering boresome and obeyed Horace Greeley’s advice. He filled the bill—clean-cut, active, and in his early twenties. With practically no preliminary training—amateur theatricals and a few calls as extra hardly count—he chanced to be just the type an independent concern was looking for, and was signed almost immediately to star.

He is considered ideal for the youthful Texas Ranger type—six feet and one hundred and seventy pounds of brawn and muscle—he was a football hero at college—good looking, amiable, with a pleasing personality. And, in addition to these attributes, a restless energy which gives reality to his films of youthful adventure.

He slurs his words in a lazy Southern drawl. His eyes are a blue that can be very humorous—or can glitter like steel. Bob is crazy about the movies and is having the time of his life.

The out-of-door drama seems unlikely to be his stopping point. There is nothing uncouth about him; his heritages are of Southern gentility rather than of the plains; he has the same sort of boyish charm that is Ben Lyon’s. These qualities will, most likely, eventually take him out of the saddle and into the field of drama. But for the present, however, he is thrilled at being called “the Western white hope.”

HE’S TO PLAY

“Lightnin’”

THIS time it is no bright young débutante but a man of three score years who has been lifted out of dark obscurity to play one of the biggest screen rôles of the year! He is Jay Hunt, and the rôle is that of Lightnin’ Bill in the screen version of the famous stage play.

If you have not seen

Continued on page 111

What’s in a Name?

SHAKESPEARE’s adage concerning the nothingness of a name has been disproved again.

Ruth Miller, whose picture is on the opposite page, studied dancing as a child to gain strength after a long illness. She recovered her health and became so skillful that her parents withdrew their objections to a theatrical career and permitted her to dance in a Seattle vaudeville. There Wallace Reid saw her and arranged a movie engagement for her with Paramount. But she was a meek, frightened little girl in those days, and got nowhere at all. There was another Ruth Miller—now known as Patsy Ruth—so Ruth No. 1 dropped from sight for a time, returning as Diana Miller, a self-assured young person. It was the change of name, she claims, which rid her of her humility

was only one among hundreds of aspirants and it was not until Elinor Glyn became impressed with her potentialities that she was given a genuine chance, in “His Hour.” She appeared next in “The Wife of the Centaur,” and most recently in “The Merry Widow.”

Photo by Little
"The Salvation Hunters" Hero

It took him some time to arrive, but he is now well over the top.

By Elza Schallert

In England he was known as Kipps, a great favorite with the filmgoers over there. When he came to Hollywood a little over two years ago, at the suggestion of Chaplin, the only attention he attracted was as a friend of the comedian and the owner of a hilltop grocery store which supplied the needs of some of the film famous. But to-day he is pointed to as the chap who played the boy in that much praised and equally much-maligned picture, "The Salvation Hunters." He is also to-day regarded as one of the big comedy finds of the year.

So far as picture audiences are concerned, his story commences with the making of "The Salvation Hunters." After playing small parts in numerous pictures which seemed to aid little in establishing him as a screen personality, his business acumen told him it would be a very good idea to try his hand at producing. To make a picture, say, on a small and unprenentious scale, relying chiefly on story. He thought he had the story and put the proposition up to a chap named Sternberg, who had been working around the various studios in a technical capacity, and who had always evidenced to Arthur a strong urge to become a director. Sternberg, now known as Von Sternberg, agreed to pool his talents with Arthur's, and direct the story. After reading and discussing it, however, both Sternberg and Arthur decided to discard it and use instead an original of the director's, which is briefly, if vaguely, sketched in "The Salvation Hunters."

The indorsement which the film received from Chaplin, Fairbanks and Mary Pickford on its completion sent it out in a fanfare of glory to an anxious picture world, and though it subsequently met with both loud and bitter denunciation, the publicity it accrued magically turned Mr. Arthur's investment of one thousand dollars into at least thirty times that amount.

He recently was engaged by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer to play an eccentric and sympathetic comedy lead opposite Norma Shearer in "Lady of the Night." His success in this rôle immediately won for him a contract with the producing organization and he just finished doing a similar part in "The Escape," featuring Conrad Nagel and Renee Adoree, the first production, as it happens, of Von Sternberg, who also was signed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company.

The buoyancy and strong individuality of Arthur's work are best expressed in a part such as he played in "Lady of the Night," although it was caught somewhat in a juvenile lead he portrayed several years ago with Mae Marsh, called "Paddy-the-Next-Best-Thing." This was Miss Marsh's first venture abroad.

Those who know Mr. Arthur in the colony, where he lives with his wife, Milba Lloyd, English sculptress, like to remember his delightfully subtle methods of salesmanship when he owned the tiny grocery store up in the Hollywood hills, right in the midst of one of Los Angeles' many and varied religious cults. He facetiously called it "Chain Store No. 1."

Continued on page 112
How the Stars

Famous directors tell of the actresses employ to

By Dorothy

Mary Pickford's hands are unusually beautiful, as well as expressive.

The door of a studio in Hollywood closed softly and a girl moved away, valiantly fighting back a flood of tears. She was young. She was beautiful. About her was that air of refinement which comes only from good breeding and careful schooling. She had arrived in cinema land a few weeks before, radiant with hopes and ambitions for a niche in that alluring world where dreams of screen careers sometimes come true. By strange chance Cecil De Mille had noticed her and ordered a screen test made.

The whole gamut of human emotions she successfully portrayed. Fear, elation, anger, jealousy, hatred, expectancy—all the feelings required to depict upon the silver sheet the progress of plays in pantomime. Her facial expressions were charming. Her eyes seemed capable of mirroring the depths of her very soul and her smile was entrancing. Surely, she was a find!

But she wasn't.

An assistant cameraman voiced the thought of all who saw that screen test taken:

"Love o' Mike, look at them hands!"

The incident is cited because it is typical of hundreds of others which have happened when beautiful young women underwent tests in Hollywood to determine their acting powers. To the novice, the hands and feet are the hardest to control and many aspiring Lotharios have led themselves to secluded spots back of the stu-
Use Their Hands

little tricks and mannerisms add strength to portrayals.

Woodridge

Louise Fazenda’s hands aid her both in comedy and in her serious acting.

dios to wish they “could get rid of the durn things!” Girls and young women aren’t so conscious of the presence of hands or feet but these adjuncts necessary to pantomime constitute an all-fired big problem to aspiring young men.

Reversing this condition, however, every actress who has attained stardom has had some subtle tricks or mannerisms with her hands which have played a most important part in her advancement and directors have been keen to spy them. Who is it that has not noticed the nervous little fluttering of the hands which has distinguished Lillian Gish in all her screen portrayals, and what would a Lillian Gish rôle be without that repeated tap-tap-tapping of her cheeks and chin with her long, tapered fingers! Henry King, director, declares she has the most eloquent hands in the world.

Who knows that Mary Pickford has as beautiful if not the most beautiful hands of any actress on the screen to-day? Possibly not one in a hundred of her most ardent admirers ever noticed it, because her hands seem simply to fall into the position which best expresses the situation she is portraying.

“Miss Pickford was the first, I think, of the early screen players to make the fullest use of her hands in expressing feeling and conveying ideas,” said William Beaudine, who is directing her current production, “Little Annie Rooney.” “There is nothing forced about it. It is all so natural and graceful that it becomes just a part of the

Marie Prevost has humorous hands, according to Ernst Lubitsch.

Pola Negri uses her hands with great effectiveness.

The mannerisms of Mae Murray’s fluttering hands contribute toward her appearance of buoyancy and vivacity.
whole of Mary Pickford. It seems that she couldn't make a wrong or inadequate gesture of any kind. And yet she appears to be totally unconscious of what her hands do in a scene.

Ernst Lubitsch said to me recently that when he studied dramatic art in Europe, he became acquainted with a group of deaf mutes, and the agility and expressiveness of their manual gestures taught him much which he used when he became a motion-picture actor, and later in his direction of others.

"Show me photographs of the hands of actresses who have played in my productions," he said, "and I can immediately tell you to whom they belong."

He went into rhapsodies over the hands of Pauline Frederick and Pola Negri and pointed out the roguishness in the hands of Marie Prevost.

"Pauline Frederick's hands are restless, nervous," he said, "but they are well under control. They never forget that they belong to a woman who has known many things and forgiven much. Only once in a while will they leap up like a flame, fingers spread and upraised, and run through her hair in a gesture of quick resolve or of slow despair. Her hands are marvelously effective.

"And the hands of Pola Negri! Each time I look at them, I think of the title of one of the comedies I made with her abroad. It was called 'The Wildcat' and Pola played the part of a fiery, untamed mountain girl. She was marvelous in that role—full of leaping panther-like grace. The way she used her hands in that picture made them appear like a pair of smooth, lithe cats in themselves, purring and petting, only to scratch and strike at a beguiled prey.

Pola Negri has perhaps the raciest of all hands in pictures, and she possesses that indescribable quality which enables her to say more with a tiny movement of the fingers than others can express with their faces. In addition, she realizes that her hands are the most effective instruments in the art of pantomime and therefore uses them extensively to express all the thoughts and emotions which the medium of her art prevents her from uttering in words."

Lubitsch said that Marie Prevost's hands are humorous hands—hands that poke fun at everything that is taken seriously by the "wise-accrs"—hands that love to play and always seem on the verge of doing something mischievous.

"The hands of Bebe Daniels have the slow, languid movements of sunny Andalusia," Cecil De Mille said to me recently. "That she is of Spanish descent can quickly be judged by the facility with which she handles a fan. You are not conscious of the effect of her hands but it is there as an integral part of the charm which carried her to the front rank of screen celebrities and is helping to keep her there.

"Quite dissimilar are the hands of Leatrice Joy. Her use of them in 'Manslaughter' was an important factor in bringing about her elevation to stardom, and this because of two poses. In one, she appeared as an imperious wealthy beauty, her hands gripping the wheel of a speeding automobile. In the other, her hands were twined about..."

Continued on page 112.
Hollywood High Lights

Projecting impressions of the trend of events in the domain of the studios.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

THEATER owners may as well get busy and supply their patrons with nice hand-painted gold-embossed guides to Who's Who in the Movies, or else what chance will a poor fan have to catch up with all the new personalities and players who are being introduced on the screen this season?

PICTURE-PLAY has been doing its loyal best to make you acquainted with all of them as they arrive, but it is out of the question to keep track of the whims and fancies of the producers. There seems to be the wildest craze for new faces in film history.

We haven't the least idea as yet how it is all going to turn out. Some of the newcomers do look good possibilities. Our highest hopes center just now in Greta Nissen, whose first production, "In the Name of Love," made for Paramount, is just about ready to show. She has signed a contract with the company for a long term on the strength of her performance.

Miss Nissen has the most delicate charm imaginable — personally, and is singularly graceful and pretty—one of the most orchidlike girls, indeed, who has lately come to the studios. She has also had unusual advantages of education in her native country, Sweden, whence hail various other daughters of celebrity.

Refinement appears to be a quality that is deciding many fates now for those coming into the films. Norma Shearer has seemed to set the standard. She has already proved such an immense hit throughout the country that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has readjusted her contract so that it looks almost like one that might be proffered to a Gloria Swanson. Miss Shearer had previously been getting only about three hundred dollars a week under an old agreement with the Louis B. Mayer organization, and her personal popularity has far outdistanced that figure. In fact, even we are surprised at the number of people who go to the movies to see Norma.

Several girls have lately been chosen to play in pictures who were observed by the film scouts on ballroom floors at fashionable and exclusive social gatherings. One or two of them have been induced to enter the films only much against the will of their parents, we have heard—but we don't believe it.

Carole Lombard, who is playing leads in Fox films, was selected under some such auspices. And we understand definitely in her case there was no objection from her family to her camera début.

All of this makes us think that it is going to be a terribly hard summer for some of our best "Follies" beauties, if they have to go in for tea-ing, mah jonging and social small talk to get into the movies. So far, though, they have been holding their own without any very painful effort in the race toward film crowns, laurel wreaths, big-league billing and other more mundane compensations.

The Reason for the Craze.

The riot over salary advances should subside somewhat in the near future. That is apparently what the producers are aiming at anyway. It is reputed one of the big reasons behind all their questing for talent.

On the other hand, none of the more prominent players of the past season is undergoing any sufferings on account of poverty. Quite a few of them are using their recent successes to advantage and signing up with the big producing organizations, as well as buying new oil paintings, ivory and gold pianos for their houses, and additional trapeze equipment for their swimming pools.

The taste of the players in the adornment of their dwellings is nothing if not comprehensive and may run to anything from pipe organs to platinum-set harmonicas, and everybody who has not already acquired a Beverly mansion is planning to do so as soon as finances permit, if not a little sooner.

Miss Shearer is one of the most recent to establish a ménage of her own, and she is more than joyous about it as she had been previously occupying only a small flat down near the center of Hollywood.

Just Like a Real Boom.

There is nothing insecure about all this prosperity. It looks like one of the biggest years in film history, and everybody is apparently preparing to share in the activity. Even the smaller independents are emitting cheers of delight, adding to the general joy and shouting. They assert that this is to be the day of the thirty-five thousand dollar production, whatever that may mean.

The big and spectacular feature only is absent from the schedules. "Ben-Hur" alone seems the surpassing enterprise. Next on the list is another story of biblical times, "The Wanderer," which Paramount is filming on a very lavish scale, with Buster Keaton in the title role—that of the Prodigal Son. Raoul Walsh, who directed "The Thief of Bagdad," is making this for the company and it is to have some scenes of real Babylonian splendor, with color photography to intensify its magnificence—something which color effects really seem to do quite adequately.

More Bright-light Life.

The most festive affair in Hollywood in recent weeks was the opening of the new and exclusive Sixty Club, a Western congregation of choice cinema souls desirous of entertainment and pleasure, somewhat like the similar institution in New
York. The sixty means nothing on the Coast, though, for there are in reality already nearly two hundred members. Their first meetings were held at the Biltmore Hotel ballroom, but later they are to have their own special club rooms, if the ambitions to make the organization permanent mature.

Everybody seemed to enjoy the initial affair very much, even the people who sat in the corridor of the hotel and watched the stars pass by.

It was an exceptional turnout. The only people that were seriously missed were Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Norma Talmadge. Constance was at a table near us, looking very charming as usual, in a filmy orchid gown festooned with violets. Buster Collie, of course, was her admiring and devoted escort.

At a neighboring table was Marion Davies—and we also noticed Alma Rubens. With the exception of Constance Bennett, Miss Davies appeared as one of the most attractively gown women at the party. In New York it was always Norma Talmadge, Mae Murray, and Miss Davies who were rivals for the sartorial supremacy, but we couldn’t decide the competition on the Coast with these same aspirants. Miss Murray, like Norma, was absent, although her husband, Robert Leonard, was among the guests.

Nita Naldi brought her great good cheer with her arrival. Nita has evidently foregone the blond wig for the greater joy of her own raven fascination. She was even more genial than usual, and called all her friends “honey-bunch” in her exuberant enthusiasm.

Our Democratic Hollywood.

It is really astonishing how the social life of the players has changed in the past year in Hollywood. They are getting to be the greatest gadabouts imaginable, and one of the reasons is that there is so much more to do and to see.

Theater openings especially attract a throng from the studios now, where they formerly drew only a bare corporal’s guard, or whatever it is that corresponds thereto in filmland.

Hollywood itself is full of cafés to-day, and several plans are under way to build stage playhouses right in the movie center, which to this day has not a spoken dramatic theater of its own. Tom Mix, Priscilla Dean, and one or two other people in pictures have also been mentioned in connection with a deal for a downtown theater. A number of players of varying prominence, like Pauline Frederick, George Sidney, who was seen in the most recent “Potash and Perlmutter” feature, Earle Foxe, June Elvidge, Taylor Holmes, and others have taken part, too, in the stage performances.

The mingling of players, owing to free lancing and the arrangements that the studios make to borrow talent from each other, has contributed to break down the barriers and the cliques that used to be so typical of Hollywood. There is a greater friendliness apparent even between rival stars, and a far more ready acceptance of the new favorites.

Even Charlie Chaplin, currently rated the greatest recluse, has been seen to wander down to the show houses occasionally, and has caused a babel of gossip lately when he has appeared there with Lita Grey, especially as their attitude while in public was apparently so truly romantic and loverlike.

On one occasion when Charlie went to see a performance of “Outward Bound,” photographers from the newspapers heard about it and lined up a battery of cameras in front of the theater. They threatened to “shoot” Charlie as soon as he came out and sent in word to that effect. They didn’t think that in view of his past performances toward the press it would do much good, but what should happen but that a few minutes after the ultimatum was delivered Chaplin appeared in the lobby with Lita Grey and posed without the least hesitation while he and his wife were snapped arm in arm.

Charlie Courts Fame.

Charlie also won a place in the spotlight not long ago during his suit against Charles Amador, known on the screen as Charlie Alpin, and alleged by the Chaplin forces to be an all-too-in-sistent imitator of the well-known comedian’s make-up and style.

Charlie had to testify in his own behalf and had to answer such embarrassing questions as whether he thought he was a good box-office attraction, or whether he felt that his name really meant anything to the public, and cite sundry other causes why he might consider himself an artist of great appeal and popularity.

Youth’s Sacrifice.

To the story of Lucille Ricksen’s illness as we told it in last month’s Picture-Play, must now be added the final sequence—that she died early in March.

Nothing, apparently, has touched Hollywood so much as the tragic experience of this little girl. Immediately after her death, even at the gayest party, conversations that were bright and irrelevant, would suddenly be tinged with sadness at the mention of her name.

For some reason, the tragedy of this little girl has been construed as a sacrifice made for the sake of the films. She was a little hothouse flower among the players, and it was asserted by some that her talents were urged too strenuously when she was barely out of her childhood.

We personally feel that there is a somewhat sentimental exaggeration in this viewpoint that is out of proportion to the real demands of film work. Miss Ricksen was a little girl who needed the protection that comes with growing up in Hollywood, and who was a sacrifice made for the sake of the films. She was a little hothouse flower among the players, and it was asserted by some that her talents were urged too strenuously when she was barely out of her childhood.
sen's natural frailty and delicacy of physique would explain why she, one of a few of the younger girls in the pictures, should succumb. The same might have been her fate under these circumstances in any other walk of life.

The Sorrows of Rudy.

Rudolph Valentino is still the victim of most of the bricks that are tossed around the cinema colony, and the pet criticism directed at him is that "he is through." His troubles have multiplied even since we chronicled them in the last installment of the High Lights.

The war still centers around Natacha Rambova, and it looks as if her luxuriant peacock plumes as an art director, generalissimo, major domo, etc. cetera, etc. cetera, are to be clipped very heartlessly by the producing contingent.

Rudy had a bust-up with his backers after finishing "Cobra," and went over to join the United Artists. The inside information on his agreement with them was that Mrs. Valentino will not so much as be allowed on the sets unless it is to discuss with Rudy such personal matters as paying the grocery bills, which of his collars should go out to the laundry, where to locate his dress shirt studs, and other things that have nothing to do with art as it is known in the movies.

All we can say is that we hope Rudy's next picture is a good one. It would be a cruel irony for him, in view of his general assortment of worries and griefs, if he didn't enjoy a professional comeback following "A Sainted Devil," which has flopped so sadly.

The Father of the Movies.

Speaking of comebacks—there is also William S. Hart, who has renewed his affiliation with the films through the good will, excellent offices and other diplomatic courtesies of Norma Talmadge's husband, Joseph Schenck. Mr. Schenck has a sufficient number of stars in his own family, but has apparently decided to adopt a few beside, and there's no doubt that the fans will be glad to know that Hart is his latest professional child.

The Prince Regent.

Lest there should seem a shortage of younger matinee idols, let it be said without more ado that George O'Brien has not been wanting for applause in Hollywood since "The Iron Horse" has commenced showing.

This feature, like others of Fox, was rather slow in reaching the Western film metropolis, but it has been highly established as an attraction because it is on view at Grauman's Egyptian, where only the very biggest and most spectacular features are displayed for the delight of residents, as well as the summer and winter tourists for whom this theater is the Mecca extraordinary. "The Iron Horse" is running for many weeks' engagement there.

George not only was present in person at the opening, but he called his father from the audience, and gave a unique touch of intimate appeal to the premiere. His father is the Chief of Police of San Francisco, and needless to say he expressed a thrilled pride in the achievements of his son.

Outside of this one occasion, O'Brien has seldom been seen in public. He gives most of his time to his work, and when not on duty there generally goes in for athletics with a lot of zeal to keep in trim.

Anita Popular.

Vitagraph liked Anita Stewart so well when she played in one of their recent productions that they wanted to sign her on a long-term contract, but Anita seems to prefer the present adventure of freelancing. She is getting a number of very fair roles since "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and "The Boomerang," and plans to utilize her opportunities now to rebuild that prestige she was among those stars who added to the interest of the Sixty Club dance, and she is also frequently at the theaters. No, we must confess that we can't determine who, if anybody, dominates her romantic destiny, since she separated from Rudolph Cameron.

It is much easier to settle the same question in the case of C. Gardner Sullivan and Ann May. For they were quietly married not long ago. Miss May has not appeared much on the screen for several years, but Sullivan, who has written scenarios for some of the most celebrated films, is now making his own productions.

In the Cause of Art.

One of the most astonishing things we have ever seen in a studio is the way that some of the galley scenes are being made for "Ben-Hur" since the return of the company from abroad. They are practically all being done with miniature boats in a miniature bay, and against a background of tiny colonnaded buildings that are arranged in a perfect perspective.

Since we have watched these scenes in the filming we can easily understand why the company found it impossible to go on abroad with the film. The technical forces to do this sort of work as accurately as it has Continued on page 96
THE Miracle of the Wolves" is said to be the first of twelve million-dollar films—that is to say, twelve films each costing every son of a million dollars—produced with the cooperation—nay, even the connivance—of the French government. The purpose of the series is to present a favorable view of French history to a waiting world which now believes that the kings of France spent all their time and money building love nests for their girl friends.

This first spectacular production concerns itself with doing the right thing by Louis XI. Perhaps my enjoyment of the spectacle was beyond all reason because I am just an old fool about Louis XI. Moreover, I still like costume pictures provided they are the real thing and that the castles and towns are not just painted on glass and filmed out in Hollywood.

And "The Miracle of the Wolves" is the real thing. It is not a moving picture, it is a museum put into film action. The armor, the castles, the costumes, the furnishings of the rooms, the methods of fighting—all these are points in the picture to delight students of fifteenth century history. Unfortunately, students of that period called medieval which preceded 1452 are in the great minority in movie audiences, so the French government may soon learn that such carpenter contraptions as "Ashes of Vengeance" and "Captain Blood" are more widely appreciated than the efforts of its historians.

The French film makers are partly to blame. The Germans have been wiser in blandly and stubbornly ignoring the variable and uncertain American box-office reports and following their own instincts. By sticking to character drawing and historical accuracy the Germans have hit straight to box-office success in many of their productions.

But this "Miracle of the Wolves" is all blurred over. All sorts of catch-quarter sentimentality and whoopla melodrama has been introduced obviously because it is supposed to be box-office stuff. The story is hopelessly confused by all sorts of minor characters. In fact, the king and the Burgundians seem to have as many relatives as our own Potash and Perlmutter.

Then, too, they have neglected opportunities that no German director would have overlooked. Instead of concentrating the picture the audience would have been thrilled by a vital historical interest in these old cannons.

Here I have wandered on and not mentioned the best scene in the picture. It is, as the title hints, the miracle of the wolves. The miracle is this: a young girl agrees to take a message to the king that will save his life. She is obliged to run through the snow-clad forests of the north of France. The Burgundians are following her. Just as they are about to seize her, some wolves skulk from the woods, surround her and save her from her enemies. This particular scene is one of the loveliest I ever have seen and Yvonne Sergy, who had been merely pretty up to that moment, gave a glowingly beautiful performance.

But the best acting in the picture is done by Charles Dulin, as Louis XI. M. Dulin fairly eats up the screen every time he appears and you become enraged beyond words when the nonsense of the plot takes him from your view.

I think there is a minority public in America for "The Miracle of the Wolves," and this will be recruited from the ranks of those who don't go to the movies very often. It is ideal for people who would like to go to France but can't afford it; for young boys and girls who still read Sir Walter Scott; for old gentlemen who enjoy Watson's "History of France," for romantic persons who like the far away and long ago, and also for movie fans who want something different.

It is the sort of picture I should like to recommend but to be frank, I am afraid to. Too many people might write in demanding their money back because it has no stars and a foolish plot.

Just Like Home.

But I can recommend "The Goose Hangs High." In a loud, clear and certain voice I can advise every one to go to see it, without fear of kicks. For this is the work of the distinguished Mr. James Cruze and if it isn't his twenty-two-karat product, at least it is way above the brass average. Mr. Cruze has taken a play by Lewis Beach, which was rather an aggravating story of the younger generation, and made it into a most amusing and sympathetic sort of comedy.
It is a story of flappers and cake eaters done without the aid of cocktails, wild parties or any such carryings-on. It is the tale of a mother and father who sacrifice everything to give their children the "advantages of life." That is, they sacrifice everything but honor. But when it comes to a question of honor and the kids understand the situation, then the boys and girls rush to the rescue.

In other words, it is a pleasant story of life as it is waged in the average American home. The daughter of the family gives her unfortunate mother a huge feather fan which the daughter promptly borrows. The son presents father with a bottle of gin which he carries off to the first party for a joke. Mother eats an egg for dinner when the family runs out of lamb chops.

Mr. Cruze surveys the problems of this family with great kindliness. The picture, with its unpretentious settings and its middle-class atmosphere, has more charm than fifty gilded society dramas. It is as delightful as a novel by Booth Tarkington, which I consider fairly showering Mr. Cruze with praise. It has no star names but it has several star performances, those for instance, of Myrtle Stedman and Edward Pell, Jr. Constance Bennett, too, does good work but she mars it by too many fits of pep. Gertrude Claire gives a wonderfully fine portrayal of the sort of grandma who says that the best way to drink gin is to "take it straight."

Glorifying the American Buffalo.

Just as "The Miracle of the Wolves" was an attempt to say a good word about Louis XI., so is "The Thundering Herd" a screen plea for kindness to the American buffalo which, it seems, got a raw deal from the white man and the so-called white man's civilization. And really it does seem a pity that there are now more jitneys than buffalo in the great open spaces.

However, sentiment about the buffalo aside, "The Thundering Herd" is a wonderful picture. It is thrilling and beautiful and even if the story that it tells is just another one of those stories, the picture itself remains a glorious treat. It is, as you have heard of other pictures, another "Covered Wagon." I wish that Mr. Zukor and Mr. Lasky would give up all else and go on making "Covered Wagons" for the rest of their careers—or at least as long as they can keep up the standard of these marvelous Western pictures.

The high spot of the film is a buffalo stampede with all the buffalo played by real buffaloes and not just by cows wearing false faces and wigs. It is a great sight and one worth leaving the radio to witness. Of course, while scenery and Indians are no new treat for fans, still you haven't really seen Indians and scenery at their best until you have seen this film.

The cast plays a routine story with great zest. Among those doing their stuff are Noah Beery, Lois Wilson, Jack Holt and Raymond Hatton.

The Swan Becomes a Goose.

Now please excuse me for a minute while I get vicious. The biggest setback to our glorious eighth art takes place in a film called "The Swan," which is said to have been adapted from Ferenc Molnar's play. The Molnar play as presented on Broadway last season was a charming and witty comedy which, although it happened to concern minor royalties of mid-Europe, was such an agreeable mixture of satire and charming sentiment that I thought its appeal broad enough and universal enough to be welcomed by any audience in America.

However, the foreign director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, evi-
dently has a very low opinion of movie audiences. He probably thinks they are capable of understanding only the most primitive and vulgar situations. He has cheapened "The Swan" beyond toleration. The blase, unromantic but upright prince of the original becomes an ogling and silly roué. The high-minded, romantic young tutor becomes a handsome and wooden slicker. The lovely young princess becomes a stiff-necked booby. All that was human, gracious and kindly about the play has been carefully and thoroughly cheapened and deloused.

These are strong words but Buchowetzki deserves them because it was he who was responsible for the changes in the script. In fact, they say that several actresses who value their reputations as artists refused to appear in this "improved" version.

The fate of "The Swan" makes me mad because I hate to see a really fine piece of work butchered and because, when a director deliberately distorts fine material, he simply comes out and calls the public dumb-bells. I take intense satisfaction in the fact that "The Swan" in spite of its superificially elegant production, is burning up no rivers. If it had been done by the proper director working in the proper spirit, it would have been one of the big pictures of the year and, just to use the final, clinching argument, it would have made more money than it is making now.

Menjou as the Prince gives a proficient performance but it didn't seem funny to me. It seemed just a lot of tricks. If Menjou had wanted to be noble, he should have played the part the way Mohar wrote it. Frances Howard, as the Princess, is pretty but still gauche and conventional. Ricardo Cortez, who plays the tutor — Oh well, let's not get excited. Only if you read that a Viennese playwright named Mohar has dropped dead of heart failure, you'll know that the picture has penetrated to Austria.

Three Bright Boys.

Just by way of cheering up, let's turn to "Oh, Doctor!" which gives us a shining example of a good plot gone right. There is nothing very glossy and elegant about the production of the picture but at least the comedy of Harry Leon Wilson's story hasn't been marred in the making. It is an agreeable farce with a thriller finish as good as a Lloyd or Keaton film.

And Reginald Denny as the young man who was born with a silver thermometer in his mouth is very funny. He is such a pleasant comedian that you even like him when he appears as one of those chronic invalids that refuse to get well. And when, inspired by love and a pork chop for breakfast, he decides to laugh at death and fear nothing, he is gorgeous.

Even though it is not the best of Mr. Wilson's stories, "Oh Doctor!" has a comedy swing that will carry it to sure success. In other words, it has a strain of sense under its nonsense and Mr. Denny, unlike Mr. Menjou, has been clever enough to carry something of the author's original meaning into his portrayal of the story. Playing opposite Mr. Denny is Mary Astor. Miss Astor is very beautiful but not much of an actress. As a straight leading woman, she is almost too beautiful. But in comedy, she is a rare treat and she lends a delightful touch of delicacy and charm to the picture.

Meanwhile, I can hardly wait until James Cruze films Mr. Wilson's best story, "The Boss of Little Arcady."

Douglas MacLean is another bright boy who has made good in the sort of pictures that Douglas Fairbanks used to do. It is no disgrace for Mr. Denny and Mr. MacLean to walk in the old shoes willingly cast aside by Mr. Fairbanks, especially when Mr. Fairbanks was so eager to leave such a pleasant and profitable field.

"Introduce Me" is another one of those farces in which the hero is unwillingly forced to be a hero in order to shine in the eyes of the Only Girl. This time MacLean is taken for a celebrated mountain climber and is obliged to climb a rough and rugged
Alp in the face of sure death. He wins the race to the summit; a tenacious bear chases him every step of the way. And he makes the descent in rapid time because he falls and lands at the bottom as a huge snow ball.

This climax to the picture is ingenious and funny and you forgive all the not particularly bright comedy that has gone before. MacLean, like Denny, is a pleasant young fellow and I hear that the noise of the quarters rushing to the box office at the showing of his pictures has reached astute ears and that MacLean will now cavort to a larger salary than he has ever earned before.

Buster Keaton relapses into the not so funny in his picture, "Seven Chances." Well, he couldn't make them as good as "The Navigator" every time. However, in spite of story and gags, Keaton is always funny on his own. He looks like the living incarnation of a blue law. And, goodness knows, he isn't.

**Also One Bright Girl**

There isn't much to say for the film version of "Sally," except that it is a darned good show. The celebrated heart interest that carried the musical comedy to success has been amplified for Colleen Moore but much of the original Ziegfeld atmosphere has been retained in the film. It isn't exactly a comedy drama; it is more like a film extravaganza. It is so elaborate and gorgeous that you keep waiting for Ann Pennington to come on and assure you that it is really a Ziegfeld show after all.

But if Ann Pennington is absent, the one and only Leon Errol is very much present and he does his original "Sally" stuff for the benefit of the unfortunates who missed the musical comedy. Mr. Errol has appeared in other pictures but this is the first time that film fans have had the opportunity of finding out just why Mr. Errol is one of the funniest men on Broadway.

As for Miss Moore, she has almost entirely recovered from the flapper measles and emerges as a better girl. By rushing from "So Big" to "Sally" proves that she is willing to try anything once. What next, what next?

**They All Fall for It.**

Evidently Monta Bell has seen "The Salvation Hunters" too often. Mr. Bell jumped into sudden prominence by making several good pictures, so he may be forgiven a thing like "Lady of the Night." But, if he wanted to take a flop, I wish he hadn't dragged Norma Shearer down with him.

I blame "Lady of the Night" on Von Sternberg's influence because Mr. Bell has taken a plain melodrama and attempted to touch it up with subtle touches, most of which are rather obvious and miss fire. The acting is filled with exaggerations and the whole picture has a phony and unconvincing atmosphere. Having been highly praised, Mr. Bell has now become self-conscious; he wants desperately to give the movies something subtle, sophisticated and highbrow, which were the terms applied to "A Woman of Paris." But in this picture, he doesn't make the grade.

Norma Shearer plays a dual rôle and is, alas, guilty of bad acting, which is too bad because there isn't a more promising young actress on the screen.

**A Fashion Show.**

"A Dressmaker of Paris" is pretty terrible stuff. Except as a fashion show, it is entirely lacking in interest. The only thing to recommend it at the box office is the presence of a flock of beautiful models who wear the sort of clothes that smartly dressed women are supposed to wear but don't, if you know what I mean.

Some women may like the picture because they will want to look at the clothes. But I have a deep-seated suspicion that women aren't as crazy about fashion exhibitions on the screen as they are supposed to be. It is the men who like these fashion shows; especially those men who never see any gaudily dressed gals around their own home towns.

The story of this picture is the last word in crudity. Obviously, the gowns and the beauty chorus were expected to carry the show. And when bursts of feminine gorgeousness alternate with bum comedy and worse drama, you feel like the poor rube that has been horn-swoggled into a fourth-rate burlesque show. Poor Ernest Torrence struggles through the picture and Leatrice Joy also does what she can to help things out.

**Some Et Ceteras.**

Barbara La Marr is at it again in "The Heart of a Siren." She just burns up Europe in one affair after another until Mr. Right Man comes along. And he is an Englishman with a sad smile and a twisted eye-brow—you've guessed it, Conway Tearle—and for his sake she becomes a good woman. Miss La Marr trails around in her search for love looking as though she didn't care much whether she found it or not.

The picture is better than many of Miss La Marr's because it has a streak of comedy, legitimate comedy, I mean. It is furnished by Clifton Webb, who is the much-needed bright spot in the picture.

"Too Many Kisses" is an amusing comedy melodrama which continues the adventures of Richard Dix. This time Dix is again the carefree son of a millionaire. He goes to Spain and gets into a knife-throwing contest with a handsome villain played by William Powell and, incidentally, extremely well played by Mr. Powell. Anyway, it's a nice picture and I think you'll like it.

Continued on page 105
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"The Last Laugh"—Universal. A German film which, technically, is far ahead of anything else on the screen. It is a simple character sketch of an old hotel doorman, told without subtitles, which the extraordinarily fine acting of Emil Jannings makes clearly understandable and beautifully appealing.

"The Lady"—First National. Norma Talmadge is at her very best in this old English melodrama of a chorus girl who marries an aristocrat, and then sacrifices her happiness for her son.

"Charley's Aunt"—Christie. The famous old farce which, despite its moth-eaten plot, brings many laughs, mainly because of the antics of Sydney Chaplin, as the Aunt.

"Peter Pan"—Paramount. Herbert Brenon's delicate and skillful production of the Barrie fantasy, in which Betty Bronson, as Peter, gives a performance that would melt even the most prejudiced fan.

"So Big"—First National. Colleen Moore's remarkable study of Selina does much to overcome the obvious unsuitability of Edna Ferber's novel for the screen. Wallace Beery and John Bowers also are excellent.

"The Iron Horse"—Fox. Showing the building of the transcontinental railroad and the outstanding historical characters of the period.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"The Lost World"—First National. A fascinating study of prehistoric animals that is somewhat marred by the insertion of a silly love story, but which is nevertheless novel and for the most part absorbing.

"Dick Turpin"—Fox. Tom Mix in an excellent adventure story based on the life of the English highwayman. Despite the frilly costumes, it has all the swing and excitement of the usual Mix film.

"Quo Vadis"—First National. Another Italian version of this well-known story, in which Emil Jannings comes off gloriously in the rôle of Nero. The rest is not so good.

"New Toys"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess in a domestic comedy in which his wife, Mary Hay, also performs splendidly.

"The Great Divide"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry, Conway Tearle, and Wallace Beery make this production of that antique movie plot of the man who woos his own wife well worth seeing.

"Forty Winks"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith in an uproariously funny comedy about an eccentric English lord.

"Excuse Me"—Metro-Goldwyn. Some more funny stuff, even though it's based on the kooky idea of the couple who find themselves starting on a honeymoon without being married.

"Pampered Youth"—Vitagraph. Don't let the title scare you from this really fine study of the richest family in a middle Western town, taken from Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons." Alice Colhoun gives a charming and sensitive performance.

"The Devil's Cargo"—Paramount. An interesting melodrama of Californian in the days of the Vigilantes. There are some poor spots, but Pauline Starke is attractive as a dancing-hall girl, while Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton dominate the picture.

"Grass"—Paramount. A strange, dramatic story filmed in the interior of Persia that seems to have suffered in the editing. Well worth seeing because of the march of the tribes and the awe-inspiring scenery.

"Learning to Love"—First National. Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno in a rollicking comedy built on the idea of how to get a husband.

"Little Miss Bluebeard"—Paramount. Another film which keeps up the high comedy average. Bebe Daniels plays a fascinating French actress pursued by men, while Raymond Griffith has some of the funniest individual scenes we have witnessed in a long time.

"New Lives for Old"—Paramount. Betty Compson gives one of her good performances in this story of a French peasant girl who becomes a popular dancer, gets mixed up with spies, and in the end secures a nice American husband for herself.

"The Monster"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney as a lunatic doctor in an ingenious and thrilling melodrama.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.


"Cheaper to Marry"—Metro-Goldwyn. Typical movie stuff, made from a typical Broadway play, expounding the theory that it is cheaper to have a frugal wife than an expensive girl friend.


"Capital Punishment"—Preferred Pictures. A somewhat depressing picture, dealing with murder and its punishment, which is made interesting because of its evident sincerity and the excellent acting of George Hackathorne in the principal rôle.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale about a foolish young girl who thought all men were noble, and her sharp disillusionment. Not for the children.

"The Redeeming Sin"—Vitagraph. Nazimova in one of those Apache things. Lou Tellegen plays opposite her, but neither does anything extraordinary with the hackneyed plot.

"Fifth Avenue Models"—Universal. An interesting story about an artist's daughter who is saved from jail, becomes a secretary, and later marries the art dealer who had rescued her anonymously. Mary Philbin is splendid in the title rôle, and Norman Kerry is good, too.

"Coming Through"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan as his eternally heroic self.

"As a Man Desires"—First National. Milton Sills and Viola Dana in an improbable South Seas tale that is not very well done.

FAIR WARNING.

"The Parasites"—B. P. Schulberg. An unpleasant and thoroughly annoying picture, in which Owen Moore and Madame Bellamy do their best, but without helping much.

"The Folly of Vanity"—Fox. A nightmare of a film about a wife who drops off a yacht and is brought to Neptune's lair. Fantasy gone, very wrong.
On the New York Stage

Some of the players you have seen on the screen are finding success this season on the stage.

By Alison Smith

E VERY so often an actor gets so tired of the plays given him to rehearse that he breaks loose and writes one himself. When you consider the sort of plays that are going the rounds of the theatrical offices these days, you can't blame the actors—at least, anything they might write certainly couldn't be any worse than some of the atrocities which actually do reach Broadway. The difficulty has usually been that these plays written by stage folk aren't any better than those by regular playwrights or novelists or newspaper men or even the hopeful baker whose brain child lasted for exactly two nights in Greenwich Village.

Within the last few seasons, however, you may have had reason to suspect that the best type of American playwriting is going to come from the people behind the footlights. There is an old tradition that an actor cannot pick good plays, much less write them, because his idea of a big scene is almost anything that has a fat part for himself. Like most of these glib theories, this may be definitely set down as the bunk. But in recent years, it took the amazing success of Frank Bacon's "Lightnin'" to make Broadway realize this. There hasn't been anything since that could touch the picturesque details of that triumph, which was one of the spectacular and at the same time the most simple in stage history. But there have been an increasing number of minor successes like Frank Craven's "The First Year," and George Kelly's "The Show-off," that came from shrewd and subtle writers who gained most of their stagecraft from the other side of the footlights.

Through the season that is going on now there have been at least three plays by actors which are in the front ranks of the successes and which justify the members of the cast in taking the lines into their own hands when the plays written for them don't suit them. They are "Mrs. Partridge Presents," by Mary Kennedy and Ruth Hawthorne, and "Is Zat So" and "The Fall Guy," by George Abbott and James Gleason. Mary Kennedy's delightful work as a stage and screen actress is reflected in this deft and wise little comedy and the public have recognized it as one of the most diverting productions of the year. "Is Zat So," the farce about a prize fighter in a drawing-room, is the sort of thing that Broadway always describes as a wow. It opened a bit doubtfully one Monday night and by the following week it was leading all the non-musical productions in New York at the box office—to prove that some people have all the luck, Jimmie Gleason has made another personal triumph by playing his best role in his own play—I reviewed both these productions with much joy and shouting last month. And now this month, there comes another comedy by the same authors which threatens to rival "Is Zat So" before the season ends. It is called simply and pathetically, "The Fall Guy."

"The Fall Guy" is a shabby little chap who lives in a Harlem tenement flat with his pretty, ex-saleslady wife and his good-for-nothing brother-in-law. His life jogs along in a happy, humdrum fashion until suddenly he gets fired from his job in a drug store and the little family faces the terrors of eviction and starvation that always hover over their hand-to-mouth existence. In his desperation, he is drawn into a bootlegging ring and becomes the innocent tool of a crook who uses him as a drug peddler when he thinks he is only engaged in the comparatively harmless occupation of distributing booze.

All this nearly ends in jail for the fall guy but a quick turn of the plot restores a happy ending. It

The latest edition of the Ziegfeld "Follies" has its usual complement of beautiful womanhood, topped—of course—by Will Rogers.

Photo by White.
On the New York Stage

is a very simple plot, as you see, and without any literary "message." But inasmuch as it is a genuine picture of tenement-house life in New York, it is significant and convincing. Most of this sincerity belongs to the dialogue, which has lines which are masterpieces of New York slang, much of which would need a translator for a foreigner from Europe or a highbrow from Boston. Also, the whole force of the play depends upon the deeply touching interpretation which Ernest Trux has given of the Fall Guy. I've seen the little comedian bouncing about in the movies and in typical Broadway comedies and I never dreamed that he was capable of the depth of feeling and accuracy of expression revealed in this rôle. He does what Chaplin did in "The Kid" and other masterpieces. He keeps you roaring over the absurdity of this silly little boop's life, while underneath you are heartsick with sympathy for the pathos in this very absurdity. A lot of nonsense has been written about the tear behind the smile but after all you can't have any real comedy without just this combination. Trux has it to a degree that amounts to genius and puts this performance among the greatest achievements of this season.

"Starlight."

The glamour of "Romance" has hung about Doris Keane for more years than she probably cares to remember. Ever since she first appeared in this sentimental chronicle of an opera singer in love with an unsophisticated youth, the public has obstinately refused to let her play anything else. She has revived it twice with marked success, but her other plays which have gone in between have not been overwhelmingly popular. Miss Keane naturally is rather weary of the romantic prima donna but she is too shrewd to ignore a charming public, so she decided to choose the next thing to a temperamental opera singer, which is, of course, a temperamental stage star. Whereupon just such a play was written for her by Gladys Unger under the high-falutin title of "Starlight."

If it was intended as a companion piece to "Romance," it didn't quite come off. There are moments when Miss Keane is as magnetic and convincing as she was in the earlier drama, but this is due to the sheer force of her personality and not because of any help she gets from the play. And there are long stretches which are so soggy that even this personality sinks under the weight of cumbersome lines and situations.

The play attempts to trace the life history of a famous actress from her début at the age of fifteen to the end of a dazzling career. There are rumors that it used the life of Bernhardt as a model but I doubt if any friend of the divine Sarah would ever recognize it. Much of the melodrama made the first nights laugh when they should have been sobbing into their handkerchiefs. And this, as everybody knows, is just about as fatal as anything that could happen to a serious play. If it continues to happen it means one failure.

It is an elaborate production with nine sets and eleven scenes and a heavy cast. Some of the backgrounds are really impressive and there are interesting bits of acting among the minor characters. But if it were twice as heavy and impressive, it wouldn't prevent the audience from laughing in the wrong places. In fact, they might laugh all the harder. I am inclined to think that they probably would.

Nevertheless, there is a certain picturesque background which might screen well. The sequence of scenes in the life of an actress is always good scenario material and a clever screen star might put it over. But to do it, they would have to chuck out most of the old plot and invent a new one with less unconscious comedy.
"The Virgin of Bethulia."

Every so often, some theatrical producer rushes to the Bible and triumphantly discovers the story of Judith and Holofernes. This is inevitable because there isn't a more dramatic story in all literature. Henri Bernstein made a play of it years ago which reached New York this season under the title of "The Virgin of Bethulia."

It is a colorful production with scenes which travel from the roof of an Israelite house in Bethulia to the camp of Holofernes. And there is real drama in the plot, which, however, isn't related exactly as you learned it at Sunday school. This Judith is a noblewoman of Bethulia who goes to the camp of her country's enemy to plead with Holofernes, the general of Nebuchadnezzar's armies. She falls desperately in love with him and for a while it looks as if her country is going to lose out in the excitement of a personal love affair. But patriotism finally wins and Judith does her bit for her country by whacking off the head of her lover and enemy and rushing out of the tent crying, "I am coming, Bethulia, I am coming."

Julia Hoyt, who is better known to the social register of New York than to its theatrical casts, plays Judith. She is beautiful and statuesque, but her performance lacks fire and conviction. McKay Morris, who did such a beautifully simple piece of work in "Main Street," plays Holofernes with great gusto, though there were moments when he seemed a bit embarrassed by his costumes, which consisted in one scene of dangling silk tassels. Some of their scenes together wouldn't go so well with any Bible class but for all that the final impression of "The Virgin" is beautiful but dumb.

"Ariadne."

The combination of A. A. Milne and the Theater Guild usually results in a masterpiece of comedy. Ever since the success of "Mr. Pim Passes By," the Guild has known where to turn when it feels the need of a diverting comedy. The latest, "Ariadne," is rather more fluffy than most but it has enough substance to make it a well-rounded drama. It is one of those plots where a clever wife tricks a dumb husband into a more attentive mood—which is about all that stage wives are doing these days. At least, a good many of them are.

Ariadne is a wife who hates her husband's rich client and resents her obligation to be civil to him. So she pretends to elope with him and returns just as the bad news has reached home and a distracted husband. The rest of the play is polite dialogue and deft turns of action which bring a sullen spouse around to devotion and good humor. It is a familiar theme—Mr. Milne almost always uses it—but in his hands it is also always whimsical and diverting. Moreover, this time it is so delightfully played by Laura Hope Crews, Freda Innescourt and John Winter that you forget for the time being how slight the piece really is.

"White Collars."

"White Collars" is one of those plays that you instantly identify with a scenario. All the reviewers said it would make a good movie even when they weren't particularly stirred by it on the stage. As a matter of fact, I think it can be made much more effective on the screen than it was on the stage provided it has the right director with the right sense of its values. It is the story of a middle-class family—the white-collar class of bookkeepers and stenographers—and of an older daughter who marries out of her class into a wealthy home. The conflict between these two modes of living makes up the burden of the play, with a neat moral at the end proving that money isn't everything. It isn't a startlingly original theme but it has been skillfully developed. And it is deftly acted with Mona Kingsley as the girl and Clark Silvernail as a philosophical old uncle who represents all the class-conscious ideas of this phase of American society.

"The Wild Duck."

James Huneker once said that Ibsen understood souls but not the box office. If he could see the long

Continued on page 90
In and Out of

Odd moments as they work

Here is Gloria and her husband, James Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye.

Warner Baxter and his wife, Winifred Bryson, are strong for outdoor sports. You'll nearly always find them with rackets in their hands.

After taking a dip Marie Prevost finds a nice sunny spot in which to dry off. Her dog is enjoying it, too.

This queer contraption is Irvin Willat's own patented telescopic lens camera which he used to shoot airplane scenes for "The Air Mail."
the Studios

with the players
and as they relax.

While on their way to take location scenes at Miami, Florida, Johnny Hines and Sigrid Holmquist made sure to provide themselves with good entertainment.

Seeing Winifred Bryson like this, you'd never take her for the stately siren she usually plays on the screen.

Two of the champion ukulele players of Hollywood are Dorothy Sebastian and Alice Terry. Here they are trying to devise some new ones.

Monte Blue and his bride, Tove Janson, are happy to proclaim that this attractive place is the new home they built recently in Beverly Hills.
Hollywood, as usual, contributed its share to the traditional bridal season. At the left Lois Wilson appears with Thelma Barron, a young player who married Bert Gilroy, an assistant director. Evidently Lois is not superstitious, for this is the eighteenth time she has served as a bridesmaid. The bride above, Carol Lombard, isn’t a real one, but had to dress up this way for her role in “The Best Man.”

What a master of characterization Ernest Torrence is! You would scarcely recognize him in this picture showing him as Angus MacGregor in “The Dressmaker from Paris.”

Katherine Grant, a Hal Roach comedy girl, is also a dancing teacher. Here she is with Mary Kornman, of “Our Gang,” who is one of her pupils.
Renee Adoree tries the latest fad, painted imitation of jewelry.

Willard Louis is taking no chances on losing his prize dog!

If this picture, at top, of Pat O'Malley and his family isn't a testimonial for Hollywood and its people, what could be?

A boyish and likable pose of Rudolph Valentino.
The German

It has been some time since German pictures, but it be Teutonic directors are begin will make us all take

By Herbert

With the release of "The Last Laugh" and the interest that it has aroused, the question comes up as to whether the German producers have at last discovered the formula for making pictures that will have a real appeal for American audiences.

The first invasion of German pictures, a few years ago, caused a flurried sensation and much excited discussion for a time. The invasion began, you will remember, with "Passion," that splendid historical film that introduced Pola Negri and Ernst Lubitsch. The second picture, "Deception," was not so warmly received. Then came "Dr. Caligari" and "The Golem." These were praised by the critics and condemned by the fans. "Mistress of the World" was almost laughed out.

Technically, "The Last Laugh" is one of the most interesting of recent pictures. The photograph above shows the huge set, lighted for one of the scenes, all of which were taken at night.

At the right are shown some of the miniature motor cars that were so skillfully used as to defy detection.

Below is shown a close-up being taken of Emil Jannings. Both the attire of the camera man and the machine he is using differ from those usually seen in the Hollywood or New York studios.
Second Invasion

we have heard much about
gins to look as though the
ming to make pictures that
notice of them again.

Crooker

of the theaters, and it looked
as though the American
producers had no longer any-
thing to fear from German
competition. Students of
motion pictures who under-
stood the psychology of
American audiences were
inclined to take this view,
basing their decision on the
morbidness of the German
product, and the fact that
the types of leading men
and women selected by
German directors did
not appeal to Americans.

But now it looks as
though the German pro-
ducers are branching out
into fields that may bring
about a wide-spread in-
terest in some of their
pictures at least in the
United States. Certainly
they have caught the
interest of our directors,
many of whom are won-
dering how some of the
effects were obtained in
"The Last Laugh."

The scene above shows the me-
chanical runway by which the
cameras were swung rapidly from
one shot to another, as described
in the accompanying article, to
avoid breaks between scenes. This
device probably will be adopted
by American directors before long.
The scene showing the Berlin rail-
way station and train shed was
remarkably realistic, but by com-
paring the glass frame shown at
the left with the man above you
will see that it was built in miniature.
Below you see the huge set crow-
ed with extras and motor cars.
Most persons who see this picture—including many persons who are fairly familiar with how pictures are made—will take it for granted that it was taken in the business district of Berlin. But it was not.

Doctor Murneau, who directed the picture, built a large city square, such as one would see in Berlin, surrounded by hotels, cafés, theaters with their bright lights, and other buildings. He built this actual size. And then he built a replica in miniature—about twenty feet high—which he used for certain shots. On this toy set tiny automobiles, taxicabs, and even public buses, rumble back and forth on invisible tracks. These vehicles which speed along so gaily are about eight inches high!

There is also an elevated railroad which roars overhead in this picture—a delightful toy for a child. And then you see the passengers getting on and off a regulation size elevated car which was built stationary just for this one scene. When you see the tiny train darting along the high elevated track, you would never suspect it of being in miniature, particularly when at the next moment you see flesh and blood people alighting from the stationary train. Murneau is a wizard at perspective. The way he can link up his trifling scenes and bits and make the camera lie would make Ananias envious.

Professor Murneau has another trick which you will see American directors discovering before long. He has eliminated lost motion in a scene which jumps from the usual long shot to a close-up without stopping the camera in the jump between the two scenes. In other words, we film enthusiasts have been a man in the street from a five-story window of our hotel, and then there is a break in the film and in the next scene we see a close-up of the man. But Murneau has done away with this break. He builds an odd-looking structure overhead holding a swinglike device which can carry the camera man and his camera. Mr. Camera Man starts grinding from the five-story window to get the long shot, then swoops down, grinding all the while, and finishes by having the man’s face occupying the entire frame of the camera—or of the screen, before your eyes in the theater.

There is another instance of a new camera trick with this imaginative gentleman—something you’ll see a lot of soon. He shows us our leading character walking down a hallway, around corridors, and so on. By means of the camera’s eye, he—a character walking behind the audience—are behind the walker, then we scoot ahead of him and around the corner and see what’s at the end of the next turn. In a moment the actor catches up with them again, walks past and continues his journey. It’s so simple that you wonder why nobody thought of it before.

Why hasn’t this wizard been bagged by some American producer, you ask? The answer is: he has been. At least the announcement has been made that he has signed with Fox, his work for the American producer to begin on the expiration of his present contracts.

We’re going to see some more German pictures soon. There is one of those gigantic things on the way called “Siegfried,” the first film production ever made of the Nibelung saga immortalized by Wagner. The Germans, under the guidance of that artistic chap, Fritz Lang, turned their resources upside down for this photo-play, and, according to dispatches, the picture is rather

Continued on page 96
Of all the German films produced recently, "Siegfried" seems easily the most significant. The film version of the famous old Nibelung saga, immortalized in music by Wagner, was made under the guidance of some of the finest artists in Germany. The story on the opposite page explains the way in which the Germans worked on this and other of their films. These photographs from "Siegfried" show, at the top, the ride of the Huns, at the right, Siegfried in the forest, and below, Branhilde landing across a bridge formed by the shields of a line of soldiers.

Photographs by Deke Schenop, Berlin
“Soul-Fire,” the latest Richard Barthelmess production, based on the stage play “Great Music,” is the story of a young musician who leaves a wealthy home and is gradually forced down and down until he becomes a derelict. But always the great music which calls to him eludes his eager fingers.
From Paris, to Italy, to Port Said, to the South Seas he drifts, until finally he meets, in the Marquesas Islands, an isolated English girl, played by Bessie Love, whom he marries. It is then that he is able to express at last the beautiful harmonies that have haunted his soul for years.
Metamorphosis

These sober pictures of Nazimova from her latest production, "My Son," in which she plays the mother, are a sharp contrast to the young, hoydenish characters she impersonated only a few years ago, and mark a new turning in her interesting career.
Though Joseph von Sternberg's "The Salvation Hunters" was not wholly successful in putting across its idea, his second film, "The Exquisite Sinner," is occasioning much interest because of his unusual methods. Renee Adoree and Conrad Niumel are the leading players.
With the great progress she has made in the last few years it seemed only natural that Colleen Moore should get the title role in "Sally," the stage play in which Marilyn Miller had such tremendous and apparently eternal success, and which has been regarded longingly by a number of our screen stars. The rôle seems almost made to order for Colleen, and her gift for comedy together with unusual dancing ability, promise to make the screen version as big a hit as the stage play was.
Perpetually Gorgeous

After a few attempts at the plain staff Barbara La Marr apparently decided that she would never again play parts which were not magnificently staged and costumed. The latest of this string of elaborate productions is "The Temptress," in which she causes her usual number of heartbreaks.
Corinne Griffith insists that she would much rather stay home and raise a family than be a movie star, but we're afraid she'll never be allowed to leave pictures while she remains even half as lovely as this.
Not from the Mob

Pierre Gendron is one of those rare few who became an actor without the usual extra and bit rôle apprenticeship.

By Norbert Lusk

W hat engages, not to say fascinates me, in contemplating "careers" in motion pictures is the sharp difference in them all. There seems to be no ordered pattern in any of them. For one thing, that apprenticeship which obtains in the theater and in all arts does not exist in pictures. Again, circumstances that make for success in one career have a negative effect upon another.

An unhappy choice of rôles for two or three pictures has been known to "kill" a star, while another can do no wrong, according to the findings of the box-office accountant. A lesser player gives a capital performance in a series of pictures covering a period of years without ever challenging popularity. Another, of no greater ability, in a single minor part well played, jumps instantly to a leading rôle and is made, in so far as further opportunities go. And some begin amazingly in principal rôles, capturing those prizes against strongest competition.

Such being the case, it is pleasant to give an eye to the procession of personalities, to piece together the bright bits of luck, attach them to the fragments of ability, color all with personality, and watch what time will do to create the sort of career you would yourself shape for the individual that enlists your interest.

Here, for example, is young Pierre Gendron. He, if you please, has never played any but principal rôles. There are hundreds of equally personable boys of ability in Hollywood who work only as extras, and not too often at that. They are waiting for that big moment which will transmute their drudgery in the mobs to the golden reward of a real part. We know them by sight if not by name. They are seen everywhere—around the studios, in lunch rooms, crossing streets. Not that it is implied that Citizen Pierre should be in that mob of hopefuls. His hopes are larger, now, and, as was noted a moment back, he never was in the mob.

Why was he not? Luck, he says, and with knowledge born of experience, he adds that it was not the best luck either. But what qualities must he have possessed to make him luck's magnet at the outset? We shall see.

When I saw him in Lubitsch's "Three Women" he brought to mind a dreadful film, of no value at all, made some years ago in Florida. It had to do with rum running and was just one of those things without excuse for being—except that a curiously helpless and uncertain youth was the hero.

My imagination had it that he, a private individual, was convalescing in Florida, and was drafted into the company for lack of somebody with a name who would, of course, have to be paid for having it. This was Pierre Gendron.

In spite of a performance that was at best undistinguished, I never quite forgot the oddly
Here are the two extremes of Hollywood; the topmost picture is the magnificent home of Fred Niblo and Enid Bennett; the lowermost a corner of James Cruze's beautiful garden, while between the two is one of the humble type of cottage that is prevalent.

Have you seen London, the severely dignified gentleman; Cairo, the picturesque siren; Paris, the gaily sophisticated woman of no age whatever; Peking, the fascinating enchantress backgrounded with the crumbling beauty of an old, old knowledge? And you know, perhaps, Des Moines, the bustling middle-aged mother city, like unto her sisters all over the country? And

The Town Middle

Hollywood, the Mecca of so in many respects from all other characteristics are vividly

By Myrtle

Spring Valley and the rest of the children towns tucked into corners?

Stereotyped places, all of these, catalogued through the years' accretion of tradition into one sort of town or another. They are firmly grooved; life there follows its cycles; one graduates from one niche, logically, bit by bit, into the next.

But like none of these is Hollywood, the town of contrasts.

It is a town without a middle class.

In Hollywood, you are rich or you are poor. There are no medium salaries, no middle degrees of success. You are a five-dollar-a-day extra—or your weekly check hovers around a thousand dollars, so to speak. You ride in a swift, silent, special-body motor with gleaming silver ornamentation—or you bump along in a rheumatic, antiquated bundle of iron and tin.
that Has No Class

many picture fans, is different American cities; some of its described in this article.

Gebhart

Your wardrobe contains gorgeous clothes—shimmering silver tissues like the breath of dawn, rippling silks, softly sensuous velvets. You revel in them—you feel steeped in their luxuriant beauty. And in their accompaniments of furs and sparkling jewels.

Or you are one of those hundreds of girls with "one nice street dress" for interviewing casting directors, a shabby fur scarf or imitation-seal coat that you have bought by pinching on food, one pair of hosiery without a darned run, and shoes that you try so pitifully hard to keep smart—pert shined toes that can't see their run-over, lopsided heels.

Your home is a fine pile of stone set in green gardens, a versatile one-room apartment in a showy edifice, or a wee bungalow, drab, ramshackle, tucked away in the big houses' back yards, or up a dreary side street. You are admired by

At the top of the page you see Pickfair, Doug and Mary's home in Beverly Hills. From such houses as this you drop to the types shown in the other two pictures.

the thousands, paid the tribute of envy, imitated, flattered. Or, because of this contrast, you feel the more keenly the ignominy of your very nothingness. You are successful in pictures—or you do not, in the town's self-centered viewpoint, exist.

You are attended by a servile maid, your every imperious demand gratified—or you wash out your silk teddies and hang them

Continued on page 104
“What have you?”
“Well, I got an old buggy ‘n’ harness, and a goat and some chickens. And I got ten dollars.”

The absurdity of it struck Brownie’s owner as humorous. What he could do with a goat and an old buggy and harness and a flock of chickens, was beyond his powers of imagination. But he did want to get rid of the animal and he figured he could eat the chickens the little girl offered, so he told her to fetch them over. The deal was concluded and Maralyn Mills took her Brownie home. She had induced his owner to throw in a bale of hay in the trade. But she had no saddle, her father said he was too poor to buy one and furthermore, he told her he could not afford to support the horse. She already owned Star, a former cavalry mount, bought for sixty dollars, and the overhead on him was terrific.

Within a week she was riding Brownie bareback. Within another week she was letting children in the neighborhood ride him and charging five cents for a trip around the block—two trips for ten cents. And the children were saving up pennies to pay for the wonderful experiences. Charlie Chaplin, the comedian, attracted by her skill, began paying her three dollars a lesson to teach him how to ride his saddle horse Flossie, and the two often were seen cantering along together.

Maralyn was cutting grass for her horse with a small hand scythe and skimming along with as little hay as possible. Out on the street in front of the modest family bungalow she was training Brownie and Star to act. First she taught them to lie down at her command. Then, by deftly pulling up on the bridle reins, she taught them to stand on their hind legs. She tied handkerchiefs about their hocks and taught them to utter. Patience, tirelessly, month after month, she worked with her animals.

Then, one glorious day while her mother was riding Star, Bert Sternbach, casting director for Century Comedies, sprang out of his motor car and hailed her.

“Can that horse buck?” he asked. “Can you ride him and make him buck?”

“No,” replied Mrs. Mills, “but I have a daughter who owns a bucking horse, and who can ride.”

“Tell her to come over to the studio.”
coming a Star

the limelight on horseback.

Emerson

In less than five minutes, a little brown-eyed girl might be seen streaking through the streets of Hollywood on Brownie, hair flying, coat blown back by the wind. She pulled up at the L. K. O. studio door.

"I'm the girl with the bucking horse," she panted. "Want to see him buck?"

In another moment Brownie was "doing his stuff," doing it as he used to when cowboys rode him in studio Westerns. The little girl never tried harder in all her life to stick on. And she stuck!

"Can you fall him?" Sternbach asked.

"No, but I've got another horse that can fall."

"Come over here to-morrow and double for Florence Lee. We'll pay you fifteen dollars."

A restless girl tossed in her bed that night awaiting the coming of day when she was to break into the movies. And she went over there next day, bucked Brownie around a corner, then got on Star and on slippery ground "fell" him before the camera. There, much to Star's disgust, she made him lie in the mud while Florence Lee lay down beside him and was photographed in a close-up.

Money came rapidly to the little Western rider after that. One week she made all of thirty-two dollars—with the aid of her horses. Then she happened to espY a beautiful white Arabian mare on the Lasky lot and stopped stock still in her tracks.

"What a beautiful animal!" she exclaimed to her mother. "I'm going to buy that horse!"

They asked two hundred and fifty dollars for the mare. The girl didn't have that much. Back she raced to daddy and pleaded with tears in her eyes for help—just enough to get that wonderful creature which was going to be sold to some one. Her father's business had grown and his hard days were over. So the white mare was purchased and was named Beverly, because her future home was to be in the shadows of Beverly Hills. Then, out in the front yard, out on the street, out in the wide-open spaces. Beverly began acquiring an education.

That was four years ago. Now then: Do you remember that beautiful white horse which appeared in "Under Two Flags," "The Spanish Dancer," "He Who Gets Slapped," "Dusk to Dawn," "The Golden Bed," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and a half-dozen other most successful picture plays? That horse was Beverly. In many instances it was little Maralyn Mills riding—doubling for the stars.

In "The Handsome Cabman," a William Fox comedy, a brown horse wearing a boudoir cap and pajamas, yawned, looked

Continued on page 105
Why we Forget Motion Pictures so Quickly

The answer is an interesting demonstration of a well-known principle of psychology.

By E. Clement d'Art

How long do you remember the pictures you see?

Of course, notable scenes, like the ride of the clowns in "The Birth of a Nation," are recalled for months or years. But the average picture as a whole—the play, the plot, the action? One day? Two days?

Three days? Unless the photoplay is exceptionally good and you make it your business to memorize incidents, or unless the story was one in which you were interested beforehand, surely not more than three days.

Why?

You remember daily happenings, books you read and stage plays you see much longer. Daily happenings form the stuff of which life is made; it is therefore natural that you should remember these vividly. On the other hand, a book is, in itself, a most lifeless presentation of a chain of events, while the stage drama, half of the time suggesting what its screen cousin actually shows, is a far more artificial affair than a motion picture.

This failure to memorize screen visualizations cannot be blamed on artificiality. What then?

There's a reason for all things, not merely for the existence of breakfast food, turnips, the Einstein theory, drama, and dreams.

Dreams may start us on the right track. How long do you remember your dreams? No doubt, certain striking fragments of your subconscious imagination may stand out and will be recalled for a long time. But dreams as a whole, their plot, their action? One day? Two days? Three days?

Have you paralleled dreams and motion pictures? There is a parallel. In fact, motion pictures are naught but artificial, sometimes rational, often fascinating dreams, created for your entertainment—chiefly for the entertainment of your subconscious self.

Dreams illustrate your sleep. Sleep may be natural or artificial. It may be hypnosis, a state in which the hypnotist suggests dream action. In either case, sleep means that your subconscious mind assumes full control of your faculties while your objective mind is dormant.

When you sit in a dark, comfortably warm, sometimes ill-ventilated motion-picture house, where music is played and where you must concentrate on a luminous center of interest, do you realize that you are placing yourself under conditions most favorable to hypnosis; that, automatically, self-hypnosis occurs, the subconscious assuming a dominant and the conscious a semidormant condition? In other words, you place yourself in a receptive mood and are greatly helped in so doing by your surroundings. Hence, a string of flat, animated photographs produce the illusion of life. The artificial dream enacted on the screen seems real.

Now, in dreams, unless you think of color, associated perhaps with a flower or a dress, or anything else, everything is gray. To a great extent, the subconscious mind's eye is color blind. In dreams also, while speech is often suggested, actual voices are seldom heard. Dreams are mostly action.

Motion pictures are naturally toneless and wordless, the last with the exception of suggested speech in the form of subtitles. You have seen colored motion pictures, either hand colored or the product of color photography. You have seen tinted scenes: blue, brown, green or red. In either case, have not the colors or the tint, the colors to a greater extent, proved a disturbing annoying influence, spoiling the illusion of reality?

Yet, in an effort to render the photoplay more real, truer to nature, misguided producers, failing to appreciate the true psychology of motion pictures, have spent thousands of additional dollars on certain productions, adding color. Others, equally misguided, added sound: either noises or the human voice.

Out of curiosity, the public will see a picture colored by some new process or accompanied by noise other than its natural, symbolical and therefore dreamlike musical accompaniment. But, in the long run, the plain, gray pictures win out.

Because it is necessary to render the artificial dream as perfect as possible, as far as its resemblance to a dream is concerned, color and talking pictures will never be successful, not where dramatic photoplays are concerned. Their only place is when, as in dreams, color, tints, or noise associations are demanded: in educational pictures presenting flowers, butterflies, silks, green woodland, rushing waters, singing birds, et cetera.

Beside possible changes in the size or dimensions of the picture thrown on the screen, there is only one possible improvement that will not injure but on the contrary enhance the dream quality of the picture play.

Dreams are not flat. Depth is desirable.

The analogy of picture plays with dreams and the former's direct appeal to the subconscious mind is emphasized by the fact that lack of logic in the continuity is quickly resented.

While the subjective mind is highly receptive, accepting almost any suggestion and falling to reason against the validity of an extraneous statement, it is at the same time essentially logical in its deductions.

Therefore, were an audience placed in a state of complete hypnosis, any idea, rational or irrational, might be presented and developed to its logical conclusions and the whole duly accepted. But, while the subconscious mind is brought into prominence by the spectator helped by his surroundings, the objective, rational mind is but semisomnolent, not really dormant. Premises will be readily accepted, more readily than in real life. They cannot, however, be strikingly irrational. Otherwise, as in the case of color or noise, the audience will "wake up" and the objective mind resume its reasoning, critical, corrective function.

On the other hand, the development must be absolutely logical. The subconscious mind is being interested more than the conscious and any infringement on pure logic, any irrational deduction which runs against the methods of the subjective mind will be realized immediately, unpleasantly jolting the spectator back to objectivity.

The subconscious mind is the seat of memory. Like a virgin film in a camera, it registers all that is brought to its attention by the senses. But, the subconscious mind retains all acquired data, holding it as a reserve and sharing it with the objective only when absolutely

Continued on page 103
A Star Who'd Rather Drive a Truck

Mickey Daniels thinks he has missed his calling and confidentially discloses one of his great ambitions.

By A. L. Wooldridge

THE world was cheated out of an awfully good fireman when Mickey Daniels joined the movies. Take that from Mickey. There may be some extenuating compensation in drawing down eighteen thousand dollars a year for acting before a camera, but what is that compared with sitting in the driver's seat on a big red hook-and-ladder truck and rearing down the street with the sirens screaming, the traffic officers blowing their whistles, tram cars coming to a dead stop, business halting and all eyes turned toward the careening machine?

"I ast you," said Mickey to me on the Hal Roach lot a few days ago, "I ast you—ain't that finer'n actin'?"

To demonstrate his capabilities, he leaped to a seat on an empty box and grabbed an imaginary steering wheel.

"Clang! Clang! Clang!" he shouted. "Take care! Take care! Get out of the way, you red hogs, you! Look out for the fire truck! Clang-clang! Clang-clang! Clang-clang! Hop off, 'Fatty' and couple up the hose to that fire plug! Clang-clang, clang-clang, clang-clang! Water No. 7!"

Cheeks flushed, eyes shining, shouting orders—not as the truck driver shouts but as the captain or the lieutenant shouts—the little ten-year-old star of "Our Gang" comedies was having the time of his life with his make-believe fire apparatus. He could picture to himself the chugging of the engines as they whirled into line and began turning streams upon a blazing building. He could see the police ordering the crowds back and roping off the streets while the great water towers rose to battle the fiery monster. He could see himself helmeted, climbing to the topmost rung of a swaying ladder, crashing in the glass of a window and bursting into the doomed structure to save some beautiful maiden from a horrible death. But right in the midst of his imaginary drive up sauntered Bob McGowan, director.

"Where you going, Mick?" he asked.

"Shucks!" his little star replied. "I just drove a fire truck halfway 'cross town and was fightin' awful big fire. 'N' here you come and throw somethin' into the works. Now, the fire's ruined!"

He grinned sheepishly. McGowan had seen him before driving his make-believe fire wagon and knew what was going on when he saw him perched on the box and bending over a "wheel."

"But boy," he said to him, "you don't make much money as a fire-truck driver. You can earn a heap more in pictures."

"Pshaw!" he retorted, "I got money now. I've bought and paid for our home in Hollywood an' I got ten thousand dollars' worth of bank stock 'n' securities. That's enough. I'd rather be a fireman. You can make a good livin' at it, anyway."

Mickey was not in revolt as Farina had been after the goat had butted him around and the mule had run on him and the parrot had grabbed him by the seat of the pants. He had just the natural bovish desire to join the fire crew and he was "ready to go." While he appreciates the value of money he isn't worrying over its acquisition. Out of his three hundred and fifty dollars weekly salary, his father allows him one dollar to spend in riotous living. When he gets it, business in a little penny parlor where there are mechanical devices picks up. After a few cents have been spent for candy, ice-cream cones and popcorn, Mickey stays exercising his sportive tendencies by playing the slot machines where you can win prizes like groceries, kewpie dolls, and Japanese vases. You see, Mickey has five brothers and four sisters and it takes a lot of money to keep them supplied with things to eat and wear and something to play with. So he takes a chance with

Continued on page 100
Each Fault a Virtue

Everything he does in pictures is wrong and that makes him funny; everything he does in life is grotesque and that makes him the idol of girl interviewers.

By Helen Klumph

WHENEVER I run into a group of serious thinkers who are talking about the intellectual development of movies and their truly great artists, I think of Ben Turpin.

Ben Turpin's work is the work of a master intellect. Of course, it may not be his intellect. Some one, you insist, may be responsible for his droll gags that inspire such shrills of laughter. Yet, would you deny Michelangelo the carving of his figure of "Moses" merely because some helper handed him a chisel, and because the character was not his own invention?

Dramatic acting is emotional; comedy is purely of the intellect.

Intelect; ah! yes, that brings us back to Ben.

I cannot recount to you any long and ponderous utterances of my hero. All that he said to me when I attempted to interview him was, "Where is that lady that has been waiting around wanting to meet me? Pleased to meetcha. Well, I gotta run along now."

So saying, he pulled a large powder puff out of a grimy pocket and vigorously whacked his nose with it.

But that succinct statement tells you a great deal about the man.

After fifty years or more of being pursued by the fair sex—I am sure that he always had the same fatal fascination for women that he has now—he still is too shy to be paraded before admiring interviewers. No luncheon at the Ritz with Ben Turpin; no dreamy waltzes with him at the annual ball of Local No. 36 of the Los Angeles Motion-Picture Operators Union—both traditional ways of stars' winning the favor of the press. No; in order to interview Ben one has to sneak out on his set at the studio, hiding behind Mack Sennett himself and sending an emissary from the business office to fetch Ben. But from long experience he knows that there is something amiss in Mr. Sennett's coming out this way. Ah—a woman! The ever-gallant Mr. Sennett has yielded to the pleading of one of his admirers and brought her out. Well then, he must submit for a moment to her admiring gaze.

He comes off the set with a mincing gait, the detached manner of a man of many affairs, and a distracted voice that proclaims he has yielded to the exigencies of the moment only after much coaxing.

And then after looking here, there, and everywhere but at you, he is gone.

But one can always admire him at a distance. Not at the Ambassador pool nor at one of the society polo matches does one look for Ben; it is at one of the busiest corners of Western Avenue in Los Angeles that one finds him every Sunday afternoon about four o'clock taking the place of the traffic officer on duty. It is the one place where his ability to look due north and west at the same time stands him in good stead.

Nearby he lives in a simple cottage with elegant garden walls of chicken wire. His one concession to the actors' policy of displaying temperament—or at least unusual tastes—in public, is taking his parrot riding with him. This morose pet rides on the upper curve of the steering wheel and when the wheel must be turned, languidly moves a step or two to the side.

Riding in box cars from coast to coast and begging handouts at back doors was Ben Turpin's primary and preparatory school; vaudeville was his Alma Mater; movies were the haven of refuge that beckoned to him at twenty-five sure dollars every week after he had been playing Happy Hooligan on one-night stands and obscure vaudeville circuits for seventeen years. It was during that time that his eyes became crossed.

Ben admits now that he is fifty-seven years old. Perhaps that allows for a vanity discount too.

What other hero has ever come into his prime—has ever reached the fine flowering of his art at such an age?

But of course. For our Ben—thus fondly do all the girl interviewers who have had the pleasure of grasping his hand refer to him—is like nothing and no one else in the world. If he weren't he wouldn't be so funny. But he stands supreme in the field of utterly nonsensical comedy because he appears to be the sum total of every one's faults and every one's mistakes.
A Letter from Location

Billie Dove writes from Rhyolite about windstorms, fires and general excitement.

RHYOLITE, NEVADA
DEAR MYRTLE:

We are taking scenes here in Rhyolite, the deserted gold-mining town of Irvin Willat's production, "The Air Mail." Where several years ago nine thousand people lived, to-day there is nothing but the ramshackle houses that they left when the gold vein gave out.

The town now boasts a lone inhabitant, a miner who calls himself "Rhyolite Slim." He spends his time watching us work with our three airplanes and telling us interesting stories of old-time Rhyolite.

Most of our boys live in the school house where the mess hall and kitchen also are. Several others are quartered in the church, while I have the most individual little house of all. It is made of bottles and cement! Rhyolite Slim tells me that when lumber was high a man with most original ideas gathered the bottles from large heaps outside the many saloons and with them made his house—the bottoms to the outside, which made a pretty decoration. Am including some pictures for you.

We spent the first day cleaning up our camp. My little house certainly was dirty! While the boys swept out the inside, Emma, my maid, and I washed the windows. That is, to be truthful, Emma washed and I rubbed 'em dry. Really, we did get them clean, and the boys will prove it. Sides, it was lots of fun—as long as I don't have to do that sort of thing every day!

Next, I went to Beatty, a town of about forty-five people, five miles away, and bought yards of red and white checkered gingham and flowered muslin, which must have been in the general store for years. We made curtains and they certainly add coziness to our home. With the stove, beds, table, lamp and camp chairs we really are comfy.

We have had quite a few thrills. One day a severe windstorm blew so hard that it prevented our working and forced us to remain indoors. Just before dinner a fire, caused by the kitchen stove heating the decayed old wood, came near causing a catastrophe. The wind was blowing terribly and we might have had no town left if Mr. Willat and the boys hadn't remained cool headed. Our water has been hauled in tanks from Beatty.

Fortunately, we had on hand a tank which was to be used for rain scenes. The boys used it to quench

Continued on page 110
Richard is (Very Much) Himself

I don't know that you would exactly call Richard 'Dix' handsome. His nose is a bit too flat for the perfect profile that marks the screen Romeo. But to me, since I have a strong disliking for the "pretty" leading man, his type is very satisfactory.

The scene that was being shot was a balcony in an East-side dance hall. A variety of extras were waiting about decked out in the tawdry finery of Avenue A.

The balcony scene finished, it being merely a close-up of the leading man talking to a ward boss, Mr. Dix came down the stairway, and made a sign with his hand that drew a burst of responsive laughter from the director and the camera man.

"See, right oop dere?" he was saying, pointing. The group on the platform made the same sign. Those who didn't know the joke were told, and the laughter went trailing out among the extras.

It seems that the plot of this story, "The Shock Punch," depends for much of its humor, suspense, and action, on scenes taken at the top of the New York Telephone building, already some twenty-five stories high, and not yet completed. To build a high enough structure at the studio would cost in the neighborhood of twenty thousand dollars. So it was decided that the thing should be real.

"It gave me a thrill, all right," said Richard Dix. "I have a horror of great heights—that sensation you hear so much about that makes people want to jump off from a high place. But I made up my mind I would go through with it, and went down to give this dizzy peak the once over. You go up thirteen stories in an open-work elevator that creaks and throbs and threatens to obey gravity at every upward jerk. Then you take the steps and go three more flights up—when you come to a series of fire escape steps—without a railing. You walk up five flights of these without anything to hang on to. You don't dare look up and you don't dare look down. I managed to crawl up somehow, and at the top of the flight, there is no way to get up to the very top of the scaffolding except by a four-story ladder, very straight up and down, whose base rests upon three or four planks. With every step you take, it bounces from one side to the other. And you keep saying: 'There she goes—oh, stay on, Mr. Step Ladder—keep your balance, Mr. Dix.'

"Well, when I finally arrived at the top of the thing, there was a riveting machine going full blast—the most deafening, nerve-racking noise, especially at that height, that you can imagine. I was standing there, trying to pretend I wasn't hanging on to the top of the ladder, when a great big Swede foreman strode over to me.

"'You oughter have been oop here yesterday,' he said, and began to laugh. 'You see oop dere?' He pointed to the skeletal structure that loomed above us for another three stories, and gave a sick look upward, and nodded. He was still laughing—the dear, hearty, simple soul!"

"'Vell,' he said, 'a man fell off dere yesterday. And you see away down dere?' He pointed down into the awful abyss, where miles and miles below us, it seemed, the girders of the unfinished structure loomed up. 'Vell, if dose girders hadn't broke his fall, I don't know vere he would haff gone!'"

The Swede foreman's pleasant story has become a classic in the studio. When every one is tired and gloomy, some one only has to point upward, and the tension is broken.

"Later at lunch we talked about pictures.

"I want to play comedy rôles," he said, "like 'Too Many Kisses.' Not much to that picture, but I liked it. I think audiences are going to like it, too. I don't like these solemn parts. Why should I? When I was in Los Angeles, playing stock, most of my work was comedy stuff. As soon as I got into pictures, they stood me up and said, 'Ah, here's a leading man. All right, we'll make him a good little boy who believes in Santa Claus. We won't let him smile, and we'll keep him as pure as a leaf laid right up to the final clinch.'

"'Why, that sort of thing is ghastly!' He broke out impatiently. 'The public doesn't want stuffed-shirts—they don't want a man who is so frightfully good that he can't be tempted—they want a man, a real man, who is tempted, and who has to fight to keep himself from going under. When he wins out they understand that. It's what they would want to do themselves. I hated the part I had in 'The Ten Commandments.' The carpenter, John, wasn't human. I like the picture we are making now. In 'The Shock Punch' the rich young killer falls in love with a girl who wants him to go to work. He does—on that building I told you about. The foreman tries to drop rivets down his neck, and they have a fight on the edge. Yes, we are going to make those scenes right 'oop dere,' as my friend the Swede foreman would say. Walter Long plays the villain. They will have nets under us—I hope. It's a long way down from the top of that building.'

I mentioned the many current stories concerning his alleged struggles as a boy in getting a dramatic roothold. I had been told that he had no home or family, that he rose from the gutter, so to speak, to the heights of his present stardom.

He promptly characterized such rumors as "Hooey." His frankness is another engaging thing about him. He never asks you "not to print" this, or that. He says what he pleases, and leaves the business of reprinting it to you.

"Yes, those stories have been going the rounds for some time," he said, "but here's the low-down on it. I left home to make my own way. But my father, even though disapproving, told me before I left, 'Dick, don't be anybody's slavey. If you want help, you know where to send to get it.'

"My real name is Brimmer. But my father, in giving me some sarcastic advice about my wanderlust, did more to make me succeed than any other thing in my whole career. "Dick," he said, 'I have a good stage name for you; Alfred Foot.'

"I couldn't see the sense to that, and said so.

"'Because when you come back, you'll come back A. Foot!' He retorted.

"He thought he was scaring me. But let me tell you, that was the thing that kept me going. I'd come back 'a-foot.' Would I? Well, I'd show him! I took my mother's maiden name, Dix. I joined up with a Texas road show, and I was the world's worst actor. At first I played outside noises. You know, mutterings—'There he is, boys, come on, boys, let's hang him'—and shouts of 'We're saved! Here come the soldiers!' I was also hoof beats and gun shots. The company broke up, and when I got back to New York—after paying my own fare—I was three dollars to the good, for the whole season. I bluffed my way into another company as a leading man, and if I do say it myself, I was terrible! But I stuck, and after a while, things broke better. I'd rather have you print the truth than all that other hooey. I don't want people to think that my father was the kind of person those crazy publicity yarns made him out to be. I knew he was behind me any minute I wanted to ask him. It was just my stiff-necked pride that kept me from doing it.'

It only goes to prove that truth is sometimes more interesting than publicity yarns. And if I am any judge of human nature, it will make motion-picture fans like Richard Dix better than ever.
Harry Langdon Has Arrived

While dramatic stars and featured players each year come and go by the score, few players have ever attained real eminence in the realm of pure comedy. The establishment of a new comedy star, therefore, is a matter of considerable importance and interest.

By Mona Gardner

There are several reasons why you should know the name of Harry Langdon.

First, because in a few months you'll only be one of the many who'll be talking about it.

Second, because it stands for an interesting personality and a still more interesting story.

Third, because Pathé has just signed him under a long-term contract to make five-reel comedies. And don't forget that it was Pathé who took Harold Lloyd out of the two and put him in the five-reel class.

And fourth, because the owner of the name has that very rare and priceless gift — instinctive comedy.

The diminutive little comedian with his energetic airs and his big, round china-blue eyes has been an instant laugh getter from the minute he first appeared on the screen less than a year ago. In fact, it has been considerably less than a year, for it was last March that he made a series of three pictures for Sol Lesser, but since these haven't been released yet, the only comedies of his we have seen have been those which he has made under the Mack Sennett banner. And he didn't begin these until the middle of the summer.

If you know the story of "Merton of the Movies" you know a great part of Langdon's story.

Years and years ago he was playing in vaudeville. Appearing with him on the same bill was another comedian by the name of Charlie Chaplin. A short time after this the latter migrated into films. Langdon watched all this, and when the first Chaplin comedy came out, he decided he would go into pictures too. And ever since that time he's been trying to get some

[Continued on page 109]
Continued from page 45

What a thrill—when I looked in the mirror and discovered that my forehead had disappeared! A simple matter of parting and arranging the hair low.

Throughout my childhood I was always feeling humiliated because I wasn't pretty—and angry because I was so healthy. When the young-sters played games, I was always "It," and had that awful left-out feeling that only some kids can appreciate. A few times I pretended to be ill and went around moaning and sighing to get sympathy. But it didn't work.

I tried to beautify myself with samples of this or that lotion that was to produce a rose-leaf complexion overnight. But I didn't magically turn beautiful, so after a while I stopped trying.

When I started in the movies I found myself in a new world, but facing the same old conditions, exaggerated. Beauty, beauty, everywhere! Physical loveliness, charm of personality, attributes that elicited instantaneous admiration.

The contrast between the other girls at Universal and myself was inescapable. I was just naturally so left out. I really started clowning in an effort to attract attention.

People may think me some sort of awful creature for admitting that. But haven't you noticed the little ways the wallflowers try to focus interest upon themselves? They screw their faces into funny expressions and gesture more than is natural. What we call hogging the spotlight now.

I want to cry over the poor little foolishness of them. But they have to go through that phase and realize that they have been making idiots of themselves. Not many can turn clowning trick into a financial asset. Mostly they revert to naturalness when they see how ludicrous they look, and eventually they will encounter people who will appreciate their genuine worth.

It was at a dinner party that I first clowned intentionally. I may have been doing it long before subconsciously. There was a girl whom I envied—a fluffy ingenue with big, blue eyes and hair like span gold little rivulets of it piled on top of her head and spilling down to touch the exquisite pink of her cheeks. A rose and gold powder puff.

She would drop her lashes demurely, and her crystal-dripping voice softly purred—and everybody was quite mad about her. I was tired and cranky and everything I did was wrong. Knocked over my glass of water, dropped my fork on the floor, got a strangling spell.

At a sudden lull in the conversation I looked up. The queer expressions on that ring of faces watching me struck me with a brutal force. One man's eyes held a quizzical, appreciative glint. Powder-puff's were swimming in merriment, and provocative dimples played about her lips.

I saw that they were vastly amused. It both hurt and surprised me, for they weren't the sort to laugh at my discomfiture.

"Louise, you're so droll when you clown that way," Powder-puff's plump mother chuckled. "Wherever did you learn to do it? You're clever!"

A great light burst back in my brain. And a wave of relief swept over me. They had been laughing at my awkwardness, thinking I had been clowning purposely. By carrying on that idea, I could make my mistakes under a sort of cloak and people would construe them as intentional humor.

Since then, I haven't minded their laughing at me much. And, curiously enough, when I relaxed and stopped being so watchful of every gesture and expression, I lost a lot of my self-consciousness.

The old shyness persisted, however, to an extent, and I suppose always will. When I decided to try to get into Sennett comedies, I stood outside all day long for eight days too timid to even ask for a job. I thought I had an awful nerve to aspire to a place among those lovely girls whom I saw trooping in every morning and out every afternoon.

Finally a girl with glossy, black hair and a superb self-assurance grabbed my hand and said, "Say, kid, you spendin' the rest of your life standin' out here? Goin' to take root and grow branches to shade this old gate? Is that so?" when Iammered my great ambition. "Well, you won't get in by blusterin' here in the sun. Let's do a Brodie—take a chance, kid."

She literally dragged me in. They needed a girl to shoot a gun. I had been in Westerns at Universal and was quick on the draw. So I got a job at Sennett's. A while later I evolved my comedy characterization, the woeful slavery, that won me public consideration. There's a lot of me in her!

I was voyaging on a new sea when I left Sennett's to try dramatic production. One's status counted— and I ranked lowest according to the caste system of actors. Just why a comedian isn't as good as a dramatic actor I haven't figured out, unless it's the theatrical alignment that has its root in the difference between circus performers and Broadway. It's a false pride, and cruelly unfair.

They've poked fun at me. Played jokes on me. They couldn't seem to grasp the fact, some of them, that I was a human being, too, and asking only the chance to inject a bit of comedy into their dramas as the producers wanted me to. It wasn't a conscious unkindness—not a personal fear or envy—but just their natural contempt for a comedienne.

Sometimes the dramatic directors don't understand how hard I am trying to develop into a versatile actress. They say, "Oh, that's the way you did such a scene in comedies? Well, it might do in comedies." Or else they'll shrug and concede, "We'll take it, to please you, but I doubt if it'll be used."

That makes me shrivel up inside. I can't do good work unless I feel they are with me, and believe in me. I'm still ashamed of showing sentiment and can't cry with any one watching me.

I'm gradually making a place for myself. I feel that I can afford to spend a little more than I used to, now that I have attained the financial security that was my early dream. So I have nice clothes—not very frilly, because that isn't my type. But I dress well. I'm much more at ease with people and the few real friends that I have made believe in me.

I've outgrown that silly idea of wanting to attract attention. The popularity that is evoked by conscious attempts doesn't call to the real depths in people and won't last.

I think the cry of humanity is this: "I want to be understood." I wonder if everybody feels sometimes that those closest and dearest do not always understand? We all have such queer moods.

In my work, every laugh is a tribute. But in personal contacts, it gives me a little twinge of pain even now when people who don't know me expect me to be funny.

I do get a lot out of my life, though. Other girls are showered with flattering attention while I make the fudge at parties. But I learned to dance. Casual acquaintances want to dance with me because I'm Louise Fazenda the movie actress, real friends because they like me. I don't wallflower as I used to.

And when both the boys and the girls are in trouble or needed, they come to me instead of to the fluffy Powder-puffs. It's a tremendous compensation to me that people trust me and welcome my help and advice. A precious satisfaction—being of service.

Continued on page 109
Here's a Lucky Girl!

EVERYBODY who had anything to do with "The Salvation Hunters" seems to have enjoyed the luck of a Midas. Thanks to having been associated with that much-discussed venture, each one of that company of unknowns has reaped a harvest of helpful publicity and profitable employment.

The girl in the case, Georgia Hale, was signed up by Douglas Fairbanks, and is now appearing opposite Charlie Chaplin in his comedy, "The Gold Rush," in place of Lita Grey.

In a way Miss Hale has been the luckiest all along. The fates began smiling on her almost from the moment that she first felt aspirations to go into the films.

In the East she won a contest that rewarded her with enough money to make a trip to California. She had the good fortune to gain access to the studios, and though she obtained only bits at the start, a small part in "The Price of Vanity," led to her acquaintance with Von Sternberg.

She met him just about the time he was making his plan to produce "The Salvation Hunters," and almost immediately he selected her to take the part of The Girl. The compensation was little or nothing, but everybody connected with the enterprise had such high hopes that she was caught and swept along in the general spell of enthusiasm.

Miss Hale's future is still problematical. Many producers would like to use her in their casts because of the attention attracted by the Von Sternberg picture, but there is no telling what plans Doug or Charlie will have for her with the completion of "The Gold Rush."

Continued on page 112
The Second German Invasion

remarkable. Perhaps you have seen "The Lost World," with the giant dinosaur and the little dinahs at play. You know by this time how it was done—by means of clay miniatures. Well, in his "Siegfried" opus you're going to see a dragon that is a dragon. I am told that there are seventy men inside of the snorting pet, pulling strings and helping it to get the strangle hold on Siegfried. There are no cases of double exposure here!

There is another instance in this picture which shows just how far the Germans will go for art. In one scene you will see a huge ship at anchor—built in the studio. There is a lady aboard who wants to get ashore and do some shopping and as there is no Sir Walter Raleigh aboard of such gigantic proportions as our dragon, a small army of knights in armor step over the sides into the water, form two rows and make a bridge of their shields to save the lady from getting her feet wet.

The Germans decided to adapt this heroic legend to the screen in about the same way that they have decided to undertake other worthy ideas. They did not get the idea—the idea got them. They did not have the thought of producing just a film, or searching for a big idea for a scenario, which, if staged in American dimensions would perhaps do business in America.

They found themselves confronted with the task of bringing back to all nations of the world, a treasure which was the joint property of all nations; to carry again to daylight this treasure in a new form suitable to the modern generation: a picture which would not have to be translated to be understood equally well at Hammerfest, Capetown, or Walla Walla. The Germans are fussy about these costume dramas, and they do not shout loud hurrahs at American costume pictures. But they are not the only nation which chuckles over our swashbuckling cinema efforts. One of the finer London magazines published a highly amusing review of Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon." While they deigned to say that Mary was "just a little lump of cudde," which was their way of paying her a compliment, they declared that the picture was another wild Western film placed in a valentine setting of lace and doublets, surrounded by castles and moats.

At the same time, the Germans can be subtle with us. Permit me to quote one of their writers:

It is not the avocation of German films to compete with the monumentality of the American costume picture. And, as far as success is concerned, we consider it a blunder to offer other countries things they have much better in their own boundaries. They must give us what we do not possess—that which cannot be imitated, because it is unique and individual.

And there you have the German idea. The Germans want to give us the best that they have. They are trying to make pictures from a broad angle which can be understood in every country. They are endeavoring to make pictures without titles, or with only the number actually necessary. They realize that the eye sees a language which is universal.

Will the second German invasion be more successful than the first? It will be interesting to see.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 29

and Ann Pennington. Bebe Daniels was there looking very stunning; so was Dinah Kane and Clara Kimball Young.

"Bebe's contract with Paramount expires very soon, so her chief occupation nowadays is listening to offers from other companies. I wouldn't be surprised if she went to De Mille or Warner Brothers. Famous Players haven't done much for her in the way of stories, so they could hardly expect her to be enthusiastic over staying with them.

"Diana Kane is to have a real chance at last. She is going to play opposite Richard Dix in his next picture. He would have been perfectly content to have Frances Howard play opposite him in every picture but companies never think that a good policy.

"You may think that you see million-picture stars wherever you go in New York now, but just wait until next week. Alice Terry is coming to town—perhaps she is on her way abroad at last to make 'Mare Nosbrum' with Mr. Ingram. And who do you suppose is coming home?"

"Gloria Swanson."

"That's easy; the papers have been full of her departure. Wasn't it marvelous when the ' Lupile ' crowded to the docks to see her off. It wasn't quite so nice of them to shout 'Good-by Mr. Swanson' to the marquis but I suppose he will have to get used to that. But guess again; who do you think is on her way home?"

"Not Julanne Johnston!" I explained unbelievingly.

Fanny nodded. "If I didn't like Julanne so much I would simply loathe her. Just think of all the marvelous times she has had."

"Yes," I admitted. "There was a

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 59

to be done cannot be found over there, nor can the necessary equipment to accomplish this probably be taken abroad satisfactorily.

The miniatures that are used are veritable works of art. The one that we viewed at the studio looked like a very pictorial and beautiful stage setting. The colors were exquisitely blended and no ancient Roman galley could have made an impression anywherenow as effective on the screen as this will in all probability.

The same is true for some of the scenes showing vast throngs of people moving in the distance. These were photographed with tiny doll-like replicas of human beings that were carried along the highways of the ancient cities and through miniature gateways on a sort of moving track or belt.

To detect which shots were made in this manner for the screen will be virtually impossible, because they will

Continued on page 108
ELMER CLIFTON, the director, is not satisfied with grinding out pictures in the usual manner; you recall the sensation he made with "Down to the Sea in Ships," that film epic of the New England whaling industry.

He has recently returned from an even more ambitious effort, an eight months' trip through the Orient, on which he took one hundred thousand feet of rare scenic shots that are to form the background for six dramatic stories, the completion of which he is about to undertake. The trip led him through the South Sea Islands, New Zealand, Australia, Borneo, New Guinea, The Philippines, China, Indo-China, Malay, Burma, and India.

The pictures shown here were snapped during his trip. At the top you see Clifton, with the cup, and his camera man, A. G. Penrod. Below is a Maori house in New Zealand which he selected as a location. At the right of that a location near Singapore, where coconuts furnished the only healthful drink. Below that is a view in the thermal district in the volcano country of New Zealand, and at the bottom of the page two views of the Franz Josef glacier in New Zealand. Clifton and Penrod scaled the very peak shown at the right. Look closely and you may see them!
and rise of another Mary—our Mary
—has one small person had so much to
do!
She says it makes her happy to
think of the actual circumstances of
winning the Universal contest in Chi-
cago four years ago. Of how she
felt when she and her mother stood
on a dull and dreary L platform di-
rectly afterward. Of what Mr. Von
Stroheim said to her mother and
those about.
But she will be far more happy
in a far less personal and satisfying
way when she finally sees before her
that stony, flower-strewn way she is
to tread. There are some people—
many people—who belong to them-
selves and to their own little circle
—and there are a few—oh, so very
few—who belong to the world.
Mary Philbin is one of these few.
This seems to be a story of con-
jectures and surmises. So, having
started off so bravely, I'll shoot an-
other one at you very parenthetically.
What would Mary Philbin do under
the direction of D. W. Griffith?
Imagine! But, of course, if he put
her to climbing doors and eating
handkerchiefs—
Mary's particular guiding spirit
since she came into pictures has been
Erich von Stroheim. She has done
her best work by far under his di-
rection. He chose her finally out of
the five thousand girls who entered
that famous contest, and he gave her
her best part in "Merry Go Round."
I think she is rather waiting and se-
cretly hoping he will direct her in
another picture soon.
"Merry Go Round," as you all
know, was begun under the direc-
tion of Von Stroheim and finished under
Rupert Julian's. She was again un-
der Julian's direction in "The Phan-
tom of the Opera." For the rest, she
has done program pictures lifted only
by her presence out of dull medi-
ocity.
But surely she is a child marked
by the hand of fortune! Her genius
of portrayal, her simple sweetness of
expression, are not the products of
technique or even of intellect. She
just is.
There have been no other actors
in her family. So it cannot be hered-
ity. She told me that from timest
childhood she had wanted to go on
the stage. The desire, I believe, was
not the ordinary attraction of a glam-
orous figure in the spotlight. It was
not even ego—not even a desire to
show off. It was simply the whole-
some exuberance of a child dancing
in the dappled sunlight under sway-
ning poplars.
Delicate she is, to be sure, with
something more than the mere deli-
cacy of adolescence. Her clear skin,
the lovely eyes that dance and sparkle
with sheer life as she tells of her
happiness in some event past or an-
ticipated—all speak of a soul alive
with health and power. She gestures
freely with a funny, awkward grace-
fulness that more than ever stamps
her the child.
She seems to feel that happiness
—the sheer joy of simply being
happy—is the whole keynote of life.
And in a way, it is. But perhaps she
has a larger knowledge—perhaps she
has a deeper creed and a more ready
catchword for it than ordinary mor-
tals can find.
But sufficient unto the day is the
creed thereof. "Just to be happy"
is a splendid childhood aim. But
grown men and women find that to
be happy is to give oneself in service
to others. This is Mary Philbin's
destiny.

Looking on with An Extra Girl
Continued from page 34
was prettier at three months than
this thing."
"But Harold," said Jobyna, "you
must consider that Gloria is an ex-
ceptionally pretty child. They can't
all be that sweet."
"I suppose not, but gee, she was
prettier than this when she was born.
But this does look like some I saw
down at the hospital, though. Little,
red things. Now, Gloria—"
He is just as earnest as any other
very young father, even to relating
how, when they ask her what the
dog says, she answers, "Bow."
I did not see Mildred Davis Lloyd
until the work was finished and I
went over to cash my checks. Then
—since a Lloyd set is not one of
those sacred affairs sewed in with
canvas walls—I went in to watch
Harold in some close-ups. Since
make-up makes enough difference in
one's appearance to excuse unrecog-
nition, I was not expecting Harold
to remember me. It just isn't done
in the better cinema circles. But he
did, and called out to me in an
informal pleasantries:
"Back of the camera I noticed a
tiny, adorably pretty girl in blue that
matched her eyes. She was Mrs.
Harold Lloyd, but every one greeted
her as "Middy" and asked about the
baby. I was surprised to find her
so very small and vivacious and child-
like. One would expect that the not
trifling grandeur of her brilliant mar-
rriage and the novelty of motherhood
might reasonably have given her a
settled dignity. But she is like noth-
ing so much as a friendly little kiti-
—-a white one with a pink ribbon
and rather impulsive. Just one of
the girls, as Harold is one of the
boys. He greeted her as "Ma"
Lloyd.
Youth—American youth—as we
like to think of it. Happy and lucky,
and with all their gifts from the gods
—very fine and straight. For the na-
tion they are a symbol in their
bright, young spirits. For Holly-
wood—as long as it can produce such
families—redemption from the scald-
ing headlines and the reformers' spot-
light. And for those who come in
contact with them, just Middy,
and Harold and his gang.
words are fewer in number. And this is a story, not of a sob, but of a fight—of the gamiest fight a youngster of sixteen years ever made.

As a tribute to Lucille’s wishes, I am trying not to grow sentimental. Just a few days before she left us, I told her I was going to write something about her, so her fans would remember her, and she begged, “Not a sob story, please. I think they’re silly. Besides, they make people unhappy. Write a bright story, that will make them laugh, won’t you, please.”

“I hope they remember me. Everybody here has been so wonderful. But they say the public forgets you when you stay away from the screen for a while, and gets to liking somebody else,” she whispered. “That’s not fair, and I don’t believe it. I worked hard, and I’m going to again, when I get well. And I hope some of them won’t forget me.”

“Pernicious anaemia,” the doctors diagnosed her illness.

Marshall, the brother a couple of years older than Lucille, and their mother always brought bright smiling faces into the sick room. A sense of humor prevailed there. Friends stopped in on their way home from the studios, to relay the latest news, to bring books—and, as Lois Wilson confessed, “To be cheered up, when we are tired and depressed. ‘This is my sunshine room,’ Lucille says, ‘and I want you all to be happy here.’”

When hope was burning brightly, tragedy blotted out the sunshine. The mother was seized with a sudden heart attack. Marshall was away, at work. It happened in a moment when no one but the mother and sick child were in the room. Though Lucille had been helpless for months, she managed in a superhuman effort to get out of bed and over to her mother. Mrs. Ricketson died in her arms. Then she telephoned the doctor and—collapsed.

For days it seemed that her spirit was about to wing its way from her body; but, with consciousness, Lucille awakened with a firm determination to get well.

“I won’t die!” Though her lips trembled, her words came forth firm. “Mother believed I would get well and make her prouder of me than she’d ever been before, and I will! There’s a lot to live for, and mother will be happy when I get well and do big things.

As kind faces bent over hers, Lucille’s lips twisted into a half smile and half grin. An impudent, little-girl grin which seemed to be saying, “You needn’t look so glum. It can’t beat me!”

Filindom opened its generous heart to Lucille. She and Marshall would be cared for in every way possible, would know no material want. Stars came in costly motors, and left flowers and books, offers of help, and the affection that is priceless. Extra girls stuck funny little notes in the mail box—comments on this or that in the studios, fragments that had many a chuckle in them, messages of cheer, with bright words that danced like bubbles along the pages.

Almost everybody in pictures reminded her of their interest in varied ways, but those who most often found time to sit by her bedside were Lois Wilson, her almost constant companion—Lois gave up her vacation to spend the days and most of the nights with Lucille—the Conrad Nagels, May McAvoy, Pauline Baron, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Margaret Livingston, and Rupert Hughes.

Vainly she fought the inclination to sink into the long sleep. When they thought she had won and began to talk of her future, she insisted upon planning with them, and had surprisingly shrewd reasons to advance for this or that desire.

Then, all of a sudden one night, the doctors and nurses saw the change coming. She couldn’t rally again. And so she lost her fight.

But she has left behind her, in the hearts of Hollywood and, I hope, of her many fans, a memory that time will not blot out. The memory of the gamiest little soldier that we in Hollywood have ever known.

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On the New York Stage

line before the Actors Theater trying to break into “The Wild Duck,” he would rejoice in the fact that Ibsen’s box-office values were coming into their own. This searching play of the idealist who meets tragedy when he tries to uplift one little family to the higher standards is as beautifully done as was “Hedda Gabler” and as thoroughly appreciated. It has an almost perfect cast with one newcomer—Helen Chandler, a child of sixteen, who gives one of the most generally touching performances of the entire season. If her future work can approach this role in truth and pathetic sincerity another great American actress is already well over the horizon.

Poor Butterfly.

“Houses of Sand” is a sequel to “Madame Butterfly.” It continues the fortunes of that unhappy family with the life history of Butterfly’s child, the infant, you remember, who is brought back so winfully to the saddest strains of Puccini’s music. In this play she grows up and falls in love with a Harvard undergraduate, which starts the old race conflict all over again. It hasn’t the pull of the original tragedy but it is appealing in an artless, sentimental way and its Oriental backgrounds would lend themselves to a colorful picture, with excerpts from “Butterfly” as flash-backs in the scheme.

Words and Music.

The output of legitimate plays rises and falls with the seasons, but the musical comedies and revues seem to flow steadily on straight through the year. This month the most ambitious production is Ziegfeld’s “Louis the Fourteenth,” an elaborate and brilliant musical show and, thanks to Leon Errol, an uproariously comic one. It does not, as the title suggests, deal with the scandals of the French Court but takes its cue from a corydophor—the fourteenth in line—and from there progresses to every imaginable period. There are flocks of Ziegfeld beauties, much tuneful music and the thread of humor which Errol never permits to sag.

Willie Howard bursts through the musical comedy lines in a new show called “Sky High.” He has his familiar line of wise cracks and his unfailing personality, which always registers with his audience. The show itself has dash and spirit and an unusually decorative collection of girls but it is retarded somewhat by a dull book which would be hopeless were it not for Howard’s own comedy.

“Pierrot the Prodigal,” the French pantomime, has been exquisitely revived with Laurette Taylor in the title role. There is also the spring edition of Ziegfeld’s “Follies,” which arrive with the first hurdy-gurdy and the Easter hats on Fifth Avenue. Mr. Ziegfeld has shrewdly incorporated into this the best part of his “Comic Supplement,” an elaborate production which had such tough luck in its try-outs that its disguised owner scrapped it at a cost of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. With the book of these two additions have come the “Follies,” however, he has every reason to believe that every cent of this will come galloping back to the New Amsterdam theater.
A Star Who'd Rather Drive a Truck

Continued from page 89

the slot machines. One Saturday not long ago he won about one dollar and eighty cents’ worth of soap with a penny and if there’s anything a growing boy doesn’t want to win it’s soap.

But Mickey just naturally likes to be a sport. He and Joe Cobb, the little fat boy of Our Gang, participated in a “horse race” a short time ago, with Joe mounted on a cow and Mickey driving a dog cart. Because he thought he had a cinch, Mickey wanted to bet his week’s allowance that he would win. In front of his dog, fastened to the shafts of the cart, was a box containing a cat and Mickey knew that when his “horse” got sight of that feline there would be a burst of speed and some excitement. Joe knew it, too. When the signal to go was given, Joe started his old cow plodding down the road while Director McGowan lifted a lid on the side of the box which exposed Mickey’s screened-in cat.

When the dog saw it, he leaped forward. He leaped again. Then he tried to put about three leaps into the space ordinarily occupied by one. Away they went down the road past Joe on the cow—passing them like a pay car passing tramps.

But somehow, the dog turned in his course and went crashing through the fence, taking Mickey and the cart and the cat with him. Presently he came crashing back again, Mickey and the cat just hanging on. Then he went back through a third time, spilling the driver and promptly increasing speed. Mickey saw his outfit disappearing like a thin streak away on the back of the lot.

“I trimmed yuh, didn’t I?” asked Joe as he came slowly back astride his cow. “Didn’t I trim yuh?”

“Go on, ‘Moon-face!’” the dismounted driver replied.

It must not be deduced from this that Mickey Daniels is a wild, reckless, sporting youth. He is not. He

sympathetic youth who was making an obvious effort to get over. While taking his work seriously there was a glint of humor behind all he did, I thought, and his laughing eyes often were at variance with the melodramatic mood he was expected to assume. He had personality of a sort that might never get him anywhere on the screen, but I was sure he must be a bit unusual away from it. He wasn’t acting like a leading juvenile and I thought he wasn’t acting at all. I would remember the name.

It next came to me when I saw Pierre Gendron on a theater program in New York. Not as an actor but as conthor with Fred Jackson, well-known playwright, of an adroit and amusing farce called “Cold Feet,” which had a Broadway representation.

When, to my amazement, I saw him programmed as a principal in the Lubitsch picture—chosen, no doubt, by that shrewd and discriminating director—I couldn’t understand for a moment. Then, being human and liking to imagine myself discriminating too, I agreed that it was but another instance of my rare faculty for discerning talent in obscure places being confirmed by the gifted great.

It seemed high time to see the man himself and ask him a few personal questions about pictures and his place in them, meanwhile learning, if possible, that which interests me acutely: if these playfolk take themselves seriously and if not themselves, what?

“This is my first interview. I’m a bit surprised that any one should have found me out,” which may read like simulated humility, but wasn’t, honestly. He said this on ushering me into an Italian living room, commanding, from its lotty gauze-lung windows, the most breath-taking view in all Hollywood.

“How, Mr. Gendron, did you begin at all?”

“I’d always wanted to act, from my university days. When I was a student—air service—I thought it a good time to make a fresh start, or rather a start at something I really wanted. There was a brief try in a factory—a sort of family factory of ours—but I couldn’t stand it, so I left Chicago for New York.”

He went on to say that when his cash assets melted to six dollars he still felt no fear for the future. This optimism was not engendered by an excess of self-confidence, he explained, but rather because he has a fatalistic belief that the turning point is always just around the next corner.

At any rate, with his six dollars he dined carefully at the Ritz and went to the Capitol Theater, which seems to me rather a nice way to put in a fatalistic evening. Next day by accident he renewed an acquaintance with Robert Vignok, the director, and “The World and His Wife” belonged to Pierre. At least a part in it did.

Not from the Mob

When it was finished he did not know where next to turn for another engagement. He was ignorant of the existence of agents and casting offices, and knew nothing of the mechanics of getting a job. But once again luck beckoned him in the person of another acquaintance—connected, this time, with Goldwyn. He was given a part in Madge Kennedy’s “Girl with the Jazz Heart.” Furthermore, he was offered a five-year contract before the picture was finished but declined to bind himself for so long a period.

“It was nothing but luck.” Gendron explained, “and it happened too soon and there was too much of it. Later I learned what it was to wait for another opportunity, particularly when I came out to Hollywood over a year ago. No one had heard of me. Few knew anything about the pictures I had done in the East. Those who did, couldn’t see me for anything out here. It was as if I had never been on the screen at all.”

He would cast himself further upon Fate’s mercies. His hope is to create a distinct type of part as of course is the ambition of all actors. It would be, he says, a sensitive sort of hero, a little on the order of what Charles Ray does inimitably, but without that awkward shyness which is a pivotal factor in all Ray’s roles. Gendron visualizes his ideal part along these lines in “Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker,” a novel written years ago by Doctor S. Weir Mitchell of Philadelphia.
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I n f o r m a t i o n, P l e a s e

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle

C. I. H.—So you want Madge Bellamy's address published oftener? Remember Addison Sims of Seattle; once was enough for him. Madge lives at 517 Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California. John flowers was born in Indiana; he doesn't tell his age, even though I called him up in the middle of the night to ask him. Yes, Marguerite De La Motte is still making pictures; she and John recently appeared in one called “Flattery,” released by Chadwick Pictures Corporation. Warner Baxter is in his thirties.

A Girl from the Windy City.—Chicago has no monopoly on the wind; New York can blow a lot, too. Frances Howard is nineteen years old; her real name is Frances Howard McLaughlin; she used to appear in stock comedy on the stage and had several roles in Broadway productions. She was playing in “The Best People,” one of the earlier successes of this past season, when Mr. Lasky saw her and thought her ideal for the lead in “The Swain.” She also played with Richard Dix in “Too Many Kisses.” Vivian Martin has been out of pictures for several years, playing on the stage. She is rehearsing for a new Broadway production. Dorothy Devore is in her early twenties. I'm afraid it would be rather difficult to get a photo of Olive Thomas, as there is no longer any one in the business of sending out her pictures.

GLORIA'S GLORIFIER.—Gloria is certainly well named; she's had more than her share of glory lately. That's quite a title for a girl who's playing now. "Madame Sans Gene" is to be followed by “The Coast of Folly,” with Rod La Rocque as her leading man.

ROUGHNECK.—If it's only your neck that's rough, it's marvelous what these beauty specialists can do. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Sweden. She is Mrs. John Gunnergson, and was at one time the wife of Guy Combs, motion-picture director. Miss Nilsson played with Ben Lyon and Marjorie Daw in “The One Way Street.” She is five feet seven inches. Yes, Sigrid Holmquist is also Swedish; her latest picture is “The Crackajack,” with Johnny Hines. Miss Holmquist isn't married. Penny Leonard has made several pictures, and is at present playing in vaudeville.

WILD WEST.—It's about time they stopped calling the West wild; the East is much wilder nowadays. Yes, Tom Mix has signed up for one of the fanciest salaries ever paid to a screen star. His latest picture is “The Rainbow Trail.” Tom is married to Victoria Forde, and they have a tiny daughter, Thomasina, who is the apple of his eye and the joy of his heart. Why an eye should have an apple is not one of the questions I know the answer to. Buck Jones' hobby is police dogs. Yes, he is married. He was born in Indianapolis. His latest picture is "Timber Wolf," with Elinor Fair playing opposite him. We all thought Bill Hart had retired permanently from the screen this time, but it seems he is coming back, as he has signed up with Joseph Schenck's company to release his pictures.

I. C.—I hope you see something good. Eugene O'Brien has been making a picture for Universal. Eugene is a bachelor, forty-one years old. Lloyd Hughes is twenty-six and is married to Gloria Hope; they live at 601 South Rampart Street, Los Angeles. He played opposite Colleen Moore in “Sally.”

A. R. D. E. C.—I'm surprised they don't put you to work making alphabet soup. Ian Keith was born in 1899; he is married to Blanche Yurka, but there is a divorce suit pending in the family. Mr. Keith is appearing on the stage in California at present, but no doubt you will see him in pictures again soon. His real name is McCaulay Ross. George Hackathorne's latest is “Haunted Hands,” in which William Tilden, the tennis champion, makes his screen debut. No, George isn't married. He was born in Pendleton, Oregon, and first went on the stage as a singer, at the age of nine.

CURLY HEARD.—Aren't you lucky, with permanent waves one dollar a curl, or what have you? Yes, Dorothy Mackall has her hair bobbed and looks twice as beautiful as she did before. Her latest pictures are “Chickie” and “The Making of O'Malley.” The Harold Lloyd baby is named Gloria, after Gloria Hope, who is Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, and a great friend of Mildred Davis Lloyd. (That sounds like a lot of Lloyds being sung carelessly about, doesn't it?)

N. H.—Can I guess what that stands for? I've always supposed that meant "Nobody Home," but maybe that's not the right answer. Yes, there is a report to the effect that Robert Agnew and Mary McAvoy are about to get married; they certainly make a young-looking couple. Robert isn't as young as he looks, however. He was born in San Antonio, Texas, twenty-six years ago. He lives at 6357 La Miranda, Hollywood. May McAvoy was born in 1901. As this goes to press she is still working on “Ben-Hur”—perhaps she will be for years to come, judging by what has happened to the picture so far. May is just one year under five feet and weighs ninety-four pounds. Write her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

A MOVIE FAN.—Well, with that signature, you're likely to be most anybody—Mary Pickford, Princess Mary, or Calvin Coolidge. Marion Davies' address is United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood. I have no address for the new Spanish actor, Marc Gonzales, but since he has been playing in Paramount pictures, you can probably reach him at the Famous Players Studio at Astoria, Long Island.

INQUIER, PENTICION, B. C.—That sounds like Greek to me, but I don't always know Greek when I see it. It is always extremely difficult for an outsider to sell a scenario. Most of the big film companies nowadays buy only stories that have been published, or plays, that have proved to be of some interest to the public. Most companies no longer read amateur scenarios, because so few of them in proportion to those submitted prove usable that it's not worth hiring readers for them. If you have ability as a screen writer, learn from the ground up, either by writing short stories until you can learn to write saleable material or by working up in a studio and learning screen technique. Yes, June Mathis is still one of the best scenario writers in the business. She was recently engaged in adapting Valentino's new picture, “Cobra,” for the screen.

FOND OF CONRAD.—That would make it seem that you're a literary person, but on second glance I see that you mean Conrad Nagel. You're right; Mr. Nagel has a delightful personality and, incidentally, a charming speaking voice, which his fans, of course, don't get the opportunity to hear. He was born in Kokomo and attended Highland Park College there, where his father was Dean of Music. He was on the stage for six years before appearing in pictures. He and Ruth Holmes Nagel, with baby Ruth, are one of the most devoted couples in Hollywood.
The Screen in Review
Continued from page 63
Oh yes, Harpo Marx has a part in it, so look out for him. Frances Howard is in it too, but I am still unable to tell what all the shouting was about.

"The Denial" is pretty terrible because it is another massacre of an intelligent play. This time Lewis Beach, who fared well in "The Goose Hangs High," is the sufferer. If producers want original stories, why don't they buy them? If they like a play well enough to purchase it, why don't they find out what it is all about before they make free with their changes? The only good thing in "The Denial" is its careful reproduction of life in the Spanish war era.

The old time atmosphere in "Barriers Burned Away" is also excellent and I liked the picture because it relates my favorite story, that of Mrs. Leary's cow and the great Chicago fire. The picture has some reasonable fire scenes, if you are not too technically wise to enjoy them, and it is good melodrama. In radio circles, this film is known as "Batteries Burned Away."

"On Thin Ice" is a crook melodrama but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Roberts and William Russell are in the cast and it is fair, entertainment. "A Café in Cairo" presents Priscilla Dean in the rôle of an English girl who has been brought up in the land of sheiks and so falls in love with the first Englishman who comes along. The picture has thrills and it will please you if you still like Arabs.

Why we Forget Motion Pictures so Quickly
Continued from page 88
necessary or when the objective demands information and places itself sufficiently in unison with the subconscious to obtain the required knowledge.

The more directly the subconscious mind is affected, the less likely it is to impress the objective. In the case of a motion picture which is an artificial dream, the entertainment appeals directly to the subconscious and there is no apparent necessity for sharing the memory of what has been seen with the conscious. The subconscious mind having been appealed to while the conscious was semidormant and the objectivation of memory serving no useful purpose, motion pictures, unless a special effort is made to remember, are quickly forgotten.
in shame on the line in the back yard, hoping the neighbors won’t notice how like shreds they are.

In the cafés of ornate splendor you eat much rich food, many-course dinners, amid the charm of snowy napery, gleaming silver, and sophisticated, brilliantly witty repartee. You do not eat a great deal, there; those unpalatable dishes you merely pick over. But you are stimulated by the joyous music, the interchange of ideas, the clash of dominant personality that you feel all about you.

Or you cook your meal over a twoburner gas stove; or, perched at a soda counter, you devour a bowl of soup and a sandwich and a cup of coffee.

The very colors of Hollywood are contradictory. Rich, brilliant, flaming hues. Houses of vivid orange, proud blue, artistic cream, amid grounds of luxuriant foliage landscaped into oases of breath-taking charm. Blood-red geraniums climb green trellises; poinsettias lift their passionate faces on slim stalks beside cool, white walls. Splashes of crimson, of gold, of a lovely blue. Upon the sections where live Hollywood’s elite, even color spills itself with glorious abandon, as the riches of the earth do honor to those who have won that magic wand, success.

And, hidden on side streets, interspersed among the chic shops along the boulevards, are drab little places. Houses that need painting badly, fences with gaps where boards are gone, bumpy streets that have never been paved, yards of scraggly weeds where dirty youngsters play and shrill. Why should those sections be spruced up? Who sees them? They are only the realms of those who haven’t made the grade to the gleaming hilltops. Where the failures hide themselves away, hiding their day to blossom forth.

Who says there are no dark, unlovely spots in Hollywood?

Has he seen the lumber yard with its gray, hideous buildings, where the pur of mighty saws screech and rend the daylight peace? The tumble-down, unpainted shack of the Chinese laundryman? The rambling houses where a bunch of Mexican kids howl the livelong day? The little places, of a tiresome, red sameness, where live the Japanese families?

The cottage where Hollywood’s six hundred deserted women, the mothers whose husbands have gone away and left them to support their youngsters by extra work, leave their kiddies in tender care for fifteen cents a day? The cemetery and, opposite it, those masses of gray stone being carved in memory of the dead?

Life is seldom serene, never monotonous, in Hollywood. It is a town of constant stimulation, of moods. Optimism or—pessimism. One extreme or the other. The exaltation of hope—the abyss of despair. There is a quivering electric feeling in the very air which portends that anything may happen. Cinderella’s dream, are wafted magically to success. There is always that promissory to-morrow.

That portion of filmtown which must live in the one extreme of melancholia visions ahead—always just around the corner—that turn of fate which will lift it to the heights. Dreams—hopes unfulfilled—the beauty is that they dream on, belief unconquered by disillusionment.

And, with success, the change comes, not gradually but immediately.

A brief span of weeks so often lifts one from those drab back yards to the sunlit hilltops. You see the effects of that change metamorphose in the form of motors, clothes, a new assurance.

There is no middle age. Youth pervades. And when age is inescapable, it reflects a rich, mellow experience, a charm. For many years an actress plays at youth; suddenly she appears as a lovely little grandmother.

Where is the middle class of Hollywood? The self-satisfied homes where a buxom mother sings over her dinner preparations in the kitchen, where kids with chocolate-decorated faces scramble over the funny pages of the newspapers on the living-room floor, where Dad spills his cigar ashes on the best rug, is chided and told to drape himself over the porch rail? Where there is plenty but not a surfeit, where actual want is unknown though luxuries are things to be worked for, attained and enjoyed by the family?

Most American towns have been built up by this energetic, busy, satisfied middle class of ordinary people, ambitious, but within limits, content that life travels its well-grooved cycle. If Hollywood has such a class, it hides itself away, for outwardly it tries so pitifully hard to be something else. It either cries alone, or it attempts to hang onto the fringes of the upper circles.

Truly, there is no other town on earth like Hollywood. Magnetic, contradictory, impulsive, emotional Hollywood—the town that has no middle class.
A New Way of Becoming a Star

Continued from page 87

at an alarm clock near the foot of the bed, reached out a long hind leg and kicked the annoying time piece into a corner. Then he reached down and pulled the covers up a little more closely about him and snuggled down to sleep. Presently, his bed mate, the cab driver, pulled down the quilts and told him to get up and get out. The horse reached for the covers and pulled them back over him again.

"Get up!" the cabby shouted. "It's six o'clock!"

Slowly the horse crawled out from bed, yawned a couple of times, brushed the cap from his ears, reached with his teeth and unfastened the pajamas, went to the wash stand, sloshed cold water in his face, then sat down at the breakfast table.

"Oats?" asked the cabby.

The horse nodded his head.

"Cream and sugar?"

He shook his head.

When breakfast was over, the animal arose, backed into the shafts of the hansom cab and was ready to start out on the day's work.

That was Star, the former cavalry horse, a member of the firm "Maralyn, Beverly & Star Co., Inc., motion-picture performers. That was one of hundreds of stunts the horse had learned since that day he got his first bit of training in the front yard of Miss Mills' home.

Will that little native-born Holland girl who at twelve traded an old buggy and harness, a goat and some chickens, for a bucking horse, succeed in becoming a motion-picture actress? Here's the answer:

She has doubled for practically every celebrated motion-picture star in the business. She did the major part of the riding for Mary Pickford in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," and when that picture was completed the Ben Wilson Productions Company sent for her and offered her a year's contract to star in a series of twelve five-reel pictures and one serial of fifteen episodes. It agreed to pay her a salary that went well up into the three-figure column each week. The productions were in no wise pretentious, but they gave Maralyn Mills her first taste of stardom. She is modest, unspoiled, just a kid, and yet with a million dollars' worth of enthusiasm.

"Some day," she said, "we'll get a little further on. Beverly and Star are working just as hard as I am and I've got another little horse I call Babe, which is my jumping horse. I have been offered one thousand dollars and a brand new Stutz roadster.
for Beverly; but I would not part with him. Star is my clown. If you are thinking Thursday, he is thinking about Saturday and you've got to think around Monday to keep up with him. Babe will jump anything he can get his nose over. All three are darlings and I just love 'em to death.'

So, while Beverly and Star and Babe are going around uniting knots, opening water faucets, rolling barrels, delivering notes, cake-walking, going after things hidden in boxes, strutting about on their hind legs, lying down and playing dead, producers of Western photoplays are seeking Maralyn Mills and asking her how much it will cost to have her and her pals in a series of their productions. The usual case is reversed: they are seeking her; she is not seeking them. Her contract with the Ben Wilson company has expired and new offers are coming. Her talent as an actress is developing and one easily can see success within her grasp. It will be attained, too, by a route different than over the torturous road so many others have passed. Star and Beverly have done their bit.

When a Picture Opens in Los Angeles

Those working to make a success of this opening must have sustained a shock when only a small percentage of the stars urged in letters written by a powerful producer put themselves out to appear. This in spite of their having been told that viewing the picture came under the heading of those rare privileges vouchsafed the favored few. Enough to say that with all the energy and money put behind this occasion there were many vacant seats when the show began nearly an hour behind the time scheduled.

The band brayed. Young men and girls, decked in rented costumes appropriate to the period of the picture, distributed programs and furnished "atmosphere." While eventually the prologue began and another large expense was added to the bill. Every detail of this entertainment justifies my contention that few pictures warrant the ballyhoo they get almost as a matter of course in Los Angeles, and that if pictures were put to a sincere analysis beforehand it would be seen that the paying public could not be fooled. I mean the stars too. Their promised presence is exploited as a means of drawing the public.

It is nothing unusual to read newspaper advertisements to the effect that a glittering array of stars, all mentioned by name, will positively attend a certain first night when this guarantee is based on nothing more than the issuance of invitations. Few stars recognize any obligation binding enough to force them to accept, and there is always the chance that even the most independent star may find himself working at the studio on the night in question or bound for location. The fan cannot know this when he buys his ticket but his disappointment is apt to raise doubt in his mind when he next reads a similar announcement.

He cannot be expected to call it a good time because he finds himself in an overcrowded promenade back of the orchestra rail, jostled by others like himself and repeatedly ordered by theater attendants to go to his seat, where he will see nothing, instead of being on hand near the door if Norma Talmadge should come in. This is what always happens. The fan, urged to come and see the celebrities, is given no quarter once he has paid his money.

And yet, in spite of the foregoing, there are first nights that take on the glamour most of them sadly miss. Appraising pictures calmly, there is every reason to give certain of them in the course of each season every bit of glory that comes with a spectacular opening. And the intimacy of interest and feeling which prevail among the collective studios on the coast warrants a general turnout when a really important picture comes along. Such pictures invariably find a place at but one theater out there—the Egyptian, in Hollywood—and the opening night of what is always a long run is invested with pomp and ceremony.

No less extravagant than the other openings I have touched upon, such festivities at the Egyptian are infallibly a prelude to something decidedly worth passing judgment upon when the curtain rises and the elaborate prologue begins. It is always of the first order and challenges serious attention.

With seats shrewdly priced at five dollars by the astute Sid Grauman, the psychological effect of this upon stars and laymen acts like a charm. Apart from seeing a big picture such as "The Ten Commandments," "The Covered Wagon," or "The Thief of Bagdad," under the best conditions, every one who is any one at all, together with those who eagerly and ambitiously wish they were, is there...
to be seen. And because of this, to say nothing of the five dollars, the audience is of gorgeous hue.

Like as not Pola Negri may be seen in the same row with Colleen Moore, Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Madge Bellamy, Corinne Griffith, Mabel Ballin—the ladies naturally alternating with gentlemen equally well known. While at the sort of openings mentioned earlier in this article the celebrity in ermine is likely to be seen next a motetiness in cap and sweater, much to the chagrin of the former.

The attitude of the public toward first nights at the Egyptian is exactly what is striven for but never won by those who put over those other openings. The persons who can and will pay five dollars to view the picture also see, at their ease, the stars as well. Those who, for reasons best known to their financial prudence, prefer the hazards of a sidewalk spectacle can, if they get there early enough and can buffet the crowd, see the fabled beauty and chivalry of the screen alighting from their cars—pausing—smiling in acknowledgment of applause—and then, in obedience to a higher law, smiling some more for the separate flashlight picture that must be taken of each, without which no world premiere, real or imitation, could be. Best of all, from the standpoint of the crowd, no sooner does one star trip airily into the court which lies before the theater, than another, perhaps even more famous and more ashimmer, steps out of the next car. All this is a spectacle to be seen nowhere else in the world. The desire to stage it, the willingness to take part in it—these are motives peculiar to the cult of the cinema—and once seen and heard it can never be forgotten.

Cheers ... handclapping ... laughter ... cries of greeting and of praise ... sunlight arcs living up to their name ... flashlights exploding so quickly one after another that the smoke never clears ... a hundred motors throbbing their hearts out ... and did you but turn your eyes a moment from this amazing sight they would encounter the purple serenity of the Hollywood just opposite, cool, enticing, as if nature were holding wide her arms to offer peace and rest to those of her children who will have none of her.

If you have the opportunity of attending an opening of this sort you will be well repaid for the cost and effort. But—as you pick your pictures—be sure that you pick your openings.

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Getting the Stars’ Numbers

F. R. A. N. K. I. E. MCLAUGHLIN, switchboard operator at the First National Studios in Hollywood, has a job that would mean the ultimate in happiness to a lot of movie fans. She knows what the players are really like when off parade; she knows how they treat their families and whether their marriages are going smoothly; she knows the latest studio gossip.

She also knows all the moods and temperaments of the stars. Corinne Griffith always speaks in short, staccato tones when she has just been working on a dramatic scene. Anna Q. Nilsson has only one temperamental period, says Frankie—the half hour before she goes on the set, when she is trying to submerge herself in her role.

Bessie Love and Doris Kenyon are seldom cross over the wire. Bessie Love calls her mother every noon, saying, “I’m coming, Mumsey, and I’m just plumb starved,” or words to that effect. Nazimova is the most exacting among the phone callers. Wallace Beery talked in roars while working with prehistoric monsters in “The Lost World,” but usually he is “as meek as a lamb,” says Frankie.

In her two years’ service, Frankie McLaughlin has heard every well-known star and director in pictures. Surely a fascinating job for a movie fan.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 96

be so intermingled with those photographed with the real crowds abroad. But “Ben-Hur” is without doubt one of the most revolutionary films made in this novel employment of mechanical effects.

The miniatures described are used simply as the distant background for episodes in which the principal characters take part, and in the respect that they accomplish their purpose through the means of illusion they may be said to represent what is true film art.

It looks rather unlikely that the “Ben-Hur” company will ever return to Europe.

Barrymore and Lubitsch.

When John Barrymore returns to the screen there is quite a strong probability that he will be directed in a picture by Ernst Lubitsch, and as Mr. Lubitsch has intended for some time to do a spectacular version of “Faust,” it is not at all unlikely that that may be the subject chosen.

Barrymore will make a series of features for Warner Brothers. His appearance in “Beau Brummel” something over a year ago was unusually successful, the picture having been hailed as one of the ten greatest of the season by critics all over the country. His return will mean much of enjoyment for those who have always delighted in his fascinating and romantic portrayals.
Harry Langdon Has Arrived
Continued from page 93

one to agree with him. Each year his vaudeville tours would bring him out to the coast. And each year he would arrange for as long a layoff as possible in Los Angeles. And until he had to go back to earning the wherewithal for coffee and doughnuts he'd haunt the front gates of the studios. But the casting directors were quite content to get a hearty laugh from looking at his droll face and the dazed look in his china-blue eyes when they told him there was nothing for him. Meanwhile his name became a headliner on the Orpheum circuit and vaudeville addicts thronged to see him in 'Johnny's Little Car' and his uproarious golf satire, 'After the Ball.'

Supposedly there is a limit to all patience, and thoroughly disheartened by the discouragements of the past years, Langdon made a solemn vow to himself not to go near a single studio when he played in Los Angeles this last year. But it so happened that Bert Lytell was headlining on the same bill and the film colony thronged to see the show. The next day Langdon's mail was cluttered with offers and appointments and queries from producers and casting directors. Yet he was not a whit fummer than he had been the previous year, but now they were coming to him instead of his pursuing them.

"What new element are you going to bring to your pictures?" you ask Langdon.

He'll favor you with one of those childlike stares that never fail to bring a laugh on the screen and then he'll blink a couple of times and say:

"Comedy, that's all."

And that's plenty. If he can get as much comedy to the square inch of film in his longer features as he did in "Feet of Mud" and "The Sea Squaw," they'll have to call out the police reserves to keep people from jamming the doors.

The point which differentiates Langdon from the other comedians on the screen to-day is that he doesn't depend on anything but himself for comedy. He will never be essentially a "gag" man. For it isn't his gags, although they're fresh and humorous enough, that bring him the spontaneous ripples of merriment.

Nor is there anything of the eccentric about him to feed these laughs. He isn't overweight or a skeleton. He isn't deformed and his eyes focus on the same thing at the same time. He has never fallen back on eccentric dress to get comedy effects.

And he's the first of his kind ever to try it. For all our other comedians feature some eccentricity or oddity to gain their comedy. But Turpin depends to some extent on his crossed eyes and his ability to take falls. Larry Semon uses an enormous pair of trousers to accentuate the thinness of his body. Lloyd Hamilton and Walter Hiers depend on their avoidiposioi; Buster Keaton maintains the "frozen face." Charlie Chaplin emphasizes his clothes and walk, while Harold Lloyd is primarily a gag man.

So far Langdon has been able to get over without any of these tricks and if he can continue without them in his longer pictures, more power to him.

An Ugly Duckling Becomes a Swan
Continued from page 94

Another point—the girl who isn't too popular doesn't make enemies.

They say I'm the only girl in Hollywood who isn't disliked by somebody. They have nothing to fear from me. I can't take their beaux away from them. I don't want their contrary males anyhow, the shortsighted kind. A real friend or two of the shorter sex, with whom I can pal around to gospel meetings or occasions where my mood dictates are more worth while than having a dozen send me flowers and write me foolish love notes that they don't really mean.

When I'm with a crowd I know, I can be myself—half-clowning, half-serious, and they understand my queer contradictions. It's better, loads better, to have their continual liking than their momentary loving.

Being sensitive develops one's power of understanding and of sympathy. I can sense acutely the little hurts that sometimes are coughed in thoughtless words, and can avoid giving to others the kind of pain that has been given to me.

A girl with face value draws interest—until her principal wears out. Then where is she? All things considered, it's not so bad, this being a wallflower. Particularly a healthy one!

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A Letter from Location

Continued from page 91

the rapidly spreading flames. After what seemed to me hours, the glad cry went up that the fire was out. The kitchen was filled with smoke and a good part of it chopped away by our ‘heroes’ axes. One boy was carried out unconscious from the smoke and others were slightly burned, but we had no severe casualties.

Do people realize these little on-the-side troubles we have on location? To-day we are having another severe windstorm. Boards, clothes and pieces of roofing are flying down the street. It is unsafe to be out, so I am taking advantage of Mr. Temperamental Weather to write you this.

And, by the way, it pleases me to be writing you another location letter. I shall never stop feeling proud that I wrote the first letter about a location to be published in Picture-Play. Remember? It was when I was “locationed” on a whaling vessel and you liked it so well that you published it. Then all the other girls started writing letters. But I was the first.

We had an accident yesterday. One of our planes, piloted by Les Nomis, and carrying our cameraman, Al Gilks, was in the air, taking scenes of me on the ground. Suddenly it disappeared behind a mountain and did not come in sight again. We waited a short time and then realized that something must have happened. We jumped into the cars and, after a worried drive, saw the plane on the ground in the distance, and through the field glasses were relieved to see the two men walking around. Half of the propeller was sticking in the ground.

When we reached the plane, one after another of us clasped the two boys’ hands in silence—we tried, but couldn’t express in words what we wanted to say. I just choked up. Only a few splinters remained where the propeller should have been. They had landed between two gullies—had they struck either the plane would have been completely wrecked.

The aviator had been forced to land on rough country when his propeller snapped off and be certainly proved his cleverness when he made the beautiful landing that he did. He made us proud that he was one of our Hollywood picture boys.

Now I’ll tell you some of our pleasant diversions. The company gave me a delightful surprise party on my birthday. They marched up to my little house loaded with packages. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., had the cook bake a cake and put a huge white candle in the center. Umm, but that cake was good!

Warner Baxter gave me a collection of quaint pictures that he had found in the ruins of an old photograph gallery. His wife, Winifred Bryson, also rummaged through one of the buildings and discovered a copy of “Monsieur Beaucarie,” which she presented to me. Otto Brower, our assistant camera man, gave me an alarm clock. A gentle hint? I couldn’t possibly miss hearing the school bell ring at six thirty every morning—and just try to sleep after it tunes up! Every one gets dressed as quickly as he can so as to reach the wash basins first. You can imagine the rush and the noise. Perhaps he was thinking of the rain scenes yet to be shot and which will necessitate our working before the sun rises.

George Irving brought me a large box of candy that he had been holding out on us for the occasion. He had brought it all the way from Hollywood. Mr. Willat surprised me with lemonade, nuts and fruit. Really, we had a feast, and danced to the music of my “traveling phonograph.”

Our film is sent daily to Hollywood for development and returned here. We project at Beauty in its only theater, a municipal dance hall, where they run pictures as often as twice a week. The agreement under which we were to use the hall was that the townsfolk, all forty-five of them, were to be allowed to see our daily rushes run. Of course, the scenes are as shot and not assembled in correct rotation.

The first evening our village audience sat with us, frowning and mumbling to themselves. And the next morning, at the general store, one of our boys overheard them arguing away, trying to figure out the story we had run the night before. Finally they gave up and decided that it must have been a new highbrow picture which was way over their heads. The following evening they were all there again with a new determination to watch closer and see if they couldn’t figure this one out.

The storm is abating. The wind no longer moans and howls—so I had better freshen up my make-up and be ready for a call.

With all good wishes from everybody.

Billie Dove.
gives me a great thrill to see her getting those effects so apparently effortless.

Wondering if a press agent wouldn't be more disillusioned about the stars than I am, I asked one of them whom I knew would tell me the truth. He seemed more enthusiastic about his charges than I.

"What gets me about these people," he told me, "is the way they treat people like me who work for them. They haven't any desire to act the heavy tyrant or overlord. Even though they are paying me for my time they get apologetic when they take up a whole afternoon. And if there is any more pleasant way of spending an afternoon than talking to Betty Blythe, or Myrle Stedman, or May Allison, I've never discovered it."

With others a star may maintain an attitude of indifference or actual disdain toward publicity. But he is popularly supposed to demand of his press agent a liberal showing of columns and covers and full pages. Sometimes, I confess, this is the case.

But I chanced to overhear this dialogue between Rod La Rocque and his P. A. 

"Watcha doing this afternoon?"

This from Rod.

"Going to the office to get out some publicity stories about you."

"Oh, forget it. Come on to the movies with me. I don't want a press agent. I want a pal."

Now if you want the handsome Rod always to act like a personage, this little episode may disillusion you. But what is one man's illusion is another man's boredom. I don't want the players the way they are on the screen. I am too well satisfied with them as they are.
How the Stars Use Their Hands

continued from page 56

the bars of a cell to which she had been sent for speeding. Both constituted real incidents in the play—these two poses of the hands.

Erich von Stroheim, director at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, declares that in all the history of dramatic expression, Eleanore Duse reigned supreme in the technique of the use of the hands. He declares that in this extremely difficult art she never was and probably never will be excelled. The nearest approach to her, he says, is shown by Zasu Pitts in "Greed."

"She makes a subtle use of her hands," he said. "With the slightest gesture or the formation of a shape with her fingers, she can express a given emotion in such manner that the emotion is conveyed fully."

Robert Leonard declares that Mae Murray has the most beautiful hands he ever has seen and that she was one of the first to utilize them in the creation of a definite mood or feeling.

Probably no more remarkable use of the hands in portrayal of emotion has been shown in recent years than was shown by little Mary Philbin in Universal's current production, "The Phantom of the Opera." Of similar importance were the hands of Nita Naldi in "Cobra," the Ritz-Carlton production featuring Rudolph Valentino.

Pola Negri recently declared, while discussing the use of hands, that there is no "happy medium"—that one must know how to finesse perfectly or not use them at all.

"There is one grave mistake many actresses make in evincing anger," she said. "Many feminine portrayers clench their fists. In deep rage, a woman does not do this. Instead, she extends her fingers to their full length and spreads them out. The reason is obvious. A man clenches his fists because it is his impulse to strike when angry. The impulse of the woman is to scratch or choke."

In comedy rôles, Harry Beaumont, director for Warner Brothers, says Louise Fayenda has been known to get more laughs by twisting and rubbing her hands than in screwing up her face and using comical make-up.

But all these instances refer to mature actresses—the stars of the cinema world. The lesson to be drawn by the aspiring novice is—"Learn to use your hands!" And this advice comes from those higher up.

Here's a Lucky Girl!

continued from page 55

Chaplin may decide to retain her, and that would probably mean small chance for her to appear in other films, because Chaplin is rather averse to this sort of thing for his leading women.

Miss Hale is perhaps not the strikingly intellectual girl that you might imagine would play in such a highbrow film as "The Salvation Hunters," but she has a fund of native and, what directors are sometimes pleased to call, unconscious talent. She has something in her, too, of the dreamer, though she is bright in an intuitive way.

On the screen she gives the impression of having lived intensely and of being somewhat wasted by the process. Off the screen this curious genius seems to be transformed into a quiet and reserve that is not studied but perfectly natural.

There is a rare spark somewhere in her being, but it needs the correct environment for it to be fully ignited, and in that case pictures may have a new and vivid emotional actress.

"The Salvation Hunters" Hero

continued from page 53

For the members of this cult, who were strict vegetarians, he managed to get every variety of greens, and he also kept them supplied with "strictly fresh yard eggs" which he purchased at a "special reduced price" from Bobby Agnew's ranch.

And to Chaplin and Viola Dana, Stuart Holmes and others he sold daily orders of the most expensive provisions obtainable. Not only did he make them buy from him, but when he was invited to their homes for dinner, he tells it on himself that he would eat bounteous portions of imported sardelline and anchovies and mammoth olives, exuberantly encouraging all the guests to do likewise, so that the following day his grocery order from Miss Dana's cook, for instance, would be twice its normal size!
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INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED, Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 223, Enright, St. Louis, Mo.


Detectives Wanted

MEN—Experience unnecessary; travel; make secret investigations; reports; salaries; expenses. Write American Foreign Detective Agency, 114, St. Louis, Mo.


Stamps and Coins

OLD MONEY WANTED. We paid $2,500.00 for one silver dollar to Mr. Man- ning of Albany, N. Y. We buy all rare coins and pay highest cash premiums. Send 4c for large Coin Circular. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 440, Ft. Worth, Tex.

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eventide. "He" is the criterion of a new type of picture just beginning to impress itself upon the screen.

Noah Beery.

"Wanderer of the Wasteland" and "The Great Divide" head the list of best pictures which I keep in my little book. Possibly this choice is occasioned by my inclination toward Westerns. Delving back into the past, I am prepared to argue in favor of "The Covered Wagon." However, that I may not be accused of partiality to certain great open spaces, set me down as being keen for "The Marriage Circle." Of the sophisticated, modern type, I think it is the best example.

Jack Holt.

I greatly admired "He Who Gets Slapped," a masterpiece of direction. It was a clever screen translation of the stage success, and Seastrom should be heartily commended for the molding of this production.

Because of its clean, youthful appeal "Peter Pan" should receive a high rating. There wasn't a production, I motion-picture industry who wasn't a bit skeptical regarding the success of screening such a fantastical story. I do not think any one could have made it so satisfactory in every way as Herbert Brenon.

"The Last Laugh," a German production, should be one of the year's sensations. Emil Jannings is magnificent. I enjoy clean comedy, and for this reason would name "Forty Winks" and "Charley's Aunt" as the best light entertainment.

Jetta Goudal.

As an inveterate movie patriot, I see every film that I can find the time for. Among recent productions, I was most enthusiastic over "North of 36" and "His Hour," the one for its epic theme and the other for its sophisticated charm. I also am of the opinion that Goudal was by all odds the most thoroughly entertaining picture that it has been my good fortune to see in many a day. "If Winter Comes" was definite and lasting impression on me, largely due to the splendid work of Percy Marmont.

Wallace MacDonald.

"Three Women" appealed to me because of its entertainment values. I thought it good food for the sophisticated minds. Perhaps the most likable thing about the picture was the manner in which Ernst Lubitsch carefully preserved the distinctive personalities, on the screen, of three charming women—Pauline Frederick, Marie Prevost, and May McAvoy. I enjoyed watching "Who Gets Slapped" to the utmost. I thought Victor Seastrom's direction flawless. I was thrilled by Chaney's role; I liked the theme of a man smiling continually, even through tears. It was a rare psychological characterization, admirably sustained.

My third choice lies between "The Thief of Bagdad" and "Peter Pan." For me, the biographical of "Peter Pan" to be the best picture I have seen in a long while. I am a bit prejudiced in favor of "The Iron Horse," a type of film. It should be rated in the same category as "The Birth of a Nation," "The Covered Wagon," and "The Sea Hawk."
The Rider of the Mohave
By JAMES FELLOM
Price, $2.00

Once to every man is given the opportunity to shape his rough-hewn life and to make it a thing of utility and worth. This much is famed in song and story, but not so much has been written about the opportunities of the man who has made life a failure, to reform and be somebody really worth while.

Billy Gec, in this splendid Western story, becomes somebody worth while, but not until he has made the reader hold his breath time and time again.

The lives of the people in the great American desert are depicted with a clarity that is really startling—so startling, in fact, that after reading this story, Zane Grey, who is an authority on Western stories, if any one in this country can claim to be, sent Mr. Fellom a personal letter of congratulation. "I think you have written a darn good book, and I congratulate you. There are so many Western books and so few have ideals. I hope yours has the good sale it deserves."

CHESLEY HOUSE
79-89 Seventh Ave.
New York City
That Glint In My Hair
By Edna Wallace Hopper
Countless women ask me how I obtain that wonderful glint in my hair. This is the story of it.
I have been familiar with stage beauty for some 40 years. I have seen millions of words about young and beauty. I have searched the world for the best I had to offer. Now I am offering other women—everywhere—the best I have found. All toilet counters supply them. And a vast army of girls and women now can play what I use. As experts who discover something new send me their productions. If I adopt them and advise them, a world of women will employ them. So I think I get the best new helps created.

Last year some famous experts submitted to me a new type of shampoo. They had studied shampoo for 50 years or over. They had made about 250 kinds of shampoos, perfecting it step by step. They called it the first creation. They said it embodied 20 ingredients, all designed to help the hair. And two of these gave my hair a zest.
I tried the shampoo, and the elisential hair I show in one of the pictures I asked them to try it—hundreds of them. And there came to me an overwhelming demand for you. In less than a week, the greatest shampoo in existence.

Now I have employed the famous creators to make it for me. I am sure you will want one. So, I am offering it at a lower price. I am sure I asked you to send a sample to anyone who asks enough for one shampoo. It is worth the money.

You have never dreamed that anything could do what my Fruity Shampoo does for hair. Try it for your own sake. Cut out this coupon now. No Beauty Book will come with the sample.

SAVE YOUR HAIR
This New Way Guarantees It
FALLING hair stopped. Dandruff dis- appeared. Brittle hair, lifeless, uninteresting hair. All can now be corrected. New hair can be grown. A wonderful new treatment guarantees. Money back if it fails. NEVER before have you seen such a treatment. It is not a mere "tonic." The principle is new. Scientifically correct. Leading dermatologists are now advocating this theory.

IF steps falling hair is by nature, dandruff damages it with an ascendant or two. Brings out the luftion and beauty of the hair in a way that is almost unbelievable. Intensifies it to thicker and heavier growth.
A TREATMENT of this treatment will simply astonish you. A few moments once every week or two is all the time needed. No nasty odor, so greasy mess. Everything is just delightful.

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Write us for free booklet on Hair and Scalp
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607 Sanitas Bldg.
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Ricardo Cortez.
Of recent productions, I cast my vote for "Forbidden Paradise," a picture, to me, at least, without a flaw. Its cryptic manners were abhorrent to me. I keenly enjoyed "He Who Gets Slapped." Considering the motion picture in its entire history, I have always maintained, and see now no reason to change my attitude, that What Whistling Chorns is the screen's greatest classic.

John Gilbert.
I thoroughly enjoyed "The Enchanted Cottage" and "Romola." The latter transported me back to fifteenth century Florence, and pulled away a curtain of five hundred years. As to Romola, the fanatic Saracrona, Tho, and Trig, in its basic ground has never been equalled on the screen, each scene revealing what seemed to be a plactic study by an old master, and the performance were so delicately and poignantly etched.

Eleanor Boardman.
I liked "The Thief of Bagdad," "The Iron Horse," and "Wild Oranges" the best of last year's pictures. Of these, I remember "Wild Oranges" most vividly. King Vidor caught the spirit of the Hergeheimer novel, the psychology of the world, the whole film was permeated with an indefinable terror, not the cheap thrall that is found in a mystery melodrama, but an eerie quality that is unfor- gettable.

Buster Keaton.
From the standpoint of production, I thought "He Who Gets Slapped" the high-water mark of the year. Its every mood was so consistently depicted, I'm inclined, though, to look for individual performances that stand out. Perhaps, the film's success in being so well produced,顾and the whole film was permeated with an indefinable terror, not the cheap thrall that is found in a mystery melodrama, but an eerie quality that is unfor- gettable.

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the viewpoint of story and characterization, and next appreciate the skillful interpretation of dramatic situation.

Von Stroheim’s technique is the outstanding feature of “Greed” and his characters are graphically real. Its sorcery did not appeal to me, but I forgave him that in admiration of his craftsmanship.

“Peter Pan” was beautiful and refreshing. It was so delightfully unreal that I felt as though I were suddenly transported from a drab house into a charming woodland.

“Charley’s Aunt” is a mood disturber. Even through eyes of veiled appreciation it is impossible to quarrel with a wonderful thing—when it is spontaneous.

One of the finest pictures I have seen lately is Universal’s “Smoldering Chorus.” Pauline Lord as a woman actress, is at her best in this most human, sympathetic role.

Louise Fazenda.

I go to see pictures first of all for entertainment, and not because of the loathe films that stress sex appeal, and equally abhor those too grossly realistic. My inclination is toward pictures of fantasy and elusive, imaginative charm. The presentation

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

cember Picture-Play will have a fair insight into the inner Milton Sills. It is a known fact that he is fond of outdoor sports. In fact, he considers well his body and gives his best care, even to regular exercise and careful dieting. He is the champion amateur gardener of Hollywood, and has taken prizes at flower shows. He is a lover of nature. He speaks at the Symphony Concerts in the Hollywood Bowl. He has preached in one of the largest churches in Los Angeles. He is very fond of music and entertains the world’s musicians in his home.

I have a letter from a scholarly lady who knows him personally, and she tells me he is kindness and tenderness itself, while in no way is he a boor. An attentive listener, a fluent and highly entertaining talker, and a business man of the first order. He holds the loftiest possible conception of God and the creation, and that broad altruistic attitude toward his fellow men founded on the common brotherhood. He is considered by those who know him personally to be a “regular fellow,” the highest tribute that can be paid to a man of his attainments. To me he appears as a personality of such perfect blend or proportion that he portrays human emotion in its true and natural working.

His greatness as a man is plainly discernible in his face, which is handsome because it registers all those finer qualities of the mind of which standards of physical beauty, is he not handsome of face? Three equal divisions, viz., from the top of forehead to eyebrows, to end of chin, a perfectly proportioned body, with its ease and grace of movement, needs no comment. Any fair-minded person will agree as to that. Placing him before me on the screen, and taking the sum total of his qualities, he appeals to me in this way: his face is so proportioned and put together in its various parts, combined with the expression of his eyes, as to show the great intellect within. We are conscious that we are looking at a man of no ordinary mind. Milton Sills knows life and humanity. With his greater powers of mental concentra-

tion and focus, his mental processes register on his handsome face as a cloud that passes before the sun at noon day. He can conceive of no really great acting unless he can make the audience believe it.

Milton Sills is fitted by nature to experience a wider range of emotions, and more subtle workings of the mind. This quality is a natural point of his. I accord each fan the right to his or her own opinion. There are many splendid actors whom I enjoy very much, but I still say there is but one Milton Sills. He does not especially appeal to the generous, but to the mature, serious-minded persons. Milton Sills lives as one to be remembered—a great man behind a great actor.

Floyd Steele.

839 South Topeka Avenue, Wichita, Kan.

A Fan Who is Particular.

I am one of those persons who dislikes to see an actor too often. I like Milton Sills very much in some parts. However, I have seen him too frequently lately, and he has lost his ability to make me see the character. I see Mr. Sills, a too good-looking man, no longer young, with a limit to his ability to portray different men night after night.

I am particularly interested in him and in spite of the fact that I know of no one who could have equaled him in “The Sea Hawk” or “The Isle of Lost Ships.”

Conway Tearle I now avoid unless the play is highly recommended or I am interested in his vis-à-vis. In that case I feel sure his ability will more than compensate for his age and the monotony of his one characterization. We, the public, do not like the same old thing, no matter how well it once pleased us. Leading men are handicapped as character actors are not. Each new move-up of Lon Chaney or Theodore Roberts makes for a new interest. I think that is why I enjoyed Conway Tearle in “The Dangerous Maid” more than I have enjoyed him for some.
Girls Throwaway Your Fat

Lock your best this summer. Start today.
Take off from 10 to 30 pounds as fast, slim, easy.
Harmless, why not try it —

Pittsburg, Kan.

Certain Striking Scenes.

I like to consider, not the players, or the pictures in their entirety, but certain outstanding scenes. For a motion picture is nothing but a number of scenes made into a story, with a garr of directing and editing even in second-class pictures. James Cruze's "The City That Never Sleeps," for example, has several bits of action that are worthy of much more popular picture.

There are three big scenes that shall always remember. The first is in "Robin Hood," where the gallants beg to go back to England. The Prince slaps him in the face as he lies on the floor. Wallace Beery, as the perplexed king, did wonderful work in this scene.

Next is the thrilling scene in "Seara-mouche." Third, the dressing-room scene in the same picture with Ramon Novarro and Edith Allen was very good.

Omaha, Neb.

This Fan Dislikes Male Stars.

After a great deal of heavy thinking, I have come to the conclusion that the males are all right as leading men, but when it comes to making stars of them — heaven help us. We have the richard of D'as and Tom Meighan just as bad as them. They don't recover a gay picture.

He is getting rather bawdy to me. The costumes, sets, and scenery are all beautiful in this picture. They've changed the story quite a bit. In the picture the tutor wins the princess which, of course, is lovely. But in the picture the prince is a gay philanthroper, and in the play he was moral and stupid.

The screen version has several incidents that the stage version lacked, and this makes it more interesting. The only thing I don't like in the picture are that they didn't allow the princess and the tutor to smile once throughout the whole picture. Not even at the end, when I'm sure they were happy. Instead of having more pictures of scenes between the young lovers, the director had the prince show how funny he could be. It was pure nonsense, this supposed-to-be funny part, and I really did not care for it.

Chicago, Ill.

A Boost for Betty.

I am writing to criticize a critic. That person is Miss Agnes Smith and, although heretofore I have agreed with her, I have turned against her this time. In the April issue of PICTURE-PLAY Miss Smith reviews "Peter Pan." That play, as she says, is the big picture of the month. I agree with her also when she says that a play that rises to the top in the most difficult scenes, but I am a firm believer that she rises throughout the play, dominating character that she is.

A. L. S.

Detroit, Mich.

Want Alice? Of Course!

Do the fans want Alice Joyce? Do children want candy? Of course, we want her! I saw "The Green Goddess" just as Alice Joyce, and I felt that she is going to play Alice's mother in "The Little French Girl." She has always been one of my favorites, and I for one will welcome her return to the screen.

WINSONE DREBEN

1727 Second, Dallas, Texas.
Losing 39 lbs. in 6 Weeks Was Easy

Had Mrs. Betty Clarkson been told that in less than 6 weeks she could lose 39 lbs., she would have smiled incredulously, and then pointed to her 162 pounds as a pretty good reason for her doubts. She had tried about everything. To stand just 5 ft. 2 in. and weigh 162 lbs. made Mrs. Clarkson, as she puts it, "the despair of friends and dressmakers." Her story is interesting, for there are thousands today who have the same problem she has so happily solved, and who now have the same opportunity for free proof.

I was so fat that I hated to look in a mirror. I was the despair of friends and dressmakers. I tried about everything to lose weight, without success, when a friend urged me to try the Wallace records. I really did it to please her, and as she told me the first lesson was free. I figured I had nothing to lose. I sent for the lesson—it came, everything free. Imagine my joy when the scales showed me 4 lbs. lighter the first week. At an incredibly low price I got all the lessons, and in just 6 weeks I lost 39 lbs., to music, nothing else. Now I am slender, wear smaller gowns, look and feel better than ever. Mr. Wallace, I owe it all to you. What no one else can do, and the lessons aren't work, they're just fun.

Wallace's Free Offer
For those who doubt and wish to test at home, Wallace has set aside a thousand first lessons, records and all, which he will gladly mail for a free trial, if you will send name and address. There's nothing to pay—nothing to lose but time. He wants you to prove for yourself that you can reduce, just as Mrs. Clarkson and thousands of others have done.

Wallace, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, 111. 565

Address: Name.

Note: The publishers of this magazine assure you that this trial is free—nothing whatever to pay.
A STAMPEDGE

There is something awe-inspiring about a herd of cattle peacefully grazing, but how shall we describe the emotion which is brought into play by the sight of that same herd stampeding?

The headlong rush, heeding obstacles as little as an avalanche, the mad belowing, the thunder of hoofs, the lolling tongues, the sightless eyes of the frantic animals!

Terror stricken is no name for the condition of the man who finds himself in the path of such an inexcusable mass.

In the beginning of this story there is such a stampede. A man and a girl are caught in it, and from that very moment there is action of the most thrilling sort right through to the end of the book.

Mr. Horton has done an extremely good piece of work. No one who reads "The Man of the Desert" can possibly deny him credit for it.

The Man of the Desert

By Robert J. Horton

Price, $2.00 net

PET.—I suppose that's your pet name. Yes, Mary Pickford has decided on her new picture. It's to be "Little Annie Rooney," and William Beaudine will direct it. He is to be a prop boy in the Biograph studios in New York when Dorothy was there. Doug's new picture will be "Don Q." The Pickford-Fairbanks Studio is at 7200 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood.

POKER FACE.—Just a chip off the old block, I suppose. Yes, Lila Lee has returned to the screen; she played opposite Lumsden Hare in "Coming Through," with Leatrice Joy also changed her mind about retiring to take care of the new baby. She has been making "The Dressmaker from Paris." Milton Sills has been married nearly twenty years to Gladys Hohn, and they have a daughter, Gwendolyn, who is about seventeen. Milton's latest picture is "I Want My Man." Doris Kenyon, Mrs. Allison, and Phyllis Haver play the other principal roles.

I WANT KNOW.—You shall know. Yes, Frances Howard has made another picture after "The Swan," called "Too Many Kisses." Richard Dix is the star. Monte Blue married Tove Jansen, a Seattle society girl, on November 1, 1924. But saw her years ago when he was a nobody and couldn't aspire to her socially. It's a real "male Cinderella" romance. Mahlon Hamilton is her leading man from Alta Fanum. No, Alice Brady hasn't made any pictures lately. The last I heard of her was that she was touring in vaudeville. Vivian Martin has been appearing on the stage but London, instead of Paris. I don't know whether or not she intends to return to the screen in the future.

DIRTY FACE.—Shall I send you a cake of soap? Richard Dix is thirty-one; he was born in St. Paul, and his real name is Brimmer. Cullen Landis was born in New Haven, Connecticut; he is five feet six inches, weighs one hundred and forty-five pounds, and has brown hair and blue eyes. He was divorced not long ago from Mignon Le Brun. James Kirkwood is playing on the stage this season in a Belasco play called "Ladies of the Evening." Yes, he is married, to Lila Lee, who is his third wife. George Hackathorne was born in Oregon; he is five feet seven inches, weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. No, he isn't married. He has been playing bridge's role again in "Haunted Hands," which marks the screen debut of William T. Tilden, the tennis champion. George also appeared recently in "Capital Punishment" and in Norma's current picture, "The Lady." Miss MONTREAL.—Since prohibition, no one misses Montreal if he can help it. Yes, there are quite a few Canadian stars in pictures; of course you know Mary and Jack Pickford were born in Toronto, Norma Shearer, Pauline Garon, and Huntley Gordon all came from Montreal. Marie Prevost from Sarnia, Canada, and Claire Adams from Winnipeg, and Rockcliffe Fellows from Ottawa. Mae Busch is Australian; she is divorced from Francis McDonald.

GERTIE.—Don't get the swollen head from all your compliments, you advise! I can't afford to; I have to wear this hat a week and a half. Nurse Walker wasn't named after a brand of Scotch, and I don't think the Scotch was named after him. He is married to Renee Parker; he has been making a picture called "Lilies of the Street," which was produced under the supervision of a New York policeman. Johnny is a native New Yorker, and unless you've lived in New York you don't know what a curiosity one of those things is.

ISN'T THIS FUN.—For you, perhaps; you don't have to write this. Yes, it's true that Colleen Moore has one brown and one blue eye, but she looks good to me. Her latest picture is "The Desert Flower." Corinne Griffith is Mrs. Walter Morocco; she has been making "De-classed." Corinne was born in Texarkana, Texas; her address is United States, 5341 Melissa Avenue. No, Mary Miles Minter does not appear on the screen any more.

JANE OF THE PLAINS.—Do your friends all call you "Plain Jane?" The last time I saw Clara Bow she had red hair; she changed her hair quite frequently. Her most recent pictures are "Capital Punishment" and "The Boom-erang." Alma Bennett lives at 5934 Yucca Street, Hollywood. She played in "The Lost World." Yes, Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman are rumored to be getting a divorce. Vernon Steel hasn't been playing in pictures lately, but is appearing in the same with Janet Kirkwood, "Ladies of the Evening." BATHING BEAUTY,—Yes, many of our current stars used to be bathing beauties — Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Frances Howard, and Betty Compson. Bebe Daniels used to play in comedies, but not necessarily the bathing-beauty kind. Bessee Love was born in Texas; no, she isn't married. Louise Lovely has been playing in vaudeville for the past few years. She comes from Australia. She is Mrs. William Welsh. Ethel Clayton has also been playing in vaudeville; her last picture, I believe, "Can a Woman Love Twice?"

KITTY.—I hope you don't have claws. Yes, Doris Kenyon is becoming quite a featured player in pictures. She was born in Syracuse, New York, September 5, 1897. She is five feet six inches and has auburn hair and gray eyes. She is not married. Her recent pictures are "Born Rich," "Idle Tongues," "A Thief in Paradise, or I Mustn't Want My Man." Ricardo Cortez isn't married, yes. Virginia Lee Corbin is playing quite a lot of grown-up roles these days. Her latest are "Broken Laws" and "Lilies of the Street.

LONG, LEAN, AND Lanky.—Just a little fat girl—at least, I suppose you're feminine; since you ask about all the men stars. No, Robert Agnew isn't married when this goes to press, but May McAvoy may change his mind. Jack Holt doesn't seem to have made as many pictures of late as he used to, but you can see him now in "The Thundering Herd." Lois Wilson is the leading woman. I don't think Robert Fraser is married. He lives at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Long Island City, New York. Tom Mix is married to Helen Haver. Phyllis Haver is the second wife of Miss Thompson, who is the family pet. Tom's latest picture is "Dick Turpin," a costume drama, most unusual for Tom.

LITTLE BOY BLUE.—Jackie Coogan's latest picture is "The Rag Man."

ROMOLA.—Lillian and Dorothy Gish haven't made any pictures since "Romola," they make pictures for quality rather than quantity. Johnny B. is returning to the screen in "The Unchasted Woman." The reason you haven't been seeing much of Ralph Graves lately is that he is now making Mack Sennett comedies. "The Plumber" and "The Beloved Bozo" are his two newest. Ralph is a widower, his wife, Marjorie Seaman, having died several years ago.
Address of Players

Norma Shearer, Mae Murray, John Gilbert, Eleanore Boardman, Mae Busch, Claire Windsor, Alice Pringle, Kenneth Harlan, Evelyn Perth, Helen Douglas, Huntley Gordon, Malina MacGregor, Virginia Valli, and Conrad Nagel. Miss Shearerslack was at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City, California.

Dorothy Gish, Doris Eaton, and Anna Hope, among others. They all have black hair and brown eyes.

Doggone it!—You can't bark just like a dog! Think of that! No doubt some day you'll make papa very proud of you. Virginia Valli is a Chicago girl and is Mrs. George Law and Edith, a housewife in Berkeley, and a tennis player.

Mr. Theodore Denby, Virginia Valli, Louise La Plante, Josie Sedgwick, Norma Konopka, Helen Hasbrouck, and Lola Todd, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Frances Howard, and Adolph Menjou, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Los Angeles, California.


Harry Langdon, Alice Day, Madeleine Hurlbut, Ralph Graves, and Ben Turpin, at the Universal Studios, New York.


Dorothy Mackaill, Ben Lyon, Doris Kenyon, Myrtle Stedman, Lincoln Stedman, Margaret Hope, Walter Love, and May Allison, at the Biograph Studios, 801 East One Hundred and Seventy-Fifth Street, New York City.

Wallace MacDonald, at 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, at 905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ben McKe, at 637 Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood, California.

C. Smug, J. L. Licht, MacLean, and Alberta Vaughn, at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd and Olyna Ralston, at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Barbara La Marr and Ben Finney, care of Sawyer-Lincoln Productions, 1208 State Theater Building, New York City.

W. H. Know, at 5057 La Miranda, Hollywood, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, published at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, Ormond G. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposited with me, Ormond G. Smith, Corporation, publishers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, the following bond to the effect that the said Ormond G. Smith, being the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the present ownership of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, is false, I, Ormond G. Smith, having been duly sworn, do hereby affix my signature thereto.

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-87 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, Charles Galghet, 79 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editors, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-87 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and Street & Smith Corporation, 79-87 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners, Street & Smith Corporation, 79-87 Seventeenth Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, President, Street & Smith, Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George, Smith, 87 Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George, Smith, 87 Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George, Smith, 87 Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George, Smith, 87 Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 87 Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 87 Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and other owners.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and security holders of 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above giving the names of the bondholders, etc., contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear in any corporate name or stock registration, but, also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder is an agent for any other person, the name of the company or other person for whom such stockholder or security holder acts in any. In any other fiduciary relation, the name of such company or other person for whom such stockholder is acting, is given: Also, that the said two paragraphs above are true to the best of the knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions which pertain to the names of the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company. The said Ormond G. Smith, having been duly sworn, do hereby declare a bond as a bond, and files a copy of this declaration as a bond, in each name of those stockholders and security holders than as so stated by him.

ORMOND G. SMITH, President, Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1925, Francis S. Duff, D. P. S. O. S. (My commission expires March 30, 1925.)
The haunted house

TALES about it were as numerous as its dark, broken windows. Oaks shadowed it thickly; winds sucked through its halls. The shutters sagged and were ivy eaten—the windows giving in to an emptiness at once foreboding, dreadful.

Excitement ran agog when the place was bought. School children huddled to watch the rooms renovated. A sign swung out: "Stop here for tea." Lights sprang up. It became a frequent pleasure to drop in of evenings. In time, the towns-people loved the place. The inviting sign, the cleanliness, the light banished fear.

Many a product you didn't know and might not have trusted, has become intimate to you through the clearness of advertising. Family standbys in your medicine chest, baking powders, extracts—products that might endanger if less than pure—you know to be pure because widely advertised. You are sure of their quality wherever you buy. You feel safe in using them in using any product that invites, through advertising, the test that proves its worth. Your one-time fear is now a willing confidence.

Read the advertisements
to recognize products that are worthy of your confidence
"You're fired!" said Bill's father.
"All right," said Bill, "I will go to work. I must consider my unborn wife and che-ild."
Following this very commendable decision, he started for the North woods, and there ran into a series of events that tested his brawn, courage and intelligence, and proved that they were made of iron.

After the dust of his adventuring settled, it was discovered that he emerged with—well, it will be more pleasant for you to read the story than to have us tell you.
It is a man's story, and a woman's story, too, for the heroine is as much a woman as Bill is a man—and that's saying a lot.

Price $2.00 Net
Charming girls have destroyed their superfluous hair!—Why don't you?

Be popular! Get the love, and joy, and happiness out of life that you deserve!

to get. They buy on promises and regret after their money is gone. But you need not take these chances when you buy ZIP, for as the N. Y. World says, it has been "officially decided to be effective."

My sincerest advice is that it is better to let your superfluous hair grow than to use pumice stone with fancy names and fancy handles. Any article which massages the skin tends to grow hair, just as massaging the scalp grows hair.

Quick as a wink you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the roots with the hairs, gently, painlessly, and harmlessly, and in this way destroy the growth. The process seems almost miraculous, but my eighteen years of success in giving treatments with ZIP and the thousands of women who are now using it prove that ZIP is the scientifically correct way to destroy the growth. Use ZIP once and you need never resort to ordinary depilatories.

Consultation, Free Demonstration or Treatment at my Salon.

Madame Berthe, Specialist
Dept. 974, 592 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," telling how to be beautiful and explaining the three types of superfluous hair; also a FREE sample of your Massage & Cleaning Cream guaranteed not to grow hair.

Name
Address
City & State

CREATIONS JORDEAU NEW YORK

Cigarette Smoking and Superfluous Hair

Does smoking stimulate superfluous hair? I question it most seriously.

But whether cigarette smoking is or is not a cause of superfluous hair, it should give you no consternation. A number of years ago, before ZIP was sold at your favorite toilet goods counter, yes! then you would have had to be concerned. Today, however, all you need do is get some ZIP and you can destroy every vestige of these ugly growths.

And even with bobbed hair, ZIP comes to the rescue. Eliminate the shaved neck, and the bobbed head will be saved to the world.

Bobbed hair took the world by storm. The debutante of society, the shop girl, the belle of the rural districts, and their sisters, mothers, and grandmothers, all bobbed their hair. Then why need it ebb toward oblivion? The utterly offensive clipped and shaved neck is the answer. It is the discord in the symphony. It is the fly in the golden honey. It is the death's head at beauty's feast. Be a girl never so pretty her bob never so artistic and becoming, there is always the everpresent horror of the shaved neck. The stubble of bristly hair at the edge of her resplendent waves and curls spells disillusionment. There is something mannishly un-kept about it. It is a mannish note foreign to her dainty femininity. It suggests lather and the razor. You almost expect to hear the barber bawl "Next." Bristles and beauty do not jibe.

With ZIP, the smooth, soft surface of the neck becomes an alluring, ivory background for the shining mass of tresses. The beauty of the bobbed head has achieved its completing detail.

Madame Berthe
Specialist
592 Fifth Avenue
Entrance on 46th St.
New York
SHALL MY DAUGHTER BE AN ACTRESS?
TWELVE LEADING PLAYERS GIVE THEIR OPINIONS
Once to every man is given the opportunity to shape his rough-hewn life and to make it a thing of utility and worth. This much is famed in song and story, but not so much has been written about the opportunities of the man who has made life a failure, to reform and be somebody really worth while.

Billy Gee, in this splendid Western story, becomes somebody worth while, but not until he has made the reader hold his breath time and time again.

The lives of the people in the great American desert are depicted with a clarity that is really startling.

Price $2.00 Net
New Kind of Mask
Worn While You Sleep
Remakes Your Complexion!

A blemished complexion looks as smooth, soft and delicate as a rosebud after wearing this light, silken mask just a few nights! Acts to quickly revive the skin cells, smooth out tired lines, and clear away blemishes! Women are delighted when they see the remarkable change after just one night.

HERE'S something new and astonishing—a simple, silken mask that remakes your complexion almost overnight. Nothing quite like it has ever been known before; for this marvelous treatment is at work every minute while you sleep, purifying the pores and reviving the starved skin cells, making the skin soft, smooth, lovely. You wake up with a new complexion.

This wonderful new mask has been perfected, after long study and research, by Susanna Cocroft, world-famous as a health specialist. At the Susanna Cocroft Laboratories, experiments have proved that when used with the special Susanna Cocroft tissue tonic and nourishing cream, this amazing mask actually seems to remake your complexion while you sleep!

No Trouble or Fuss Whatever

As soon as you apply the tissue tonic and cream, your complexion is started on the road to a new beauty. Their duty is to coax the impurities from your skin—the blemishes and blackheads—and give it new life and radiance. The sheer, soft, silken mask, which is adjusted over the nourishing cream, not only prevents the cream from rubbing off, but stimulates circulation and actostomous smooth away tired lines, and make the skin soft, glowing and elastic. All night as you sleep, the tiny cells breathe through the magic mask, taking in treatment and giving off waste. Muscles are lifted and invigorated. Minute by minute the skin is cleansed, purified, freshened throughout the night, and the cumulative effect in the morning is a skin velvetlike in its smoothness, fresh, attractive, radiant!

Clears—Whitens—and
 Beautifies the Skin

The new Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask does for your complexion what gloves and cold cream do for your hands overnight and much more. You know how soft and white your hands are in the morning after you have creamed them and slept with the gloves on. The new mask works on the same principle, but in addition the wonderful stimulating tonic and cream clean and freshen the face-pores, and revive and invigorate the poisoned skin cells, while the mask all night long gently but scientifically massages the face, acting to lift the muscles and smooth away lines as an expensive beauty operator does.

Your Mirror Tells the Story

After wearing the Rejuvenating Face Mask overnight, you wake up feeling refreshed. You run your fingers over your cheeks—and you are amazed. Soft as the petals of a flower! Smooth! Your mirror tells the rest of the story—a complexion that is radiant and lovely. Remade overnight!

Send for Full Information
And Special Offer

An intensely interesting illustrated book called The Overnight Way to a New Complexion tells you all about the new Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works—how it stimulates the cells, cleanses the pores, lifts sagging muscles, acts to smooth away tired lines and restore the youthful contour to cheeks, chin, throat. This handsome book is yours for the asking, and obligates you in no way whatever. Why don't you send for it today and find out all about this remarkable new mask that is remaking complexions overnight? Write today, and find out also about the special short-time package offer. Use this coupon. Thompson-Barlow Co., Inc., Dept. F-244, 130 West 31st Street, New York.

THOMPSON-BARLOW CO., INC.
Dept. F-244, 120 West 31st Street, New York

I am interested. You may send me your free book, The Overnight Way to a New Complexion, telling all about the Susanna Cocroft Rejuvenating Face Mask and how it works, and also the details of your Special Package Offer. It is thoroughly understood that this is a request for free information only, and that it does not obligate me in any way whatever.

Name

Address

City State
Index to "Picture-Play Magazine" 8
A convenient guide to material published in Picture-Play.

What the Fans Think 10
An open forum of discussion by our readers.

A Current Idol 15
A new portrait of the popular and attractive Ronald Colman.

Gloria Brings Home the—Marquis 16
Helen Klumph
A chat with Miss Swanson, and an introduction to her new husband.

Would I Want My Daughter to be An Actress? 18
A symposium of opinions by players with growing children.

Looking on with an Extra Girl 24
Margaret Reid
Adventuring in the Bowery and in a haberdashery shop.

Miami Struts Her Stuff 27
Helen Klumph
What the famous resort offers to motion-picture players for work and fun.

Over the Teacups 30
The Bystander
Through the intricacies of movie gossip with Fanny the Fan.

Julanne Came Back 34
Helen Klumph
A talk with Julanne Johnston, champion traveler of the movies.

Is Motion-Picture Stardom Worth While? 43
Myrtle Gebhart
The pros and cons of a movie career as outlined by Ruth Roland.

Two Hedonists in Hollywood 46
Don Ryan
The interviewer finds in Sydney Chaplin a kindred soul.

A Fairly New Complex 49
Malcolm H. Oettinger
Discovering the conscience that is Rod La Rocque's guiding force.

A Portrait of a Lady 51
Emma-Lindsay Squier
Draping a few laurels on gracious Myrtle Stedman.

The Screen in Review 52
Sally Benson
Pungent comment on the latest pictures.

Through the "Death Valley" of Hollywood 56
A. L. Wooldridge
An account of the strange studio activities of "Poverty Row."

Midsummer Modes 58
Betty Brown
Sketches and helpful hints from screen-players' wardrobes.

Hollywood High Lights 60
Edwin and Elza Schallet
The news reel of the film colony.

Among Those Present 63
Brief personality sketches of interesting people in pictures.

On the New York Stage 68
Alison Smith
Reviewing Broadway plays from the movie angle.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Personalities of Paramount

Thomas Meighan

SOME stars draw the crowds without creating the slightest public affection for themselves.

Tom Meighan is different. People think of him as the sort of friend they would like to have come visiting their home. "We don't merely respect him, we love him!"

Tom Meighan's widest fame dates from "The Miracle Man." Plenty of folks have never missed a Meighan picture since. Judging by box office records his army of admirers is ever-increasing.

Some men seem made to play Big Brother to people. They have strength and heart, enough and to spare. Perhaps it is this feeling coming out in Tom Meighan's pictures which has made them so successful.


Paramount Pictures

How the finest pictures are made

THEY are made by a very highly developed organization. This means that if a star or director needs a certain story translated, say, from the Russian, then its picturization in a series of scenes sometimes thousands of miles apart, enacted with a supporting cast hand-picked from the entire dramatic sphere for the occasion, that all this, and often much more, will be done.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation makes the one demand that each picture be denied nothing in the making that is necessary to its complete artistic and popular success.

On a large scale this demands enormous investment and the deepest confidence of theatres and patrons alike.

The greatest asset any director or star can have today is an association with Paramount wherewith to ride to bigger things. And the greatest asset you have, as a fan, is that you can't go wrong when it's a Paramount Picture.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
MOTHERHOOD—AND A CAREER

No subject is of greater interest to-day than that of the professional woman—no problems are more widely discussed than her problems, particularly when motherhood enters as the dominating factor of the equation.

Let us face the fact, and see what our best to-day is doing for her children. It is interesting to note that in the past few years the American productions have become too standard and only a few have been anything but a bore to say the least. But to-day there are many productions that are both interesting and entertaining, and the stars are more likely to be self-dependent. This is a change for the better, and it is to be hoped that it will continue.

Helen Klumph has prepared a very thought-provoking article, in which she takes the stand that many of our best players are held back in their careers, and are prevented from giving their best work because of a foolish custom of trying to make them imitate some one else. She cites many examples of this.

A. L. Wooldridge will tell you about the famous cliff-leaping ponies of Hollywood, and how they are trained to do their thrilling feats for the camera without injury to themselves or to their riders.

A great many readers have expressed their appreciation of the fact that Picture-Play Magazine is indexed twice a year, so that all that has been printed on any subject or about any player or production can be looked up in a moment by any one who has a complete file of the magazine.

"I have found the indexes a perfect boon," writes Irene C. Horley of Brooklyn, Duke's Avenue, Finchley, London, N. 3. "I have my copies of Picture-Play bound semi-annually, and refer to the back numbers a great deal because, as you know, the American productions are often so long in getting over here that, in order to find out about them I have to go quite a ways back in the magazine."

Keeping the back copies of Picture-Play is quite as useful for American fans as for those abroad, for even in the largest cities where pictures are shown first, they often arrive months after the most interesting material, written during their making, has appeared in the magazine.
Excella Magazine and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation offer you this splendid chance.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE A MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS?**

Contracts for Two Girls to Play in a Paramount Picture actually Guaranteed

Excella Magazine will begin a nation-wide screen contest on June 1, and the two final prize winners will be given parts in the new Paramount Picture, "Polly of the Ballet," starring Greta Nissen and directed by that wizard of the screen, William C. DeMille.

This is a positive guarantee backed by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation and Excella Magazine.

In addition to guaranteeing parts in "Polly of the Ballet" to the first two prize winners, there will be 35 cash prizes amounting to $2,500.00.

*Full details in the July issue of Excella Magazine ON SALE NOW*

Tell your friends about it

Excella

*for JULY 25c a copy*
TO MARY PICKFORD

The years will wax and wane,
We grow older willy-nilly.
But they cannot touch your charm,
Like the breath of a wild field lily.

STAGE PRODUCTIONS.

"Annie Dear"—Feb. 94, 66; "Ariadne"—June 97.

"Ida's"—Mar. 95; "Big Boy"—Apr. 69, 93.

"Candia"—Mar. 95; "Carnival"—Apr. 95, 93; "Close Harmony"—Mar. 95, 93, 94.

"Dark Angel, The"—May 96; "Dawn"—Mar. 95; "Depths, The"—May 96, 94; "Desert Flower, The"—Feb. 94; "Desire Under the Elms"—Feb. 97; "Dora, The"—May 94.

"Enchantment"—Jan. 99; "Episode"—May 93.


"Great Expectations"—Jan. 96.


"In His Arms"—Jan. 99, 92; "Isabel"—Apr. 99; "It's a Sin; So Is It"—Apr. 99.


"Nashe"—May 91, 94; "New Broons"—Feb. 99.


"Quiudd"—Feb. 99, 93.


"Virgin of Bethulia, The"—June 99.

"Wild Duck, The"—June 99.

GENERAL ARTICLES.


"Virgin of Bethulia, The"—June 99.

"Wild Duck, The"—June 99.

A STAMPede

There is something awe-inspiring about a herd of cattle peaceably grazing, but how shall we describe the emotion which is brought into play by the sight of that same herd stampeding?

The headlong rush, heedless obstacles as little as an avalanche, the mad bellowing, the thunder of hoofs, the lolling tongues, the sightless eyes of the frantic animals!

Terror stricken is no name for the condition of the man who finds himself in the path of such an inexorable масс.

In the beginning of the story there was such a stampede. A man and a girl are caught in it, and from that very moment there is action of the most thrilling sort right through to the end of the book.

Mr. Horton has done an extremely good piece of work. No one who reads "The Man of the Desert" can possibly deny him credit for it.
What the Fans Think

Movie Madness.

O H, I've got the movie madness
And I've got it good and bad!
I adore the lovely Swanson
And the clever Coogan lad,
Norma Talmadge and her sister—
All the heroes who have kissed her—
Betty Compson and la Negri,
Queen of all the black-eyed vamps;
I have almost gone plumb bankrupt
Just by buying postage stamps!
Like most every other flapper
Oh, my heart's in Hollywood.
Tom Mix is sure a scrapper,
So is Doug, when in the mood.
When Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties
Congregate upon the shore,
You realize that's all there is—
There isn't any more!
I've a shrine to Norma Shearer,
She has held me from the start;
I put up a target every day
And strive to shoot like Hart!
There's not a fan that's worse than me,
And on that I'll bet my hat,
Why, I've even written mushy notes
To Felix, the black cat!
3105 Holcomb Avenue, 
ANNABELLE URBAN.
Detroit, Michigan.

Brief But Pointed.

John Gilbert!
I salute you as the world's most wonderful and magnetic actor! Sahah! After witnessing your great portrayal of the Count in "His Hour," I feel convinced you are destined to be the most popular leading man in pictures. My best wishes to you for your success.
My next high hopes go to Ronald Colman. I am glad to think he is an Englishman!

JUNE WHITEHURST.

Why Fine Pictures Fail.

Yesterday I attended one of the finest theaters in this city and among a crowd of supposedly intelligent people saw D. W. Griffith's picture, "Isn't Life Wonderful?" While I sat there watching those perfectly drawn characters tell a beautiful though tragic story, it occurred to me, as I listened to the laughter and the senseless remarks of the people around me, that we are lucky to have as many good pictures as we have. I consider this one of the most perfect productions I have ever seen and I am proud that it is the work of an American. Yet behind me sat two chattering females who expressed their disapproval of it in such terms as "silly," "crazy," and "apple sauce." Their only compliments were given to Neil Hamilton, whom they described as a "cute kid." During that wonderfully realistic scene where the starving people stood in line waiting to buy food, their faces drawn with anxiety and fear as the prices leaped higher and higher, one of the dunces behind me inquired: "What are they doing?" What on earth did she imagine they were doing? No, I'm afraid this picture will not be very popular. I feel sure that the rabble will prefer hokum and tinsel.

750 South Rampart Boulevard,
Los Angeles, California.

One Day of Love.

In the May issue of this magazine, M. M. of Minneapolis, Minnesota, tells us that she would be satisfied with six affairs of the heart, but that they must be with her six screen Romances.
Now, I would be content with one day of love in the impossible land of dreams.
For the early morning hours, with Bobbie Agnew I would go forth to meet the dawn, to call the birds from their sleep, and romp in gay abandon. And I am sure I would argue with him, for he looks so adorable when trying to convince any one. Oh, the hours spent with him would be sweet indeed. Love's young dream come true.

But when the sun is higher I would want Cullen Landis. Together we would spend the sunny hours tramping through the woods gathering wild flowers and telling each other our hopes and plans for the future. I know we would have many things in common. Oh, he would be such a pal that I would not want the day to pass.

Then as the sun fades away and the new moon gives a mystic light I would want to drift over the shining sands in the arms of Ramon Novarro and I would forget the world as we danced. I don't think we would talk much, for Ramon could never be serious.

But when the moon sank out of sight, then, ah! then, I would want a bright camp fire, and no one but Richard Dix would do. Tired out with the day, I would sit at his feet, lean my head against his knee, and with his hand resting on my hair, I would just relax on his strength and feel perfectly safe, knowing that nothing could harm me in any way while he is near. I would drift away from all care while listening to his restful voice. And so ends a perfect day.

A. V. F.
Marion, Virginia.
Advice to Stars About Marrying.

So much is being written about the unhappy marriages and separations of screen celebrities that one wonders why they marry in such haste, if at all. Perhaps their susceptibility to emotion renders them an easy mark for Cupid and they plunge too hastily into a whirlpool that may engulf and submerge their individuality beyond all hope of rescue. Hence their divorce appeals to the divorce courts to extricate them from these difficulties.

A beautiful, successful woman should not marry until she is willing to renounce her screen career for the uncertain joys and pains of domesticity. Beside, she loses her male admirers in the audience.

A star whose popularity depends on the subtle fascination of sex allure should never marry, as his domestic obligations destroy that allure and place him in an ordinary commonplace environment, which his feminine admirers resent. They, too, become interested, and Accordingly, a film star leaves the theater.

A weak-willed, easily influenced man who feels he needs a strong, self-assertive woman to lean on and pilot him through his difficulties, should be careful not to marry with one whose own ambitions have not been much of a success, as she has naturally become embittered and fault-finding.

She will create an unhealthy atmosphere and disconcert around him that his most strenuous efforts become futile and worth less to his directors. Unintentionally, perhaps, she has destroyed a movie which was movable in him. The screen reveals everything even through a thick coat of grease paint, so his audience, too, disappears. Again I ask—

Why marry in such a hurry?

Santa Fe, N. Mex.

At Last—a Crush!

Until last Christmas I never had a crush—yes, absolutely never—on any screen star. For two years I have been struggling violently and nobly to develop a crush on Rudolph. All the other girls went into a craze over "Rudolf and the Red-Nosed Reindeer," et cetera, while I had to sit bored to tears and admit somewhat reluctantly to myself that "I couldn’t see him for trees!"

Then along came Ramon Novarro. Everybody seemed to fall for him. "At last!" thought I, with a huge sigh of relief, "perhaps we can develop a liking for Ramon!

Accordingly, I called forth in my best bib and tucker to witness "Scaramouche," but, ye gods! even that didn’t work! I thought that Ramon was perfectly great, doncha know, and all that sort of thing, but the crush that I had been fondly hoping to develop was quite conspicuous by its absence.

By this time I was beginning to think that I was absolutely hopeless. True, Rod La Roque, Norman Kerry, Dick Barthelme, and a few others gave me an occasional flutter, but that was all. Ronald Colman and "The White Sister" somewhat startled me out of my habitual calm, and for a week or two I thought that the crush had come, but that illusion was soon shattered.

Rudolph’s performance in "Her Night of Romance" left me cold!

By this time I was getting quite resigned to my "crushing" fate. Other girls might develop crushes, but apparently was not "born" for them. You can just imagine how out of it I felt! Then—along came "His Hour."

Well, fans, at last I am one of you! After years of patient waiting my crush arrived at last. The minute John Gilbert appeared on the screen in "His Hour," I knew that my hour had also arrived. Never shall I forget the thrill that picture gave me. I almost wept for joy and relief. A thousand thanks, Mr. Gilbert, for supplying me with my much-needed crush. Then along came "The Snob," and I fell harder than ever! I did an unheard-of thing by seeing the picture no less than ten times. After all that, "The Wife of the Centaur," and honestly I was never so thrilled in my life. There is only one thing to be said against Jack Gilbert, and that is that he has been taken away from all poor Rudy’s and Ramon’s erstwhile admirers.

At least he has in this section of the country, and that’s not to be sneezed at, let me tell you! Every one of my friends and let me tell you I’m not one of these solitary, unpopular mortals—

are absolutely all for Jack Gilbert!

Where all this talked-about rivalry between Jack and the other film comes from is more than I can figure out. For our part, we don’t even give Ronald a second thought, and we have just witnessed ‘A Thief in Paris’. At any rate we can hardly wait to see "The Merry Widow."

MARGORY MACLEAN,
265 Mutual Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

A Word from "The Ol’ Lady." 

I bin heezitatin’ to iffick myself on your magazine. The rest of the movie publica- tions bin pretty nice to The Ol’ Lady, but I dont want the Publick to think we be knockin’ anybody, actors ner editors. These here nice acter boys & gals bin real generous with there pictures & letters. But I got to be honest bout ‘likes & dislikes, & mebbe ol’ ladies sees actin’ from different sides then flapper fans.

The Ol’ Lady is nots favorits & owly a few strong dislikes. I better cum right out 2 onct with the dislikins. I haint fond o’ Barby LaMarr, &er Lew Cody,— they both pott, & I haint never had no use for pooper except when they jest plain & only fer laffin’ at. Potts is amoyin’ two say the leest.

I haint got curve ennuf 2 tak up space bout all my favorits. But I mebbe 1 kin speek a good word fer a few this time.

The Ol’ Lady likes—

—Ray Hatton’s cents o’ yooner in them sorid rollin’ he kin play so fine. He wuz grate in “The Virginian.”

—Charles Ogle fer his genuineness. He dont half to act, he just is.

—the homesty o’ Dorothy Mackaill. She ain’t no drooled inact & dont per- tend 2 be, but she got a different individuality from any the rest we git fed up on, & we dont like em all like. This here pullrrotox bin overworked. The Ol’ Lady likes actin’ & Miss Mackaill kin do thot.

—The art o’ Henry Walthall & wonders why the casters pass him up fer them they two be directed. Walthall dont need no directin’.

—By little Berty Wales. He got a lot to his fuster, ef he haint spoiled. & thank ye fer the space in yer magazine. Thanks two, fer the nice letter from Mister Picture Oricle tother day.

—Yer well-wisler, “The Ol’ Lady.”

My, How Cynical!

From the tone of Don Ryan’s article in the May magazine, it is apparent that he has absorbed some of Von Stroheim’s pessimism. My, how cynical he was! He says there is no such thing as a movie actor, they are merely puppets at the hands of some director. If that is true, I wonder why the directors cannot make all the stars seem to act? Why is it that certain players stand out?

The Shadow of Silver Tip

By George Owen Baxter

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Advertising Section

Mr. Ryan is right in some instances, of course. We all know of some players that are pretty dumb. But, all the actors or actresses that do the mechanical kind of acting such as Mr. Ryan describes, where the director tells them exactly how to move and every expression to assume, are not fooling the public. They may get away with that kind of thing for a picture or so, but the public will find it out sooner or later, and when they do, that player is on the way to oblivion.

I have noticed that the stars can be depended upon more to give good performances than the supporting cast or the directors can be depended upon to turn out good pictures. The stars are usually a good deal better performers than the stories they have to perform in.

In future when Mr. Ryan, visiting the studios or appearing in a film, he had better visit some studio less depressing than Mr. von Stroheim. He won't have so much time to get cynical if it is around a director who works a little faster than Mr. von Stroheim.

DINIE BROWN.

Detroit, Mich.

Referring to Richard Dix

This is a brickbat for Famous Players-Lasky! For heaven's sake, somebody stop them! Are they trying to ruin Richard Dix? This perfectly splendid player is going to take a long slide into oblivion if they don't take him. He has personality and ability so why—oh, why—do they persist in giving him poor stories and a terrible supporting cast? Richard Dix is one of the most popular players on the screen right now, but he won't be for long at the present rate.

Come on, Mr. Lasky, give Richard Dix a story and a supporting cast that is worthy of him. He's one of your best bets, and he's proven it, too! Remember "The Stranger" and "Sinners in Heaven?" Well, there's your proof. He was splendid in both of those pictures.

I'm sure all the Richard Dix fans are back of me in this, too! Fans, speak up! Show what stuff you're made of. Don't let them ruin our "Dixie Boy!"

OLIVE HINGLE.

16 North Ocean Avenue, Box 155, Freeport, Long Island.

In the twenty-first of March a long-cherished desire was gratified. Coming down Vesey Street from the office on that day, I noted a small crowd standing in the street beside the new telephone building, which is under construction. I managed to force my way to the front and found myself gazing into the eyes of Richard Dix! He was shooting some scenes for "The Shock of the Century." The twenty-first of March will never be forgotten by me! The one thing about him that struck me more forcibly than all else was his sincerity. Now and then he made suggestions to the camera men, in loud, dominating tones, but in quiet tones that commanded respect. There was no air about him that said, "Watch me! I am the star!" He went through his scenes seriously and earnestly, throwing his heart and soul into his work.

Some will ask, "Were you disappointed in him? Did he live up to your expectations?" Paws, there is nothing about Richard Dix. He is genuine, a real man; a prince chap. I admire him more now than before, if that is possible, and from the letters that have come in to me since my letter was published in the April number of Picture-Play, Richard has hosts of admirers.

For those who have not yet seen "Too Many Kisses," I can only say, do not miss it! It is one of the best things Richard Dix has done. He proves that he is a delightful comedian.

ROLAND O. CLARK.

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

In the May issue of Picture-Play one writer referred to some of the stars, including Valentino, as polished pebbles. I will admit that I agree with her, but to label Richard Dix in any unfair, for he is anything but a polished pebble. I would call him a diamond in the rough, and the only one in pictures who can hold that title.

VERA M. OSBORNE.

Simcoe, Ontario, Canada.

Praise for William Collier, Jr.

Why aren't more of the fans enthusiastic about William Collier, Jr.? When I saw "The Lighthouse by the Sea!" I missed the first few scenes, and, having never seen Mr. Collier before, I had to watch the picture very carefully to get the idea of him. In the reviews of the picture, it always said that Rin-Tin-Tin saved the picture, and left Buster Collier and Louise Fazenda entirely unnoted. Soon after "Devil's Cargo," I stayed through two performances one day and two the next. In the reviews of that picture they left out praise for Mr. Collier. I am asking for "While the Clock Ticks," "Plains With Souls," and some of his other pictures to come. I hope some of the other fans feel as I do.

KATE.

Berkley, Calif.

What An English Fan Likes.

Accepting your invitation from the Observer's page in Picture-Play, I should like to give some of my impressions of a few much-talked-of films lately imported from the U. S. A. I saw "Greed," the so-called "masterpiece" of Von Stroheim's, in London, where it ran for just one week.

After a silence of two years, Von Stroheim asks us to pay our money to see scenes that we can all find in any city of the world and happen every day of our lives. I do not advocate the sugar-coated films of limp heroines, and silent heroes, but for an evening at the movies, it is good for us all to be awhile far from the land of make-believe. In spite of "Greed's" publicity, it seems to me that it has caused very little excitement in London. From my seat alone in the theater, I saw twenty-eight persons leave before it was halfway through. A more restless audience I have never seen before. At the same time, we have showing "Abraham Lincoln," not as a one-hundred-per-cent entertainment, clean and true history of America and interesting to any country in the world. Now, Americans demand their own stuff! There is too much talk of the Continental producers in Hollywood, and the temperamental Pola Negri and above, all the Latin lovers, directors and successors to the "Breaking Blossoms," "The Covered Wagon," and that cancoo of beauty, "The Enchanted Cottage." Your stars down there and mine up here. Mary hasn't done herself credit in "Rosita" and above all "Dorothy Vernon," a skit on English history. Thank goodness, some of the old-time fans can never forget such films as I and have also "Anna Christie" and Marshall Neilan's "Tess," and keep happy memories of Daphne Wayne, as Blanche Sweet was then called, in "Oil and Water" with Wally Reid, "The Last Drop of Water," and her never-to-be-forgotten "Judith of Bethulia." The old-timers want some beating now, so American fans, let us keep Alice Joyce, Mae Marsh, Mabel Normand, and Florence

Dixard
Turner, just a few of the pioneers who have made the film industry what it is today. London awakens Griffith's "Art Life Wonderers." Keep on dancing and sparkling and that we shall always hear the gay little melody on the xylophone—those bright entrancing things that mean sunlight and laughter—and Connie!  

TRIX MACKenzie.

A Debate Continued.

I have just read in the May issue of Picture-Play the letter signed by Marion Dehaye, in which it made me furious is putting it mildly.

Just what does Miss Dehaye mean by "merely public entertainers?" Is there anything discreet about them? Are not our lawyers, teachers, physicians, ministers, men and women in every walk of life, public servants? Instead of knocking the stars, I think the majority of them are to be congratulated on the obstacles encountered in maintaining the enviable positions they hold to-day.

I would also like to ask the harm in idealizing certain stars, which practice Miss Dehaye condemns. Can she name any finer ideal for the young girl than Mary Pickford, who stands symbolic of clean, pure American girlhood? To my mind, no greater.

In the same issue, Ethine Thompson writes "the fans are perfectly content with the present class of stars who have won their Warmth," which is the exception, by mere sensationalism.

That statement is not true! If Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Norma Talmadge, Lilian Gish, Thomas Meighan, Fred servants, or any of the really popular stars who have relied on sensationalism or indecent costumes to put over a picture, it is news to me. As to the actors' morals, I consider that a strict standard, and it right that we have to question their characters when we ourselves are not above reproach?

Roy F. Frazer.

204 East Tenth Street, Topeka, Kansas.

I want to write and thank Marion Dehaye for her letter in the May number of Picture-Play concerning the absurd idealizing of the movie stars. She has expressed my own thought, and I have been an ardent fan for years.

I have taken Picture-Play for three years, and I must say I think that some of the fans and magazine writers rather cordially boosting their business and endeavor to impress upon us plain folks how very superior our movie actors and actresses are.

But really, why should we know or care a rap about their many qualities outside of their ability to entertain us? I might even add their chance to entertain us, for even the bad pictures have the people who ever have to know there are thousands and thousands quite capable of taking the place of the Mary Pickfords, the Gloria Swansons, and all the other stars. I have never been so much deal about their private lives, but from what little has leaked out it appears that they are quite human, and have plenty of spite, envy, jealousy, and catty traits. To say they are not interested in having fans and other writers attempt to make us believe they are not of common clay.

The only respect in which I'll admit they are superior to the average is that they are pocketbooks. I think their manners and dispositions could be improved by taking items from the plainest of us. As for the Pickfords and Pickfords, they would have no need to barricade against the public if all felt as I do. I wouldn't cross the street to see either of them off the screen. Why should they act as they do?
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The secret-sorrow look in Ronald Colman’s eyes, together with the tender, romantic warmth of his personality, are explanation enough for his ever-growing attraction for feminine fans.
EVERYTHING was done to make our meeting a success. Rod La Rocque rehearsed me in saying, "La Marquise de la Falaise de la Coudray," until I got the running time down to about fifteen seconds or a little more than two dollars and eight cents' worth of la marquise's time under the terms of her new Famous Players-Lasky contract.

A newspaper scribe armed with a book of etiquette couldn't quite make out whether it would be proper for me to kneel and kiss la marquise's hand or merely bow three times on entering the room, so she suggested that I do both. As a final touch of savoir faire, I brushed up on my French. You never can tell. Girls who have been abroad even on Cook's Tours have been known to come home speaking little, if any, plain American. The only remnants of the language I could find left in my vocabulary, though, were words like liaison and rendezvous and débacle, and those didn't seem just appropriate for a young bride. So I bounded into a de luxe suite at the Ritz-Carlton one afternoon recently, a living proof that we reporters haven't kept step with the best of film stars in their social climb.

Out of a cloud of shell-pink maribou on a divan a friendly brown hand emerged and shook a warm welcome and a somewhat throaty American voice announced, "How nice to see you again! It has been a long time—"

Exit all notions about a self-conscious, newly made member of the French aristocracy. Enter friendly, casual, unassuming Gloria Swanson, quite the same girl she was last year or the year before. The same girl, but happier, younger, more interested.

Her short, straight hair was brushed tight to her head. Her face was guiltless of make-up. She was dressed—or engulfed, I should say—in a lounging robe of palest coral chiffon velvet, bordered with a veritable blanket of maribou. As she wiggled down comfortably on her back, one almost lost sight of her head in the eddies and swirls of feathers.

All day long Gloria had been seeing interviewers but she was bearing up under it very well. Their appointments had been made at half-hour intervals but none was willing to go when his half hour was over. "Do you remember the time when—?" an interviewer would ask just as he was being bowed out and another was being bowed in, and then a flood of amusing reminiscences would follow. Gloria always remembers, particularly when the joke is on herself.

She chuckled over the days when as an extra at Essanay she sat up nights with her mother contriving new costumes out of bits of silk and ribbon; marvels at her early dramatic efforts, which she now imitates as boisterous comedy.

Ignoring the many exquisite photographs of herself as Madame Sans Gene which were heaped on a near-by table she thrust into my hands...
Home the—Marquis

de la Coudray but the marquis him-
who proclaim "They're all right."

Klumph

a picture taken of her in the days when she
was in Sennett Comedies. It was funny as
all old photographs in hats of a bygone style
are, but more than that it was almost gro-
tesque because it made her look stolid and
even a little brazen.

But growing serious, she said:
"I am so happy you will find me simply
dloying. If I speak sincerely I sound more
sugary than Pollyanna ever was."

There is a quiet conviction in the way
Gloria Swanson speaks. She never gives one
the impression of speaking just to fill an awk-
ward pause, or of rambling on impulsively
because she is expected to say something.
Her delivery of motto-card sentiments would
make them sound like pearls of wisdom just
discovered by her. She can say, "Happiness
must be fought for," and until you get out
in the reviving air you feel that she has uttered
a startling thought.

"It is the first time that I have ever been
really happy," she went on. "But then, you
remember. Have you ever seen me like this
before?"

To be sure, I haven't. In the last two years
or more I have seen her resigned; I have
seen her desperate and I have seen her gay
with a dash of bitter irony in her smile. But
I have never before seen her glowing with
happiness.

It is a heartening sight, for Gloria more
than any one else in public life represents to
me the embodiment of the average girl's secret
ambitions. Not particularly beau-
tiful, but fascinating, magnetic;
so clever that she startled critics
with the variety of her penetrat-
ing characterizations; rich with
her own earnings; but
above all else admired, even
adored, by a veritable host
of young men. It supplies
the last perfect detail for
her to marry a handsome
and fascinating young
French aristocrat and be
blissfully happy.

If you have seen the
news reel photographs of
Gloria and her husband as
they came in New York
harbor, you know that he
is big and handsome and
has an ingratiating smile.
Perhaps, too, you remem-
ber newspaper headlines
appearing from time to
time that rumored his en-
gagement to Pearl White
or Leonore Hughes or some
other attractive and famous
American girl. The marquis has
not been exactly a recluse.

But that he knows Americans
well enough to understand some of
Gloria's friends, I doubt. Gloria
has a host of young playmates
whose chief joy in life is playing
jokes on one another. When they
first heard of her marriage, they
cabled her congratulations, signing
every name from the Count de Whoosiz to
Continued on page 94

Gloria Swanson and her husband on their
first visit to the Paramount studio, and
at the left, Gloria and the two little girls
who presented her with the bouquet of
welcome.
Would I Want My Daughter to be An Actress?

A number of screen players give their views on the subject, and as you would suppose, their answers are very interesting.

Do motion-picture actors plan camera careers for their children? With the second generation coming on, and the inevitable day when our present idols must retire drawing nearer all the while, this thought comes to mind.

Though there are a number of youngsters on the screen, you must have noticed that few of the actors permit their own children to play in the films. It seems that the movie will have to look outside its own ranks for its future talent, or at least during the next few years, for its child players and juveniles.

A number of stars were asked to tell Picture-Play readers their plans for their daughters' futures. As might have been expected, their replies vary. The majority favor a screen career—when their children shall have attained years of discretion and judgment. Some are none too keen about the idea, and would prefer that their daughters follow other work, for the reasons that they outline.

Here is what some of the actors think about this vital subject—important not only to them in a personal sense but also to all of us, in musing upon the screen's to-morrows.

Leatrice Joy.

I don't want my daughter to be a good cook.

I want her to be a good actress!

Motherhood's litany seems to be: "I am training my daughter to be a good wife and mother, and to be proficient in cooking and sewing." Now, we take it for granted that motherhood is woman's greatest profession. It has been a wonderful experience to me, and I can wish my daughter no greater ultimate glory or joy than this: to have a baby.

But she can't spend her youth in idleness, waiting for marriage and the supreme event. And, with this world so full of a number of interesting things, why condemn her to a narrow life within a home? For housework is drudgery, unless a woman likes it.

And I have found that motherhood and a career can be hitched together without quarreling too much. Those stories of my contemplated retirement were tommyrot.

Whenever the two clash, motherhood wins. I refused to return to work so long as my baby needed me continually. When I did go back to the studio, I insisted that they arrange their shooting schedule so that my work would not conflict with her meal time. I would not go East to make a picture because the change in climate and my own food might have upset her health. I have had to make concessions for her. There are a lot of things mothers have to give up. But they will all tell you that the babies are worth these petty sacrifices.

Ideas and manners change, so why resurrect the old platitudes? In our mothers' youth, a girl's sole ambition was to be a competent housewife. Home was her horizon. Now there are so many worthwhile things she may do, for greater financial reward, that it seems ridiculous for her to waste her time in the kitchen unless she likes to.

I can't cook and I detest housework and I'm glad I don't have to do it, so there! Let the brickbats come, from those whose moth-eaten conventions have been offended. If my daughter prefers to be a home girl, all right. In any case, she will be taught a smattering of housework—enough so that she will be competent to give orders and see that they are obeyed correctly.

But she will have freedom to follow whatever career she feels called to.

My father was a dentist and insisted that my brother Billy follow his profession. Billy wanted to write, and wasted several years of his youth doing something at which he was acutely unhappy. My mother permitted me to decide my own affairs after I reached an age of judgment. "I've taught you how to do your own thinking," she would say, "and this is your business—I wash my hands of it. Make your own decision—and don't whine if you make a mistake." I've always been grateful to her for that.

If I can bring up my baby to have as much respect for me as I have for my wise and wonderful mother, I shall be satisfied.
Would I Want My Daughter to be An Actress?

It will make me happy if Leatrice becomes a picture actress. When I hear some stars exclaim that they are "shielding" their daughters from studio influences, I want to shake them until their teeth rattle. If this business isn't good enough for their children, what are they doing in it? I would not do any work that might shame me before my child. Motion-picture acting offers splendid financial rewards and opportunities for self-expression; it develops initiative, the sense of responsibility, pride in achievement—many qualities of benefit to one's character.

My baby will not be permitted to act, however, during her childhood. Her health is my primary consideration, and the strong lights are likely to be injurious to a baby's eyes. They wanted her for a scene in "The Dressmaker from Paris," but I wouldn't think of it.

I want her to meet picture people and children of families outside the industry, and make her own choice when she is old enough.

She will do what she wants, anyhow. Already she has a temper, and a way of getting what she wants. In our first battle—when I attempted to persuade her that a bottle would be satisfactory—she emerged victorious. They advised me to skip a feeding or two and the young lady would be willing to make terms with me.

Not this youngster, though! I let that baby go hungry almost all day—and it hurt me far worse than it hurt her. But do you think she would give in? She pressed her little gums tightly together, turned those brown eyes on me defiantly—and stuck to her ground. She would starve beside she would touch that bottle, so I had to give in.

I had the feeling then that it would be that way always if I tried to coerce her. She has too much spunk to be forced into anything against her will. My only choice, then, lies in deftly guiding her when she reaches the age of reason.

I am going to see that she has a thorough general education as a foundation, with particular attention to the drama, hoping to foster in her the inclination toward this vocation.

The best way that I can be of service to her is by example. I want to make her home so pleasant that she will bring her young friends here instead of saying:

"Home's a poky place—let's chase up some excitement." If she gets in with the wrong crowd, and sees them among her own people, her right instinct will show her they don't fit in, and she will be a little ashamed.

If Leatrice does become a movie actress, there are many ways that I can aid her. They say that experience is the best teacher, but that's poppycock. We can shield our children from bitterness and hurts and let them reap the benefit of the lessons that our trials have taught us, to some extent. I can save her some disappointments. She will not be started in a big way, with any great responsibility. She will have to learn by the route of small tests, until she merits advancement, and make her mistakes while she is so unimportant that they won't be noticed and criticized in a way that will jeopardize her future.

She will have to earn whatever she gets, take her medicine when she fails.

I can advise her in technical ways about her acting, and see that she reads the proper books, studies the things that will give her the right dramatic fundamentals, encourage her to make friends both among professionals and outside the industry's ranks, to give her perspective and rob her of the conceit that so many who remain in this little film world too often feel.

Otherwise, she will have to hoe her own row.

This is all the thought I have given the matter. She is still a baby and it is such fun holding her in my arms and knowing that she is mine—that she needs and cries for me; that I am the only person absolutely necessary to her; that I just feel shot up with Peter Pan, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

I want to develop in her good judgment and the right instincts. But my life has proven to me that the only person upon whom one can always depend is mother. And if I can make my daughter feel that throughout her life, I shall feel that I haven't failed in my obligation to her.

Reginald Denny.

Barbara will not follow in her father's footsteps, if said father has anything to say about it.

I shouldn't want to see my daughter a motion-picture actress for a very specific reason. I have observed that the average professional life of a screen
actress is very short—limited, save in cases of very exceptional powers and personality, to a few fleeting years. I have also noticed how often a young woman who has once experienced the fascination of our work, and its kindred rewards of money and fame, becomes very unhappy when, after her allotted time before the camera, she has to retire to a domestic life.

The contrasts are too much for most young minds, and when all this activity stops, the girl is restless and discontented. Then, too, she has devoted so much time to her work and its interests that she has not developed any outside contacts which would give her something to turn to. So there she is, still young in years, but aimless, looking vaguely around for something to park her life on.

The main reason—I suppose I might as well out with it—is that I want her to stay at home. I am old-fashioned and I know it, but I insist, in face of all these feminist arguments, that girls belong at home. It's what they are intended for, and sooner or later they always come back to the old, fundamental truth.

If, however, my nine-year-old Barbara makes up her mind to be an actress, I won't try to change her mind. Girls' minds aren't very easily changed nowadays, and they usually do what they want to in the long run. Fathers aren't half as important and influential and dictatorial around home as they like to think they are. I would send her to a reputable school of dramatic acting, and then suggest that she start on the stage.

But I hope she will be content to stay at home and marry some fine young chap and have babies.

Irene Rich.

If my children should wish to pursue a screen career, they shall do so with my hearty indorsement—after they have finished school.

No career will be planned for them until they are capable of forming their own definite ideas of what they intend to do and be. At present Frances, who is fifteen, is more concerned with winning honors in sport competitions, and rather hopes to practice medicine as her livelihood, and Jane, eight, with designing, but one does not know what the future may bring.

A girl's intellect ripens rapidly, particularly nowadays when young people have more freedom and think about the serious problems of life that in past generations were unopened books to youth. My job will be to tactfully guide that budding mentality into the right channels, but I hope I will never have on my conscience the error of attempting to force them into any career. Each person is differently constituted; each has an individuality, and all mothers can do is to train their children on the right principles.

We hear so much about women's rights. And what greater right could there be than that of ordering one's own life?

I believe it was Ruskin who wrote, "You can chisel a boy into shape, as you would a rock, or hammer him into it, as you would a piece of bronze; but you cannot hammer a girl into anything."

He meant not only that girls have a stronger will, but that their right instincts, if given subtle guidance, will choose by the natural feminine intuition for selection what is best.

If they do decide upon screen work, I can be of value to them in practical ways, by relieving them of business details. Many careers are ruined because the girls haven't competent advice or a good manager to safeguard their interests, invest their earnings wisely, see that they get the proper roles for the development of their talents.

I would not permit them to start in important work.
of the worst hindrances to a player's progress. One mistake is difficult to undo. I was nearly ruined as an actress by being continually cast in vampire roles. After seeing myself in "Blue Bonnet," my underlying worry and resentment crystallized into a vow that I would never play another part for which I did not consider myself suited. My attitude cost me weeks of idleness and almost forced me into other work, but I did not waver.

I would not encourage social life as a means toward success because, contrary to the belief too prevalent in Hollywood that one must make friends among those influential in the profession, my contention is that it hurts more than it helps. This night life of gayety tends to make a young girl artificial and gives her a conceited overvaluation of her own charms, and injures her health.

A girl's place in the evenings is home. She needs rest, and every iota of strength for her work, with a bit of wholesome recreation. And directors trust with opportunities the girls who care for their health and their morals, who are genuine. Some directors do play around with the "butterflies," but they don't invite them to their homes to meet their own daughters; and when they are casting a big picture, with roles that require the best of ability and the most earnest attention, they choose the girls who have real merit and who are little ladies.

I would much prefer that my daughters choose friends outside the industry. They would establish new contacts, would meet the sort of girls in normal, ordinary homes whom they would be called upon to portray on the screen. And, by keeping a bit aloof from the business, they would have an added interest for their coworkers; they would seem a little elusive to the people with whom they would be thrown in daily contact.

Travel and education to broaden them and dancing to give them poise and grace, and thorough study of the drama—these as foundational training.

And I am endeavoring to rear my girls to be ladies, for their own good and because the genteel, well-bred woman is becoming more in demand on the screen. The finest families are giving their youth to the stage and screen now and the riffraff is fast disappearing.

But, whatever work they choose to follow, they shall be "on their own." When they commence to earn money, they must dress themselves and "pay board" at home, contribute a portion of their earnings to their own support, for that will awaken their pride. And they will be encouraged to achieve, to give of their best, in any line of endeavor that they decide to follow.

William Desmond.

As Mary Joan is only three years old, I am not particularly worried over her future career. I have an idea that she will follow in the footsteps of her mother—not her dad's. Mrs. Desmond has a beautiful, clear soprano voice and often sings in concert and at private musicals. I sort of hope the baby will develop vocal talent.

If she should, desire to take up a motion-picture career, I wouldn't have any objection. But one thing I would insist upon—she would have to be a top-notcher or nothing. She would have a fair
Would I Want My Daughter to be An Actress?

Conrad Nagel says that all the early training of his daughter, Ruth Margaret, is being directed toward an acting career.

chance, and time to prove her ability; then if she disappointed us, she would have to quit.

First, I would want her grounded in the rudiments of picture making. Too few players really know enough about how movies are made. I would like to start her as a script girl, for then she would be able to watch the technical work of director and players, and learn the respective values of all the factors that go into picture production. Her actual acting she would have to start in extra and atmosphere work.

However, all that is a long way off—and Mary Joan may have some surprises up her sleeve for us all.

Florence Vidor.

Suzanne, my six-year-old daughter, will encounter no opposition from me if she evinces the talent and desire to follow a motion-picture career.

The only requirements which I deem absolutely essential are a keen imagination and a face that photographs well.

And these my Suzanne seems already to possess. Her imaginative faculty sometimes astonishes me, and she is even too much concerned with her facial appearance and at times is deeply worried, in her childish way, that her face will not meet camera requirements.

I shall have to guard her more against this unfortunate trait of vanity that I see developing in her than against any influence of environment.

This situation has been impressed upon me and during the coming years I shall have my work cut out for me to deal with it. The young lady thinks entirely too much of her own appearance, and as she grows older I must influence her to think less of herself and to concentrate all of her mental energy upon what she is doing. Vanity is no uncommon trait—we all have it to some degree—and I believe that more real ability is lost to the screen because the actress thinks too much about how she looks and too little about the quality of her work.

I find Suzanne before my dressing table, scrutinizing her face in the mirror very carefully. I suppose that is natural in every child, but it rather worries me.

The second stumbling block to so many careers is the failure of motion-picture people to take their work seriously. The money is more than one could earn in other work, and the world flatters and one’s friends pamper, and unless a girl has exceptional shrewdness she drifts into a certain latitude in regard to her work. The camera catches that lack of interest, and without an absorbing attention it is impossible to make any scene convincing. Suzanne will be taught to understand that she has a grave responsibility, an obligation to repay those who are giving her her chance by attention to her work, that she is not merely playing at having a good time but is embarking upon a career that is very serious and that will demand all of her efforts and the best of every talent at her command.

She will not be permitted to start in pictures until she is eighteen. She will be given a good schooling, and will be well grounded in the principles of dramatic art.

Jack Holt.

If my children are to become movie actors with my consent they must first convince me that they have a natural inclination toward that work, poise, capability, and that they have made their decision after serious consideration of every career for which they might be suited.

Mrs. Holt agrees with me that too many young people are car-
ried away by the glamour that surrounds this work, and we want to teach our children true values. There is much that is worth while in motion-picture acting, but some of its attraction is imaginary illusion.

We do not differ from other parents when we desire for our children a good education before they consider following any livelihood. The only caution I have in mind for them is not to be too hasty. There are no great obstacles or dangers against which I would warn them—no more in this work than in any other. With proper training and character, young people are able to take care of themselves in the situations they meet as their lives unfold.

I am doubtful that my girls possess any talent or inclination for motion-picture acting. Imogene, aged thirteen, has a noticeable musical gift, which we are encouraging. Betty, aged four, of course is only interested in playing with her toys—and her inquisitiveness covers such a range that we have found in her questions no indication of where her future may lie. The boy, however, who is six, is crazy about pictures. This may be merely a childish curiosity. If it is more, it shall be encouraged when the proper time comes. And if Imogene or Betty evince any inclination for acting as they grow older, they shall have our complete cooperation.

Pat O'Malley.

"Teach 'em young"—that's my motto.

Sure, I want my kids to be actresses. Why not? It's a grand business, if you've got a sense of humor, which they have. It pays well, gives a girl advantages and she meets interesting people who are doing artistic things in other lines. I haven't encountered a single argument against it that will stand up.

I know my kids will make good actresses. They're red-headed and red hair indicates the Thespian temperament. Besides, it runs in the family.

I'm already training them. Started by teaching them to express various emotions, such as are understandable at their ages, and photographing them with a pocket kodak; then by taking film reels of them in little plays that they made up. Eileen and Sheila have been on the screen. Mary Kathleen's repertoire so far includes but two expressions—crying and laughing. I'm trusting to the future to develop her range.

They have shows in the garage, sometimes with spoken dialogue, again pantomime. Often I make them say things with their faces—if they can't convey their feelings without words I call them bum actresses, and that hurts them worse than a spanking would.

They will have a good education. It's up to their mother, more than to me, to look after their morals. We're giving them athletic training, to keep them healthy and active.

They may encounter influences in this business, as in any other, which we would rather shield them from. But how are you going to keep girls from meeting life face to face? They will have to deal with their own problems when the time comes. All we can do is to teach them to understand people and motives and not to accept flattery at face value—and leave the rest to them. At that, I can depend on my kids. What red-headed lass couldn't hold her own with anybody?

Sure; I'll say I'm teaching my young ideas how to shoot! They'll have every chance I can give them.

Tom Mix.

Victoria and I don't aim to make any definite plans for Thomasina's future. Tommy's three now and we allow she's got a heap of time ahead of her to bother with this career business.'
WHO has not, at some time or other, in a particularly devilish mood, wanted to go slumming?

To explore the underworld, its dens and its denizens, its slinking thieves and its wicked women who are, under it all, as pure as the driven snow? We do it in the theater, often, with only the orchestra between us and Wally Beery. But my own personal idea of slumming made easy is when you are paid for it—slumming or anything else, for that matter. Here's what happened.

A call came for me from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. "Come out this afternoon—fitting for Bell." Bell being Monta Bell—the industry's most precocious child. I was mystified, for I knew he was not making a costume picture, and having clothes supplied for ordinary work was unusual.

When I reached the studio and was escorted to a fitting room they confronted me with an outfit that featured the most intriguing virtues of the Limehouse Gazette and the Bowery Blue Book, Stripes never before seen off awnings, feathers, fringes, brevity—everything to ruin my reputation. I was fascinated, for it had never before been my luck to get such work and, like the thousand-per ingénue, "I adore characterization."

Arrayed in my entire glory I was ordered to stage No. 2 to have the costume inspected by Mr. Bell. "Goodness only knows what's got into him," sighed the wardrobe woman. "Never was a nicer, easier-going man before, but, my land! he's just running us ragged on these 'tough' costumes."

I immediately had visions of a juvenile De Mille chilling the atmosphere with biting witticisms and em-purpling it with chatter more violent. I stole softly into the inclosure surrounding the set and, shrinking behind a Kleig, tried to appear invisible. Then an extremely tall, rather lean and boyish young man came over and, dragging off his cap—"How do you do? May I see your costume, please?"—Mr. Bell himself, ladies and gentlemen, a director with a completely normal hat size.

Looking on with

In which she hobnobs with real Bowery atmosphere noon tea on the set with Alma Rubens and

By Margaret

"That's just fine, The call is nine o'clock on the set, to-morrow morning."

Next morning, to start the day really well, the heavens opened with the first rain of the season. On the way to the studio, after long and detailed journeys by rail and bus, wading through mud and puddles, a long, expensive-looking car with Blanche Sweet gazing out its glistening windows, hummed past. "What would happen," one wonders, "if one were to ask for a lift?" But one dismisses the thought as inappropriate—and plods on.

Once inside—the usual business of checking in, struggling for standing space in the dressing room and donning wardrobe. Then after much visible dread of the long, wet walk to stage No. 7, a shout sounded from below, "When Mr. Bell's people are ready, there are cars here to take them to No. 7." Which is service in its sweetest form.

In the dressing room I had noticed nothing more unusual than costumes as odd as my own on girls I had worked with many times before. But when we reached the set—a shoddy little dance hall and bar—it was like stepping into another world—as strange and compelling as Avenue A in the flesh. No collection of bored puppets answering mechanically to the assistant's call—no boulevard sheiks and shebas with check suits and spit-curts to represent depravity. Word quickly spread that while some of us had been called through the casting office, others had been lured from a dance hall located in the less respectable part of Los Angeles. Types to delight the heart of an Ingram and authentic enough to send Von Stroheim into ecstasies.
Girls who danced with patrons of any sort for two cents a dance—from eight until any old hour—every night. Their faces were hard and haggard, their finery—refurbished for the thrilling occasion—pitiful. And their continual merriment had something rather ghastly in its metallic insistence. The men—strange bits of human driftwood—with vapid, cunning faces. They watched with intense interest all the little details of the work—simply absorbed in the novelty.

Mr. Bell was here, there, everywhere among them—having the time of his life. Types that were too good to miss were placed near the camera and every one given minute instructions. Mr. Bell, smiling broadly, started back to the cameras. “Everything all set now? O.K.? Hotsie-Totsie? All right, boys and girls, let’s go!” The jazz band roared into a blaring number and the dance commenced.

My partner was a toothy person—garbed in violent checks, of which he was extremely proud. His dancing was equally violent—you know, that two leaps and a bound—but at that he was placid compared to the others. He glanced disgustedly at them. “Gawd! this sure is a rough crowd, miss.”

At the finish of the shot the principals arrived and the following scene was rehearsed: Norma Shearer—her aristocratic beauty still apparent despite the grotesque costume—greeted every one in a high, clear voice. She is that splendid thing, a thoroughbred, and needs no cold hauteur and insolence to command respect. She is reminiscent of Betty Compson in her friendliness—but where the latter’s is a sweet manner, Miss Shearer’s is utter naturalness. She has less affec-

tation than almost any actress I have encountered, but she can well afford to for her real self is too charming to require any embellishment. Strong traces of her British birth linger in her accent and an inherent grace is in every movement. Her laugh is frequent and delightful—as rippling and unstudied as a child’s.

With her were Betty Morrissey—the flapper of Chaplin’s “Woman of Paris” and Gwendolyn Lee—one of Hollywood’s most gorgeous blondes—clever, charming young things just negotiating the first rungs. They also were garbed as toughs, playing Miss Shearer’s faithful buddies.

George K. Arthur, a shy, delightful young Englishman, was playing one hero, and Malcolm MacGregor—dark and quiet—another. Spectators from all over the lot clustered in the background. Between scenes some particularly expert couple would charge about the floor in a mad, sinuous dance as crude as their poor minds. One can only wonder what they thought, seeing us mocking their manner and exaggerating their clothes, for the camera. They did not seem to realize that anything was amiss. My partner found the party a huge success. “Oh boy!” he exclaimed, “this sure does remind me o’ the hot times I used to have in N’ Yawk.”

Miss Shearer, her sweet face alight with interest, listened to the stammered phrases the bolder addressed to her, and Mr. Bell drew them out and encouraged them to feel at home. It was not long before their uncertainty disappeared and from one angle to another the cameras were rushed to catch every choicest detail.

Mr. Bell’s working speed is so incongruous with his appearance and manner. Six feet at the very least, carried in rather slouching, schoolboy fashion. Gray eyes with an utterly candid expression, and a smile that many times spills over into a sheepish, very young boyish grin. His voice is soft and drawing—an eloquent voice when at work. This quiet person as the moving spirit of such efficiency seems impossible—yet he is the Cruzé of the M. G. M. lot—but with the added advantage of more attention to detail. He has
Looking on with an Extra Girl

an uncanny knack of atmosphere, local color, whatever you want to call it. With a shabby table in a corner and a few low sentences to the player, he creates a niche of tragedy that is apparent to the last electrician. And as for disposition—Just before one shot he stood by the table talking over the action with Miss Shearer. It was the tail end of the day, and every one was beginning to strain at the leash. He went back to his chair and the scene was almost finished before he became conscious of his megaphone, which he had left in plain view on the table. He leaped up, stamping his foot and hurling the paper in his hand to the farthest corner. There were numerous prop men and assistants who should have noticed it, but this never occurred to Mr. Bell.

"All my fault, all my fault," he groaned in a very ashamed manner—and the shot was begun all over again.

Just to finish off the day and give it spice—box-office appeal—as it were, a man who had helped arrange for the hire of these people approached me. "Say, aren't you dancing with that guy in checks? Well, d'ye know, that bird is just out of the pen—seventeen years for murder. And it was true. Now he was pitifully grateful for a chance to go straight and was making the most of it—desperately.

A quarter to six—and the last still camera was hoisted down. Tired faces in a solid mass pressing toward the doors. From a gray-clad figure towering over all other heads, "Good-by, people, and thank you—every one of you—very much!"

Noisy applause and cheering in quick response before the final dive into the darkness. The trip to the dressing rooms was taken running, with breathless prayers of "Oh, chees, Flora, d'ya think we'll make it?" "Quarter of six now, oh my Gawd!" At the gates stentorian shouts—"The girls going to town get in these cars here."

Usually, in nine cases out of ten, the extra is a thing of the background between shots, as well as when the camera is grinding. On sets of any size or formality at all there are immemorial little barriers between the atmosphere and the jeweled and sleek-haired elite. Suitable and convenient distances between the rows of benches and the circle of canvas chairs with the chin-chilla robes and natty camel's-hair coats thrown over them. Gracious glances—at you, through you, and out the other side, if a chance occasion necessitates a passing word. Meaningful difference in the tones of "On the set, you! Snap into it!" and "We are all ready now, Miss Sweet, but don't hurry."

They are not all like that, of course. If they were I should now be either a young reformer or shooting craps in Mexico. But on the average set the extra is simply not apparent to the naked eye. All of which leads up to and reminds me of an odd thing. Nearly always a scene in which extras figure requires anywhere from thirty to three hundred of them. But once in a while they may also be needed for a sequence in which only five or six supply the living background for the main action. This sort of call is rare but when one comes it is welcomed in the way of an adventure, for in a small setting and scanty gathering a certain amount of intimacy between cast and extras is unavoidable. Such a call I had a week ago from the casting office of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, whose lot has been humming with activity. "Very plain, dark clothes and flat-heeled shoes—on the set at eight thirty, for Stahl."

Expecting, on my arrival, to be made a comedy school teacher, at least, I went first to the big blackboard inside the gate which tells on what stage each director is working. Stahl, I found, was on stage No. 9—two miles, more or less, away. Out past Directors' Row—the double line of exclusive little offices, past the huge buildings where the sets, in all their faultless details, are born, on out the broad road among the stages to No. 9.

Inside, at the far end—one's set is always at the farthest, darkest end—was the quaint shop in which we were to work. Only the cold, blue lights were on as yet and only voices—three men and three girls—were occupying the adjacent chairs while a few electricians and carpenters muttered half-heartedly about. A nondescript cat—like all studio cats, unkempt and rather depraved looking, but perceptibly well fed—stretched itself out of the satin-upholstered chair where it had spent the night, and ambled toward the door. Even more than late afternoon this is the deadest part of the day—before the director arrives and the surrounding hammering begins.

A few minutes later he came in—John M. Stahl, the best-paying prize Louis Mayer brought with him when he moved to Culver City. A trifle below medium height, with shoulders slightly stooped and—alas!—barely at the "danger stage," bald head of thick, wavy hair that is almost white. With him was Sid Algeris, his assistant, of whom is required the tact of a Disraeli and the industry of an assistant director. For Stahl is what is politely known as difficult. Between pictures he is one of the most popular men on the lot. When he comes into the commissary or strolls across the lawns he is greeted with enthusiasm on all sides. During a picture people who seem to be

Continued on page 98
Miami Struts Her Stuff

After attracting several motion-picture companies to her hospitable shores, the far-famed Southern resort offers many distractions to the players there.

By Helen Klumph

When New York got in the grip of cold and dreary spring weather and the calendar seemed to have booked just one gray day after another, the location men of the Eastern motion-picture companies got out their genuine first-edition Southern resort prospectuses and began thinking longingly of warmer climes. Hollywood was five days away and Florida only one and a half, so Florida won.

Knowing that the greatest way yet discovered of exploiting a locality is by having it used as the background of glamorous movies featuring popular players, the real estate promoters of America’s Riviera had whispered honeyed and seductive phrases into the ears of picture producers. And who can be more persuasive than a real-estate agent? Ask the men who have sent companies to Florida, or ask the players who have invested so heavily in land that even now their Rolls-Royces are about to pass into the hands of the installment collector. They know.

And so, with Miami in the grip of one of the most persistent and bombastic real-estate-selling campaigns ever waged, motion-picture companies have been lured there to make their exterior scenes.

Richard Barthelmess’ company making “Classmates” under the direction of John Robertson went there last November to make jungle scenes. Near Fort Lauderdale, a short drive from Miami, an ideal natural jungle was found and used, and when in March the same company making “Soul Fire” had need of a jungle to frame the tempestuous love story enacted by Mr. Barthelmess and Bessie Love the company rushed back to the same spot. There they found apartment buildings with people already living in them. Mr. Robertson then recalled that it was at Miami Beach that Mr. Griffith filmed a few years ago the story of a beachcomber. What barbaric splendor there was in the scenic background of that picture! They would hunt out the same spot. They did, and found there the Fleetwood Hotel, the new social center of Miami and according to Zuloaga the most perfect architectural achievement in America.

The Barthelmess company eventually found a suitably primitive spot, but it was on an island an hour’s cruise away from Miami. So the company chartered a boat, the director, the star, Miss Love and her mother made that their hotel, and each morning while still asleep they were towed out to their location.

Hurrying back to the boat after dancing at the Lido, the Embassy, or one of the other flourishing dance
clubs of Miami, they were ostensibly a part of the quick-pulsed jazz age. When they awoke they were in a timeless jungle. A far cry from the seductive strains of a violin playing “All Alone” in a hotel garden to a wilderness of palm trees swishing a rhythmic but timeless song.

But all companies that go to Miami do not go in search of jungles. Indeed not.

Thomas Meighan spent a good part of the winter in Miami playing polo and swimming and enjoying all the outdoor gaiety of the winter resort. And when in early spring he settled down to work on “Old Home Week,” he decided to make it in Florida. By that time he was the local idol. They said he owned the town, and certainly he had captured all the feminine hearts.

But when Tom’s company manager went to the city rulers and coolly informed them that he wanted to use their city hall for many of the important scenes of his picture but that, of course, the palm trees would have to be taken up and replaced by more northerly growths, the dear old city fathers simply rocked with horror. Their palm trees—their pride!

So Thomas Meighan and Lila Lee and all the rest of his troupe departed to Ocala, Florida, to make their picture. To Ocala, where there are no palm trees, or perhaps no local pride.

The next company to become the center of interest in Miami—and they do make idols of picture players there—was the First National company filming “Chickie.” Dorothy Mackaill’s beautiful, newly bobbed hair attracted the usual rapturous attention. But it wasn’t the star, it wasn’t John Bowers, and it wasn’t Myrtle Stedman or even the director, John Francis Dillon, who most intrigued the public interest. It was the fact that a special hairdresser and three musicians had been sent all the way to Miami from New York to keep Dorothy’s hair sleek and her emotions ruffled. Crowds used to come out to the location where the company was working and often their first question, put rather skeptically, was “Where is that hairdresser?” When she heated her irons over a can of alcohol and sought to repair the wave in Dorothy’s hair in the crowded confines of a limousine, people gathered around the car and peeked in the windows.

The oldest film residents of America’s Riviera were this last spring a George Seitz serial company. This troupe, headed by Allene Ray and Walter Miller, to say nothing of Jean the famous colie, were there for several weeks filming a tale of buried treasure. As much a part of the sights that every tourist must see as the Seminole village, the Everglades and the magnificent gambling casinos on Palm Island were the exploits of this intrepid troupe.

A picture company working out of doors near Miami gets a different crowd of onlookers than a company.
working in Los Angeles or New York. They are not movie wise. Those same old questions always asked of performers, "Does the make-up hurt your face?" "Can you play a love scene without being really crazy about the actor you are playing with?" appear again. And a comment that I had never heard before, "Oh, look! she is getting another expression on her face."

But the most interesting parts of a location trip to a place like Miami are not the making of the scenes themselves, but the distractions such a place offers to the players when they are not working. There are the horse races every afternoon and the greyhound races every evening.

George Archainbaud promised me when I returned to New York and told him about those dog races that some day he would film them in a picture. Why no one has already done so is a mystery to me. Tense, fleet-footed greyhounds rushing at twice the speed of a swift race horse after an electric rabbit while bands play and crowds shout excitedly make a thrilling scene. And the relentless pursuit of that sham rabbit would make an ironic symbol of people's chase after empty ideals.

Near the dog race track are the jai-alai games—they pronounce it "hi-li"—where people bet on men who frantically hurl a hard rubber ball against a wall from a long basket hollowed from a coconut. And after that there are the gambling casinos on Palm Island if you are of a reckless turn of mind, or the dance clubs if you prefer them. The Lido, on Hibiscus Island, has its roof open to the velvet softness of a tropical sky, and moonlight and the heavy scent of flowers combine to make the atmosphere unreal and bewitching.

What wonder that the "Chickie" company was not overenthusiastic when the director announced that many of their scenes would be made at night!

But even the making of those night scenes had a certain enchantment about them. The company was working on a beautiful estate, and attracted by the powerful lights from a generator mounted on a truck, and the haunting strains of an organ, violin and cello, guests at parties in neighboring houses wandered over to watch. "Chickie" won their admiring regard, for Dorothy Mackaill, clad in a wisp of jeweled white, had to run pell mell the length of the garden over and over and over again. Sometimes one
FANNY came rushing into the Algonquin, all enthusiasm.

"I have just found the greatest comedian in the motion-picture business," she announced breathlessly.

Three alleged democratic stars bowed their heads and flushed with guilty shame, but Fanny airily remarked that she wasn’t referring to them.

"It is Amos Black, manager of the Bijou Theater in River Bend, Connecticut. Just look at the sequence of the pictures he has booked. 'First The Fast Worker,' then 'The Dangerous Fling,' and then 'He Who Gets Slapped.' You can’t beat that."

"Maybe not," remarked Dorothy Mackaill, who can always beat anything, "but a while ago I heard of a theater in Hoboken that had 'My Mistake,' 'If I Marry Again,' and 'Fire When Ready,' all in a row."

A few minutes later Fanny suggested that it might be a good idea if Dorothy would go back to her own table and friends if she had any left as she wanted to talk about her.

"She is going to sign a five-year contract with First National," Fanny announced as soon as she had gone out of hearing distance. "It’s still a secret."

"As much of a secret as anything is that you know," I interposed, without getting a rise out of her.

"And she is going to live in New York and get a gorgeous salary and the best stories they can find for her," Fanny continued. "But what I started to tell you about is the Motion-Picture Hall of Fame. We must have some nominations for it."

And just as though everyone didn’t know about the Hall of Fame, she explained the project thoroughly.

"The Paramount company is going to build a magnificent theater and office building on Broadway from Forty-third to Forty-fourth streets, sort of a monument to the motion-picture business," she announced in her best declamatory manner. "And in it they are going to have portraits and biographical material about the people who have contributed the most to the industry. The final choice will be made by a jury, but of course the public will make nominations."

"I nominate," I began, seizing an opportunity to interrupt, "Mr. William Bones of Peoria, Illinois, who claims that for the last seven years he has attended motion-picture shows and paid for his tickets at least five times a week. He has certainly contributed as much to the industry as one person could be expected to."

"You would think of vulgar cash," she commented in a superior manner. "You should think only of the artistic side of pictures. Now if they do this thing properly it will require a lot of research. They must find the man who first wrote the subtitle 'Came dawn;' the first director who interrupted a love scene with a close-up of cooing doves, and the press agent who first wrote the speech that has been used ever since by stars making a personal appearance. You know the one—'You don’t know what a pleasure it is to me to meet my audience face to face, We who work in the silent drama are denied the stimulus of applause and—.' There probably are many others who have helped to lay the very foundations...

Mae Murray stopped in New York only a short time before sailing for Europe.
Teacups

popularity and romance, and attempts that way—if they do get any way at all.

Bystander

of the picture business. Won't you ask your friends to send nominations to me?"

Just as though Fanny would listen to the opinions of any one else.

"Yes, but first I would like to nominate some one," I said in my crabbed way. "If they can find any such person I would like to nominate the one who thinks Larry Semon is funny."

But Fanny seemed to think that wouldn't be particularly hard.

"Just go to the Colony Theater and hear the young-sters laugh at 'The Wizard of Oz' and you'll realize that you are not being any funnier than you think he is. Besides, I think I laughed at him myself once.

"Oh, well, the building won't be started until October first, so there is plenty of time for the elections. Time for new favorites to appear in the business too. And there are lots of more exciting things to talk about."

"For instance I—"

"Romance! I have heard that Lillian Gish is going to marry George Jean Nathan and that Frances Howard is going to marry Sam Goldwyn. The latter is quite sudden. They met only a few weeks ago at a dinner party when Mr. Goldwyn came home from Europe, but Lillian and Mr. Nathan have been attending first nights at the theater together for a long time. Rumor has it that Mr. Nathan is going to resign from the American Mercury and help choose Lillian's future picture stories under her contract with Metro-Goldwyn. He is the critic who can compare American plays unfavorably to more obscure Continental efforts than any library has ever heard of. He also invented the term 'Boob shocker' and has delighted readers for many years with his violent criticisms."

"Lillian won her suit to be released from her contract with the producer of 'The White Sister' and 'Romola' and after she established in court how he had cheated her on her contract he was about as popular with the public as poison. Even the people who might have overlooked his business methods hate him for publishing Lillian's letters to him. He was trying to prove that she had been engaged to him."

"And did he prove it?" Fanny so often tells only one side of a story.

"Oh, I don't know. Her real friends didn't read the letters. Just because they were printed in newspapers was no reason for not granting them the immunity of private correspondence."

It is certainly wonderful what an influence a girl of Lillian's caliber will have even on Fanny's super-developed sense of curiosity.

"Now that the subject of letters has been brought up," Fanny rambled on, delving into her bag and bringing out a meager handful, "you see me completely surrounded by my fan mail. I have one from Velma Toland who lives in Kansas City and she is tremendously relieved by the rumor that some people think I resemble Carmelita Geraghty. Just because I hadn't a photograph to send her and because the editor of Picture-Play has never printed one she had decided that I was deformed. Oh, well—my début in pictures will never convince her that I am not. Like most great
Over the Teacups

artists I suffered by having most of my part thrown on the cutting room floor.

"Your début." Long ago Fanny had threatened to go into pictures but she had never confided any more to me about it. But it seems that John Francis Dillon was the great hero who finally gave her her chance before the camera. She played in "Chickie" but if you drop your program and stop to pick it up you will never see her. And you wouldn't recognize her anyway because she is so far from the camera. But in "Chickie" there is a scene where the heroine's father hears a car coming down the street and looks out to see if it is his daughter coming home. And instead it is a car full of ruffians whose actions don't contribute any to his peace of mind about his daughter. Fanny is the girl in the car.

"And here is one," Fanny bliss-

fully went on— it flatters her just terribly to get letters from strangers—"from a Miss Humphreys in Indianapolis. She thinks that I am unfair to Ricardo Cortez and that I spend so much time talking about my old friends that I never have a good word for newcomers to the films. And she thinks that I admire Rudolph Valentino to the exclusion of all other men on the screen. That is strange when I thought it was perfectly obvious to every one that my favorites are Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, Lewis Stone, Adolphe Menjou and Lew Cody. At least, at the moment. When Lowell Sherman starts making pictures again he will be up near the top of the list. He is going to make 'Satin in Sables,' you know, for Warner Brothers.

"And as for my not properly appreciating newcomers— I thought I had bored every one stiff with raving about Martha Madison and Greta Nissen. And speaking of newcomers, I wouldn't be surprised if Vilma Banky, the new Goldwyn player, became quite a favorite. She is charming to meet. While she was in New York she made a test film and every one says that from the waist up she was perfectly gorgeous but from the waist down sort of—sort of—"

Imagine Fanny at a loss for words! She usually just uses the wrong one and lets it go at that.

"Sort of andante ponderoso. She needs dancing lessons and a sort of general limbering up. Too bad she left New York. She might have enrolled in Benny Leonard's school along with the 'Follies' girls. Imagine Dorothy Knapp, who has about the most perfect figure you ever saw, finding time to enroll for a gymnasium course when she is already in the 'Follies' and Famous Players pictures."

"But what is this course anyway?" I inquired idly.

"Oh, corrective gymnastics for people who are too fat or too thin or who just don't look sufficiently alive. I'd rather have almost any one devoting his time to it than Benny Leonard. I did love those prize-fighting comedies of his."

"But we still have Jack Dempsey in pictures," I tried to console her.

"Yes, and have you heard what Will Rogers says about him in the 'Follies'? He suggests that President Coolidge appoint Jack Dempsey secretary of war. Says he would demand such a big guarantee that no nation could afford to fight him."

"But I don't see why you talk about everything else when you know I am simply dying to hear about Gloria Swanson's welcome home party."

"Well—" Fanny took a long breath. "I just don't know where to start."

"Start with her husband," I suggested.

"He's simply indescribable. Fanny began, but that didn't stop her from trying. "Wonderfully good looking and so utterly charming that you never think of his looks at all. Every one who meets him ignores the cumbersome title and just calls him 'Hank' after about five minutes. Mr. Lasky told me a new name for Gloria too. She may be the Marquis de la Falaise to others but to his little daughter she is just Mrs.—Filet de Sole.
"Every one of importance in New York was at the party, from the Grand Duke Boris and the Duchess to the people who entertained the Prince of Wales on his last visit here and the very last extra who ever supported Gloria in a Famous Players picture. Bebe Daniels looked particularly gorgeous and so did Hope Hampton. Dorothy Gish looked like a little girl at her first party, in a quaint, full-skirted frock and carrying a stuff, old-fashioned bouquet. Lila Lee was there and so was Diana Kane, Frances Howard, Betty Jewel and loads of others. Fanny Ward came looking as young as ever."

"And the men?" I asked, wondering that Fanny had to be reminded of their presence.

"Oh, the most interesting one was Percy Marmont because he had just arrived in town and all his old friends were so glad to see him. Richard Dix had been ill but he got up and came for a while. Thomas Meighan and Rod La Rocque were there. But actors' appearances at parties are never so vitally interesting as the girls'. They have no stunning gowns and jewels to show off."

"Of course, Michael Arlen was there. I tried to prod her memory."

"Naturally," Fanny admitted. "Every one who hadn't already read his books is making up for it now. I can't help being anxious to read his next one. I suppose it won't be written until he has finished his first script for Pola Negri, but when it is I am willing to bet that the heroines will bear a strong resemblance to Aileen Pringle and Bebe Daniels."

"I have never heard a more enthusiastic burst of applause than the roar that greeted Gloria when she came into the ballroom the night of her party. It is so nice to have her back. And I don't know how Gloria does it but even when there are six or seven hundred people at a party she always seems to find time for a few minutes' chat with each of them."

"Between her party this week and the opening of 'Sans Gene' she has completely monopolized the spotlight. I don't see how any player can win any greater glory than has been hers this week."

"Tony Jouett is going to being leading man in her next picture. Never met him but every one who has seems to think he is charming and will be awfully good in pictures. He came to this country from England only a few months ago. I think, and has been playing small parts in Famous Players pictures. I suppose we will be attending big dinners in his honor in another year."

"Senator Walker, the picture industry's best friend up at the State house, spoke wisely when he said he would like to trade two or three of the film industry's honorary dinners for a few breakfasts. There are so many dinner parties and they all sound interesting. There was one in honor of Tom Mix and his wife just before they went abroad and I could stay only long enough to shake hands with the notables and then I had to rush off to another one."

"A cable from the boat Mr. Mix was on said that some of the passengers objected because they were afraid his heavy Western shoes would scratch the ballroom floor and when the remark was repeated to him he said that they were lucky he didn't take Tony in the ballroom with him."

"After seeing his last picture I really don't wonder that he went abroad."

"Now, now," I remonstrated, "let's not knock a man because he made one dull picture. Most actors can't even remember the name of their first big one, they have made so many."

"Have you seen Barbara La Marr lately?" Fanny asked, and the connection between unfortunate pictures and Barbara is obvious if you have seen "The Heart of a Siren."

"Well, she looks marvelous. She went up to a house party last Sunday and one of the bridge players was so dazed after taking one

Continued on page 107
J ulanne Came Back

After months of fantastic film journeys on the Magic Carpet the Thief of Bagdad's Princess felt that she must really travel, and travel she did.

By Helen Klumph

You have all become acquainted via interviews with film stars who are universally loved. Allow me to present to you one who is cordially hated, one whose name you only have to mention to hear mutteredings of bitterest envy, one who has escaped the unpleasant sides of picture making and made it a glorious sort of holiday—in short, Julanne Johnston.

Now studying a photograph of Miss Johnston you won't find anything but loveliness. There is absolutely nothing in such a face to inspire hatred; jealousy, to be sure, but not dislike. But the most casual survey of Miss Johnston's career will, if you are human, annoy you. For in the short space of two years Julanne in the most blithe and carefree manner has crowded the experiences that other people work years for.

It was just about all her contemporaries could bear when she was chosen to portray the exquisite Princess in Douglas Fairbanks' "Thief of Bagdad." Their fondest hopes for her were that when that was over she would have to play in eight or ten States-rights pictures that few people ever saw or break her neck making a serial or not get a job at all. Such fates were being handed out right and left in Hollywood so why shouldn't Julanne suffer?

Julanne didn't. A German picture producer appeared on the scene and persuaded her to go abroad to star in "Gar- ragon."

"But your career!" her friends protested. "You really must stay here now and work hard or you will never get anywhere."

"I'll get to Berlin," Julanne insisted.

"Your public will forget you!" was the next objection offered. But Julanne's ego had not been sufficiently developed to make her believe that she had a public all her own. So off she went to Berlin to make a picture. She who needed it least went abroad to sample the culture of the Old World.

That good luck might have been forgiven her if she had come right home, but she went to England and signed a contract to make a picture that would take her to Constantinople. Some of us get slight comfort out of the fact that political difficulties arose and it was impossible for the company to go to the mys-

terious and beautiful city on the Bosphorus. Julanne was denied at least that. But then she was asked to make a picture in England. She had several weeks in which to visit Italy and then a few glorious months in London out near Hyde Park.

But now Julanne is back again—at least as far back as New York—and my animosity has all faded away in seeing her again. After being abroad for ten months she still speaks her native American in the good old way. She still turns her back on gaudy hotels and patronizes lowly tea rooms where waffles and tea can be had in profusion and where one can talk for hours without offending a waiter.

From newspapers and from people returning from Europe I have heard not a little of her social and professional triumphs abroad but you can't find out anything about them from Julanne.

"Berlin?" you ask. It isn't really necessary to be definite or lucid with Julanne.

"Every inch of it made me homesick for California," she admitted. "It wasn't beautiful to me; the buildings are so close together. And those wonderful German motion pictures that we're always hearing about and occasionally seeing. I was going to study them all and come home a highbrow. But try and find them! You go up and down the streets of Berlin and all you find is American pictures years old.

"And the costumes! I thought I was going to be dressed up to look three jumps ahead of a 'Follies' chorus girl. A special designer had been engaged to make my costumes. Where do you think he got his ideas? From American magazines for the year 1913.

"And the people! Visitors like us never met any of the really nice German people. They are so poor they never go anywhere. All you see in the cafés and theaters are just war profiteers. The city was interesting, though. Mae Marsh was there, so we went sightseeing together.

"London? Oh, I adore London! We didn't live in a hotel but took lodgings in an old house out near Hyde Park. I know now that you will hate me—I saw John Barrymore in 'Hamlet' in London. I had often talked to him out on the lot when we were making "Thief of Bagdad," he used to visit Mr. Fairbanks almost every

Continued on page 109
JULANNE JOHNSTONE, whose picture travels were the envy of everyone, has returned, and in the story on the opposite page you will find news of her experiences abroad and her plans for the future.
BARBARA LA MARR is too hard on us. The gorgeous adjectives were used up long ago, but—
isn't this a stunning picture?
WITH the signing of her new contract at a huge salary ends Marion Davies' long, courageous struggle for histrionic development and genuine box-office recognition.
IT'S hard not to think of Edmund Lowe as a "handsome thing," especially when he looks like this, but he would be much more grateful if you'd think of him as a good actor.
IT doesn't seem to matter to John Gilbert whether people like him or not, and this reckless, "take-me-or-leave-me" attitude probably has much to do with his devastating charm.
THINGS broke rather badly for Gertrude Olmstead for a while, but her recent engagement by Rudolph Valetino's company should have made up for a lot.
VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN is one of the few child players who successfully made the transition to grown-up parts. She is a very busy ingénue these days.
Motion-picture work has helped to make Ruth Roland a millionaire, but it has also deprived her of many things. She explains its debits and credits frankly in the story on the opposite page.
Is Motion-Picture Stardom Worth While?

Ruth Roland goes into the matter from all angles and emerges with a positive "Yes."

By Myrtle Gebhart

I didn't have to work to-day, so I washed my silk lingerie.

The words, scrawled in a bold, definite hand in that little red book, told a story of the first success of a girl whom destiny had marked for the spotlight. The diary bore on its cover in gilt letters, "Ruth Roland." We had chosen it at random from its companions—Ruth has a stack of those little red books chronicling the adventures of her busy life—and, flipping the pages, our eyes had chanced to rest upon that line.

"That summed up my earliest ambition," Ruth chuckled. "All during my childhood I hated stiff, coarse undergarments and longed to have soft silk things. When I was about fifteen and had been in the movies but a little while, I saw an advertisement of a sale of pink silk lingerie at one dollar each. I bought three and, as my salary was only thirty-five dollars and I was taking care of my aunt and buying property, I had to do without lunches for a week.

"But nothing I have ever owned has given me quite the thrill that that silk lingerie did."

"Ruth, just what do you think of all this success business, anyhow? How does it stack up?" I asked, with the license of old friendship, as we sat there on the lounge with those little red books piled all around us, in them each step of her progress so methodically detailed that glancing over them could not but bring forth a procession of memories.

"You're producing your own features; you had a long and successful career in serials; you've made more money, by your own efforts, than any other star in pictures. You can have everything you want in a material sense. No one will deny that you have worked and earned it, and you have a strong sense of appreciation.

"You have a lot of things that many girls envy. And I happen to know that you have made sacrifices for this precious career, that you have not been happy always, that you, as we all do, have missed some things in life. Now, let's be honest—has it been worth while?"

Ruth's eyes narrowed into oblique slits, as they do when she is absorbed in thought, and after a while she began resolutely to analyze her life to decide just what she has gotten out of it that has been worth the effort. This is the gist of her conclusions, and the figures given we verified where possible from her books:

I sincerely believe that the advantages of motion-picture stardom outweigh the penalties—and there are plenty of the latter. Every life is bound to have a sense of incompleteness; we are all looking for something that we never get. But I feel, and I think my pride is just, that my life hasn't been wasted.

I like to be definite and get down to brass tacks, and not talk in generalities, don't you? The only way I can deal with any problem is to see its actual facts and not in abstract form.

So let's consider, first, the advantages that stardom in pictures has given me.


Six advantages—check 'em off. If I were one of these dumb little ga-ga ingenues, I would prattle about my art and how noble it makes me feel to give my best to it, and all of that bunk. But, as honesty is to be the keynote of this session, I place money at the head of my list of advantages for, after all, isn't that the main attraction to the movies? Don't they pay far more than other businesses do for youth, good looks, perseverance and some degree of talent?

I mean no disparagement of their efforts, for they do work earnestly, but the majority of the people in pictures are here because the cash register's tinkle is pleasant music. Salaries may seem exorbitant in comparison to the payment given the same endeavor in other professions; but they are not undeserved when you consider that the personality of the actor is what draws public patronage. The producer makes his profit, so it is only fair that the actor should have his portion.

Don't we all want to make money, mostly because the world places such a valuation upon it and gauges success by it? I am vain. Frankly, I like the power that this money gives me. I get a tremendous thrill out of having bankers and important business men want to deal with me and respect my acumen. When men whom I know to be very sagacious and powerful ask my advice about oil or certain stocks or realty valuations, it doesn't make me feel like any modest violet!

When I can cooperate with those men, sitting at conferences with them, feeling myself a part of their activities in directing various moneymaking enterprises—well, I wouldn't be human if I weren't pleased. And when we happen to be on opposite sides of the fence,
Is Motion-Picture Stardom Worth While?

there's no kick in spending money only on yourself—half the fun lies in giving things to your people.

Fame, next. It is sweet. I have met very few people who were really sincere in expressing a desire to avoid it. It is a sop to our vanity. When I was a youngster, I dreamed of being a general, and strutting around with decorations all over my chest. I always had an absorbing ambition to amount to something, so that people would point me out and say, "That's Ruth Roland."

And when I am recognized by some movie fan, I get a glow that lasts for days. Recently when I was coming out of the Montmartre after luncheon a group of girls stared at me, whispering among themselves, and finally one asked timorously if I weren't Ruth Roland. I talked to them a while and they stammered how they had always followed my serials and hoped to see my new feature pictures soon. I told you, I felt like a queen. Repetition can't quench that thrill, either—I feel the same way every time.

I have tried to do a little good with my money, too, in aiding charitable enterprises, particularly those caring for orphaned and crippled children. I don't bother much to help people in the prime of life, beyond sometimes aiding them to get work when they are deserving, or unless they are facing great adversity, because I earned what I have and my motto is, let them do the same. If they had any gumption, they would get to work.

But the children do tug at my heart, the waifs left alone with nobody to care. I was fortunate in having my aunt, but I shall never be able to blot out from my memory the awful sense of desolation and loss when my mother passed away. They call me hard and shrewd in business—but I haven't been stingy and thoughtless of the kids.

What daughter of Eve ever lived who didn't get happiness out of clothes and such luxury as she could afford? I love beautiful clothes and furs. When I parade something new, I have a perfectly gorgeous feeling of wellbeing, and I like to wear jewels. I think it's idiotic to tie up big sums in jewels, but I give myself about half of what I want. And when I drive about town in my motor, correctly chauffeured, stared at and perhaps envied, I am not what you'd call unhappy.

Last of all is the thrill I have gotten out of my picture work. I do love it, though I sometimes crab that it takes so much time and energy. The work varies. Monotony would kill me. I get enough of it as it is in attending to business details. Pictures are my outlet. I am of an energetic temperament. I must have activities and change. In the movies you do something different every day, you've no chance to stagnate, to grow less mentally alert or to become physically flabby.

Ruth Roland when she first entered pictures.

and I win—I feel a pride that I think is pardonable.

My fortune is estimated at between three and six millions. I can't give you the actual figure—and I wouldn't if I could—because certain properties fluctuate in value and I do not know exactly how much I am worth. But it certainly is a great deal more than I could have made out of any other business. Its nucleus came from the movies. For several years I was making my own serials on a royalty basis for Pathé, bringing me in a weekly amount varying between twenty-five hundred and ten thousand. That money, turned over and over in business deals, multiplied. But the pictures gave me my capital to start with.

Second to money, and really a contributory factor, I would list: being able to make good on family obligations. Most of us have dependents and we all want to repay those who have reared us and by helping have made our success possible. Since my mother died when I was a child, my aunt has been in every way a mother to me. Other relatives did their share to boost me when I needed it. So I am glad I can give my aunt a nice home and servants and the others such gifts as they will accept. Besides,
I can't think of any other work which offers one as varied and interesting activity as does motion-picture acting. Now let's see the other side of the picture. Disadvantages! I wish the girls who long to be movie stars could realize that all that glitters isn't gold and that this life of ours, which they envy us isn't as rose-strewn and soft as it looks.


It costs a whale of a lot to be a star. We make good money—and we must spend good money to maintain our prestige.

There's a certain glamour about a screen idol which must not be shattered. Expenditures which at casual glance may seem extravagances are really essential. A star cannot practice the petty economies that other women do, or she would be called niggardly.

Besides, she is easily recognized and many shops have two prices, charging a motion-picture favorite a much higher figure than the regular trade. I sometimes get around this difficulty by having my aunt do my shopping, or else refuse to buy goods not plainly tagged with one price for all.

Roughly, it costs me fifty thousand dollars a year to be a star. This figure is the necessary expenditure for my personal life and does not include the production of my films. It is apportioned to cover: upkeep of home and cars, one thousand dollars a month; clothes, minimum of fifteen thousand dollars annually; fan mail and photographs, fifteen hundred dollars a month; publicity, press agent's and secretary's salaries, five thousand a year.

These are minimum figures. Usually my expenses run over the amounts given. My clothes, for instance, often cost more, when I buy very expensive furs, and jewels are not included.

For my personal wardrobe I buy each year: a fur coat; fifteen evening gowns; about twenty-five street suits and frocks, including sport clothes; twenty-five hats; thirty pairs of shoes. Unfortunately, I have a triple-A foot, with a very high instep, and the only shoes that give me comfort and durability are those which I have made at a price from eighteen to thirty-five dollars a pair. I dare not wear the same gown more than a few times, or I am criticized.

Some women are more extravagant than others, but I believe that this inventory would serve for almost any prominent actress' wardrobe.

Beautification and toilettries luxuries should be listed under this heading. When I am working, the upkeep of my bob is twenty-three dollars a week, for I have a girl come to the house each morning to marcel it. Between pictures, I only spend five dollars a week on my hair. I love dainty perfumes, bath salts and the like and feel I can afford them.

Fan mail, next. My letters average ten thousand a month and I do think I have an efficient system of handling them. Every letter is answered or a photo mailed within a week or ten days after arrival. I am grateful for every bit of public appreciation and, aside from the personal feeling, I consider it good business to take care of my mail conscientiously.

I spend five hundred a month for postage and my photographs cost me ten thousand dollars a year. Stationery must be entered on this cost sheet also, and it is quite an item, as I have numerous business activities.

Continued on page 110.
Two Hedonists in Hollywood

The writer finds in Sydney Chaplin an actor he can honestly "yes."

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

Once upon a time—and, with the assistance of director and gag men, work it into something that will be excruciatingly funny to the Homo Americanus of this jazz age.

He is going about the task in the manner of a scientific workman, moving from the general to the particular. Spontaneity in the making of a light comedy movie does not enter into the workmanship at any phase of the undertaking.

Polti laid down thirty-six original dramatic situations. Syd Chaplin told me that in comedy the situations, although not yet exactly tabulated, are much less in number.

"There are certain formulae that produce laughter," he explained. "You can't go beyond them. The audience resents it. "The audience," he went on, "considers itself superior. Therefore, it likes to have a chance to laugh at the inferiority of others."

He tipped me the wink.

"You know what Doctor Freud said about the inferiority complex. In comedy we exploit it. We give 'em a chance to sublimate it—understand?"

I did. I recognized, indeed, the familiar figure of Caliban, looming in the background, as it must in the background of every artist. The public be served, as Cornelius Vanderbilt would remark.

"Then," continued Syd, "then there is the appeal to our native savagery. This appeal is the strongest lever we have. Everybody resents authority. The desire to kick a policeman is in the back of everybody’s mind. When we see a comedian perform this act for us the vicarious pleasure we receive reacts most favorably to the box office.

"You need only to scratch the thin veneer of civilization to uncover the savage beneath. Did you ever stop to think how much comedy consists of plain destruction? And why do audiences laugh at the comedian who plays the devil with table etiquette? Because the audience feels superior, in the first place, and in the second place unconsciously resents the very etiquette which civilization has imposed.

"Another flattering intonation to the audience is the trick of letting them find out something. In 'Her Temporary Husband' a simple piece of pantomime which I performed brought a deluge of congratulatory letters on my acting. The acting was nothing.
Two Hedonists in Hollywood

47

But the pantomime enabled the audience to mudge itself and say, 'I know what he means!' That always gets 'en.

"The surprise gag is sure-fire for a laugh. As when my brother Charlie is seen with heaving shoulders, apparently in the throes of a weeping fit, but turns around disclosing the fact that he is merely shaking a cocktail.

"An over amount of energy or an under amount of energy has long been recognized as sure-fire stuff. The typical example is the old music-hall gag in which the comedian, instead of pulling the stool up to the piano, pulls the piano up to the stool. You see how the inferiority complex is also sublimated in this gag. The audience says, 'Ah, how foolish! I should have known better.'

"An elaboration of this gag is such an incident as was shown in one of Buster Keaton's pictures, in which the comedian, drinking from a cup, is inconvenienced by the spoon sticking him in the eye—satire on table manners. Instead of simply taking the spoon out of the cup and laying it aside, the comedian takes it out, bends it double, so it cannot stick him, and replaces it.

"Coarse? Certainly. Vulgar? Naturally. Slapstick? Of course. But I have observed the very persons who pretend a lofty scorn for slapstick comedy, sitting at tables in the Coconut Grove at the Ambassador, throwing paper balls at each other, blowing out paper rolls in an effort to hit each other in the eye—performing all the recognized gags of slapstick under the impression they are indulging in the carnival spirit.

"The carnival spirit is another name for the savage instinct. Slapstick is truly a survival of savage days. The first gag that got a laugh was when Stonehatchet walloped his neighbor with a club. I am not sure but what it goes even farther back. You have seen monkeys enjoying the sport of pulling each other's tails. The sports of the Roman amphitheater were grounded on this natural impulse to cruelty. And I doubt if the football games and automobile races of to-day would be half so popular if there wasn't a chance that somebody would get hurt.

Were it not for the incubus of his brother's reputation, Sydney Chaplin would be hailed as a great comedian. We all suffer from handicaps and that is Syd's—a famous brother. Whenever he performs a clever hit there is the inevitable comparison. And no matter what Syd accomplishes he can hardly hope to match the fame of Charlie Chaplin.

Sydney Chaplin as Charley's Aunt.

A vast difference in temperament separates the two. Charlie is an idealist, Syd, a realist. Charlie has a cause which he sometimes allows to interfere with his work. Indeed, he is a studio bolshevist, consorting with radical thinkers from England, from Russia, and from Pasadena. Syd is content to be himself.

Syd Chaplin is an actor in the original protein sense, which, alas, few movie actors are. He is not just a type, playing himself. I remember him in his brother's picture, "The Pilgrim," a bewhiskered, short-sighted, badgered husband—a broad character, one of the funniest of his creations. Then he came out in "The Galloping Fish," a light comedian playing a much different role. And because he was thoroughly grounded—just as his brother was—in the old English pantomime school, he is deft, sure and engaging before the camera.

But Syd Chaplin is more than an actor. He is a liver. He has a well-defined philosophy of life. And when I met him there was a great deal of self-gratification in finding that it coincides exactly with my own.

Such an encounter is always gratifying. Unthinking applause of the mob is like the heady rush of champagne. It startles, intoxicates, and deceptively expands the citadel of thought. Next day the citadel must pay with aching disillusionment.

There is a subtler essence that we love to sip. The satisfying wine of confirmation. There is no pleasure equivalent to that of finding one who, wisely scanning the broad field of life, has arrived at identically the same conclusions thereat as yourself.

Such a pleasure was mine when I sat in the Montmartre Café at luncheon with Syd Chaplin and we pledged each other in glass after glass of this satisfying tipple. Movie actor or muscle dancer, tradesman or truckster, I care not so long as he will yes me. And so long as I can yes him back, knowing that we are both downright honest about our own.

About us the brisk rattle of the Montmartre at luncheon time. The hissing vowels of tourist ladies spotting the darlings of the films. Polite cries of greeting, resembling those of rival rooting sections at the big game as the darlings spot each other.

In the center of this pastoral scene two hedonists yes each other. Hedonists? Oh, yes. Syd Chaplin uses the word freely. And it took me less than a minute to discover that we belonged to the same sect.

Syd paid me the tribute of a grin for the kidding which I had given his illus-

Many persons who pretend to scorn slapstick comedy will sit in a public restaurant, performing all the recognized gags of slapstick under the impression that they are indulging in the carnival spirit.
Two Hedonists in Hollywood

So my chief object in working as an actor is to collect enough money so that I may retire while young enough to enjoy travel, books and the things I have planned for my leisure. Accordingly, if somebody would pay me to sign a contract not to appear again in motion pictures I'd do it in a minute.

"In five years I expect to have saved enough money so I may quit pictures and begin to live. I look forward eagerly to that time of retirement."

"I bet I can tell where you are going to retire to," I interrupted. "The same place that I—"

"Yes, the South Seas," he rejoined. "I've been reading about a fellow who built himself a wonderful place there. Stocked it up with books and everything.

"And everything!" I breathed.

"The difficulty of life is complicated by the world's refusal to reckon with individuals and the effort to make everybody conform to set rules."

"Amen!" I cried so heartily that the waiter came running, thinking it was an order.

"The right to satisfy ones self so long as one is not violating the personal rights of others should be an inalienable right."

"Yes—yes!"

"And that applies to everything... I agree with you. The aesthetic contemplation of a beautiful woman, for example... Yes... More desirable because more lasting than actual possession... Yes... Morality is entirely a matter of time and place... I agree... Yes... Of majority and minority, too, I allow... Yes."

"Yes."

"If we could only be ourselves. But this accursed hypocrisy to which we have to toady!"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"If we could only be free in this day and age to follow as we choose, the philosophy of the noble Aristippus!"

"That's right, Mr. Chaplin."

"Eh?"

It was the waiter who had spoken. He was still standing behind my chair.

"We believe in that, too, Mr. Chaplin," he went on, as we looked up at him in surprise.

"What?"

"Why the right to tipus. The management is discouraging it, sir. But we waiters—"

The hedonist deposited the dole for our pleasure and we retired amid a lively buzzing of the tourist ladies, one of whom had just recognized my philosopher as Charlie Chaplin's brother.
A Fairly New Complex

Even the most casual reader will realize how rare it is for a star to have a conscience. La Rocque's conscience is his guiding star.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

VARIOUS ambassadors, attachés, and aides de cinéma had carefully completed arrangements for Rod La Rocque and me to meet on Friday.

Wednesday evening, immediately following a successful entry into the city, I made for the Booth, happy at the prospect of seeing "The Guardsman," happier to find a single down in E, just off the aisle.

A minute later a tall young man claimed the seat next to mine. As he sat down I noticed who it was and chuckled.

"We were to meet on Friday," I said.

"This saves us the trouble," observed Rod La Rocque, for, as who of my little readers has not already guessed, it was he!

It is such rare quirks of coincidence that make playwrights of us all, such odd turns of fortune that make New York the most inconsistent, delightful, unbelievable city in the world.

We saw the Molnar comedy, and in common with some fifteen hundred other people, enjoyed it hugely.

"I must wire Mr. De Mille," said Rod between the acts, "It should make a splendid picture.

But I believe the Guardsman could be played as a Von Stromheim, a dandy of dapper mien... Pictorially it would add to the thing, don't you think?"

Then the last act came along and shattered the adaptability of the play as far as pictures are concerned. So we left "The Guardsman" and turned our steps toward that cozy retreat, the Lambs Club.

Take a look at Rod La Rocque as he makes his way down the street. He is tall, rangy, and jaunty. His cane swings easily, his muffler extends just far enough above his coat to lend a touch of what the well-dressed man would borrow, and, all in all, you might suspect that he is a successful actor. Surely you would know that success had come to him.

"I used to pass by this club," said Rod as we entered the Lambs, "and I'd say to myself, 'Gee, if only I could walk into that place some day with regular actors.' At the time I was starving to death in casting offices, looking for the part that never was open. It was hard, and it was heartbreaking but it was a period that I can never regret. It was a wonderful adventure."

"Never having been through a starvation siege, I have difficulty in getting your point," I said.

"I mean it. I was starving. I used to eat onions because they're strong for the system as well as otherwise, and they didn't cost much. It was always a question of what my next job would be. I was up and down all the time. But, man alive! it was thrilling. I'll never forget it."

We ordered coffee and toast with jam on the side. A benevolent Thespian sent further refreshments over to our table with his greetings.

"A great place, The Lambs," sighed Rod. "Great because it's a real club, and typical of New York. I think this is the best town in the universe, even though I was born in Chicago. The West is too tropical for a white man. New York is perfect. It offers everything. It's an energy-eater, but it gives you back vitamin for vitamin. While you're using lots of current, you're constantly having your batteries recharged."
As we talked, it developed that progress in pictures brings an occasional sleepless night.

"Once you start forward," Rod explained, "you have a horrible fear of slipping back in that picture or this. But over at Paramount Uncle Jesse and Mr. De Mille and every one have been wonderful to me, and I only hope that I can keep going ahead."

"Hark," you are saying, "to the echo of Merton." Well, whether you like it or not, Rod takes his pictures seriously. Of course, the average leading gent takes his work seriously, but with a grain of salt. Richard Dix laughs it off merrily; Raymond Griffith snickers sarcastically; Harrison Ford views the scene with philosophic calm; but unquestionably there are the Nagles, the Lytels, and the Morenos to keep La Rocque company in his somber contemplation of a movie career.

La Rocque has a reasonably good sense of humor, but he takes himself seriously. The complete sense of humor does not permit the owner to do that. However, Rod is not gloomy or pessimistic; he is simply conscientious.

On the whole, that offers a fairly new complex, I think. Conscience is fast becoming a thing of the past that grandma recalls as being common when she was a girl. Conscience is being heard of less and less as the new order sweeps inhibitions away. So a conscientious young fellow making his way upward and onward in the celluloid treadmill is uncommon. If you ask me, a conscientious young fellow making his way upward and onward is extremely uncommon.

The average actor who is going ahead figures that his progress must continue because of his superior attributes. He worries not at all. Then when he begins to slip he wonders why he is slipping.

La Rocque is attacking it the other way. When he advances he immediately tries to figure how he can advance another notch.

"As so many people have said, it isn't getting to the easy position of salary and steady work that's so difficult; it's the next move from there.

"The Ten Commandments' gave me a real part to play, and an even break on notices and publicity. A contract followed. Now it's up to me to keep moving instead of resting on the contract and figuring how to keep down my income tax. The government is welcome to its percentage of everything I make. I earn a living in this country and I think it fair and equitable for incomes to be taxed."

Quickly returning to the subject of advancing artistically he reassured me how anxious he was to make each new picture a milestone in his histrionic career rather than a millstone. As he talked he convinced. This was sincere eloquence, and I found myself hoping that the conscientious La Rocque will proceed toward the heights when he begins his starring pictures under De Mille; for, as you perhaps know, when the former director general recently severed connections with Famous Players, and went out to organize his own company, he took with him La Rocque and Leatrice Joy.

La Rocque regards De Mille as the greatest box-office producer in the world. In common with every other actor who has responded to the bejeweled megaphone he has nothing but praise and admiration for Cecil, emperor of the bedroom-boudoir-bath, purveyor of purple moments, creator of simmering scenes in sizzling cinemas having to do with modern Babylons, golden beds, and innocent temptresses. De Mille may be the great director these disciples proclaim him, but since the long-passed "Joan the Woman" I have seen nothing bearing his stamp worthy of second mention.

"He asks for suggestions and often acts upon them," said Rod. "Most directors say, 'You're paid to act, not to think,' De Mille listens to your ideas, and discusses them with you. I think he is a veritable genius in his line. Pleasing millions is a thing that requires genius.

"After doing 'The Ten Commandments' with him, I was delighted to be called to do 'Feet of Clay' and 'The Golden Bed' under his direction. I was fortunate enough to be cast in 'Forbidden Paradise' with Miss Negri, and Mr. Lubitsch directing."

That picture, although a maudlin version manifestly inferior to "The Czarina," made it apparent that La Rocque is to be numbered among our capable young men. He has drive and power, but he requires a firm directing rein. And unlike many actors, he welcomes criticism.

"It's all very well to ignore the critics," he said, "and it's true that they speak only for the individual that's writing, but I have picked up some great tips from critics, and I never miss reviews of pictures I'm in. Up to the time I made 'The Commandments' I took every scene seriously. One of the writers on the Coast asked me why I didn't ease up a bit, and inject a more nonchalant note into my work. I did, and apparently my work benefited."

I believe in playing ball with everybody. If a man

Photo by Russell Bell

La Rocque has a good sense of humor, but he takes his work seriously. He is neither gloomy nor pessimistic; he is simply conscientious.

Continued on page 100
A Portrait of a Lady

For which the interviewer finds it necessary to use glowing terms, induced by genuine admiration, in order to present a truthful likeness of Myrtle Stedman.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

If words could take on the colors that artists use on their canvases, I would paint for you a picture of Myrtle Stedman in phrases of blue and gold and old rose. I would make a background of shadowed disappointments and sudden obscurity, and put strongly in the foreground the shining of a secured future. The aura of a lovely personality would be around her like a cloak of light.

If this seems to be ridiculous raving, please do not attribute it to a chronic case of interviewer's blindness. I am not given to raving over much about any one; but I am willing to go on record as expressing my great admiration for a woman who has "felt the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" and who has come through the turmoil unscathed and unembittered.

People wondered why Myrtle Stedman "dropped out" of pictures. It did not seem reasonable that the golden-haired girl who had graced the screen from almost its earliest days, should be sent into the discard. The reason was very simple, and had nothing to do with Miss Stedman's ability, which was never for a moment in question. Motion pictures passed through an attack of flapperism. No, I believe the word "flapper" had not then been coined. I think they called them "cuties," and "baby dolls," and "ingenues." Anyhow, the screen was completely captured by curly-haired darlings with smiles and dimples. They were all, like Kiki, "good girls." They did nothing more exciting in pictures than stand in the sunlight of the great open spaces and listen with pure-eyed wonder to the hero tell about his one-hundred-per-cent-pure love. Heroines in those days were never out of their teens. Now and then they had mothers—who were always white haired and had kindly patient wrinkles in their faces. There were, no middle-aged mothers in the world—on the screen. It was the age of youth; glorious, curly-headed, non-compos-mentis youth! So Myrtle Stedman dropped out of pictures.

She is still so uncannily youthful that it does not seem possible that the producers could have overlooked her undeniable charm, even in those days of-dimpled morons. Her hair is a bright, lustrous gold, and her eyes are big and blue—and young. If her figure lacks the thin fashionable "girlish" lines, it also lacks any trace of heavy matronliness. It is only when you are introduced to her son, Lincoln, a grown-up young man in his twenties, that you realize fully that Myrtle Stedman has passed indeed into the "mother" class. Yet the two are more like sweethearts than mother and son. There is a camaraderie between them that I have never seen equaled. He calls her "Buddy," and she calls him "Link." Friend Husband, who accompanied me to the First National studio, met them both.

Continued on page 96
Gloria Swanson’s comedy in “Madame Sans Gene” is amusing and consistent, but it lasts too long.

P. T. BARNUM must have looked down with envy at the exploitation of Gloria Swanson in “Madame Sans Gene.” For no Jenny Lind, her carriage drawn home by excited admirers, ever received such lavish publicity as Gloria.

At the opening of the picture in New York, the path leading to the loge where she sat was strewn with roses, sweet peas, pansies, and violets. The lobby was hung with red draperies decorated with gold fleurs-de-lis, and the flags of the United States and France were hung side by side. This was the final burst of the glory that began the day she sailed for France to try her hand at a rôle that has been played by such actresses as Rejane, Ada Rehan, Simone, and Ellen Terry.

“Madame Sans Gene” is beautiful, but as a picture I found it often tiresome. It seems too bad that a story by Sardou, filmed in the historic atmosphere of Fontainebleau and Compiegne, with costumes that were exact replicas, and in some cases the exact garments worn by Napoleon himself, could not have more to say for itself.

The story of Madame Sans Gene, who began a remarkable career as a laundress, joined the French Revolutionary Forces as a vivandière, and who finally became Duchess of Danzig, is a story that any actress might covet. For the Duchess of Danzig could not forget the steamy tubs, and even though her husband, the former Sergeant Lefebvre, was appointed Marshal of France, she could not walk through the stately palaces or attend a court function without blowing her nose on her scarf, hitching up her skirts and sometimes falling down, jewels and all.

Later, she saves the honor of the empress, and the picture ends with as pretty a little reconciliation as you could find in any home-made drama.

Gloria Swanson tries hard, too hard it seemed to me, to bring out the full comedy value of her part, and it did seem as though her director, Leonce Perret, could have done something about it. Her clowning is amusing and consistent, but it lasts too long. Every scene is played out to its very end until the point has been made so evident that it has lost its humor in its length. Fun is more transitory.

Emile Dran of the Comédie Français plays Napoleon. He looked well but seemed very conscious of the camera.

The continuity is pretty bad. The action shifts about in a most disconcerting way, and every character that could be crowded into the picture is there.

But the film is strikingly lovely and whenever things seem a little tiresome and unconvincing, the scene changes to the gardens at Versailles crowded with courtiers in Napoleonic costume, or to the halls of Fontainebleau or Compiegne, breathing atmosphere and beauty.

And thinking of these I can say that it’s a wonderful picture.

Some Good Old-fashioned Uplift.

For those who like their villains bad and their heroes without stain, I would recommend “The Fool.” Based on Channing Pollock’s remarkably successful stage play, it sets out in a businesslike, straightforward way to get somewhere and to point a moral. There is no filmflamming about it and no monkey business. When the picture ends the good people have earned their just rewards and the bad ones are reaping as they have sown.

It is the story of a man who sets out to live a really Christian life. The fact that he is a handsome young man doesn’t help to smooth his pathway. I could not help feeling that he would have fared better had he been less attractive. As it is, with Edmund Lowe playing the part and looking as though he meant it, it seemed only reasonable that one or two women should tempt him and that most of the men in the story should look skeptical when he explained his views on life.

Almost every moral argument that any one could dig up for every day is answered in the course of the picture. There is a fallen woman and capital and labor; there is a wife who wants to reconsider and a husband who consistently does the wrong thing; there is a crippled child and a petty thief; there are rich people and poor people, and all are accounted for in the end. No one could help being satisfied with the results.

Harry Millarde, the director, tried to make the filming of the story as honest and unrelenting as the plot. There isn’t a single trick used either in the lighting or the acting, and in the scenario Edmund Goulding used no mustache to deceive.
in Review

Raymond Bloomer is as leering and mean a villain as ever got his just deserts, and Mary Thurman does some good work as a falling woman who never quite hits bottom.

The little girl with the crutches is played by Anne Dale, and our old friend, Paul Panzer, is a heartbroken miner.

The afternoon I went to see it, there was quite audible sobbing all over the house, and I must say that it did my old heart good to see virtue triumph once more. And no nonsense about it either.

Nazimova and Some Fresh Air.

Speaking of miracles, there are two of them in "My Son." Edwin Carewe has laid his hands on Nazimova and Jack Pickford, and, lo and behold! they are turned into an actress and an actor. Just how hard he had to lay them, I cannot say, but the result is wonderful.

Anyway, Nazimova has thrown away her black lace negligee and finds that she can walk just as well without it. She comes right out from the incense into the salty air of the Maine coast and looks at least ten years younger.

As for Jack Pickford! Well, it's wonderful what milk and eggs and good fresh air will do.

The story is taken from Martha Stanley's stage play, and it's about Ana Silva and Tony, her son. Nazimova is the pretty Portuguese mother and Jack Pickford is her son. They are both fine.

The story itself isn't so good, but by the time such experts as Charles Murray as an old sea captain, Constance Bennett as a bad little city girl, and Hobart Bosworth and Ian Keith, who are both in love with Ana Silva, get through with it, you really feel as though you had seen something.

Ana Silva almost loses her son to a summer visitor, but just as he is about to leave for the city with the girl and a diamond necklace that doesn't belong to him, she clips him neatly over the head with a shovel, and with the help of two admiring and willing men puts him aboard a lugger for a year's sail.

As the little Portuguese girl, a former love, is on the lugger too, I imagine that everything comes out all right in the end. His mother, with that little chore over and done with, marries the man she loves.

The settings are beautiful and Nazimova's costumes are perfect.

Constance Bennett meets the worst possible fate for a flapper. Her

Larry Semon turns the wistful, lovable Scarecrow of "The Wizard of Oz" into a hilarious slapstick comedy character.
The Screen in Review

The salt Maine air of "My Son" does wonders for Nazimova's appearance and acting.

tiful and does all that she can under the circumstances, and the other is Charles Murray. He is terribly funny. In fact, it isn't quite fair to the rest of the picture to have him there. The contrast is embarrassing.

Outside of Charles Murray, there is nothing more exciting than a bursting dam. It doesn't hurt anybody.

No one thinks more of Charles Ray as an actor than I do. Perhaps that's why I am so bitter about seeing him made into a man again. I think the next time they might at least begin where they left off. I'd like to see what he does after he grows up.

Something to Write Home About.

Every once in a while, a picture comes along that is so good that it makes me ashamed of all the bad things I've ever thought about the other more unfortunate little pictures. This time it was "Proud Flesh," directed by King Vidor, who certainly ought to get the badge this month for "most popular director."

Not that this picture means a thing, because it doesn't. It has no plot, no moral, not a great deal of sense, but I liked seeing it as well as anything I have ever seen.

Ten years from now I don't expect to wake up in the middle of a storm and remember what a great, big, vital thing it was, but the hour and fifteen minutes that it lasted were as nice as could be.

I am not going to tell the plot and get laughed at. Eleanor Boardman was a Spanish girl. She was beautiful, funny, and romantic. If that isn't being the perfect woman, I don't know what is. Harrison Ford was the Adolphe Menjou of Spain, although it seems a shame to drag another's name into this. He should get all the credit for himself. He did a fine satire of a Spanish nobleman. Pat O'Malley was good as a bewildered and wealthy plumber, and so was Trixie Friganza as the aunt.

It's the kind of picture that can't be explained exactly, but any one who doesn't like it is an old crab.

Another Good One.

In "Soul Fire" Richard Barthelmess turns serious again, and I must say I like him better when he's torn with a few emotions.

"Soul Fire" was taken from a pretty bad play called "Great Music" and made into a good picture. Martin Brown wrote the play but John Robertson has reinforced and pepped it up into a good old melodrama with some resistance to it.

It is the story of a young boy who doesn't want to follow in his father's footsteps. He wants to write music, and is willing to do anything to have a chance at it.

Lots of things happen to him and he ends up with a native girl and some pretty good music.

Bessie Love is the girl and if I had my way she would never wear anything but a native costume from now on.

As I have never seen Richard Barthelmess in a bad picture, I can't very well make any contrasts. He is one of the few stars who never seems to draw a blank.

Imagination Gone Wrong.

"The Wizard of Oz" is a picture for the children or the childlike. Larry Semon is the Scarecrow, and instead of being the endearing one of Frank Baum's book, he is the hilarious slapstick Scarecrow of a five-reel comedy.

All the wistful qualities of this lovable rag man are lost in a custard pie atmosphere. To be sure, no pies are actually thrown, but they might just as well be.

I have never seen a child's story done well on the screen, in spite of the general belief that it is especially adapted for the full play of fancy.

Of course I prefer the clowns to the fat-kneed, blond, curly-haired toots who occasionally sicken me in juvenile pictures, but there must be something in between.

Larry Semon, or any one else, could not be Frank Baum's Scarecrow. That Scarecrow was not a man and no power could make him human.

Let hand springs and comedy falls, men with funny faces, and performing animals, have all the room in the world they are entitled to, but don't let them lead some of our best stories astray.

Bryant Washburn, Charles Murray, Dorothy Dwan, and Virginia Pearson helped to make things human too.

One-hundred-per-cent Pola.

"The Charmer" is Pola Negri and nothing else. This time she is a garlic-eating Spanish dancer, and Sidney Olcott hasn't wasted a single opportunity to make her attractive.

She is pretty in her native Spanish village; when she is seasick on the steamer, she is prettier, and when she makes her début as a dancer in New York, she is prettiest of all.

Of course the minute she gets mixed up with a rich young man things begin to go wrong. Money certainly does seem to make cads of our nice young men. It seems impossible to be decent and have two cars, in the pictures.

Luckily there is an honest Irish chauffeur waiting around to see that everything turns out well.
Trixie Friganza is good as a fat Spanish mamma. Wallace MacDonald is the man who doesn’t mean marriage. Gertrude Astor is a snake in the grass, and Robert Frazer is the chauffeur who marries the gal. Nothing much there maybe, but I liked it.

**Showing What a Good Cast Can Do.**

"My Wife and I" is more proof that Warner Brothers are running in a streak of luck. For here is about as cheap a story as you could find turned into a picture that hasn’t a dull minute.

The picture is adapted from a novel by Harriet Beecher Stowe. Yes, the same who wrote "Uncle Tom’s Cabin," but it has been brought down to modern times with a vengeance by Julien Josephson, who can make a good scenario.

Irene Rich is the star, and she is supported by Huntley Gordon, John Roche, Constance Bennett, John Harron, Tom Ricketts, and Claire de Lorez, and they all prove themselves to be of some use in the world.

I’m ashamed to tell the plot. It is about a husband and son who both fall for the same beautiful vamp. From that you can imagine how one thing leads to another. The picture ends in a little shooting fray, but no one is hurt, because—you’ve guessed it—the wife and mother knocks the gun away just in time. She collapses, and everybody makes up.

That, as I say, is the plot, but it doesn’t begin to tell the nice parts of the picture.

The first pleasant thing that happened was a scene showing Constance Bennett as a gold digger reading "Krazy Kat" in bed in the morning. Most sirens have nothing much to offer in the way of entertainment but a good figure and some pretty dresses, but Constance Bennett has real charm. It is easy to understand how she might be able to extract a sable coat from a few innocent bystanders, which is more than you can say for most of them.

Irene Rich doesn’t seem to be able to do bad work, and John Harron was a splendid erring son. Huntley Gordon as a middle-aged Romeo was as attractive as could be. I can think of nothing nicer than his scene with Constance Bennett in the restaurant.

In fact, Millard Webb did right by them all, or they did right by him. I’m sure the story had nothing to do with it.

**An Adaptation of Something.**

"A Kiss in the Dark," with Adolphe Menjou, is rumored to be an adaptation of Frederick

Edmund Lowe is handsome and very earnest as the young minister in "The Fool" who sets out to live a really Christian life.

Lonsdale’s play "Aren’t We All." I, for one, think the rumor is greatly exaggerated, for, having seen the play with Cyril Mande, I can safely say that there is absolutely no connection between the two.

Not that the play brought out any shy "Bravos!" from me, because it didn’t, but the picture is much, much worse.

Adolphe Menjou does his stuff, and I think it high time he stopped being a man about town. He’s much too good to die for want of fresh air.

The cast is nothing to tear your hair over. Aileen Pringle is pretty good, but Lillian Rich is very blah. Kenneth McKenna is the young husband.

I can’t see that some one getting kissed out of turn is anything to make a picture stand alone.

**Two Noble Gals.**

This is the open season for self-
Continued on page 111
YOU’VE seen the gaudy posters in front of cheap theaters showing bandits and the movies of the west. You’ve paused momentarily at the obscure playhouse where a placard announced: “All Seats Ten Cents,” and looked at flaming sheets which pictured the masked highwayman holding up the stage coach on a lonely mountain road. And, too, you’ve seen the gaudy sketches of the sheriff with a small cowboy and the old home and the corresponding pictures portraying hints of the mystery which surrounded the ancient, moss-covered mill.

“Yea!” you exclaim, “that’s the pictures!” Then you add—“But where do they get them?” Hollywood smiles in grim humor when you ask. It knows—and doesn’t apologize. The Hollywoodite will point to a low group of shabby buildings near Sunset Boulevard and Gower—baby-sized studios and sets, and reply:

“They make ‘horse hoppers’ and Western melodramas in ‘Death Valley’—‘Poverty Row’ or ‘Panic Row,’ as some call it. It’s about the busiest little spot west of Chicago.”

You find it there, right in the heart of Hollywood, a place where the Woolworth product of the motion-picture industry is conceived and filmed. Only three stages in the entire district where interior sets may be erected; a gaudy office building or two and some wooden shacks used for cutting rooms. It’s cheap as compared with the great producing units—and little, although sometimes it houses a dozen or more producing concerns. On the boulevard, the exterior of the buildings are modest but around the corner are “ham-and eggs” and hot-dog stands. Within a radius of a block or two are small restaurants where pretty waitresses, once aspiring actresses, tend table. Milling about are little groups of “talent” seeking and waiting for work; a star whose light has dimmed, a director lost in the shuffle with a change of management, ingenues anxious to play anything from Cleopatra to a madonna of the streets, lads with pasty hair and girls with carmined lips, actresses who once gave promise but failed, cowboys wearing hairy chaps—all living in that little world which pulsates in “Death Valley,” hoping that some time still, a great chance will come.

Just across the boulevard is the big Christie studio with gates barred to all except those employed. Less than three blocks away is Famous Players-Lasky, where Pola Negri arrives in her limousine, where Gloria Swan-son comes to make pictures, where Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson and other Paramount stars gather. A little further down the street in another direction is the Warner Brothers studio, where Marie Prevost, Irene Rich, Louise Fazenda and such nationally known actresses have sumptuous dressing rooms. Within walking distance is the United studio, where Norma Talmadge, Rudolph Valentino, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore and Nita Naldi act in photoplays.

The great cinema stars can’t see Poverty Row when they drive by except to smile somewhat haughtily. But the little stars of the “Row” see the big stars as they pass and sometimes one glimpses a little wistful looks on their faces as the beautiful limousines glide along with the traffic and they know they are living in a world apart.

“So many!” the little stars probably muse. “Some day!”

Then they climb on the stools at the lunch stands for the frankfurter-with-onion and dream dreams of that future day in pictures.

However, there is an air of pompous majesty about Death Valley because it knows it fills a niche of importance in the industry. Without the cheap pictures produced there it is doubtful if many of the big State-right exchanges could exist. They take the product, Death Valley thrives because it is the cheapest place in Hollywood to make pictures and offers the little producer with the big idea a chance to try his wings without having to raise a staggering amount of money. He can get more for his dollar than at any place in pictureland. And sometimes there emerges from its obscurity a picture play which sets New York agog and finds its way into first-run houses throughout all the world.

“The Salvation Hunters,” the photoplay made by Josef von Sternberg which so captivated Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin that they bought an interest in it and gave it a United Artists booking, was born in Death Valley. It cost just four thousand five hundred dollars, “By Divine Right,” a Roy Neill production featuring Elliott Dexter, was made there at a cost of something like six thousand dollars. “His Last Race,” a Phil Goldstone picture which had

Through the “Death

Looking in on the life of that strange, poverty—are made, where careers end in bitter failure, and

By A. L.
Valley” of Hollywood

stricken collection of studios where cheap pictures where there sometimes burns a hint of genius.

Wooldridge

a remarkable run, came from out of the Valley, as did “Where Is My Wandering Boy To-night,” a Ben
Zeidman production which created somewhat of a sensation, although its producers very nearly tasted the
dregs of starvation before it ever reached the screen.

Five-reel features sometimes are filmed for as low as three thousand five hundred dollars, and with the
names of some well-known players in the casts. Many present-day stars not tied by exclusive contracts, oc-
casionally go to the Row even now to lend their names to pictures and pick up a few hundred extra dollars
in a day. Stuart Holmes, as you know, was paid one
hundred dollars in silver coins for his appearance five hours during the
filming of “The Salvation Hunters.” Marie Prevost was featured in a
photoplay filmed in Poverty Row by Roy Neill, while Joe Brown got his
start as a producer when Fred Thom-
son was skirting the edges of the
Valley in Westerns. Brown has
produced plays which had in their
casts Cullen Landis, Mary Carr,
Mildred Harris, Gladys Walton,
Gertrude Astor, Ethel Shannon,
Reed Howes and others whose names
are widely known to devotees of the screen. Georgia Hale, leading woman
for Charlie Chaplin in his forthcoming
play, “The Gold Rush,” first won
prominence through her work in a
picture made in Death Valley.

Phil Goldstone is reputed to have
made more than a million dollars in recent years from
small pictures and another is accredited with earning a
half million. But the only really successful producers in the Valley are those who know how to cut costs.
It is no place for the graduate or discard from the big
studio who is accustomed to spending thousands of dol-
lars in corporation money. Death Valley doesn’t think
in terms that big.

The necessity for minimum expense results in many
humorous and odd situations. Poverty Row producers
do not believe in paying for locations. It’s cheaper
to grab them. For instance, if a set is needed showing
a ranch house, the company will select one best suited to
its purposes, slip in and shoot the scenes, then fight
it out afterwards with the owner. When a great crowd
is desired, a location at a league baseball game or foot-
ball game or at a railroad terminal is chosen and a
camera man quietly creeps in and shoots to his heart’s
content. Not very long ago a scene wherein a motor-
cycle rider changed from his machine to a Pullman
car was required and as the Pullman company had
issued an order prohibiting the filming of scenes in
its carriers, some trick was necessary. So two sets
of camera men were sent out. The first made a bold
display of boarding a Pullman at the terminal station.
It was promptly ejected.

“Get out of the yards—all the way out!” a special
officer shouted. He reinforced his command with some
body exertion.

While he was following the camera men away, the
other crew boarded the train and as it started from
the station the officer was chagrined to see the motor-
cycle rider down the track open the throttle of his ma-
chine, a motion-picture camera come poking out of a
window on the train and an operator begin cranking.

The train crew carried the camera men forty miles from Hollywood before it stopped to let them off. But
they had the pictures! The whole set—nothing.

Von Sternberg made the greater part of “The Salvation Hunters” aboard a dredger in Los Angeles har-
bors and Captain Miller charged him not a cent for location thereon. Owners of beautiful homes usually
consent readily to scenes being taken on their lawns, verandas and in their gardens, whereas the owners of un-
pretentious houses, yards and corrals often demand pay. But always there are unoccupied buildings where
scenes may be shot for days before the owners arrive to dispossess the intruders.

The greatest asset of the little
producer is the outdoors of southern California. To
the east and north of Hollywood are the mountains.
At the west rolls the great Pacific Ocean with its fleets
of battleships, fishing boats, yachts, trawlers, motor
boats and its seaside pleasure resorts. Between the
mountains and the sea are flower gardens, orange groves
and streets humming with traffic. The great open spaces,
the sand dunes and the desert are but a short distance
away. For melodramas, and particularly Westerns, most
everything in the way of a location is at hand. Stage
sets in Death Valley cost from one hundred to one
hundred and fifty dollars a day, according to the ma-
terial and help required, but producers do not use them
unless they are absolutely essential and then for just
as short a time as possible. The out of doors is
waiting.

[Continued on page 116]
Midsummer Modes

Some hints from the players' wardrobes as to what will be cool, yet fashionable, for this trying period.

By Betty Brown

DRESSING for midsummer gives most of us more trouble than we have at any other season. The evening or dinner frock for this period is an especially difficult problem. The velvets and brocades of other seasons are hot and unsuitable to the informality of summer festivities, whereas many of the delicate laces and chiffons shown for summer use are so perishable that one or two wearings see them limp and dowdy looking.

It is to meet this need that I have sketched the two frocks shown above, both of which should be cool and comfortable enough for even the most torrid weather, but at the same time sufficiently durable to withstand many a jolly party.

Bouffant frocks seem to possess a perennial charm, quite as potent in these unromantic days as in the days of our grandmothers, when they were accompanied by pancake hat and tiny sunshade, and indifferent indeed must be the girl who can resist the lure of the one sketched above, which is worn by

Esther Ralston in "The Little French Girl."

This dainty dance frock and its matching cape seem especially created for the tiny, fluffy type of girl, for it is of ciel-blue taffeta and, excepting for the additional softness given by the full tulle overskirt, depends for its trimming solely upon the garlands of shaded purple pansies which encircle the skirt and the soft gathered cape collar.

The gown at the right, however, is of an entirely different order, and was designed by M. Travis Banton, the well-known Parisian designer, who, by the way, has come to America especially to design beautiful gowns for our screen stars.

Monsieur Banton has designed this gown for Lois Wilson, who wears it in James Cruze's latest production, "Welcome Home." And although Miss Wilson, with her air of gracious dignity, seems the ideal type for the gown, nevertheless it is one that can be worn by almost any woman.

It is of heavy white crepe satin with an overskirt of silver lace. Gardenias appear at the low waist line
Below is sketched a knowing little ensemble suit which Betty Bronson wears in "Are Parents People?" It is of black satin and black-and-white printed crape.

Any one who follows Norma Shearer's taste in dressing need never fear being caught with the wrong thing at the wrong time. The street costume sketched above is worn by Miss Shearer in "Nothing to Wear." It is of decidedly new lines, with the semi-fitting waist and long skirt forming interesting points.

and at the shoulder, and narrow satin streamers terminate in heavy bead tassels.

It will be noted that both these gowns show the slightly "nipped in" waist line, which seems to be the newest note of the late models. This is a fashion tendency which will be interesting to watch, as a really drastic change in the silhouette will inevitably cause a return to the more stiffly boned, small-waisted corset, and the sacrifice of much of the comfort of the present-day styles.

At the right Eleanor Boardman is wearing her Drecoll coat of imported plaid wool, with its squares of vivid colors and its shawl collar and border of red and white. The two young ladies conferring are Alice Joyce, in Madame de Vervier's version of a tennis outfit which is worn in "The Little French Girl," and Lola Todd, who wears this attractive Kasha dress in "Fifth Avenue Models." Miss Joyce's costume is of lavender crape satin, with chic felt hat and monogrammed tie; and Miss Todd's frock has an amusing new touch in the cartridge-platted pockets.
Hollywood High Lights

Focusing on events and personalities in the cinema colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

MERTON'S prayerful plea that he become a good movie actor will have to be altered. The film-struck young man of to-day would be better to let his petition take this form instead—

"Let me have a face that the world will laugh at."

Comedians have never been in such demand in Hollywood. They are to be found more and more frequently in even the most serious—so-called—productions, and are encouraged to display the resources of their cleverness and inventiveness. Some of their big hits have been won in purely incidental roles that were built up during the shooting, as a result of amusing bits of business that they have thought up for the occasion—sometimes on the spur of the moment. Sacrifice the star, but not the laughs, seems to be the new slogan.

The various big companies, too, are setting an entirely new precedent in signing up the famous funsters. Harold Lloyd, who enjoys leadership in the new trend because of his great success in the past two or three years, Douglas MacLean, and Sydney Chaplin have lately secured very favorable contracts, and stardom is virtually in sight for the immensely popular Raymond Griffith.

Harry Langdon is considered a very bright bet for five-reelers, and is reported as receiving many offers, while he is still under contract. Leon Errol, who appeared as the Duke of Checkergovinia in "Sally," is likely also to do a starring series, exploiting his humorous talent and his elastic legs.

Producers are practically agreed that no film can be a far-flung success nowadays without humor. The heavy subjects, like "Greed" and "The Salvation Hunters," are out, and the popular actor's vogue is going to depend on a greater or less extent henceforth on his adaptability to the frivolities.

The girls, meanwhile, may continue to have their yearns to die artistically at the end of a tragedy, but it will have to be made as a prologue or an insert, if the yearn is really to meet with any high degree of sympathy at the studios.

Hail Gloria!

Just because humor is in the ascendency, sentiment has not been relegated to the film cutter's waste basket. Most of the real emotionalism has been centering around the homecoming of Gloria Swanson, and the fact that she has been making her first film in two years in the West, this being "The Coast of Folly."

When Gloria went away her queenship on the Lasky lot had been threatened by the arrival of Pola Negri, but when she came back it was apparently with undisputed professional majesty. However, Countess Pola, happily—or unhappily—was still in Europe; so we could not judge fully of the effect of Gloria's new title of marquise.

Gloria's dressing room was entirely rejuvenated in anticipation of her arrival, and she herself had her house in Beverly Hills completely done over so that it would make a perfect honeymoon setting.

Neither of these establishments has been occupied since the star's departure. Gloria tried once or twice to rent her house, when the possibility of her returning to the Coast, even for a visit, seemed far away, but the dressing room was never used except for a brief while as a schoolroom for Betty Bronson.

Vealos studio hands planted flowers around the entrance to give it a true California springtime appearance. The interior was redecorated in varying shades of green, and new and Frenchy furniture was installed so that it might seem more like the proper sort of abode for a titled personage.

"Welcome, Gloria" signs were placed all around the studio stages, effectively adorned with wreaths of mimax and roses. The star was showered with the fifty-seven different varieties of spring flowers when she and her husband stepped off the train, and all the players of the Lasky company, as well as many others, were there to greet her. The progress up through town of Gloria's equipage was turned into a veritable procession, and the city officials had to do everything but declare an actual holiday.

Lillian's Big Contract.

Gloria's return is not the only event that localizes a revival of the grand old days of the movies. Lillian Gish's acceptance of a contract from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer probably means that she is consistently to work in the West in the future, and appears more regularly on the screen. It is all of six years since she made her last picture on the Coast, "Broken Blossoms."

Lillian's fortunes are likely to fare very brightly, now that some of the tragic and bothersome problems that she encountered while heading her own company, are settled. She has come through all of these finally through winning her suit against Charles H. Duell, to whom she was at one time reported engaged. Under the new arrangement with Metro, she is said to be receiving five thousand dollars a week and a share of the profits.

It is understood that Ernst Lubitsch has been very desirous of securing her for his pictures at Warner Brothers, and hopes are still being entertained that she...
may be seen as Marguerite in a film version of "Faust," if Lubitsch carries out his desire of filming this production. John Barrymore, who is soon to come West, would be ideal as the title character.

An offer to Barrymore to appear in the "Faust" rôle in Berlin was tendered not long ago. In this version Emil Jannings was to have done Mephistopheles.

**Stellar Festival de Luxe.**

Most of the other widely known stars have now formed a very nice and intimate association that portends well, it would seem, for their joint futures. They recently held a dinner to celebrate the fact, and it was quite a sight to behold together around the one banquet table at the Biltmore Hotel, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, who so seldom dine away from their home; Norma and Constance Talmadge, Charles Chaplin, William S. Hart, and Rudolph Valentino. They now comprise the United Artists, and are what the society papers might call the elite of the profession. At various times, one or the other of them has represented leadership in film making or popularity, and they have seemingly fortified themselves by combining destinies, and have also preserved a certain integrity of their aristocracy.

And now if they will all only give us lots of good pictures, like those Doug Fairbanks has been making so consistently—if not frequently—we will be inclined to believe once again all the pretty legends that we used to about film heroes and heroines. It seems impossible to believe, for example, that Chaplin has not offered a release to the public in which he himself has appeared for all of three years, but "The Gold Rush" is at last just about ready.

**Norma and "Graustark."**

Norma Talmadge is to bring new joy to the world of her admirers through her new version of "Graustark." This is her first big venture into romance since "Ashes of Vengeance," and the production is to be embellished with the most lavish and ornate settings that have been used in any of her recent films. She has also moved over to the Metro-Goldwyn studio in Culver City, and thereby completely relinquishes the dressing room bungalow at United Studios that formerly belonged to Mary Pickford. While awaiting the completion of her own bungalow, Marion Davies also occupied this celebrated little menage. Now Miss Davies, too, is probably going over to the Metro-Goldwyn for some of her future pictures.

**Barrymore Popular.**

Norma's prestige as an actress has been greatly increased by her performances in "Secrets" and "The Lady," and some indication of this may be discovered in that her work in "Secrets" was very highly rated in a medal contest recently sponsored by Rudolph Valentino.

First place for the best acting performance during 1924 was won by John Barrymore, as might be expected, for Beau Brummel, but Norma received more votes for first and second places combined than he did. A very large number of the votes gave her the second place.

Other actors who won high mention included Lon Chaney, Douglas Fairbanks, Milton Sills, George Billings, who appeared as Abraham Lincoln, and Lillian Gish.

The vote represented the opinion of seventy-five critics on different newspapers and magazines, and the only restriction in the contest was that Rudy himself was not eligible.

Which might be taken to indicate that, whatever else happens, the sheik is not going to hang any medals on himself.

The mention of Billings, the Abraham Lincoln, brings to mind the fact that this actor has been suffering dire poverty and destitution, according to all reports. And a year or so ago he was enjoying the triumphing token of the world's plaudits.

Once or twice after he had appeared in the big Lincoln film, he repeated the rôle in other productions. Beyond this, though, there has seemingly been no call for his all too-unique type.

**The Transformation of Betty.**

It is difficult to imagine that the same girl who was chosen from a host of candidates to play Peter Pan, should more recently have been selected as the only one suited to portray the Virgin Mary in "Ben-Hur." Such is the case, however, for Betty Bronson donned a blond wig and flowing robes to assume that part in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture. The company's executives had for months been trying to decide on somebody fitted for this interpretation, and had all but given up hope of finding anybody, when they beheld themselves of Miss Bronson. A test was made with the wig, and it was decided that the search need be carried no farther.

We have heard very good advance reports regarding this little girl in "Are Parents People?" At the preview held in Pasadena she was a great popular hit, and though other prominent players were in the cast, the comments by the spectators were chiefly about her. We have never been able to feel quite sanguine about the continuation of her success, since "Peter Pan," but if she is destined for fame it is because the charm of her personality—and she has an undeniable charm—is so entirely different from any one else's now on the screen.

Incidentally, there is quite a pretty romance apparently between Miss Bronson and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. They are frequently seen together in public, but of course, they are far too young for anything like talk of marriage.

**Good-by, Free Lancers.**

We expect to hear any day now of the permanent engagement of Conway Tearle on a contract. He and
Percy Marmont are now among the last of the famous free-lance players, who have enjoyed such flourishing returns for their efforts during the past two years.

The group is now almost completely depleted as a result of various contracts. Wallace Beery, of course, has been with Paramount for some little time; Anna Q. Nilsson has signed with First National, and Lewis Stone is to be featured in a series of productions by Sam Rork, who made "Ponjola." "Inez from Hollywood," and "The Talker."

The members of this group have long set the pace for salaries, and their alignment with the various big organizations probably means that we won't hear so much news of lucrative revenue, and the rising price for players' services, as we have in the past few seasons.

**Versus Contracts.**

Adolphe Menjou is one of the contract players who doesn't seem to be entirely satisfied with his progress. He has indicated his desire to break with Paramount, the reason he gives being the character and the number of stories in which he is featured. He opines that money isn't everything, that too many films have to be made a year by the featured player, and too little time is allowed for preparation of roles. He is receiving two thousand dollars a week salary, but it must be admitted by everybody that there has been a rather dull monotony to his playing of sophisticated men of affairs. Artistically, he has the right to object. On the other hand, he appears to be type perfect for this sort of characterization.

Doubtless, all the complications will be ironed out in the conferences, in which Mrs. Menjou, who is quite a clever and practical business woman, is to be a principal figure.

**Another De Mille Discovery.**

If you have red hair and green eyes you may as well apply to Cecil B. De Mille for a job right now. He has signed two girls who thus register, namely Jocelyn Lee and Majel Coleman, and naturally this is enough to set a precedent. Both Miss Lee and Miss Coleman have done small parts in his pictures at Paramount, in the past.

An important name that has been added to the De Mille roster of stars is that of Robert Ames, a stage player. Ames has been a hit in "The Dark Angel" in Los Angeles, and De Mille plans to feature him on the screen in much the same way as Rod La Rocque. He has a talent for comedy, plus the youth that should make him a very interesting figure among the younger type of players.

Jetta Goudal, who has had some legal difficulties with the Famous Players-Lasky company, after departing from that organization, is now also with De Mille.

**Rivals in War.**

Now you can take your choice between John Gilbert and George O'Brien as matinée idols. They are both to run a neck-and-neck race for popularity because each is cast as a hero in war plays. Gilbert has been doing the lead in a screen story, "The Big Parade," written by Laurence Stallings, author of "What Price Glory?" while O'Brien is featured in "Havoc," from a stage play, which was directed by Rowland Lee for Fox.

Also, it may or may not be significant that Valentino has been starring in a production called "The Slave."

**Ballins Reunited.**

Those who recall "Jane Eyre," "East Lynne," "Married People," and other pictures that Hugo and Mabel Ballin filmed together a few years ago in the East, will be interested to know that they have once again engaged in their husband-director, wife-star enterprise. The story that they have recently completed has a mother-love theme, and is called "The Shining Adventure." Percy Marmont and Ben Alexander are principals with Miss Ballin.

While Mabel has been free lancing, Hugo has written several novels that are proving very successful sellers and which are destined for the screen.

**Subsea in Colors.**

More thrilling than we have heard of in quite a while is the production of Jules Verne's novel, "Mysterious Island," which is now getting under way. J. E. Williamson, the undersea photography expert, will direct underwater scenes that are to be photographed in the Bahamas with the color process. New locations among the beautiful coral beds, larger than those that have been seen heretofore, will be discovered, and will serve as a setting.

"Mysterious Island" is a sequel to "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." The picture version of the latter was made by Universal some years ago, and comprised many underwater scenes that were taken by Williamson. Color has as yet seldom been used in connection with the subsea films, and for that reason will enhance very greatly such an excellent story of adventure as "Mysterious Island."

**Now It's Vaudeville.**

Properly to meet the demands of Hollywood's social and professional life, the motion-picture stars are going to have to take up singing, stepping, and smart-cracking as a side line. If they don't they will not register A-1 for cleverness, nor be in the livelier part of the local swim.

The reason for this is that the latest diversion in the colony is the vaudeville shows at the Writers' Club. These supplement the evenings of one-act plays given the past few years at that institution, in which many of the better-known filmers have on occasion taken part, among them, most recently, Lois Wilson, George K. Arthur of "Salvation Hunters" fame, Henry Wallace, David Butler, Lilyan Tashman and others.

The first vaudeville performance did not bring forward as many of the more prominent screen actors

Continued on page 100
Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in pictures.

ANOTHER RECRUIT FROM THE STAGE

WHEN "The Show Off" was being cast for its first tryout on the road, the producers, failing to find at the time an available actor of big reputation who was fitted to play the title rôle upon which the success of the play depended, decided to employ an obscure actor named Louis John Bartels, who had created a similar rôle in vaudeville. If the play showed real possibilities they could, they thought, find a star to succeed him for the Broadway opening.

But Bartels—perhaps because he had felt the chagrin of being held down in obscurity—surprised them by the pathos and poignancy he expressed in enacting the absurd and annoying comedy character and, still unable to find a suitable star to succeed him, they decided to give him the big opportunity.

The play—and Bartels—made a tremendous hit in New York. "The Show Off" is still playing to capacity after two solid years.

You might think that such success would open every door of opportunity; yet Bartels waited wistfully for some time before any movie producer approached him, though he had long wanted to make pictures. Being successful on the stage does not always mean a great deal to film producers, as Bartels, in company with a number of other stage players, discovered.

At last, however, an offer came and he has been signed to star in "Headlines," an Associated Exhibitors' production, with other comedies to follow.

If he can express on the screen what he gets across the footlights he will be a valuable addition to the screen's list of players—of whom there are never too many—whose great appeal might be characterized as "the tear behind the smile."

ANOTHER NEW CANDIDATE FOR GLITTERING HONORS

THE first example of unproven talent to be admitted to the new stock company which Cecil B. De Mille is forming is Sally Rand, the rechristened Billye Beck, screen comedy girl.

Billye—or Sally, as one must now call her—is twenty, and hails from Kentucky, but she might be a half-pint charmer from the "Follies," a Tashman cut on miniature-model lines.

During school vacations she played in stock and in 1921 was added to Gus Edwards' troupe of youngsters, following this tour with vaudeville.

Illness interrupted the career she found so engrossing. Convalescing in Hollywood, she did swan dives and swimming stunts in Sennett comedies, progressing to leads for Hal Roach and Christie.
believe that she has exceptional talent. She is still attending high school each morning, reporting at the studio for work in the afternoon. There is no reasonable explanation for the emotional, tragic note that one fancies in her, for her life is quite ordinary; it impresses one, however, with the same undercurrent of impulsive feeling which underlies the placidity and childlike appeal of Mary Philbin.

**A YOUTHFUL POIRET OF THE FILMS**

YOUTH is meriting praise for its accomplishment in lines of motion-picture production other than acting. But assuredly the cut-glass teething-ring should be voted to Gilbert Adrian, whom Hollywood calls "the infant costume designer." For at twenty-one Adrian enjoys the distinction of being intrusted with the costuming of Rudolph Valentino's productions.

After some training in New York City, he went to Paris to complete his studies and his first recognition came to him in a dramatic manner. He had designed a striking costume for a girl with whom he attended the Grand Prix ball. Irving Berlin, the song writer, was so impressed with the artistic gown that he inquired the name of its designer and suggested that Adrian call on him. The boy was at Berlin's hotel the following morning with an armload of drawings. They so pleased Berlin that he engaged the youngster to do the costumes for the "Music Box Revue" for the seasons of 1922 and 1923.

Interested in the boy's work, Valentino employed him to design the costumes for "Cobra" and for "The Hooded Falcon," the Spanish-Moorish drama of the fourteenth century which will be his next production.

**RELIABLE BILL**

THE slogan, "It Wears," might well be applied to Bill Desmond. For nine years he has been on the screen, and for many years before that was a favorite stage actor, and during his long career has played in everything from "Ben-Hur" to "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

And still he is a strong drawing card on the Universal program. The public that first acclaimed him one of the most popular stars of the actionable drama still投票 his mail box with letters and spends its quarters to see "Reliable Bill." No matter in what rôle he appears—though he feels personally that he is seen to best advantage in outdoor pictures—they are sure of good, clean entertainment, speedy action, some tense drama in the clinches and, now and then, a fleck of novelty in stunt or situation.

At present he is making a serial, "The Ace of Spades." His diversions are riding, swimming and fighting, at all of which, despite his thirty-seven years, he displays vigor and skill.

Though new personalities come and go, and the style in heroes varies, the changing seasons seem to make little difference to a few of our old-timers, like Desmond.
THE "FOLLIES" STILL DONATES

DON'T hold it against me that I'm from the 'Follies,'"
A clear, ringing laugh, a mass of short, red curls framing a pretty, heart-shaped face, and Blanche McIntyre gives a splash of color and life to that plebeian place, the Hal Roach cafeteria. "I'm really trying to learn to act. What helped me get into the 'Follies'—a fairly good voice, feet that could dance a step or two—are assets now. It's like going to school all over again, but they are taking so much trouble to coach me patiently that I am bound to learn in time."

Her mother was an opera singer. Knowing from her own experiences the theatrical ropes, she has saved Blanche many of the disappointments and heartaches that the young novitiate usually encounters. On the happy side of twenty, one of the Wampas' 1924 Baby Stars, Blanche has an iridescent, bubbling personality with just that little touch of poise that training in the Ziegfield garden gives to a girl. And yet her mother's constantly watchful eye has kept her singularly untouched by the theatrical artificiality that the past few years have brought her in contact with.

Roach noticed her in the "Follies" galaxy when he went East last year to sign Will Rogers and, after tests, brought her out to his Culver City fun factory on a long-term contract. He thinks that she has unusual possibilities and is carefully grooming her for bigger opportunities. She is acquiring that invaluable foundation of training which work in short, rapid-pace comedies gives.

IRISH LUCK

WHEN Mary Pickford disagreed with Marshall Neilan over the production of his story, "Patsy," and decided to make "Little Annie Rooney" instead with another director, Mr. Neilan immediately started scrambling around looking for another girl to play the rôle he had written especially for Miss Pickford. The picture, he declared, would be made, all right, all right.

So with his discovery eye trained on every little girl in sight he finally spotted one named Noonan, a lovely Irish colleen who seemed just the person. Miss Noonan had no thought of the movies, but soon got over that, Neilan changed her name to Sally O'Neill, and immediately started her in the title rôle of "Patsy."

She films beautifully, and impressed Marshall Neilan so much with her work in that one picture that he is already proclaiming her as a coming great star. Evidently, other persons around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot find possibilities in her too, for she has been given a long-term contract by the company, and has been selected to play the title rôle in the next Rupert Hughes production, "The Rebellious Girl."

The story of Sally O'Neill proves that it's still possible to jump suddenly into the film spotlight if you're lucky, and particularly if you're Irish.

THE PRIZE WAITER

THEY called Alf Goulding the best waiter in Hollywood. For seven years he has been directing comedies—and waiting for an opportunity to attempt comedy-drama features. Every spare moment of his time, apparently, has been spent in the outer offices of the bigger studios, waiting for an appointment with this or that influential executive. So patiently persevering was he that it became a Hollywood joke to say, "I saw Alf Goulding—waiting."

A peculiar condition exists in Hollywood. There are many like Goulding who have friends among producers, who are seen about with picture people of importance, who seem to be on the inside, yet who for some reason, usually inexplicable, are never given an adequate opportunity to prove their abilities.

In his case, his being labeled—that husk bear that has held back so many actors—was to blame. He was known as a rapid-fire, competent director of short-reel stuff. He was responsible for some of Harold Lloyd's best two-reelers and directed Baby Peggy in her Century series.

But when he sought the chance to hold the reins over a feature, the producers refused, until Irving Thalberg took a chance and turned over to him "Excuse Me." He now holds a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. At last his days of waiting seem ended.
Douglas MacLean followed, presenting her in a variety of roles.

With her selection for a featured rôle in “The Golden Bed,” she had her first genuine opportunity.

De Mille-gowned and trained in mannerisms, the Lillian Rich of horseback Westerns disappeared; a butterfly of assured and dignified charm emerged from its chrysalis. She is considered by many in Hollywood to be one of the half-dozen most promising applicants for stellar honors.

HE REFUSES TO BE LABELED

THEY’RE trying to classify Arthur Edmund Carewe, but just when he seems to be nicely labeled he steps forth in some new screen guise.

We shuddered at his spidery machinations as Streungh in “Tribby.” Then he beguiled us as the romantic sheik in “The Song of Love.” He added a sinister note of mystery as the suave and effete Persian in “The Phantom of the Opera,” and hurriedly changed his make-up to amuse us as the highly entertaining Poulet in “The Boomergang.”

Carewe’s experiences are more than interesting ones. A talented musician, he put that aside to enter the Sargent School of Acting and in his first year won the Belasco prize. Upon graduating he was offered a part in a Belasco company, and left that to join a road show, playing rôle which John Barrymore had created.

Although he has never appeared in any of William de Mille’s picture, it was at that director’s insistence that Carewe left a Broadway success and attempted his first screen rôle, one with Constance Talmadge. That was six years ago. Carewe has never returned to the stage, though he has had several offers which his screen engagements prevented him from accepting.

Now it is rumored that he is considering a rôle in a new play to be produced next fall. But in all probability there will be plenty of producers or directors to make him change his mind before then.

A PLAYER YOU SHOULD KNOW

YOU don’t hear much about Mitchell Lewis, but he has played everything from a North-woods guide to a desert sheik. You seldom see his face, for it is usually concealed by whiskers. Just now he is cast as the bearded Sheik Ilderim in “Ben-Hur.” Like most character actors, Lewis is of theatrical parentage. His father was an opera singer.

Between seasons on the stage, he appeared in hundreds of one and two-reelers, with James Cruze and the late Florence La Badie. The serial, “The Million Dollar Mystery,” was the first ambitious effort in which he appeared. Since then, excepting an engagement with Nazimova in “Ception Shoals,” and, more recently, with “The Hairy Ape” company, he has remained in the studios. Under Selznick he was starred in a series of successful productions.

His main hobby is the study of sociology.
THE FIVE THOUSANDBTH

THE title of "the five thousandth" was fastened upon Estelle Clark by Robert McIntyre, casting director, whose favorite line is that "one out of every five thousand extra girls makes good."

For two years Estelle has been more or less—mostly less—in evidence in the mob ranks. A clever bit of work in "So This Is Marriage" attracted attention and won her a long-term contract with Metro-Goldwyn. She was carefully schooled in small roles in "Sinners in Silk," "The Snob," and as a colored maid in "Excuse Me," and her acting in Hobart Henley's "Nothing to Wear," recently completed, proved so satisfactory that she has been intrusted with a still better opportunity in "The Rebellious Girl," which is being filmed from Rupert Hughes' story.

Her talent lies along the lines of comedy, and she is a very decorative young person; so, in view of the scarcity of feminine humor, it is planned to develop her into a comedienne, probably of the Constance Talmadge order.

She was born in Warsaw, Poland, but was educated in America and made her theatrical début as a member of the Beauty chorus of "The Greenwich Village Follies."

TOO GOOD A TROUPER

THOUGH he has been in movies for eleven years, only recently has Hallam Cooley appeared in featured casts. But in the last two years he has played in twenty-one pictures, most of them of the better sort. An enviable record.

Many circumstances have combined to cause this seeming neglect, for so long, of good screen material. First, he "trouped" instead of specializing; that is, he played every sort of character. And that is not the way to become known. He never happened to be cast in one of those startling successes that sweep all concerned in their filming, even the players of small roles, into the spotlight's glamour. And he believed that publicity and attention to fan mail in no way benefited an actor—an opinion which he has recently reversed. One year work fell off and he made more money in the real-estate business as a side line than at acting.

Douglas MacLean, however, gave him a real opportunity in "Going Up" and "Never Say Die," and so many engagements have been offered him lately that just now he is acting in Charles Ray's "Some Pumpkins," and in a Christie feature-length comedy, "Stop Flirting," at the same time.

He is a good-looking young chap, amiable of disposition, with a mania for sports—he has cornered a record or two—and has a quality of personal charm which, given individual roles, should bring him into greater favor.

ANOTHER FOREIGN DIRECTOR

FROM Denmark comes another foreign director, Benjamin Christianson, unknown in this country save for rumors concerning the power of his ten-reel production, "The Witch," made in Copenhagen. Detailing the effect of witchcraft in medieval days on the nervous temperament of the modern woman, this scientific drama and study of psychology has taken Europe by storm but is said to be too far in advance of the present American screen to risk exhibition here. He wrote "The Witch," directed it, and played a leading rôle.

Upon completing his education at the University of Copenhagen, Christianson became a protégé of the Danish government and was sent to the various European capitals to study the drama. His first picture work was in the impressive French production of "Les Misérables." Then he was discovered by Metro-Goldwyn scouts.

His first American production will be made from an original story which he is now writing. He speaks English with difficulty, which, however, is no handicap to his curiosity.
On the New York Stage

The story of the opening of the Theater Guild's new playhouse and reviews of other offerings of varying importance.

By Alison Smith

Once upon a time, there was a little playhouse in a book shop in Greenwich Village which grew up to be the grandest and most important theater on Broadway.

This is the sort of story that New York loves—that the whole world has loved, in fact, ever since the tale of Cinderella was first told.

It is half due to the self-interested feeling in all of us that we may be the hero or heroine of just such a spectacular romance. In any event, the rags-to-riches theme is eternally a favorite whether it happens to be about an individual or an institution. This time the story is about a theater and it happens to be true.

Ten years ago, a little group in the Village decided that they would form a company which would produce the sort of plays neglected by the uptown managers. They were Robert Edmond Jones, Edward Goodman, Philip Moeller, and Helen Westley. Because they played their first scenes after business hours in the Washington Square Book Shop they called themselves the Washington Square Players. To their immense surprise and bewilderment their first productions were such a success that they found their audiences crowding them out of the little shop into the comparatively ample spaces of the Bandbox Theater, which was still small but at any rate a real playhouse.

The rise of this little theater and its fall when it ventured up to Broadway is now theatrical history. Broadway was not ready as yet for the sort of thing they were trying to do and in the midst of their struggle the war came along and scattered their company. But out of the ruins, a certain number of the group arose to try the same experiment all over again. With five hundred dollars and the lease of the old Garrick theater they put on a Spanish play by Benavente called "Bonds of Interest," which promptly failed. And with supreme courage—and with what was left of their five hundred—they played their last card with St. John Ervine's "John Ferguson," which was an immense success. Thus was born the Theater Guild, which, on April thirteenth of this year, opened the most influential playhouse in the country and one of the most important theatrical stages in the world.

The new theater isn't actually on Broadway—it is starting a center of its own on Fifty-second Street several blocks west. But it is recognized thoroughly now as a powerful force in the Rialto. It is a spacious, rambling Florentine structure with a color scheme that is rich in the tapestries and paneling of the Italian Renaissance. As a final official touch on the opening night the Guild induced President Coolidge to press a button in Washington as the signal for the rise of the curtain. You couldn't help wondering whether the president would agree with all the sentiments that would be expressed on the stage after the curtain was up, for the viewpoint of the Theater Guild is hardly that of the Republican party, or of the Democratic party, either, for a matter of that. However, it certainly was an impressive gesture to many in the audience.

The play was "Cesar and Cleopatra," by George Bernard Shaw. It is a typical piece of historical satire in which the great Caesar meets the child siren of Egypt and carries on a mildly sardonic flirtation between the paws of the Sphinx. Lionel Atwill managed to be exceedingly handsome and humorous at the same time and Helen Hayes did the best work of her career as the baby queen. In the excitement over the opening of the new theater, however, the play has been more or less lost in the shuffle. It isn't the best of Shaw—not as great as the more recent "St. Joan"—but...
Shaw at his weakest would be greater than almost anything the stage has to offer these days.

The Theater Guild has been the chief missionary with his works in New York and all over the country. It is now establishing a road company which will tour all the principal cities of the country with past successes and those to come. Incidentally, these past triumphs are pictured in a fresco around the ceiling of the new theater. Among them are "Lilian" and "He Who Gets Slapped," which were both recaptured by the screen. And I noticed with a good deal of interest that the latter picture excited more enthusiasm on the part of the players who, in the last issue of Picture-Play Magazine, commented on films which had especially interested them, than any other picture named. And, more significant, that picture was mentioned by the players nearly as many times as all the others put together.

Another New Group.

After the tumult and shouting of this opening, any other reviews of the month are something of an anticlimax. It is a curious coincidence, however, that the month did bring the first venture of a new producing company which is not unlike the Theater Guild. Indeed, the director is the same Edward Goodman who made possible the Washington Square Players ten years ago.

They call themselves "The Stagers" and have started off bravely with an uptown theater and an interesting play. For "The Blue Peter," which opened their venture, is far above the average of Broadway productions, though I don't consider it quite equal to the best that The Stagers can do.

It is one of those talky dramas about the call of the wild for the domineering Englishman who has once been to Africa. He starts back to the jungle, intending to leave his wife and the whole domestic picture until he meets a willowy young siren in a public house and suddenly discovers that the call of the wild is not for him. Mary Kennedy played the siren in one of the most vivid and imaginative pieces of acting seen this season. In fact, after this scene in the public house, it is hard to believe that our hero was converted to domestic life by this chance and thoroughly captivating encounter. The action isn't entirely logical but it is developed with intelligence and good taste, and has undoubtedly put the new producing unit quite definitely on the theatrical map.

"Taps" Again.

Lionel Barrymore and Irene Fenwick have brought back the old Alsatian melodrama, "Taps," which twenty-one years ago made a brilliant and colorful hit on Broadway. There are still many thrills left in the old-fashioned story of the German sergeant who tries to bring about the happy marriage of his daughter and which ends in tragedy. But the sentiment lies mostly in your memories of the old play and a certain war which intervened between the first production and this last has taken the edge off the military atmosphere. Mr. Barrymore does his best with the grandiloquent rôle of the sergeant but it is outdated by circumstances. The rôle may be added to the number of false starts which Lionel Barrymore has made through this season. Some day, some one is going to write another play which will bring this sturdy and genuine actor a part that is worthy of him. But it is not to be found in this faint echo from the past.

"The Little Minister."

Here is another revival which fell by the wayside. Maude Adams in the rôle many seasons ago managed to make it a sentimental success, but now after all these years, the idea dawns that the charm of the piece was mainly hers and that Barrie was not at his best in this dramatization of his popular novel. At any rate, the robust Ruth Chatterton was all wrong for the wistful, elfin rôle of Babbie and brought down almost as much criticism as Marilyn Miller in "Peter Pan." There have been many film versions of "The Little Minister" but I would like to suggest another with Betty Bronson as Babbie. And if this picture is as much an improvement on the stage revival as the screen "Peter Pan" was on the recent revival it will be one of the real achievements of the film year.

"O Nightingale."

This ingratiating little play by Sophie Treadwell starts out in a studio which might be set in the Latin Quarter in Paris. But because the studio is in a correct street in New York and because the girl is from
Springfield, Kansas, she is militantly innocent and the nice young man is the soul of honor and even the old French roué turns paternal at exactly the right moment. So, while the roué and the girl are found together in the young man's studio and there is evidence of wine and expensive gifts, no one misunderstands anything—for very long at least—and the play ends as gayly as the cover on an April magazine.

In spite of the excessive lack of sophistication of the heroine—which almost leads you to suspect that she is not quite bright—the play is so full of humor and poetry that it makes for a merry and stimulating evening. This is added to by a captivating study of the girl by Martha Bryan Allen, who has found her best rôle thus far. There is an excellent movie in "O Nightingale," if the director will be careful to put his emphasis on the humor of the piece and not gum it up with the too-evident sweetness.

"The Sapphire Ring."

Much is expected of those plays impressively marked "from the Hungarian." We have had a lot of them this season but they haven't all justified the expectations. "The Sapphire Ring" is as dull and meaningless a melodrama as if it had been marked "from the American of Main Street." It is all about a suspicious husband, played by Frank Conroy, and a lovely wife whom Helen Gahagan made decorative but not convincing, and a lover's rôle with which Kenneth MacKenna struggled in vain. In addition to the Hungarian triangle there is some very clumsy mystery involving the sapphire ring.

"Wild Birds."

A sensitive and very touching little play came out of the West this month and crept into the little Greenwich Village Theater. Its author, Dan Toteroh, calls it "Wild Birds," and it follows the pathetic, groping adventures of a girl and a boy who escape from a reform school and who are destroyed by their very innocence. Usually we find it hard to work up sympathy for these innocent darlings who blame everything that happens to them on their ignorance of the world. But the characters of these two are skillfully and convincingly sketched by the author and so are the Middle Western prairie types that make their tragedy inevitable. The play has a brutal ending—the boy is beaten to death by a savage farmer and the girl drowns herself in a well after the best Russian traditions. This alone would kill the play for those placid souls who feel that "there is enough misery in life without going to the theater to find it." But as a keen and compassionate study of life, it is thoroughly genuine. Minna Gleason, Mildred MacLeod and Dodson Mitchell are beautifully cast in the rural rôles.

Among Other Things.

This month, as we have said, has been overshadowed by the opening of the Theater Guild. It needed some such overwhelming event, for most of the other theatrical happenings have been very feeble things. There has been, it is true, much excitement over the revival of the old Congreve drama, "Love for Love" at the Greenwich Village Theater. The Elizabethan comedy is now packing them into the little theater and will move uptown shortly. Part of the audience is there because of a genuine love for the old play and an appreciation of its really beautiful production. The other part, we regret to report, is there because they have heard it is as naught as anything Avery Hopwood ever tried to invent. It is a great satisfaction to know that such persons are bored for their pains.

Also in the Village, there have been typical Little Theater dramas on rural themes such as "The Dunce Boy," which deals with the town idiot, and "Ruant," which turns the theme of alleged seduction into rather clever comedy. The musical shows have brought two Gilbert and Sullivan revivals: an elaborate production of "The Mikado" and a less pretentious but extremely charming revival of the less-known "Princess Ida," "Tell Me More," with delightful music by George Gershwin, and "Mercenary Mary," with a summer show chorus, have been added to the musical comedy list.
That the time had come for the opening of a school of motion-picture acting such as Famous Players-Lasky are starting at their Long Island studio is shown by the tremendous interest which the announcement of it caused throughout the country. From every section applications poured in by the hundreds, and were it possible for the school to accept all who would like to take the course, the first term would see hundreds—perhaps thousands of students—instead of the limit of twenty.

With so many to choose from, and in view of the carefully worked-out plan for the selection of the twenty finally chosen, it would be surprising indeed if the school did not show good results.

If you know of any one who is thinking of investing money in any motion-picture company that is being started, you will do him a kindness by warning him that he is doing a very hazardous thing, no matter how promising the outlook. As a business, the making and selling of motion pictures differs from most others. There are a few persons of wealth and special training—men who are on the inside of the industry—who know how to engage in it with reasonable chances of financial success. But hundreds of business men experienced in other lines, have found themselves losers when venturing into this field for the first time. The story of the fortunes that have been lost in motion-picture enterprises is a long and sad one. As for the individual who buys stock in a promotion enterprise of this sort, his chances just to get his money back are slim indeed. Men who are qualified to start a motion-picture company do not have to sell stock to the public. Groups of bankers are organized, both in New York and in California, ready to supply funds to promoters who have the right sort of proposition to offer. When the bankers back such an enterprise they see to it that not a nickel goes to the promoters until their principal and interest are paid in full. But when the public subscribes to a stock issue for the purpose of producing a picture, every one else gets paid first, and it is seldom that anything is left for the stockholders. For that reason, of course, a promoter often prefers to deal with the public rather than the bankers.

Big names are no guarantee. Nearly all the big names in the industry were associated under the old Triangle company, when it was formed. But the stockholders who put up the money to run the concern lost every cent they put into it. D. W. Griffith, needing money badly a few years ago, resorted to selling an issue of stock to the public. But not one dividend has been paid on it, and whether or not the investors will get their principal back time only can tell.

Better Pictures from Fox

It is going to be interesting to watch the product of the Fox company from now on, in view of their announcements that in the future they will make no more program pictures.

In the past a very large proportion of the Fox pictures have not always been regarded as the finest examples of motion-picture art. In fact, there was a general impression that the Fox trade-mark stood, to a considerable degree, for sensationalism.

It happened, however, that they decided to make “Over the Hill,” and while that was not a picture to make a strong appeal to the mature intellect, it had a real human touch that had seldom been manifest in Fox pictures before. It was immensely popular, and it made a barrel of money. They saw that better things could be made, and set out to make “If Winter Comes,” which, to many persons’ surprise, turned out to be one of the most sincere pictures ever made. “The Fool,” now being shown, was their next ambitious step.

The purchase of the screen rights of all the John Golden stage plays for one million five hundred thousand dollars marked the final turning away from the old methods. Apparently, Fox has definitely decided that sentiment pays better than sensationalism. The company has engaged literary men of high standing, including Arthur B. Maurice, former editor of the Bookman, and Edward J. O’Brien, whose annual collections of the “best short stories” have made him widely known. To such men as these will the selection and preparation of future screen material fall.

It is not to be anticipated that in changing its policy the Fox company is departing in any way from making pictures that will have a wide popular appeal. On the contrary, they know now that stories of the type that John Golden produces on the stage have the widest possible appeal. What they are doing is a tacit admission that they have discovered that more persons are interested in seeing fine, wholesome pictures than in seeing the cheap and lurid.

What About Your Favorite?

Try as we may, it is impossible to print, as often as we should like to, pictures and stories about all the players who, by their work, and the interest of their fan following, are deserving of our attention. And so, with the hundreds of subjects to choose from, it sometimes happens that we overlook for a long time some star or other who ought to be appearing in our pages.

If you have noticed that one or more of your favorites has been thus neglected by us, let us know. It may not be possible for us to get a picture or a story about them in the next issue, but we always try to accede to all such requests as soon as possible.
Hollywood's Choice

Of all the juvenile actors every one agrees that Buster Collier has the most brilliant promise of success.

By Caroline Bell

HOLLYWOOD has so many varied opinions of its own people. Careers, possibilities, personalities and flops are discussed over its luncheon tables, about mahogany desks in producers' offices. Occasionally, as in the case of Buster Collier, these shrewd comments agree. In professional circles, Buster is unanimously voted the juvenile of most promise.

He is not a weakling, nor is he of the too-sympathetic character-juvenile type. He can't be classified because he has individuality. And, above all, trained ability.

No discovery of the season, Buster. He has played all types—Orientals of cunning; volatile Spanish youths, jazz-mad American youngsters, a determined vigilante of the days of '49; crafty Mexicans, Belgian refugees, swashbuckling young gallants of yesterday's wars.

His aspirations are roles of colorful youths, roles of hurt and suffering youth, individual and self-reliant and actionable youth, but never merely lusterless youth. Parts which ask only a likable personality to carry he rejects, for his heart is set upon running the category of youth's drama, and his fear is being harnessed to insipid, good-looking types, the pigeonholing by way of physical attractiveness that has ruined other young actors of promise.

He seems to be particularly level-headed in regarding every aspect of his career. It has taken him longer to get near the top, but his method is much wiser than trusting to favorable chance.

In Hollywood, where there are sheiks and heroes galore, Buster heads the popularity lists. His charm is an odd combination of naive, impetuous youth and the sophistication of the day, and so he appeals alike to diversified temperaments. An intellectual director likes to discuss books with him; lovely, flippant girls say that he dances divinely; old ladies are charmed by his little-boy courtesy. He has faults, of course—a quick temper, at times a stressed individuality, and the worry of his genuine friends is that he simply will not save his money. But these are pardonable. He is, too, so exuberantly full of joyous spirit. At parties, one finds him the pivot of the fun, putting on impromptu skits, or making up intriguing dance steps, or evoking what he fondly terms melody from a variety of musical instruments. He has much of the light skill, touching everything he attempts to do with a surface brightness, that was Wallie Reid's.

Perhaps the best way to sum up Buster is that he is—himself. A rare thing, that, in a world of unconscious, second-nature pose and affectation.

Buster is another scion of theatrical parentage. At four, he made his debut in a comedy with his father, William Collier. He has been in pictures off and on for ten years. He played child roles in many Triangle films and, at thirteen, was featured by the late Thomas H. Ince in "The Bugler." For a few years he returned to school, and played a season or two with his father. Since he was sixteen he has been on his own, and like most young actors he has known temporary success, weeks of work at good pay which he dispersed largely and widely, and days of very slim meals. But he managed to weather out his spells of idleness without appealing to his family.

On his sixteenth birthday his dad gave him an expensive automobile which he sold for a little over a thousand dollars when rumors reached him of activity

Continued on page 103
An Illustrious Sister Act

An appraisal of the art of Lillian Gish, who is about to begin a new phase of her long career, with a few words about her sister Dorothy.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Lillian Gish could wring my heart even if she played Little Eva or Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model; she has the steadily glowing spark of genius. Her great performances are not occasional, they are consistent. Nor is hers an art that must, like virtue, be, to some extent, its own reward. Unfortunate contractual agreements have handicapped her, but that her box-office value has remained intact was shown by the line up of producers who, glowing at each other, stormed the lobby of her hotel upon the recent announcement that a Federal judge had declared her free from all claims of her late impresario, and open to new offers. As you probably know, she decided, after weighing all offers, to sign with Metro-Goldwyn.

Ordinarily it is simple to write of the ladies of the screen. They are bound to be beautiful, in varying degree; they are likely to be engaging, if only as a concession to their great public; occasionally they turn out to be clever. Writing of Lillian Gish is more difficult. Standing head and shoulders above her sister players, she is to be pointed out as the one artiste of the silver so-called sheet. Nazimova was mentioned in the same breath until she began to look upon picture making as a Ford owner looks upon a one-man top. Now it is
Lillian Gish alone. (The Negri of “Passion” flashed across the horizon and disappeared, never, apparently, to return. The rest of the ladies—Swanson, Pickford, Talmadge—hold no claim to greatness save as tremendously popular favorites.)

There is no focus pocus to encounter and overcome before gaining an audience with Lillian Gish. Granted a reasonably good phone connection, a taxi, and an elevator, and you stand at her door without further ado. And very likely she will open it.

She is delicately beautiful, with haunting eyes set far apart, dainty nose verging on the retrousse, and lips that a more pyrotechnical phrasemaker would term rosebud. They are small and curved and shy.

But in describing her you are certain to come back to her eyes—soulful, wistful, fine eyes that seem to say, “I am a little disillusioned, a little weary, a trifle sad, but tomorrow may be brighter.”

Her manner is reserved, almost timid. Her poise extends to the point of placidity. She is balanced and calm and thoughtful in her opinions. Her conversation further reveals her underlying tolerance regarding all things. When we discussed the theater—and she had seen everything from “The Miracle” to “Abie’s Irish Rose”—she was kindly in her judgments, speaking well of most plays and performers, maintaining a significant silence to indicate disapproval.

“How fine it would be,” she remarked, “if the Theater Guild were to create a sister organization that would function through motion pictures! The Guild has done so many splendid things. The screen could well afford such a group of artistic producers.”

She spoke of the cruel necessity for condensing pictures to meet standard theater requirements.

“After we’ve put months and months into the planning and making and careful cutting of a picture play,” she said, “it hurts terribly to see it slashed mercilessly until it is inside the two-hour limit. Jumps appear, continuity ceases . . . what have you? . . . I always feel a personal loss when a scene is hacked away, a scene that may have represented days of careful work. . . . Yet I realize the practical necessity for reducing a feature picture to regular running time.”

She sighed, and a helpless little frown appeared.

“That is where we are so handicapped. We must always bow to practical demands. The sculptor does not. The author does not. No one dictates to the poet or the sincere playwright. Yet the artist working in the medium of films is permanently hobbled by certain restrictions and fetishes and unwritten laws.”

When she talks it is quietly, briefly. The quotations you are reading did not flow forth. They are a series of observations gathered, assorted, and bound together.

I had seen Lillian Gish at Mamaroneck in 1921 when she was engaged in making “Orphans of the Storm.” Seeing her again reminded me how little she had changed. To my notion, the remarkable thing is her utter lack of affectation, her absolute sincerity, her genuine simplicity and naturalness. After all, when you pause to consider that here is the great actress of the screen, worthy of being ranked among the great stage figures of her time, the absence of pomp and importance is a bit amazing.

She has nothing of that charming artificiality or artificial charm, if you will, characteristic of so many actresses. She has charm alone.

Midway during my visit Dorothy Gish joined us.

Were one to search the seven seas one could find no contrast more complete than the sisters Gish. Together they form the last word in opposite temperaments.

Dorothy Gish is the modernist, fresh from shopping on Fifth Avenue, luncheon at Pierre’s, and the latest in shingles; Lillian is the classicist, observant, thoughtful, reserved.

Continued on page 103
Delicate and haunting, the charm of Lillian Gish enslaves all those who meet her. Malcolm Oettinger tells some interesting things about her in the story on the opposite page.
"Pretty Ladies"

Some exhibits from Monta Bell's new production. Janice Peters and Lilian Tashman appear at the top, Dorothy Seastrom at the right, and Betty Arlen just above.
Back in Hollywood, the “Ben-Hur” company is rapidly completing its final episodes. At the top of the page the sheik Ilderim, played by Mitchell Lewis, displays his horses to Iras and Ben-Hur. Nigel De Brulier, at the right, appears as Simonides, and just above little Betty Bronson is shown as the Virgin Mary.
Another Conquering Hero

George O’Brien, whose name meant nothing to motion pictures a short time ago, is becoming popular enough to make our other idols worry. He has a way of winning every one who sees him, and you can’t keep a person like that down.
Perhaps no other actress has inspired younger players with the burning admiration and ambition that Sarah Bernhardt has engendered. And now Louise Fazenda, who is known mostly for her comedy, admits that it is the dream of her life to play a screen dramatization of the famous tragedienne's life. In the picture above she wears an exact duplicate of the gown which Bernhardt wore in "Camille," and at the left she appears in another Bernhardt pose.
They put Norma Shearer in so many pictures that she has to do something for variety. So she changes her appearance.

These pictures show Norma Shearer as she appears in "Nothing to Wear." She's the same girl, only different.
Blanche is Clothed in Beauty

There was a time when Blanche Sweet didn't care particularly about clothes, but since she has evolved into such a poised, stunning girl it is right that she should drape herself in fitting garments. The pictures on this page show her as she appears very often now.
Coming to us from France, Paulette Duval brings something that is vivid and individual. You will find more about this interesting personality in the story on the opposite page.
Flower of France

A picture of the lovely and sophisticated Paulette Duval, whose screen career in this country seems to promise great success.

By Constance Palmer Littlefield

SOMETIMES, when I see a new figure beginning to ride to film glory on the waves of popular adulation, I feel like putting my little head in the crook of my arm and weeping. It breaks my heart to think of what the poor dears are letting themselves in for.

Seriously, though, I really often wonder what ghastly force it is that drives humans into such a struggle—bitter, cruel, feverish—when the reward at best may disappear overnight. Fame of this sort—of any sort—costs so many heartaches. But none of these heartaches can equal the terrible void left when fame has gone.

On my way out to see Paulette Duval, I pondered these things and many more until that same little heart mentioned above was just ready to burst with the pity of it all.

And then I met her.

The person who said screen vamps were out of style evidently hadn't seen Paulette. Her type never has been, and I dare say never will be, out of style. She is practically an institution.

Like Aileen Pringle, she is the smart woman personified. Sleek, svelte, mentally alive, physically lovely, they are both of the type so immensely popular with American audiences. Women like to watch their manner, copy their style. Men are intrigued by their beauty of face and figure and are fascinated by their alertness and charm of manner.

This is a day of sophistication, say the initiated when speaking for publication. Personally, I don't believe this age is more sophisticated than any other. The bloomed lady fiends who tore up the countryside on their bicycles in our mothers' day shocked our grandmothers quite as much as our goings-on upset our mothers now. There always have been and always will be those brainy souls who dare to innovate.

But, nevertheless, charming ladies who dress according to the best in the mode, who talk with seemly wit, and have learned that Tuesday follows Monday, and so on—have been labeled "vamps" in movie parlance. Vamps have emerged from the days of Theda Bara's simuous glidings to a very faithful portrayal of the present-day sophisticated woman. But still they are called—so cruelly, so un-understandingly—vamps. Something should be done about it.

Paulette Duval is French, with very little of our English at her command. So our conversation was carried on through a third person—a most obliging young man whose name I did not catch. But then, even though he had been yeled the improbable name of Smith, I would not have caught it either; so entranced was I by my first vision of Mlle. Duval.

In one great gasp I tried to absorb a symphony in black and white, touched here and there with jade jewelry. Beautiful—but, alas—imitable. Frenchwomen have such a subtle way of dressing. The wisp of black veil clouding those long, gray-eyes—jade earrings and heavy rope of jade about the neck, bringing out the clear ivory of the skin. We women recognize the art of these touches, of course. We know just why they are done, but cannot possibly imitate them with the same effect. Well, anyway, I can't.

With the help of the young man, we managed to converse fairly well. For instance:

"How long have you been in California, Mlle. Duval?"
"I've been three months here."
"Do you like it?"
"Oo"—the gray eyes rolled upward, then down, and the lovely red lips parted in a childlike smile of such utter bliss that one instinctively knew she liked it.

"How long are you going to stay?" You see—the most simple questions, delivered in the loud, oratorical tone we Americans generally use to those who do not speak our tongue. The addressed are invariably too polite to about back at us.

"My—what do you say?" a questioning glance at the young man, who supplied the word with admirable perception. "My contract is for three years. I am very happy 'ere. I 'ave not much English now, but when I learn to understand the director more quickly I get better parts, so they tell me."

"She talks very good English when she's not excited," supplied Mr. Interlocutor.

"Oui—it is the lights—they are all around—so glaring!" Her upward glance betokened such distress that I immediately hoped that perhaps pictures might be shot without lights.

But then, I cannot possibly reproduce her charming accent, her naive manner, her little shrugs, so for the rest I can only tell what I gleaned from our three-sided search for words.

Before she came to New York, about seven months ago, she had been for four years a starred dancer on the Parisian stage. She had an estate outside Paris where she raised "lovely flowers of all kinds—so beautiful," and here she rested between engagements.

In America, Ziegfeld put her in his "Follies," where she shone for a short time. Rudolph Valentino and his wife saw her there and promptly engaged her for a small part in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Following this, she was signed by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a period of three years.

"Things happen so rapidly to one," she said—in effect, "It seems that at certain times in one's life Fate wills that one's destiny change with bewildering rapidity. All these things have happened to me in such a short time that it quite takes my breath away!"

One can quite understand her remark about the lights interfering with her grasping the director's rapid explanation of a scene. Imagine yourself a stranger in a strange land, thrown into surroundings as confused and confounding as a studio set. Then try to imagine those directions given you on top of all this.

She admits she makes a mistake in being surrounded as she is, by her own countrymen. But indeed, although it were better that she learn our language and our ways as rapidly as she can, I am not surprised that she clings to her compatriots. In her place most of us would do much more than that—we'd probably never dare leave home!

She has had only one really good part since she came into pictures. This was the portrayal of the vamp—again that terrible word—in "Cheaper to Marry."

I saw the picture after I had talked to her, and I came away rather disappointed. For I had found

Continued on page 106
Madame the Maligned

How Elinor Glyn finally convinced motion-picture producers that it was a profitable idea to allow her to supervise the filming of her stories in something more than name only.

By Dorothy Manners

In the interests of making motion pictures bigger, if possible—and better if profitable—certain wise men of the West recruited the services of Madame Elinor Glyn, English novelist of romance and lady of culture.

Briefly, their idea was this:

A photoplay personally supervised by Elinor Glyn—for publicity purposes—would carry double the voltage and box-office magnetism, not to mention the social advantages of having such authorship in Hollywood. This latter consideration was by no means the least. The wise men were not overly anxious that Madame supervise the supervision with too telling results but as the honor guest at social soirées, a touch of culture in Lenville—perfect! The background was the thing.

Mrs. Glyn arrived in California with publicity trumpets blaring. She was interviewed and reinterviewed, feted and photographed. Yes, she had come to supervise the filming of her books, she told newspaper and magazine scribes. Further, it was her intention to oversee personally every detail of that filming from casting to cutting. If the wise men read this program it was probably with tongues a-check and girths a-chuckle at the press space allotted madame; and they continued to see the bright side of life and fun in the world until production started. Then they learned that they had reckoned without Mrs. Glyn.

Probably from an obligatory sense Elinor Glyn believed that a production-advertised as made under her supervision should be supervised by her. She was indefatigable in her efforts. Extra people were selected with the same care with which principals are chosen. Coiffures must be so. Gowns so. English library interiors should be this way—not that way. That this zeal on her part should conflict with the original intention of her patrons fazed Mrs. Glyn not at all.

Pursuing the course she did, it was impossible that she escape criticism, either open censure or else in the form of polite ridicule, the latter enjoying the greatest popularity. Glyn quibs became the bon mots of the hour. The boulevardier without a satirical anecdote in his dinner repertoire was socially a total loss. Writers unable to get off jolly little stories at Mrs. Glyn's expense weren't worth type-writer ribbon to their respective publications. Most of these printed stories were vulgar; several were prejudiced, and one was clever. There is a rumor afloat that Mrs. Glyn refused to read the most colorful of these articles, which ought to be something in the form of general pessimism to the author.

In spite of the way the wind was blowing, Marshall Neilan, enfant terrible of the movies, said of Mrs. Glyn, "She has a splendid picture mind. Her ideas are great—if they'd ever let her use them." As is often the case with Mr. Neilan's observations, he was right.

Time after time in the making of her first pictures Mrs. Glyn was forced to compromise against her better judgment—make concessions to box-office angles, the American audience, the censors, the this and the that bogeys of filmland. A picture divided against itself will not stand to reason. Consequently, "The Great Moment" and "Beyond the Rocks" were not great shakes either as art or entertainment.

Along about that time the general opinion was to the effect that authors in the movies were the bums anyway. Mrs. Glyn left Hollywood.

A lot of water flowed under the bridge—dawns came and nights fell before we read that Elinor Glyn was returning to supervise personally the screen adaptation of "Three Weeks." Once here, she again ran against the snags of polite opposition, of which the casting of the role of Paul was not the least. While "Three Weeks" was infinitely better than her other productions it, too, showed signs of wear and tear in the head office. Then some one—Louis B. Mayer, I believe—decided to give Mrs. Glyn free rein on "His Hour," and if you know your movies as you should you know that "His Hour" was the box-office sensation of the half year.

In the studio where she is now engaged on her latest production for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "Man and Maid," she is enveloped in a formality not unlike that which surrounds Cecil De Mille. Before I was permitted to see her I was conducted from the hands of a general publicity man to those of a specialized publicity lady, who in turn relayed me to Madame's secretary, who in due time got me to Madame herself. However, not before the secretary and I had a rather potent little chat.

Waiting for Madame to finish the takes and retakes of the scene under way I said to the young lady secretary something about "Mrs. Glyn's love stories." "Madame Glyn's romances," corrected the secretary, amiably but firmly. Feeling that perhaps I had got off on the wrong track I turned my attention to the director. I wanted to know who was directing the picture. "Madame Glyn," said she cheerfully, "assisted by Victor Schertzinger." "Oh," I said. And turned my silent attention to the scene in action. Renee Adoree
and Alec Francis were the players.

Whether or not you approve of Elinor Glyn’s themes, her pictures are always imbued with a pleasant sense of authentic detail and the scene before the camera afforded pertinent example. Renee Adoree was portraying a French cocotte. Her gown, her mannerisms, her gestures, conveyed it without any one’s spoken title to that effect. And, strangely, this French cocotte was speaking rapid-fire French instead of East Side New York at the protesting man servant Alec Francis made. It won’t register on the screen, say you. Nevertheless, it will carry conviction for lip readers and other demons for detail. Also — the crowning touch — at the end of a leash was the strangest creature I have ever seen — I hesitate to call it a dog. It is the usual thing for ladies of the cinema demimonde to carry Pekingese or other lap dogs. This invariably denotes slack morals without running amuck of the censors. But this hound was indeed a thing of rare species. He was the remains of a French poodle. I say remains for he had degenerated into a cur of futuristic proportions. He had long and melancholy whiskers neatly waxed and up to his midriff he was fairly normal. Henceback he was shaved as clean as a billiard ball except for two polkadots of hair adorning his back and one in amazing pom-pom effect at the end of his tail. To cap the climax he wore with dogged patience a baby-blue bow just over his sad eyes.

Later, Mrs. Glyn explained: “In Paris the demimondes try to outdo one another in fantastic shaving patterns for their dogs.” A dandy bit of local color which would have probably eluded one of our own directors, I think.

At the end of the scene I met Mrs. Glyn. We were no more than seated when a solicitous attendant came up with a magnificent mink coat. For the rest of the talk all I could see of Mrs. Glyn were her justly celebrated narrowed eyes gleaming from the luxurious folds of the collar, so I am unable to report authentically on the little intimacies of personal appearance so loved by the girls. However, her eyes are remarkably full of expression and as bright and eager as a girl’s.

We talked of the remarkable success of “His Hour” Continued on page 104
Movie "Props" from the
Steamships, beds, telephone books,
gathered together by "prop" men
By Helen

FROM all parts of the world come the small
and large "fixings" and furnishings that ap-
pear in movie scenes. The fact that
something or other is in Alaska or Spain to-day
does not prevent it from appearing one month
from now in either Hollywood or New York stud-
ios. For picture directors and property men con-
sider nothing impossible—when it comes to ob-
taining the furnishings and settings they need.

George Elkins, property man for the Lasky
studio, recently received orders to procure for
"The Devil's Cargo" a "stern-wheel river steam-
boat of the kind used in 1850," and also a "Wash-
ington hand press of a very early model."

The orders seemed to demand almost impos-
sibilities—or so they would have seemed to a
good many persons. The 1850 style of river
steamboat is not particularly common these days.
The particular type of Washington hand press
demanded is quite as rare, outside of museums.

However, the search began. Expenses are not
limited when a director sets his mind and heart
on some particular object. Those sent in search,
search everywhere. Finally, after many of the
coast States had been visited, a craft that an-
swered the detailed description of the old-time boat
was found tied to a dock in San Francisco bay.
It was immediately painted and repaired and sent
off to play in the picture.

The Washington hand press that finally ap-
peared in "The Devil's Cargo" was found by ac-
cident in an alley back of an old printing shop in Culver
City, near Los Angeles. Rusty and dismantled, its owner was
prepared to sell it for junk, so in this case the expense was
not particularly great.

But the case of the old English bed, used in "Little Lord
Faunteroy," was different. The property man for United
Studios was unable to find such a bed in the United States,
so made a trip to England. There, in a Lincolnshire village,
the long-sought piece of furniture was found and purchased.
It is now at United Studios where it is often used in old
English scenes and where, it is said, five thousand dollars
has been offered for it. But the studio does not wish to
sell it.

Many pieces of furniture seen in the films are historical
World's Four Corners

representing various countries, are and added to vast studio collections.

Ogden

and have their own interesting stories. The chaise longue, for instance, on which Lewis S. Stone and Alice Terry are seen in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production of "Confessions of a Queen," is said to have been the couch of an Italian cardinal of the fifteenth century. Sarah Bernhardt purchased it in Florence several years ago, and it afterward served as her personal chaise longue.

When the Bernhardt effects were sold, a representative of the above studio purchased it, and it is now a part of an extensive property collection.

A second interesting chaise longue is the one of French design which was recently unearthed in the basement of the De Salvo Brothers, New York City, and sent out to United Studios for use in "In Every Woman's Life." The article was found after a search of several months for just such a piece of furniture. The De Salvos declared that it had been in their cellar for at least seventy-five years.

House furnishings, however, are not the only pieces of domestic property that come from all parts of the world. Recently a gate of particular design was needed for Richard Dix's "Too Many Kisses," then being made at Paramount's Long Island studios. After much search the gate was found. It was stated to be one hundred and fifty years old and of Spanish origin, and was finally discovered in this part of the world in a New York museum.

Similarly are many things sought and obtained. Property men are said never to be surprised at the demands made of them, as they have already received and filled orders for what seemed almost impossibilities. Such things as a copy of the act of congress admitting California into the Union, an eighty-five-year-old upright piano, and a clipper-sailing ship at least eighty years old are considered simple demands. Not long ago M. C. Levee of United Studios wanted a London and a Paris telephone book for use in "The White Moth" and "One Year to Live," respectively. The fall numbers were immediately obtained and were for use in Los Angeles as soon as were the copies of that city's fall edition.

Property men, it is said, have removed the word "impossible" from their vocabulary.
Not as Soft as You’d Think

Having a high-salaried movie star for a father does not help Jack Holt’s children to escape the duty of learning to be useful.

Mr. and Mrs. Holt believe that children should be taught from their earliest years to rely upon themselves. And so, much of their children’s play is of the type that serves the double purpose of fun and usefulness.

Betty must keep her doll house tidy and learn to bake and sew. Tim revels in a set of carpenter’s tools which he turns to good account, and also does many small jobs about the big Holt place. But sometimes they just dress up and have fun.
Do You Know Dolores?

DOLORES ROUSSE is her full name, and in reading about her as leading woman for Tom Mix and other Fox stars, you probably noticed that she came to the films, like so many others, from the Ziegfeld “Follies.”

The interesting thing about her, however, is the fact that, although as a girl she went to Los Angeles to be educated, she left that city in search of fortune, and found, after many experiences, that what she really wanted to do took her right back home!

Attracted by an advertisement for a girl to take a small part in a vaudeville company, she applied for the job and got it. In Chicago she had the opportunity to join the George White “Scandals.” Her next step was to get to New York as soon as possible, and there she applied for and secured a job in the “Follies.”

Then it occurred to her that it might be well to try pictures, and a contract with the Fox company was the result of her next effort. After making a picture in New York, she found herself transferred to Los Angeles, from whence she started.

She is determined to remain in pictures, so perhaps some day you will see her name in electric lights.
A Letter from Location

Kathleen Collins writes of the excitement of making the horse picture "Black Cyclone," in the isolated wastes of Nevada.

To Myrtle Gebhart

My Dear Myrtle:

NOTICE, right at the start, the "city" I'm writing from—which you won't find on the map because we, us, and ours, established it too recently. We all think it's a mighty nice honor for a director to have a station established where he is working on location in the wilderness—with nothing around but hills and brush—and named after him.

A representative of the U. P. lines visited here after Mr. Jackman had worn out two cars, one truck and enough tires to do me and my buses the rest of my life, in the trip for supplies and messages daily to Moapa, and this railroad man informed him that by action of the road, the postal authorities and the express company, a new station would be created on the line—which runs within three hundred yards of where we pitched camp.

And since then so many natives and hardy tourists have come to see us work and watch Rex—my favorite film star—doing his stuff for the camera, that it looks as if the place will really amount to something.

We have been here for months—Mr. Jackman, Guinn Williams, the leading man, Christian Frank, the human heavy—we've got a horse heavy, too—Carl Hinam, the film cutter, Floyd Jackman, the director's brother, and George Stevens, the camera man, not to speak of fifteen other assorted human beings and a lot of horses. Mrs. Jackman has been here part of the time but many a day I've been the only woman in camp.

We're living in structures that you couldn't call tents and you couldn't call houses. The lower part is wood, the upper part canvas. And although we couldn't get a power line here for the price of a block of Hollywood Boulevard, we have electric lights. And in a canvas-and-wood shack we have a projection room and cutting quarters. We sit there almost every night and look at movies in the raw, our own film developed and the print shipped back to us to cut roughly.

We've got a pet that you'd either run from or hug the first time you saw him. His name is "Useless." First it was "Comedy Relief," because that's what we used him for when he strolled into camp half-starved and lonesome—but you can't stop to yell, "Hey, Comedy Relief, cut it out!" when he's eating up your shirt. Then it was changed to "Lord Pep," but that seemed a little euphemistic or something, so now it's plain "Useless," which is what he is.

He's a burro from a wild herd of the hills, and, according to Carl Morrison, Rex's trainer, he represents the common tragedy of the desert. His mother was killed probably by a rattlesnake, as Rex's mother is killed in the story we are making, "Black Cyclone." He is the funniest designed animal I have ever seen—enormous head, wobbly legs and a habit of constantly licking his chops in anticipation or memory of something good to eat. He is about nine weeks old now.

This picture is just the story of a man and a girl, and of a black stallion and a gray mare. When the

Continued on page 100
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Charley's Aunt"—Christie. Sydney Chaplin in an uproarious version of the famous old farce.

"Classmates"—First National. Richard Barthelmess in a gripping performance as a West Point cadet who was disgraced, but came back. The West Point backgrounds are the real thing.

"Forbidden Paradise"—Paramount. Pola Negri's best American-made picture, directed by Lubitsch. She plays a royal lady of many loves with skill and spontaneity. Adolphe Menjou and Pauline Starke are also good.

"Goose Hangs High, The"—Paramount. A James Cruze production of life as it is waged in the average American home. Nothing spectacular; just a little gem of reality.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is magnificent as the clown of the Andreyev stage play, produced by Victor Seastrom. A picture of rare power.

"Iron Horse, The"—Fox. Stirring historical drama, showing the building of the transcontinental railroad. George O'Brien is the hero.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?"—United Artists. D. W. Griffith's simple but powerful story of after-war conditions in Germany, centered around a Polish refugee family. Dampster is surprisingly fine in the leading role.


"Last Laugh, The"—Universal. A German film of revolutionary technique. Excellent acting and without subtitles, made understandable and appealing by Emil Jannings.

"Navigator, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton in a comedy of delightful nonsense that is best in a long time.

"Oh, Doctor!"—Universal. Reginald Denny in Harry Leon Wilson's farce. He is agreeable and funny as a rich young man who thinks he's an invalid.

"Peter Pan"—Paramount. Barrie's fantasy, made into a whimsical, charming picture. Betty Bronson is lovely as Peter.

"Snob, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An intelligent comedy of the upper class comedy directed by Monta Bell. Norma Shearer and John Gilbert are excellent in the leading roles.


"Thundering Herd, The"—Paramount. A thrilling Western, with some wonderful scenes of buffalo stampedes. Noah Beery, Lois Wilson, and Jack Holt support the buffalo.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Barriers Burned Away"—Associated Exhibitors. Old-time melodrama dealing with the great Chicago fire.

"Broken Laws"—F. O. Mrs. Wallace Reid's second propaganda film, but don't let that scare you. It is well worth seeing.

"Clean Heart, The"—Vitagraph. A lighthearted and engaging story of a sensitive and selfish man, played by Percy Marmont.

"Dante's Inferno"—Fox. Allegory—with comedy relief. It is beautiful and maudlin intermittently.

"Dancers, The"—Fox. An excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Alma Rubens and Dorothy Gish giving fine performances.

"Devil's Cargo, The"—Paramount. California melodrama in the days of the Vigilantes. The acting of Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and Pauline Starke is the best part of it.

"Dick Turpin"—Fox. Tom Mix as the beruffled highwayman of old England.


"Garden of Weeds"—Paramount. James Cruze and Betty Compson make this rather unsavory chorus-girl story well worth seeing.

"Gloss"—Paramount. A rare and beautiful picture of the tribes of Persia and their journeys to the grassy plains. Actually filmed in Persia, it has gorgeous scenery.

"Great Divide, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Antique movie plot made enjoyable through expert treatment and the acting of Wallace Beery, Alice Terry, and Conway Tearle.

"Greed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Von Stroheim realism, marvelously done, but a little strong for those who prefer light entertainment.


"In Hollywood With Potash and Perlmutter"—First National. Abe and Mauruss as movie producers. Funny, but a genuine character study as well.

"Introduce Me"—Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean in a somewhat slow, but most amusing comedy about an Alpine guide.

"Learning to Love"—First National. A rollicking farce on how to get a husband. Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno are the principals.

"Little Miss Bluebeard"—Paramount. Another farce, with Bebe Daniels, Robert Frazer, and Raymond Griffith supplying the fun.

"Lost Love"—Warner Brothers. Irene Rich as the lovely unfortunate of Willa Cather's novel. One of the finest character studies of the year.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.


"Man Who Came Back, The"—Fox. Improbable melodrama made convincing through the acting of Dorothy Mackaill and George O'Brien.

"Miracle of the Wolves"—Paramount. A French production showing up Louis XI. in a new light. Costumes and settings are interesting and authentic, but the plot is rather silly.

"Monster, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An ingenious melodrama, in which Lon Chaney plays a lunatic doctor.

"Narrow Street, The"—Warner. Matt Moore and Dorothy Devore give splendid performances in this entertaining little comedy.


"New Toys"—Inspiration. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, properly enough, play the couple.

"Night of Romance, Her"—First National. Constance Talmadge's best picture in a long while. Ronald Colman adds much to the fun.


"Quo Vadis"—First National. Emil Jannings appears as Nero in this new Italian version of the famous story.

"Romola"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in a fifteenth-century Italian story, beautifully produced, but giving her time to do. William Powell runs away with the acting.

"Sally"—First National. From the popular stage play, with Colleen Moore as the dancing heroine.

"Sainted Devil, A"—Paramount. Vesta Bloom in South America again, but with not-so-wonderful results.

"Seven Chances"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton is not quite so funny

Continued on page 117
Are Personal Appearances a Success?

Walter Hiers, who has made a number of them, gives some interesting information on the subject.

By Helen Ogden

So many motion-picture players have made personal appearance tours recently that it occurred to me to wonder if there had possibly been some change in the public's reception of its screen favorites in person.

As Walter Hiers has been much in demand for these handclasp tours, his observations, reflecting the actor's point of view and reaction, may interest you.

"A personal appearance tour either helps an actor a great deal, or hurts him a lot," Walter summed up the situation. "He feels the effect of it immediately, in the increase or decrease of his fan mail, in the tenor of those letters, in reports from exhibitors as to the patronage of his pictures.

"It all depends on his stuff, whether or not he succeeds. You can't fool the public any more.

"In the early days of pictures, the stars were publicized as glamorous beings, and idolized until they seemed hardly human. A personal appearance then was usually fatal, because almost always the public was disappointed. Expecting an illusion, it offended them to see an ordinary man or woman who was a little self-conscious and ill at ease and did not make the best impression. Their idolization turned then to criticism and, for a while, almost to acute and unwarranted censure. They came, intentionally, not to admire but to criticize and condemn.

"Nowadays they don't expect us to be either extraordinarily perfect or awful atrocities—only interesting. They don't worship, wide-eyed, as in the early days, nor are they uncharitable and fault finding.

"They come, first, out of curiosity, to see if we look as we do on the screen. The point is, they don't exactly expect us to. They realize that we shall be out of our illusory, make-believe setting, and are willing to make us some concession. That tolerance is a great step ahead for the actor.

"When that inquisitiveness is satisfied, they wait for us to 'strut our stuff.' That's the acid test: what can you do? You can't hold a personal appearance audience on the strength of your screen personality. Too many have tried it and failed. The people are usually fair—a little chilly at first, gradually warming into friendliness if you please them.

"Stage presence is the first requirement. Some of our actors, who have never had theatrical experience, would be wise if they remained known to their fans only through the medium of the screen. The public will not make too much allowance for the camera actor out of his range. Their attitude is, and justly, 'Well, now, what are you doing here?'

"Next, you have to keep them entertained. Sing or dance, talk interestingly, or give them a clever 'line.' Bebe Daniels and Ruth Roland are great on personal appearances—they have had vocal training, and they have magnetism, the thing that reaches out from the footlights and claims attention. Herb Rawlinson is a wizard, with the aid of his talented uke. Lew Cody goes like wildfire—he has a most engaging personality.

"Jacqueline Logan, Natalie Kingston and several others dance, and Betty Blythe sings well. The thoughtful talks given by Lillian Gish and Mrs. Wallace Reid are appreciated, particularly by mature minds. Priscilla Dean has the pep and flash that intrigue interest and Bryant Washburn is a favorite, with his talk and repartee. Nazinova's dramatic acts are a success, because she is a dynamic personality and a splendid actress. Theodore Roberts is the best liked. Even the children have to be amusing—Jackie Coogan recites and Muriel Frances Dana sings and dances.

"Almost any stage actor, whose personality on the screen is loved and who has a clever act written for him, will get over in a short sketch.

"The audience's yardstick seems to be, first: Are you human and natural and likable? Then: what can you do beside act in the movies?

"They don't expect anything exceptional. I just chatter and patter. I try indirectly to get in a good word for Hollywood. Talk to the folks straight from the shoulder. Kid myself a lot—they all like that. Comment on the pictures, and tell them a bit about production.

"I'm no orator, so I make it impromptu, following a general outline of the points I want to cover. Then I refer to something of local interest, probably some project or matter of civic importance that has been kidded in the newspapers. I try to have a 'line' ready about what's going on in each town, and that tickles 'em and gets laughs.

"It's a great experience for an actor. We live so Continued on page 114.
Love Beats Fame

Forsaking a promising career in motion pictures which lay ahead of her, Frances Howard said, "I'd rather be a helpmate than a star." And so, she and Samuel Goldwyn were married.

By Helen Klumph

"We just found suddenly that we agreed about getting married just as we did about everything else. At first we didn't intend to tell any one about it, but I guess we both did because every one seemed to know all about it right away.

"The screen—the stage—what do they mean to me now? I am much more anxious to make a success of being Mrs. Samuel Goldwyn than I am to have a career.

"I suppose there are lots of girls who envy me my chance on the screen. I am still under contract to Famous Players-Lasky and I will go on making pictures for a while. But if they want to release me from my contract in a short time I will be happy over it. What joy did a career on the stage or screen ever bring a girl comparable to the joy of marrying the man she loves and trying to be of a help to him?

"I have been on the stage since I was fourteen—and I will be twenty-two in a few weeks. I've been offered a wonderful part on the stage next season and even though I haven't been any good on the screen people tell me to keep on working hard—that I have promise—and that some day I might be a star. And it simply doesn't interest me at all."

It was not a quaint, sheltered young woman of the old school who was speaking. It was a 1925 model who has specialized in playing flapper roles on the stage.

Love—or fame? Frances Howard's choice entailed no sacrifice. It was just another of those things that she and her husband-to-be agreed upon without ever discussing. A few people think they can make a success of both, and some of them succeed. But the divorces courts...
Would I Want My Daughter to be An Actress?

Continued from page 23

Malcolm MacGregor.

If our child had been a boy instead of a girl, I might be tempted to say, “like father, like son,” because the picture business appeals to me personally and I think it’s a fine thing for any young fellow with talent for it, and it is more remunerative than any other kind of work.

Our child being a girl, though, it is not up to me to pigeonhole her into one career or another. Joan will make her own choice when she attains her majority.

The fact that I am a professional and that Mrs. MacGregor has always been in sympathy with my work is undoubtedly one reason why Joan has shown a tendency toward pantomime and dancing. We are encouraging these studies, because they are both good for her—dancing, particularly, as it adds grace and charm to a girl. Joan is seven now and hasn’t intimated any desire to play in the movies. Neither Mrs. MacGregor nor I will ever suggest it—or any other vocation. Our only desire now is to give her a good education and to take care of her properly until she is old enough to possess sound sense and can choose for herself.

Conrad Nagel.

Indeed, I do want my daughter, Ruth Margaret, to be an actress. All of her early training is to be directed with this career in view. Already she is attending dancing school and learning French and later she is to be coached in voice culture and other things that are beneficial to one in the theatrical profession.

In so training her it is only on the chance that she will show histrionic ability. If we see later that she is interested in some other work, or has a marked talent for something else, we shall have to sacrifice our ambitions for her and concentrate just as hard to make her a success in her chosen profession.

As to the development of her character, which must have first consideration regardless of career, our main thought is to teach her square dealing. A sense of justice—to herself, and to others—is a splendid fortification.

If she does become an actress, we will point out every condition that she will have to face intelligently and try to guide her in practical manner over any obstacles that she may encounter.

Fred Niblo.

I want Lois to become an actress and am particularly hopeful that she will excel in comedy drama. I should like her to shine in the sort of thing that Maude Adams made so memorable, and I am sure she would be mighty proud if she makes a name for herself upon the stage.

But I shall do nothing to influence her. If she has talent, her mother and I will give her all the encouragement and help possible. If not, the suggestion never will come from us.

At present, I regret that I can’t become enthusiastic about her histrionic ability. The only visible signs of “emotional talent” are laughing when she is pleased and crying when she isn’t, though I must admit she does both of these remarkably well!
Watch the Movie Fashions Now

The arrival in Hollywood of Erte, leading fashion designer of the world, probably will have a widespread effect on screen styles.

Harply anything has come in for more criticism by persons of taste than the clothes worn by many motion-picture players. The reason for them was laid to everything from ignorance to a perversion of what the public wants.

And now that Erte, the French designer, who is conceded to be the leading fashion creator of the world, has come into the movies to design costumes for the Metro-Goldwyn players, it will be interesting to see what he does in the way of clothes for them. Will he confine them to the simple styles worn by well-bred, fashionable women in everyday life, or will he—like many motion-picture people—feel that for the screen everything should be exaggerated and idealized into magnificence beyond reality?

A glance at the designs on this page will show that Erte does not run to the simple stuff. His ideas are barbaric, weird, and colorful. But whatever line he takes in his screen costuming, you may be sure that his designs will be strikingly original and have a far-reaching influence on every other designer in Hollywood.
Gloria's voice trickled down on people's feet. But not before a thoroughly astonished audience gazed superciliously at the titled pair.

I may be wrong but I am inclined to believe that Gloria enjoyed the whole thing hugely and that she will retaliate with a joke so much worse that those young men will regret the day they started trying to kid her. For no one can outdo Gloria at playing jokes. No amount of planning and scheming is too much trouble if she can surprise and baffle a friend. But I dare say that the marquis not only wished that a less public place had been chosen, but also that the young men might at least have been properly dressed for evening.

The marquis would be acutely uncomfortable in a business suit after six.

Gloria speaks of him proudly, tells of their sightseeing expeditions to the Aquarium, the Woolworth building, the Grand Central station, the zoo. When she wants to pay any one a superlative compliment she says that they are "simple and genuine and very charming," and that is what she says of her husband. She cannot quite understand his tolerance of the Germans, for his legs were practically shattered in the great war. But I think at heart she is a little proud of that impersonal attitude too.

She is more keenly partisan than he, and violently hates all of France's enemies, but she comes of a young and vigorous nation and he of a weary and dissipated one.

The marquis' professional future may be decided when "Madame Sans Gene" is shown. If he makes a great impression as an actor, I have no doubt he will want to continue working before the camera. But if his reception is only lukewarm, I wouldn't be surprised to find him dabbling in scenario writing or direction or production problems. For the marquis is too ambitious, according to his friends, to be happy in being merely his wife's manager.

Her next picture, "The Coast of Folly," will be made in Hollywood, so the California film colony is going to have a chance to get acquainted with Gloria's titled husband. It won't be easy for her or for him to bear the scrutiny of people prejudiced because of professional jealousy, people who disapprove of international marriages, people who have known her during her previous two unhappy marriages. But New York's impression of them is that they are charming and lovable people, and I hardly think Hollywood will think less.

But even if they do, it won't be a lasting worry to Gloria, for to put it in her own words:

"If any one tries to bring a bit of unhappiness or jealousy or discontent into our home now that we have found happiness, they can just get out."

Would I Want My Daughter to be An Actress?

Continued from page 23

Malcolm MacGregor.

If our child had been a boy instead of a girl, I might be tempted to say, "like father, like son," because the picture business appeals to me personally and I think it's a fine thing for any young fellow with talent for it, and it is more remunerative than any other kind of work.

Our child being a girl, though, it is not up to me to pigeonhole her into one career or another. Joan will make her own choice when she attains her majority.

The fact that I am a professional and that Mrs. MacGregor has always been in sympathy with my work is undoubtedly one reason why Joan has shown a tendency toward pantomime and dancing. We are encouraging these studies, because they are both good for her—dancing, particularly, as it adds grace and charm to a girl. Joan is seven now and hasn't intimated any desire to play in the movies. Neither Mrs. MacGregor nor I will ever suggest it—or any other vocation. Our only desire now is to give her a good education and to take care of her properly until she is old enough to possess sound sense and can choose for herself.

Conrad Nagel.

Indeed, I do want my daughter, Ruth Margaret, to be an actress. All of her early training is to be directed with this career in view. Already she is attending dancing school and learning French and later she is to be coached in voice culture and other things that are beneficial to one in the theatrical profession.

In so training her it is only on the chance that she will show histrionic ability. If we see later that she is interested in some other work, or has a marked talent for something else, we shall have to sacrifice our ambitions for her and concentrate just as hard to make her a success in her chosen profession.

As to the development of her character, which must have first consideration regardless of career, our main thought is to teach her square dealing. A sense of justice—to herself, and to others—is a splendid fortification.

If she does become an actress, we will point out every condition that she will have to face intelligently and try to guide her in practical manner over any obstacles that she may encounter.

Fred Nible.

I want Loris to become an actress and am particularly hopeful that she will excel in comedy drama. I should like her to shine in the sort of thing that Maude Adams made so memorable, and I am sure I shall be mighty proud if she makes a name for herself upon the stage.

But I shall do nothing to influence her. If she has talent, her mother and I will give her all the encouragement and help possible. If not, the suggestion never will come from us.

At present, I regret that I can't become enthusiastic about her histrionic ability. The only visible signs of "emotional talent" are laughing when she is pleased and crying when she isn't, though I must admit she does both of these remarkably well!
Watch the Movie Fashions Now

The arrival in Hollywood of Erte, leading fashion designer of the world, probably will have a widespread effect on screen styles.

Hardly anything has come in for more criticism by persons of taste than the clothes worn by many motion-picture players. The reason for them was laid to everything from ignorance to a perverted notion of what the public wants.

And now that Erte, the French designer, who is conceded to be the leading fashion creator of the world, has come into the movies to design costumes for the Metro-Goldwyn players, it will be interesting to see what he does in the way of clothes for them. Will he confine them to the simple styles worn by well-bred, fashionable women in everyday life, or will he—like many motion-picture people—feel that for the screen everything should be exaggerated and idealized into magnificence beyond reality?

A glance at the designs on this page will show that Erte does not run to the simple stuff. His ideas are barbaric, weird, and colorful. But whatever line he takes in his screen costuming, you may be sure that his designs will be strikingly original and have a far-reaching influence on every other designer in Hollywood.

Romain De Tirtoff
Erte and three of his striking fashion designs.

Photo by Agfa
A Portrait of a Lady

"The Famous Mrs. Fair" was the picture that really brought Myrtle Stedman into her own. The story of the delightful woman with a husband and family, who unconsciously neglects her home, and the patriotic fervor of winning the war, will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it. Just now "Stella Dallas" is being prepared for her. Here again is a heroine of middle age and youthful charm. It is a vehicle that will put a fresh wreath of laurels on Myrtle Stedman's fair hair.

We fell a-talking, as "Mrs. Pep" would say, of the early days of the cinema. Miss Stedman asked me if I remembered the trade-marks that used to be so conspicuously displayed in every set. Unfortunately, I am old enough to remember them perfectly.

"We couldn't take a scene without the trade-mark of the company stuck somewhere on the set. If by any chance it was hidden, or half hidden, we had to remake the scene. It seems to me now, to think of that diamond-shaped sign of ours being carried into the woods, on a desert island, on ships at sea. But in those days it was considered absolutely necessary."

We also talked of the many stars who have risen and fallen in the short time that the motion-picture industry has been in existence. Myrtle Stedman has seen many of them. She has been patronized by the young queens of the cutie era, who are now as extinct as prohibition. But I don't think that worried her, even in those dark days when her own light was obscured by the shining of the peroxide curls. She has a saving sense of humor that must have been like a life buoy to a shipwrecked sailor. And yet she shows not the slightest symptoms of gloating, or rejoicing in the tumbled ambitions of those who took pleasure in her own retirement.

Instead, she talked of the people who, like herself, have seen the picture industry grow up. She has a tremendous admiration for Hobart Bosworth. And for Tom Mix. The latter was a cowboy in a small Wild West show that was wintering in a Missouri town. Miss Stedman's company went there on location, to get the benefit of the riders and the horses.

"Tom Mix was the handsomest thing on a horse I have ever seen in my life," she told me, "and we offered him a part in one of the pictures. Then we did a picture with a cowboy for her, and made him play the lead. Of course he knew nothing about acting, and he was very shy—especially in the love scenes. But he photographed so well, and was so natural that he made a big hit."

I asked Miss Stedman what had meant the most to her in her long career. "The loyalty of the people who are known as 'fans,'" she replied without hesitation; "I say that from the bottom of my heart. I know that any one who is in the public eye has a certain number of ardent admirers. But the biggest comfort I had during the time I was off the screen was the loyal remembrance of those who kept writing to say, 'Why don't you come back to pictures? Why don't we see you any more?' That is why I feel a real debt of gratitude to every one who is kind enough to write me and express their friendship. I handle all my own fan mail, with Lincoln's help. I autograph every picture myself—I have never had a rubber stamp, nor have I written my name on the negative before it is printed.

The least I can do to express my appreciation is to write my own name with my own hand.

Lest you should think that the portrait I have drawn was glimpsed through the rosy glasses of a staged interview, I will tell you what a member of the company told me about Miss Stedman—he having nothing to gain, and no motive except an admiration which seems to be general in the studio.

"There's no temperament about her. I have never seen her angry or irritable. In fact, when things go wrong, and every one is carrying a chip around for some one to knock off, it is Miss Stedman who smiles and says sensibly, 'Oh, come on now. don't worry about that, it will come out all right.' She can do more with a smile than ten directors with ten clubs."

The frame of my portrait is HERE—boldly displayed, even though you may say, "Aha! So that's the reason for all these panegyrics! (At least give me credit for supplying you with a new word for crossword puzzles!)

When I came back to my hotel that bleak February day, red-nosed and blue-lipped and feeling sure that a cold was coming on, I found in my room a dozen gloriously fragrant American beauty roses. They bore Myrtle Stedman's card, with the words, 'I hope these will make it seem a bit like California."

You may scoff if you like, and say, "Well, every interviewer has his—or her—price!" But nevertheless, the roses will wreath the frame of the word picture. And the card will be hung from the title, "Portrait of a Lady!"
By their Whiskers

Shall you know screen actors and the type of part they are probably playing at the moment.

I f you visited Hollywood, you would probably be startled at the number of apparently nice, sane men who go around with long, unkempt hair, with beards long and luxuriant, and sometimes just plain scraggly. But then if you were a movie fan you probably realize that you were seeing a screen actor in make-up—the make-up which, unfortunately, he can't take off at the end of the day's work and leave at the studio.

And if you looked closely, you would probably see him squirm under the embarrassing stares of all the other tourists who had not yet become accustomed to the sight.

But that embarrassment is just one of the little things that actors have to put up with in the name of realism. Most of them get used to it after a while, though some of the sensitive ones won't appear in public until they have been permitted to shave themselves back to normal.

The regular character actors are so accustomed to appearing in pictures all decked out in various styles of whiskers that they have the growing of them reduced to a fine art. Just give Raymond Hatton the word and in three weeks he will have a luxuriant mass of beautiful golden brown hair from ear to ear. Many a screen engagement has hung upon an actor's ability to grow a beard or heavy mustache in a short time, for even good actors aren't allowed to grow championship of Hollywood for years and never has had even a close contender. He grows them of all shapes and sizes almost overnight.

During the six years he has been in motion pictures, Ernest Torrence has grown twenty-four beards. Noah Beery has developed forty-one in ten years, while Wallace is far in the rear of the procession, having often gone without shaving for a year at a time.

Steve Carr, being very young, had rather a struggle raising this for "The Thundering Herd."
Continued from page 26

his best friends hesitate to speak, for although his answer—if it comes—will be as genial as ever, it is just as likely not to come at all. He rushes into the commissary, through a hasty lunch interspersed with conferences with his assistant and complicated fitterings on old envelopes, out the door again and back to work. I had never worked for him before but knew that this was the last day of the picture I was prepared for anything from a picnic to hard blows.

Activity sprang to life in every corner of the stage with Mr. Stahl's advent. The cameras were set up, the props arranged, men appeared from nowhere and began bunging the lights about. And then Percy Marmont came in.

I had worked with him before and knew that he had a delightful sense of humor and a fascinating voice. But this time I was to learn also that he preserved your illusions by leaning his actor-self before the camera always.

With Mr. Marmont was Raymond Griffith, tall, dark and with the sort of teeth they promise you in the dental advertisements. I had never seen him in person before, and even although I knew that he lost his voice some years ago, the effect of his conversation was startling. He speaks in a whisper—you feel that he is trying his utmost to make you hear—and although every word is clear it is never more than a shadow of a sound.

The first scenes were with Mr. Marmont and Mr. Griffith. The latter's comedy you already know, but his most priceless scenes on the screen cannot equal his actual work. Each rehearsal was more minutely funny than the last. Mr. Stahl takes a shot and twenty times over but neither of the principals "went stale," despite the endless repetition.

"That is lovely, folks. That was a splendid one. Let's do another just like it." And on again—over and over—the same bits of business accentuated, modified, this way, that way, till the megaphone was waved in front of the camera and "That's all for now, folks. That was just fine."

The following scenes were between Mr. Marmont and Alma Rubens, who now made her appearance. Here let us pause a moment. When, a while ago, I announced to a palpitating world that only Nazimova, Frederick, Pickford and Negri were as glamourous on the screen as on—I had not yet seen Alma Rubens. You don't need to be informed of her gorgeousness on the screen. Off it she is unnecessarily beautiful—endowed with graces of face and manner beyond even a Michael Arlen's pen. Black shadows on a white canvas can never give you the full portent of her loveliness. Of her velvety brown eyes with black lights in them, of the soft, almost liquid tones of her voice, of the slow grace of her every movement. Beauty hangs like an enchantment over her like no one could pardon a few mannerisms and tricks in anything so exquisite. Her total lack of them is enough to convert any one to the mercies of the Almighty. She has a clever, sensitive mind and a quick wit that enables her to laugh most of all at herself. Without the sense of humor she would undoubtedly be our luringest vamp—because for sheer beauty and charm she has no rival. But that saving sense would jeer if she ever took herself seriously. At work she is very quiet with the reserve and dignity of the natural aristocrat. She is "friends" with every one from the extras to Mr. Stahl—to all of whom she is exactly alike—with the genuine sort of friendliness that gets over heartily slapsings of the back and so sweet connivances.

The scene between Miss Rubens and Mr. Marmont was to be the final fade-out in the picture. Unfortunately it took place behind a counter, and having tried every possible vantage point, our only glimpse was through the crack of a door behind the camera.

At the close of this shot lunch was called and the two principals emerged from behind the counter, "Oh, you were working too, Alma," said Raymond Griffith, who had not been watching. "She was not working," said Percy, deprecatingly, "she was kissing me."

Back from a respite following lunch we slipped into our chairs just as Eleen Percy—very blond and full of fun—was finishing a short sequence and leaving. William V. Mong was waxing more and more miserable over a cross-word puzzle and inquiring every one for a food-fish of Hawaii in three letters. Percy Marmont was exhibiting some pictures he had taken of his wife and baby with a stereoscopic camera.

About four o'clock Mr. Stahl turned from the camera with the smile that lights and changes his whole face. "How about a little tea, folks. Think it's about time?" Two men were dispatched to the commissary and when they returned—laden with trays—we withdrew inconspicuously into the background. But this was immediately frowned upon. Chairs were drawn up for every one. Miss Rubens' mound poured the tea and passed cigarettes. Mr. Marmont saw that every one was served, and work was forgotten. Apparently this was a daily ceremony and even the carpenters were munching chocolate cake and sipping orange pekoe.

It is a physical impossibility to be rigidly formal over tea and especially in a studio, where every moment of relaxation is cherished. And if you think it may be unexciting to have a chatty, studio tea with Alma Rubens, Percy Marmont, Raymond Griffith and John M. Stahl—let me refer you to seven enthusiastic extras whose phone numbers may be found in any casting office.

One girl breathlessly told Mr. Marmont that she had seen him in "The Clean Heart" the night before and how she loved it.

"Oh yes, 'The Clean Heart,'" he said. "It was a good little production, wasn't it? But a total financial failure, you know. No box-office value. Now if they had only called it 'The Dirty Heart' it would have made a fortune."

Raymond Griffith, seeing "The Mysterious Stranger," by Mark Twain in my lap, told us that Twain, who was his uncle's closest friend, had given him the original copy of this work with its brilliant, satirical preface that had to be deleted. This led to delicious anecdotes of Mark Twain, whom Griffith had known well and for whom he had an unbounded admiration.

After tea work was resumed and the little organ and the violin emitted "Follow the Swallow" with renewed vigor. Six o'clock, six thirty, seven o'clock—and Mr. Stahl threw his megaphone into the air and grabbed his assistant, "Kill the lights—camera—everything! Sid, old boy, we've got another one in the can."

All at once every one seemed to lose ten years. Every one was shaking some one's hand and everywhere were cries of "Good luck on the next, Ray—Have a nice holiday, Alma"—"Best of luck, Percy"—"Bye, John—get a good rest."

On the side lines stood Ricardo Cortez—handsome, which you know, and almost shy, which you wouldn't expect. He had come to take Miss Rubens home—for they are one of our newest and most charming romances.

Slowly the company dispersed and moved out the dark road and across the lawns to the gate—under the great flaming sign that illumines the whole lot. The last thing I saw was Ricardo Cortez—his bright young eyes very adoring as he helped Miss Rubens into the big limousine. And Miss Rubens' fine, exotic face as she turned to wave a smiling good-bye to me. To me!
Because He Remembers

Harry Rapf never refuses to give promising talent a chance, no matter how untried it may be.

By Doris Denbo

The one studio in Hollywood where new blood is always welcome, where any one with ideas is given an opportunity to prove them, is the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer plant. All the so-called “crazy” directors, and young fellows who have defied precedent and have the courage of their convictions, seem to finally wind up there.

Von Sternberg, who caused such an avalanche of criticism and talk with his “Salvation Hunters,” is there. He is directing a satirical comedy, and making good on it too! Monta Bell, who vainly stormed every studio in Hollywood before Harry Rapf gave him his first chance to direct when the latter was at Warner Brothers, is with Mr. Rapf again at Metro-Goldwyn. Then there is Von Stroheim, the monarch of colossal productions—in cost and number of reels—who never does the expected thing in the usual way. He is making good on his time, cost and reel schedule as marked out for him. John Gilbert found himself there, after years of mediocrity, and I could go on reciting a long list of so-called eccentric persons who made good at these studios.

The reason for all this is found in the attitude of Harry Rapf, vice president of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer combine, and the man who seems to be a real power behind that organization's production activities. When I asked him why he encouraged the men whom every one else was afraid of, he said, “Well, I remember when I had ideals and dreams and all I wanted was a chance. I realized as I battled around the world how few people who really reach the top seem to remember how much a hand stretched down to give them a lift would have meant to their courage to climb on. I swore a solemn oath to myself when I was a newsboy, a canvasser from door to door, a theatrical manager, etcetera, that when I reached the top I would give the believer in dreams and the earnest seeker for success every assistance I could. I have tried to live up to that promise to myself wherever I have felt in any one a sincerity and willingness to work, if given an opportunity. Busy as I am I never turn down a request for an interview to ask for a chance—because I remember.”

Rapf began his active career at eighteen, when, after having managed an amateur minstrel show, he decided that the show business was the field for him. After six years with Gus Edwards, he started a vaudeville circuit. Ten years ago he became interested in pictures, first as an independent producer, later as a studio manager.
A Letter from Location

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 62

as will probably be seen in subsequent entertainments. Mostly such experienced trouper of the variety stage as Trixie Friganza, Maurie Fulton, who wrote the original stage version of "The Brat," Tom Wilson, Joe Bonomo, Universal's strong man of the serials, were the ones applauded. Bonomo, by the way, with his weight lifting and balancing act, was a great hit.

It is to be hoped for the success of the vaudeville project that many of the popular heroes and heroines of the screen may be tempted soon to demonstrate what they can do in the way of warbling and patter. Possibly Hollywood audiences may then be regaled by some impersonations by Jack Gilbert, at which he is very skillful, while Ronald Colman might offer a highland fling if he felt so inspired. He's Scotch enough to do it effectively. What is more, a ukulele marathon with Bessie Love versus Herbert Rawlinson, or a tango contest with Rudolph Valentino as the champion still to be defeated, should prove exciting.

Clara Young May Return.

At various times in the past screen players have gone on real tours in vaudeville with no end of success. Ruth Roland, Theodore Roberts, Theodore Kosloff and his dance troupe, Frank Keenan, and Elliott Dexter have been among them, and Miss Roland, particularly, has been quite a popular hit.

Just as present, Clara Kimball Young is finishing up a tour, and when this is completed will very likely return to the screen in featured roles. She is known to have received a number of offers, and would undoubtedly enjoy a renewal of her popularity since she is so very competent as an actress. She has managed, despite bad plays, to retain her prestige as a personality.

New Foreign Sparkler.

Lest anybody should accuse us of neglecting to mention something important, Vilma Banky is the name of a brand-new foreign actress, who has come to Hollywood to appear in "The Dark Angel," with Ronald Colman. She knows so little English that she couldn't have the joy of being interviewed upon her arrival except through the aid of an interpreter.

The vocabulary of Hollywood, however, is not one that is considered difficult to acquire, and so we may soon inform you that she is talking quite as fluently as the oldest permanent resident.

Following the unexpected reappearance of his wife, the suit filed for separate maintenance, an attack of the flu, and possibly one or two vicissitudes, Ronald Colman seems to be doing active duty again. He is appearing opposite Constance Talmadge in her latest Viennese comedy, titled temporarily, "The Twin Sister."

Cupid's Meanderings.

Looking over the recently announced engagements we find that diamond sparklers are now being worn by Renee Adoree, Alma Rubens, and Marguerite de la Motte. Tentative dates have been set for all the marriages in these cases, and the respective bridegrooms-to-be are Gaston Glass, Ricardo Cortez, and John Bowers.

William Tilden, 2nd, tennis champion and beau extraordinary, has been again concerned in romantic happenings, for the newspapers carried rumors of his engagement to Marjorie Daw. Tilden has been reported engaged at various times to one or two other film players, notably Pola Negri. Miss Daw, as you may know, has announced her separation from Elisha Sutherland, the player and director.

Divorce also impends, it would seem, between Virginia Valli and her husband, Demmy Lamson.

Yet another Erich von Stroheim picture that will not have its director's supervision on the final cutting.

When Von Stroheim obtained his release from his contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "The Merry Widow" had been reduced only to a length of thirty thousand feet, it is understood, and the remaining cutting was done at the studio.

Thirty thousand feet compares quite favorably with the fifty thousand that Von himself battled with for months in the case of "Greed." It doubtless shows that he is steadily improving, and will probably sign a nice fat new contract as soon as "The Merry Widow" is released, if not before.

We caught our first glimpse of William Powell, the most polished perhaps of screen villains, in several years, on the set of "Faint Perfume," at the B. P. Schulberg studios. We have seen him on the screen, of course, in "Romola," "The Bright Shawl," and other pictures made away from the Coast, but this is his first visit to the West.

Powell plays the lead in the Schulberg film opposite Alice Mills, who is also a very recent arrival. Seena Owen is cast prominently in the picture, while Jackie Saunders, Mary Alden and Betty Francisco are in the support. Powell is doing a part that is somewhat more heroic than villainous for a change.

Continued on page 114

Continued from page 90

human hero is bucking up against the human heavy, the four-legged hero is doing the same in some thrilling fight against the black-and-white stallion who is the horse heavy.

Rex is a handsome beast and certainly deserves his honors, but he's the most tempermental star that ever lived. He is wild-spirited and the only system which his trainer and director use successfully with him is to coax him into doing the scene they want.

The whole bunch was scared when they first came here that Rex and the mare, Lady, wouldn't get along together. But finally Rex fell in love with his leading woman, with a coy "ditto" for an answer, and now the big task is to get her to kick at him and lay back her ears in anger. She just won't! And the heavy, Marquis, is the most vicious looking horse alive, all spots and mean eyes, but he is very gentle in real life. I've ridden him—but I wouldn't ride Rex, not while I'm in my right mind!

Mr. Williams declares that in his experience as a Texas ranch rider he never saw a horse as beautifully spirited as Rex. He had to ride Rex bareback for a few scenes and after that he couldn't understand what sort of treatment Rex must have had as a colt to make him kill a man and injure another, as he did before Mr. Roach bought him in Colorado. But that's just because these men know how to handle him—and I don't!

Guinn's father—Guinn Williams, Sr.—has written the most enthusiasts letters to his son, considering that said son's entry into motion pictures was against the wish of his father, who had gotten him a West Point appointment. Mr. Williams, Sr., is in his second term as Congressman from Texas, and probably one of the first preview audiences for the picture will be largely political in character.
Beauty and the Rough Stuff

Hazel Keener, whose facial loveliness was the thing that got her into pictures, has done everything but act pretty in her screen roles.

By Doris Denbo

Hazel Keener has won so many beauty prizes that it isn't news any more when she grabs off another. After reaching California with a number of beauty triumphs behind her she was voted the prettiest girl in Los Angeles, and you know a girl would have to be pretty lovely for that. Then she won a prize for the most beautiful screen face in Hollywood, and gained all the additional prestige that goes with being selected a Wampas Baby Star.

After all that, there wouldn't seem to be anything to do but place Hazel Keener in a luxurious De Mille setting and let her lounge around in the cause of pulchritude. But not so. She has never been any nearer screen luxury than a Harry Langdon comedy. That was her first film work, but being anxious to break away from comedy, she took a job at the F. B. O. studios, thinking that she would get a chance to relax a little. But not so again.

"The first thing they asked her was: "Can you ride horseback?"

"Oh, yes," said Hazel, figuring that perhaps it was one of those parts where she would wear a riding habit now and then. But when they told her she was to play leads opposite Fred Thomson in feature-length Westerns, she felt faint.

So when she met Thomson she told him frankly that she had never mounted a horse in her life and had always been deathly afraid of them. He told her that that was easy, he would teach her before they started the first picture, which was in four days. When Hazel appeared in white riding breeches for her first lesson, Thomson told her to "take off those things and put on overalls"—that she "would probably be wiping up the ground for the greater part of the first lessons."

That made her mad, and though she was frightened out of her wits she would have died rather than let that horse throw her in front of Thomson—so she stuck.

The first thing Thomson taught her was the "flying mount," and she says, "The way I flew over that horse the first dozen times would make an eagle jealous. But finally I managed to hit the horse somewhere in the middle of my flight and after a few successful experiments I had the flying mount down pat."

Under Fred Thomson's continued coaching she learned to handle a horse so well that she made a very successful leading lady for him in six Western features. But Hazel Keener will never forget her first scene with the Thomson company. It was on a runaway horse. Some one gave the horse a kick from behind and off they started. "If that horse was supposed to lend speed to his performance he was a wonderful actor," Hazel laughed. "The director told me to register fear. If I never do another piece of realistic acting in my life I certainly lived my part in that scene. The director was so pleased with it that he forgave me any amateurish signs after that."

Upon finishing with F. B. O. she felt she had had enough of the rough stuff and accepted an offer from a company in San Francisco for a "dramatic lead." When she and her mother arrived the director met them and started right off for location, without even taking them to a hotel first. He gave her the script to read on the way and she found that the day's work consisted in dangling from a small rope over a one-hundred-and-fifty-foot precipice. The rope was to break and she was to drop sixty feet into the Pacific Ocean. She did it, but insisted that they change the plot and cut out the rest of the daredevil stunts they had mapped out for her.

Having gone through the danger and discomfort of a series of "virile" pictures with more grit and courage than you'd expect from a girl of her type, Hazel Keener is at last started toward something better. In the next Harold Lloyd picture she will play a blond widow, a part more suited to her than Western roles.
TRADE-MARK—I’ve got a mark I’ll trade. What have you? Marc Gonzales’ screen career seems to have been quite brief. Just at present, I understand, he is in Venezuela, pearl diving. Don’t ask me why, because that’s an ambition I can’t explain. But we’ll assume that he likes pearls and knows how to dive. It is nice to know something. Tom Mix has gone abroad, taking Mrs. Mix and baby Tomasia with him. Also the big white Stetson, or sombrero, or whatever he calls it, Fox gave a dinner for him before he left, and he rode into the Hotel Astor dining room on Tony. He is certainly good to that horse, never leaves him out of anything. Tom’s latest pictures are “Riders of the Purple Sage” and “The Rainbow Trail.”

DIXIE.—Oh, yes, that’s where mammiss grow on every tree. At least, I assume they grow on trees—there are so many of them. Richard Dix was quite ill with the flu, but he has recovered now. His new pictures are “Too Many Kisses,” with Frances Howard opposite, and “Men and Women,” with Neil Hamilton and Claire Adams. He has a new contract with Paramount, and is to be starred in “The Vanishing American.” The story doesn’t, as you might suspect, reveal the perils of using Hawaiian cream, but is an epic of the American Indian. I presume Richard plays honest Injun. Richard was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1894, and isn’t married yet.

CHORUS GIRL.—And all these years I’ve succeeded in keeping chorus girls out of my life! Yes, there are a great many well-known screen actresses who started out in the “Follies”—Marion Davies, Mae Murray, Mary Hay, Billie Dove, Shahan Day, Kathryn Perry, Doris and Mary Eaton—whew! I’m all out of breath. Pardon me while I stop and get some more.

DUMB DORA.—How would I like to do you a favor, you ask. There is nothing I’d like better except your doing me one. Of course I’ll talk nicely to the editor for you about an interview with Robert Frazer. I always talk nicely to the editor anyhow; if I didn’t I’d be fired. Besides, he’s a nice editor. Robert Frazer was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, but he evidently considers it none of our business when—which is just my crude way of saying that he doesn’t give his age. He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and is a brumette. When I look into my crystal ball to see if he is married, it gets all cloudy, so I can’t say yes or no definitely. Mr. Frazer was formerly on the stage, playing in “Ben-Hur,” “The Wanderer,” and other things. He has played in pictures about ten years, his latest productions being “The Mine with the Iron Door” and “The Charmer.” Addresses are given at the end of The Oracle.

FOUR NOVAROISTS.—Any group calling itself by that name would certainly be expected to have pocketfuls of bombs. As to what Norman Norell’s picture after “Ben-Hur” will be—probably Metro-Goldwyn is so concerned about getting “Ben-Hur” completed that they haven’t given a thought to what its players will make next. Besides, why plan so far ahead? Ramon is twenty-six and has very dark hair and eyes, with a swarthy complexion; he is quite foreign looking. He doesn’t give his home address. I haven’t seen any mention of his brother Mario in any recent pictures.

THE PANIC IS ON.—Well, it isn’t on me, which is something to be thankful for. Norma Shearer is quite young, not more than twenty. I should say, and she isn’t married. As to whether “East Lynne” or “Les Miserables” will ever be done on the screen again, ask the weather man; he likes to play Ley and Doris Kaven, Columbia; Fuller, Mills College, California, and Edythe Chapman, University of Utah, Centenary Female College, Tennessee; June Elvidge, Pennsylvania College; Julia Fayre, Illinois State Normal; Dale Fuller, Mills College, California, and Edythe Chapman, University of Utah.

CURLY TOP.—As to why Pola Negri dresses her hair as she did in “East of Suez,” will you give me three guesses? All three of my guesses are that she likes it like that. Claire Windsor is divorced from Billy Bowes, Florence Rigard seems to be new to the screen; I had never heard of her until she appeared in “East of Suez,” but perhaps you can reach her at the Last Chance, Hollywood studio. Teen Percy recently played in Thomas Meighan’s picture, “Tongues of Flame,” and has just finished “Fashions for Men.”

IRENE RICH FAN.—So you crave information. After all, that’s a harmless craving and one easily satisfied. I join right in with your praises of Irene Rich; let’s give three cheers for her together. On second thought, let’s make it nine—why be stingy? Miss Rich is quite mum about her age. As to whether she is a widow or a divorcée, I am not positive; all I know is that she was left with two little girls to support, and that is why she took up a screen career. Miss Rich was born in Buffalo, New York, and attended St. Margaret’s Girls’ School. Her current picture is “Eve’s Lovers.”

MADAME X.—Would you like to know why Miss Bette Davis was not given a major role in the new picture? Because the studio doesn’t want to risk a big star who has a contract with them. As to the picture itself, it is one of the best of the season, and I think that Bette Davis has done a fine job in it.

FILM FAN.—What is the color of some of the popular picture players’ hair? It comes in all colors, like samples of paint. Bebe Daniels, Valentino, Robert Frazer have black hair. Gloria Swanson, Marie Prevost, Corinne Griffith, Ben Lyon, Eddie Burns, Bert Lytell—and dozens of others—have dark-brown hair. Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Pickford, Edna Murphy, Ralph Graves, George O’Hara, and George Arliss are all blondes. Hope Hampton has red hair, as has Clara Bow—until she changes her mind again; Mary Astor’s hair is auburn. As to actresses who have been to college: Lois Wilson attended Alabama Normal College; Ralph and Doris Day, University of Utah; Dorothy Phillips, Shattesbury College; Carmen Phillips and Betty Blythe, University of California; Lytton and Doris Kaven, Columbia University; Edith Johnson, Vassar; Elsie Ferguson and Evelyn Brent, Normal College, New York; Elaine Hammerstein, Armitage College, Pennsylvania; Eulalie Jenson, Oxford College, Ohio; May Allison, Centenary Female College, Tennessee; June Elvidge, Pennsylvania College; Julia Fayre, Illinois State Normal; Dale Fuller, Mills College, California, and Edythe Chapman, University of Utah.

BELL.—So you can’t guess who I am? Do you really think it matters? Yes, Rod La Rocque is to be starred by Cecil De Mille; his first starring picture will be “The Coming of Amos.” Jutta Goudal is also playing in the production.

Continued on page 121.
Who owns the telephone?

For seven carefree years young John Graves worked in the car shops at Orenville, spending his dollars as fast as he earned them. Soon after his promotion to foreman, he was married and moved to a little white house on Orchard Avenue. Life was happier than ever, but spare dollars were not more plentiful, especially after a third member was added to the family.

Then came a day when the plant superintendent showed John the wisdom of saving a part of his earnings, for the satisfaction it would bring, and for protection against emergencies and old age. He and his young wife, for the first time, learned the difficult art of economy, and finally they came to know the joys of saving and of safe investment.

Today John Graves, and many thousands like him, own the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. This company is owned by more people than any other, and the great majority of its owners—laborers, clerks, housewives, business men and others—have bought it with their savings. As its business has grown, the number of its shareholders has increased until now one out of every 45 telephone subscribers is also a stockholder.
Advertising Section

Madame the Maligned
Continued from page 83

—Mrs. Glyn declaring that she will not attempt to pattern another picture along that line or in any way strive to duplicate a success. Also of the eccentric hound—of the weather in California, which was that day very cold. Then Lew Cody strolled into view and proved incen-
tive for a subject dear to Mrs. Glyn's heart. In “Man and Maid,” Lew Cody is playing the romantic lead, i.e., the hero. Complimenting Mrs. Glyn on her courage in casting Mr. Cody in a part so radically removed from his professional self I asked her how she had managed to see him in a rôle for which our casting directors would never have considered him.

“T is because I have not lost my enthusiasm,” she replied, speaking so rapidly that I found it necessary to give unusual attention in order to catch what she was saying. In fact, she speaks English as though she were speaking French. “I saw in Mr. Cody the exact personality for my disillusioned, war- weary hero. You see, he has lightened his mustache for me. It is even differently cut. He will be excellent in the rôle, I am sure. I love to discover actors and find new attributes in already discovered ones. Many of the players in my pictures are actors—I mean, they were not formerly actors. There is a little girl in this picture I found behind a counter at the Ambassador. I knew the minute I saw her that I wanted her for a rôle.

“The casting of Miss Harriet Hammond in this picture illustrates what I mean. I sought everywhere for a blonde with sympathy and appeal, but unsuccessfully. Then Mr. Thalberg suggested a girl whom he believed to be what I wanted. One day I came into my office and found her sitting there. That instant I knew she was the one. Have you met her? She is very, very lovely; very much the type of my eldest daughter. I didn't let her go away. I took her home and showed her the picture that night and had her massaged by Mrs. ——” I must have registered surprise for Mrs. Glyn explained with a becoming little gesture of the hands, “Ah, yes! I have all of my girls massaged. For correct posture, you know. I will have none of this,” hunching her shoulders and sinking the chest in imitation of the round-shouldered slouch of the flapper, “in my pictures.”

Harriet Hammond is a former Bennett bathing beauty who has had extraordinarily bad luck in her career. The victim of an explosion in one of the studios, she sued the company for injuries received in the accident. She was ill for a long time and on recovering found it difficult to obtain work at any studio. The worst professional move an unknown actor can make is to instigate a law suit against a company. That does not encourage casting directors to engage them in future. But Miss Hammond at last is back in the fold again and under auspicious circumstances. As a prospective Elinor Glyn she will gain much beside the prestige of the picture, for Mrs. Glyn has been a marked influence in the careers of two other stars—Gloria Swanson and Aileen Pringle. Miss Hammond is very grateful.

Since Mrs. Glyn has proven herself—along with Rupert Hughes—as among the few authors combining artistry with box-office value, and thus her worth, her treatment at the hands of the merry pressmen has been more deferential and subdued. In spite of this, what we love to call our national sense of humor occasion- ally breaks bonds rather tactlessly, as was the case at the premier of “His Hour” in Los Angeles. The affair was a rather gala event made more by the presence of Mrs. Glyn and members of the cast at both evening performances. Mrs. Glyn gave a brief and entertaining talk in connection with the Russian atmosphere of the picture and then graciously introduced Aileen Pringle. Dale Fuller, and others. At the end of her talk she was accorded very enthusiastic applause.

Now you know how it is at these million-dollar temples. Overly anxious that there be no pause between the acts and the picture entertainment they often overlap, and before Mrs. Glyn had finished receiving floral tributes and making her bows there flashed on the screen behind her the legend “Hot Air!” This was no inten-tended insult from the management; it was merely the title of the slapstick comedy immediately following.

When the audience realized that it was only a funny coincidence there was a roar through the house such as never greeted Will Rogers at his funniest in the “Follies.”

Say what you will, we Americans have a great little sense of humor, let the national niceties fall where they may.

But Elinor doesn't hold it against us. She probably thought it was funny herself. Anyway, she is going to take out citizenship papers. Which is rather a nice little exhibition of good sportsmanship, isn't it?

All are Free

any beauty aid I know is at your call

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I spend a good many dollars every week in sending out women samples of my beauty aids. And this is why:

My mother took me in a world-search for ways to multiply my beauty. As a result, I became the rage, and won a glorious stage career. Since then—for 40 years—I have kept in touch with the latest discoveries. I have made 35 trips to France. As a result, I have kept my beauty. Now, at a grand-mother's age, countless young girls envy me my hair and my complexion. I believe my beauty helps to be the best the world has found. My own results prove their supremacy. So I decided to place them in every woman's cell. Now all druggists and beauty counters supply them in my name. And I am trying to convince all women who make them by sending samples at my cost. Tell me which you want.

My Youth Cream

My Youth Cream is a remarkable creation, combining many factors that appeal to the present day and tomorrow. Also all the best vines olive gave me to shelter this skin from the sun. Sun dries it out. Sun turns it ruddy. Sun cleans it. I use it as a night cream, also during the day. In a potted plant I have left my Youth Cream to do its work. My relief complex shows what this cream can do.

The cost is 50c. and it is in 75c. tubes.

My Facial Youth

is a liquid toner which I also owe to France. Great Facials" experts the world over now this formula, but their price is too high for most women. It contains no alcohol, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then dries. My Facial Youth will bring you new perfection of what a clean skin means. The cost is 75c.

White Youth Clay

A new-type clay, white, refined and delicate. Vastly different from others so many have employed. It doesn't have that tough idea that turns it. Removes the causes of blackheads and blemishes. Brings a new freshness which means and definitely. Combats the ravages of time, reduces enlarged pores.

No size or shape can afford to do it. It multiplies beauty. My White Youth Clay costs 50c. and 75c.

My Hair Youth

The cause of my heartburn hair, thin, and silky, finer for than 10 years ago. I never had falling hair, dandruff or a touch of gray. A concentrated product containing many herbs, I apply it with an eyedropper directly to the scalp. It tones and stimulates. No man or woman will want to use it when they see what Hair Youth does. The cost is 50c. and 75c. with free drop-pot.

All beauty counters now supply Edna Wallace Hopper's beauty beauty. Send this coupon for a sample of the one you most desire. Also my Beauty Book. Clip coupon now.
A Flower of France

Continued from page 83

Paulette Duval vivid with a gracious poise of manner; sophisticated with that supreme sophistication which conceals itself.

On the screen I found her rather the stereotyped siren, dressed in almost all the drape effects and caught-up and let-down effects that could possibly be devised by a delirious studio designer.

Her make-up made her eyes as hard as gemsets and wiped them of all the beauty and sparkle they have in real life. Perhaps the producers meant her mouth to be hard—but it's a shame to erase with make-up mobile lips which I am sure could have expressed all the worldliness the part called for. And they just had to show her in a bathing suit in the Woman's Athletic Club scenes. That figure just couldn't be wasted!

This is not said in a spirit of criticism of Mlle. Duval personally. These things are by no means her fault. I am only hoping they might possibly be changed, so that you may see on the screen the gracious personality she is in real life.

However, Hope unites her blindfold and twangs her little lyre, for I understand her next picture will allow her to play a—vamp must be said—vamp with a heart of gold. It is to be called "The Exquisite Sinner," I believe.

She told me she did not like to play bad women who were such dyed-in-the-wool transgressors that there was nothing human left. She pointed to her eyes when she said it, and I believe she said something about "the eyes remaining good." Her point was a splendid one. In such a woman as she wishes to portray, the eyes do reflect the innate goodness of the soul as well as the sense of humor which is the saving grace.

I asked her what she wanted to do with the success she is sure to make here.

"Oh, I shall grow flowers. Many, many flowers—all kinds. I shall have a lovely garden like the one I left behind me in France. I shall walk in my lovely garden all day—and I shall have, too, dogs, and cats, and chickens, and sheep, and cows, and horses—"

Yes, all these will this siren have.

The owner of those disturbing long gray eyes, the wearer of those stunning clothes, does not aspire to a great establishment of silk-hung rooms and marble staircases. Ah, no—all she wants is what we know out here as a ranch, where she can putter around all day among her flower beds.

A Touch of the Orient

—an alluring, subtile charm that has bewitched and enamored down through the ages. A seductive, entrancing beauty of mystic depths, captivating and infatuating all those who behold it. It's just a touch your skin and complexion need. The subtle, something they lack—they have never known. Let

GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Touch"

kindle the fascinating, glowing spark of Beauty for you. Just as a few brush strokes of the Master converts the ordinary to the sublime, so will Gouraud's Oriental Cream bring to your skin and complexion the joy of a new dominating and compelling appearance. Your Pathway to Beauty is open. Follow those who for over 85 years have found it their secret of skin and complexion that overshadows all. Made in three shades: White, Flesh, and Rachel. Also made in compacts in all popular shades.

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Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

A NEW, SCIENTIFIC, PAINLESS METHOD OF CORRECTING ILL-SHAPED NOSES

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "look"; therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shape, "TRADOS Model 25," corrects now all ill-shaped noses, without operation, quickly, safely, and permanently. It is the only adjustable, safe and guaranteed patent device that will actually give you a perfect looking nose. It is pleasant and does not interfere with one's occupation, being worn at night. Over 50,000 satisfied users. Recommended by physicians. Children's sizes, Write for testimonials and free booklet, which tells you how to obtain a perfect looking nose.

M. TRILETY, Pioneer Nose-shaping Specialist, Dept. 2421, Binghamton, N.Y.
Make your figure slender!

Take off these excess pounds and bring back that trim figure lost through the years by reducing the weight of more than 100,000 people last year.

You want to reduce your weight and become slender—of course you do. But you have hesitated to try starvation diets, violent exercises, toxicous reducing garments and other strenuous methods of reducing. You would rather be stout than endanger your health by such methods.

You are right! Don't attempt to reduce! You don't have to—you can reduce your weight the same way that more than 100,000 people used successfully last year!

Why should you try some new method when you can use the famous MARMOLA Tablets which have been used by thousands of women and men and have found successful during the past twenty years?

This pleasant way to reduce is so easy to use, so satisfactory that there is no matter how much weight you have been overweight for years or if you are out of control to the mousetrap, you should use MARMOLA Tablets now. Then watch your excess weight disappear—your body produce exactly the weight you want and have taken off as much weight as you want.

Surely this is the way you want to reduce—pleasantly, easily, without any inconvenience, without any bad effects, without losing your looks when you are doing it.

Go to your druggist and get a box of MARMOLA Tablets ($1.00) a box and start using them today. You will soon be enjoying the satisfaction of successful living.

(If you prefer, a box of MARMOLA Tablets will be sent to you in plain wrapper, postage, handling and tax, MARMOLA Company, 224 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.)

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Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Reused color even and perfectly natural in all lights. No streaking.

My Restorer is a time-tested preparation, which has been in use for years ago to renew the original color in my own prematurely gray hair. I am willing to prove its worth by accepting my absolutely Free Trial Offer.

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Send today for the special patented Free Trial Bottle of my Restorer and full instructions for making convincing test on any lock of hair. Indicate color of hair with X. If possible, enclose a lock in your letter.

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Miami Struts Her Stuff

Continued from page 29

Of course, this desire for the simple life is a direct reaction from the sophisticated atmosphere in which she obviously has lived. To repeat, it is the supreme sophistication which conceals itself.

Perhaps I should not compare her with Aileen Pringle. They are on the same lot, doing the same type of work. Doubtless discretion is the better part of drawing comparisons between them. But still, they are alike in their beauty, poise and obvious mental competence. Aileen Pringle is an American Paulette Duval and Paulette Duval is a French Aileen Pringle.

As a parting shot I asked her: "Would you like to marry?"

She looked at me sidewise a moment, and then replied with a shrug: "Perhaps—why not?"

Why not, indeed? Smart woman!

filmed "Where the Pavement Ends," the estate where Bebe Daniels made scenes for a picture a year ago; the houses used in two Betty Compson pictures made in Miami.

People there are interested not only in attracting motion-picture producers, but in plunging adventurously into the business of picture making as well. One of the most interesting projects now under way is the making of a picture called "Down the Suwannee." It all started this way: Twenty young real-estate salesmen disposing of lots in Coral Gables decided that their subdivision was the most beautiful place in the world and should be filmed. And at this crucial moment they discovered an author and a motion-picture director living in their midst. So each of them put in a thousand dollars, a casting agent in New York was wired to send an all-star cast at once, and the first Coral Gables Production was started. Even if its story be nothing at all, even if its direction be inexpert, young people everywhere will want to see the Venetian pool, the country club grounds and the rest of the huge land development.

People who have worked for picture companies tell me that they feel like exiles when they go to a place where the jargon of the studios is foreign and picture personalities are known only by their photographs. A meeting between players who haven't seen each other for years sometimes has the warmth of a family reunion.

It was like that when Myrtle Stedman went out to the Silver Slipper, another of the night clubs of Miami, to see Fritz Scheff. For when Fritz Scheff played "The Pretty Mrs. Smith" in pictures years ago, Myrtle Stedman was not only her chief supporting player but her guide and confidante as well. And there at the Silver Slipper, too, was Eddie Cox, once partner in vaudeville of John Cogan, Sr., and later gag man for Jackie.

Movie companies are surely made welcome in Miami, and do you wonder that they like to go there?
Over the Teacups

Continued from page 33

look at her that he bid ten no trump.

"Barbara's company has engaged Gilbert Selde as scenario editor. He is the author of 'The Seven Lively Arts,' you know, and if you don't think that's a good title for a starring vehicle for her, it is because you don't know Barbara in person.

"Ho-hum!" she murmured languidly, looking about. "Don't you love the line in 'Is Zat So?' where the nurse says that she just loves movies with a lot of servants in because they make her feel so rested? I'd like to see one like that this afternoon. But I haven't seen Edna Murphy in ages, so I guess I'd rather spend my time trying to find her. I don't want her to slip away without saying good-by as May Allison and Bessie Love did. Bessie has gone West to be in a Famous Players picture and May has gone to play in a big special feature that June Mathis is going to supervise for First National. It is 'A Viennese Medley' and is to be directed by a former assistant of Rex Ingram's.

"Hedda Hopper was here for a few days. In just about two weeks she saw all the new shows, all her old friends and went once to each of the big new dances as well as attending the opera four times and entertaining now and then at luncheon.

"Saw Anita Stewart the other day at the Ritz and what do you think that poor girl has let herself in for? She came East to make a picture and found herself being sued by some actress who had been engaged to support her in a vaudeville act about a year ago. She didn't engage them; the same man did who engaged her and why Anita should be responsible for their salaries when she was never able to collect her own I can't see.

"I really must go," Fanny insisted, just as though I had been keeping her. "But before I do I want to enlist you in my latest campaign. I am organizing National Hush Week, to be observed the first week in July. During that week all the campaigners are going to try out different methods of shutting up the people who read subtitles aloud in theaters. By far the most effective means yet discovered is to cast a saccharine smile at the offender and say pityingly, "Oh, can't your friend read?" But if any one can find a better way than that I do want to hear from them."

Fanny has organized many campaigns in her day, but never one that should enlist such enthusiastic public support as this.

Make hearts leap to the spell of your magical hair-free beauty of skin. Learn all that Neet, the dainty hair-removing cream means to you. Use Neet today.

Plunge wholeheartedly into the joys of the day fearing not for an instant what your costume reveals. With skin that is hair-free, lovely and smooth you feel at ease, happy and confident you are at your best. Only Neet, the hair-removing cream can bring assurance of such perfect freedom from unwanted hair. You merely spread it over the surfaces to be treated then rinse away the offending hair. No other method is so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms— to remove hair from the entire forearm takes but a few minutes. To hundreds of thousands all around you, it has brought unexpected loveliness, beauty and charm.

Learn what Neet means to you—buy Neet at your drug or department store. Accept no substitutes. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before— as it does after shaving... Following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube by mail.

Neet

The Hair Removing Cream

Join the Movies!

WIN PART IN BIG $100,000 SERIAL PICTURE

Harry! Join our next contest, winner to get BIG contract at $100 a week with R. T. H. trip to Hollywood and a part in a big $100,000 serial movie! Machines new—A new easy plan to get your start in the movies. Not a beauty contest. Young and old are eligible to take part. No special qualifications needed—no professionals accepted. No matte where you live, you can try.

A Rex Wilson Production
by arrangement with Metro
Distributing Div., Inc.

"The Power God"

This big serial picture, with a thousand thrills, will be filmed in Hollywood, this coming September. We want Eugenia Feiner, a Missouri girl, her opportunity to make spectacular, Laurel Hughes. We also started the famous funny turnover girl, the opposite, for a leading role. If you want to get in this movie—here's your chance. For full particulars address

L. M. KNAPP, 55 E. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Dorothy is impetuous, fleeting, impulsive, flip; Lillian pensive, deliberate, calculating, practical. The little disturber is typical of the young American; Lillian, Old World, aristocratic. Dorothy spoke glowingly of the Duncan sisters, “The Firebrand,” Hefetz, Nurmi, Robert Edmond Jones, and the weather; Lillian listened, smiling. (“I’ve seen ‘Rain’ nine times,” Dorothy exclaimed. “Whenever it comes near New York I see it over and over. Jeane Eacles, grows better every time I see her. She’s marvelous, wonderful, superb!”) Dorothy is an opportunist, reckless perhaps, but gay, and ever on the go. Lillian is the planner, cautious, even reluctant in taking decisive steps. Well she may be. From purely commercial viewpoint her has been a heart-breaking career.

Time after time fortune has hovered above her head, only to fade into thin air before becoming a reality. Griffith never was able to pay huge salaries because of the reckless manner in which he mounts his pictures and the leisure with which he completes them. The Frohman Corporation signed her as a high-salaried star, then promptly dissolved. And latterly Inspiration Films had proven inspired only in so far as acting has been concerned. Both Dick Barthelmess and Henry King had legal difficulties over the trying matter of renumeration, and then Miss Gish was obliged to resort to courts for adjustment of her affairs with them.

Her last picture with Inspiration was “Romola,” in which Dorothy shines best.

“We spent six months in Italy on ‘Romola,’” said Lillian. “We were completely absorbed in it. A beautiful story. I had always had my heart set upon doing it.

“We worked night and day. While light permitted we would find locations and take exteriors. At night at the hotel we would rewrite the script, adjusting it in many instances to local conditions.”

The fact that Lillian Gish has directed pictures and is fully conversant with the technical side of the studio increased her cares tenfold. There were huge dynamos to be imported from Rome, trucks to be located, currents to be converted, licenses to be obtained.

“There were a hundred and one difficulties to overcome.” Her slender white hands fluttered in a descriptive gesture. “The places for backgrounds that were in reach of lighting equipment, Extras, dependable technical assistants. The authorities were most kind, but there were so many obstacles.

“I loved Florence, though,” said Dorothy. “So did Ronald Colman and Henry King.”

“We saw them in Hollywood recently,” Lillian interposed. “We went out for the opening of ‘Romola.’ They said they wanted more Florence and less Hollywood. How that little town has changed. I hadn’t seen it for years and years.... Since ‘Intolerance.’ It was a nice little country town then. Makeshift—Delightful. Now it’s.... it’s so grown-up!”

Dorothy was reminded of Michael Arden, a favorite of the moment. Lillian expressed her admiration for the new Burke autobiography, “The Wind and the Rain.” Both of the blond sisters had enjoyed Mimi’s inimitable “When We Were Very Young.” They were curious regarding the Sinclair Lewis novel, “Arrow-smith.”

Although you would never learn such things from Lillian herself, it is true that she has made tremendous sacrifices for her various successes. In “Way Down East” she played in a raging blizzard until she collapsed before the camera. Her hands were frozen. During the making of “Broken Blossoms” she lost thirteen pounds in ten days as a result of the high emotional tension under which she was laboring. For “The White Sister” she worked night and day all of the final week to complete it on time.

Despite all this she looks youthful and fresh, twenty-five perhaps, pink and white, ethereal.

There is nothing of the theater about her even though she has devoted something over fifteen years to stage and screen.

“The trying part of picture making,” she confessed gently, “is the combining art and business. You are expected to create just as one creates a painting or a symphony, yet you must submit to efficiency men, time clocks, schedules, and manufacturers’ methods. It strikes me as incongruous. Yet I can see perfectly why it is so. But until things undergo a distinct change it will remain an Herculean task to lift pictures above the machine-like standards of program features.”

By the time these lines appear, Lillian Gish should be in Los Angeles, at work on “The Outsider.” But wherever her present—and I trust, more gratifying—contract may take her, Lillian Gish still will remain the great actress of the screen.
A Fairly New Complex

La Rocque laughed, and added, "And we drew down one hundred dollars a week and liked it."

Tom Meighan paused to shake hands. Louis Wolheim rolled through the room, fresh from his strenuous chores in "What Price Glory," and others of varying prominence added to the color of the club.

"Nothing like this in Hollywood," said Rod. "I'll be glad to see home again, but I wish we could make it here in New York. But, of course," he added philosophically, "you can't have everything."

By the time this article appears he will have finished his last Paramount picture, and be at work under De Mille again, on the Coast. All of which should serve to reassure Rod that there will be no immediate necessity for his going back to that onion diet.

Julanne Came Back

Julanne, as you see, is obsessed neither with her own importance nor with motion pictures. She holds the world's record among motion-picture players for retaining an interest in things not concerned with the studio. She did not come into pictures a wistful, soul-starved kid, as so many of our players have; a good home, a liberal education, and artistic standards have kept her from magnifying the importance of her screen success.

But what of her future? Can she go blissfully on in a profession that exacts sacrifice, hardships and heartbreaks from others? I believe she can. Julanne is not the type who would ever be cast for harrowing thrill pictures. Her roles would naturally be fastidious ones. And a glance at the coming season's program suggests that the polite drama is to have its innings. No one has forgotten her in her year away—neither the public nor the producers—for "The Thief of Bagdad" is still running and will be for many months.

She seems an ideal leading woman for either Richard Dix or Rod La Rocque but that is no discovery of mine for both young men are highly enthusiastic over her. Warner Brothers are said to be eager to get her to play opposite John Barrymore when he goes to Hollywood to make a picture next summer. New York studios are offering inducements to her to stay and make a picture in the East. And with all her traveling Julanne is thrilled at the prospect of a month or two in New York.

All in all, it looks as though we would have to go on hating Julanne, charming and lovable as she is.
Is Motion-Picture Stardom Worth While?

Continued from page 45

aside from fan mail. For publicity and salaries of press agent and secretary I pay five thousand a year.

So much for the cost of being a star. The second penalty is the uncertainty of my position. Frankly, this is bound to cause every star or prominent featured player many sleepless nights. Fame is precarious, pedestals shaky, and the higher you go, the greater your responsibility and risk. One bad picture will affect your popularity noticeably; two or three may shatter it.

You waver between certain stories, hesitate between types of production, because mistakes are so difficult to undo, and everything that you have worked so hard to build up may fall if you make the wrong move. "She's slipping," they say, unless you better the quality of your work with every film; and with taste so varying I tell you it's some problem to please the public every time.

In personal appearances an actress meets a satisfaction of her natural vanity and also the other and less happy side, for even this is not unalloyed bliss. It's a great thrill to be stared at and recognized and to have the fans call cordial greetings when you arrive at the theater on some special evening. But—it hurts to be the object of audible and often unkind criticism.

One will say, "She's prettier than on the screen," and another will grumble, "I think she's horrid looking, and what an awful dress—where'd she get all the glass bracelets?" Perhaps it is suppressed envy and desire for the luxuries that success has given me that prompts these remarks. For surely people aren't intentionally so cruel.

You feel perfectly foolish, standing there while the cameras are photographing your arrival for the news reels, feeling yourself being considered both with approval and disapproval. I can sympathize with the animals at the zoo! But personal appearances are a part of maintaining one's relationship with the public, so we have to stand the gaff along with the sincere appreciation that we are given.

Appearing at benefits increases a star's popularity and such requests should not be denied, because they are for good causes and if your name on the program will serve as an attraction and bring more dollars into the fund for the orphans or disabled soldiers it is little enough to donate your services. But, with getting up your number—I always sing—rehearsing, appearing and all, it is an added duty, when you should be resting for next day's work. I have appeared at as many as five benefits in one week.

Unless the star has a good business manager to look after her affairs, she must devote a part of her time to the investment of her savings and keep a weather eye on the conditions of the businesses in which she is financially interested, so that she can dispose of her holdings to advantage and increase them. Her day in the spotlight cannot last forever and if she is wise she will have sufficient of the "good old reliable" laid by to care for herself and her dependents.

My business interests take up a very great deal of time and on days when I'm not and would like to rest or have a little fun I must rush from one appointment to another.

Every film celebrity is deluged with financial demands. Only in exceptional cases, which are easily verified and proven meritorious, do I ever bother with these pleas for money. They cover such a range—fifty dollars for a set of false teeth or ten thousand to finance some fool invention. Every boob with a crazy idea writes me how I can get in on the ground floor and make another million by coming across with some cash.

Usually they conclude, "And God will bless you." If I gave away all that was asked of me, I certainly would need blessing, for I would have nothing else left.

Sometimes these demands are phrased in an actually insolent tone—an implication that as the public has given me this money by recognizing my pictures they are entitled to share it. Why, I'd like to know! I earned every dollar I have, and why should I give it away except to a cause that I know to be worthy? Often these moochers are frauds and I have found that the people who really deserve help are too proud to ask it.

To be sure, many requests come from organized charities, and these are seldom refused by motion-picture people, who are more than generous in such instances.

In this connection should be mentioned the skinflints who pretend a spurious relationship with a movie star to victimize people. Recently a young man telephoned my aunt and claimed that he was a distant relative and asked for permission to call. He drove up in an expensive car and asked the man with whom he
was driving to wait. As he had an appointment, he was immediately shown in. Being unable to prove his relationship, auntie regretted that she would not be able to see him again, and he apologized and withdrew. A few days later the automobile agency called to ask if my “brother” were satisfied with his car.

You see his nifty scheme? My home is known to almost all businessmen in Los Angeles, though it is impossible to get past my eagle-eyed maid without an appointment. This man had asked the salesman to demonstrate the car, and had suggested that they stop by “home” for a moment. “I’m Ruth Roland’s brother—want to see what Ruth thinks of the bus before I buy it.”

Seeing that the man apparently lived at our house and accepting his explanation when he came out, saying that Ruth was “too busy to look ‘er over but knew the model well and approved of it,” the salesman let him have the car on a small cash deposit, without inquiring too carefully into his references.

“I have no brother and you’re out an expensive car unless you can catch him,” I told the agency, “and next time don’t be such a fool.”

I have reserved the duties of stardom to the last, not because they are least but because they are to be taken for granted. Aside from acting, the prominent player has to pass upon stories and scripts, fit costumes, pose for photographs, give interviews, meet and be courteous to a lot of people who may be influential but whom she probably doesn’t care a thing about.

If she produces her own films, she has a hundred other responsibilities and must oversee every phase of the work, including cutting, titling and editing. Her days and most of her evenings are occupied so that, with personal appearances and being seen at social affairs and the theater, which is necessary if she wishes to remain in the public eye, she has little time for her own hobbies, and scant privacy.

I have detailed the advantages and the penalties of motion-picture stardom. I wonder how many girls, realizing that it isn’t all silk and diamonds and luxury and adulation, would deliberately choose a career in the movies?

It’s all very much worth while, though, on the whole. I have sacrificed a lot of pleasures for my work, but I am satisfied.

Call it conceit if you wish, but I know I haven’t failed. I have never thought of myself as a great actress, but I set out to make something of this Ruth Roland person, and I have achieved my ambition. All I have to do now is to hold onto success—which is the hardest job I ever tackled!

I am not sentimental to the point of saccharinity, but I am happy that I have made my life count for something, that I have made money out of my work and have given a bit of cheer to others along the way, that I have entertained people and perhaps brightened a few lives with my make-believe adventures.

I have given the best years of my youth to building up this career of mine, and I have worked hard; but when I have gotten out of it more than repays me. Is it worth while being a movie star? Just direct all inquiries to Ruth Roland, and her answer will come back in one word, a very emphatic “Yes!”

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 55

sacrificing older sisters. Pauline Frederick in “Smoldering Fires” gives away a husband to the family pet, and Alice Terry in “Sackcloth and Scarlet” takes on a nameless baby and a horrid shame.

Of the two little sacrificers, I think Alice Terry did it more gracefully.

Besides, the plot is more refreshing. It begins with the dear little kid sister, Dorothy Sebastian, going West and deceiving a great outdoors man into thinking she’s going to marry him. But she leaves him with his thoughts, and takes the baby home to her sister to hold for a minute.

The little sister goes from bad to worse and Alice Terry looks beautiful even though she can’t explain the baby away. In the end the sister marries her Westerner and dies, so that it is only natural to assume that Miss Terry inherits him later. It seemed to be a one-man family.

The best part of it all is Alice Terry in a black riding habit.

Pauline Frederick does her part with a good deal of emotion. She discovers that her husband cares more for her sister, and sensibly sets out to make everything right for the young folk.

She seems to take her case very earnestly, and makes her climax in a shower of tears.

Laura La Plante is the attractive younger sister and Malcolm MacGregor is the husband that breaks two hearts.
This Won't Matter Much.

"Waking Up the Town," with Jack Pickford and Norma Shearer, is nothing to brood over. It is about a small-town boy, in love with a pretty girl, who is trying to put a power plant into being.

The action is very jumpy, and in the end when there is a storm, and a bad dream about the end of the world, I wasn't sure just when the real story left off and when the dream began.

Jack Pickford is fairly amusing, and Norma Shearer gives a good performance as usual.

Another Point for Eleanor Boardman.

When a plot is a little too wild to be creditable the best thing to do is to make it all in fun, and that is just what has been done successfully in "The Way of a Girl," with Eleanor Boardman, Matt Moore, and William Russell.

Even when things got particularly melodramatic and I was assured over and over again that it was only a moving picture, I liked it.

There is no one on the screen now who can play in a light comedy vein quite as well as Eleanor Boardman, and Matt Moore manages his share of it nicely too.

Right at the beginning you are told that it is only a picture, and you are given a glimpse every now and then of the poor scenario writer suffering over his plot, but when the heroine is held captive in a cave by two murderers, and there is one of the very best slideshows in captivity, the old blood does run cold. Which only goes to prove that a good bit of disaster can fool anybody.

Seven Bad Ones.

"School for Wives" is Leonard Merrick torn into little bits and pieced together by a suburban child of five. They didn't say on the program who adapted it, because they didn't dare.

Conway Tearle is an artist—although after seeing a few samples of his work, I didn't believe it—who marries a rich girl and won't take a penny of her father's ill-gotten gold. They starve in a beautiful studio surrounded by some pretty snappy looking poverty. They finally take some money for the baby's sake, but give it back and scrub floors in the end.

That's really the truth. It's as bad as that. Sigrid Holmquist is the little woman, and Conway Tearle seems to suffer, although I don't believe he can. Not mentally, anyway.

The society people in it are made out to be as low as snakes. I don't see why. Some of our best people are in society.

Then there was "Contraband," with Lois Wilson and Noah Beery. This was taken from a novel by Clarence Budington Kelland, and it's about a little girl who runs a newspaper in a small town, and fights bootleggers. Nobody seemed to have much heart in it.

"Men and Women" is a good name for the picture directed by William de Mille. That's about all you could say for it. It's about some people who get into trouble and go to South America. I wish they'd stay there. Richard Dix, Claire Adams, Neil Hamilton and Flora Finch are the people.

Barbara La Marr lays bare "The Heart of a Siren." This time she concentrates on Conway Tearle, just for revenge at first and later because she has come to care. She looks more like a hungry rabbit with a lettuce leaf than any siren I ever saw. Her dresses do more to show "The Heart of a Siren" than her acting ever could.

After that there was Milton Sills in "I Want My Man," with Doris Kenyon. It was directed by Lambert Willey, who ought to go and have a good cry over it. As the picture grew more and more tragic, the audience laughed harder and harder. Not many comedies bring down such good-natured fun. Doris Kenyon looked pretty as the wife who wanted her man, but that wasn't nearly enough.

Almost as bad was "His Supreme Moment," with Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman. In fact, if it hadn't been for these two attractive people, I'd hate to think what it could have been.

There are some scenes done with color which make the whole thing look like a badly colored postcard of "Cherry Trees in Blossom, Highland Park." Blanche Sweet looks young and pretty and Ronald Colman is convincing with his love making.

I saved "Man and Maid" until last because that is where it should be, if at all. It is Elinor Glyn at her worst, and as everybody knows, that can be pretty bad.

Not only that but it's about a sporting Englishman during the war, and about gentile poverty, and an honest little secretary, and several naughty French ladies, and all manner of unpleasant and stupid things. Lew Cody is the man, and Harriet Hammond is the girl. No one could call her vivacious.

Still it's rather nice on the whole to have pictures like these shown in the early spring. They keep you out in the open air.
Agents and Help Wanted

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, furnishing everything; men and women $30 to $100 weekly, operating our "Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Booklet free. W. Hillier Ragsdale, Drawer 20, East Orange, N. J.

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 227, St. Louis, Mo.


SELLS LIKE BLAZES! New, instant stain and rust remover. For clothes, tins, etc. Fine premium with every sale. Big, Quick Profits, Free Outfit. Write today. Christy, 506 Union, Newark, N. J.


BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. Every owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars. American Monogram Co., 12th and Market St., St. Louis, Mo.


AGENTS, our new Household Cleaning Device washes and dries windows, stoves, clean walls, scrubs, mops. Costs less than brooms. Over half profit. Home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. D2, Rochester, N. Y.

$158-$225 MONTH. Become Railway Postal Clerks. Salaries just raised. Particulars free. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. D2, Rochester, N. Y.

Absolutely no competition selling Val-Style millinery. Lives earn $50 to $150 a week. Write for liberal offer and Exclusive Territory. Val-Style Hat Co., 757 Val-Style Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued

AGENTS: $11.50 daily in advance (send for sworn proof) Introducing New Insured Monopoly. 42 styles, 40 colors, guaranteed seven months. New line now ready. No capital or experience required. You simply take orders. We deliver and collect (for you can deliver, suit yourself) Credit given. Pay You Daily, monthly bonus besides. We furnish samples. Spare time will do. McAvoy Textile Company, Station 4567, Cincinnati, Ohio.


BIG MONEY and fast sales. Every owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.35 profit. 10 orders daily easy. Samples and information free. World Monogram Co., Dept. 12, Newark, N. J.


Help Wanted—Female

ALL Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 65 willing to accept Government positions $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ozment, 396, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' study and all expenses refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-28 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.


Stampering


Business Opportunity

LEARN PRIVILEGE TRADING, remunerative returns, $75 up sufficient. Write Dept. 115, Paul Kaye, 149 Broadway, New York.

FARM LANDS


Eduational

RAILROAD POSTAL CLERKS start $155 monthly railroad pass. Send stamps for questions. Columbus Institute, B-3, Columbus, Ohio.

Help Wanted—Female

$6—$15 A DOZEN decorating pillow tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 110, LaGrange, Ind.

Patents and Lawyers


INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 225, Eau Claire, St. Louis, Mo.

INVENTORS—Write for free guide Books and "Record of Invention Blank" before disclosing inventions. Send model or sketch of invention for inspection and instructions free. Terms reasonable. Victor J. Evans Co., 767 Ninth, Washington, D. C.


Detectives Wanted

MEN—Experience unnecessary; travel: make secret investigations; reports; salaries; expenses. Write American Foreign Detective Agency, 114, St. Louis, Mo.

Rumor has been telling that Carmelita Geraghty will be among the summer brides. She is said to be engaged to Albert Isham, a mining man, resident of Santa Barbara.

Another Loss to Colony.

To many people outside the film world, the name of Hattie, the hairdresser, may mean nothing, although she has on occasion been momentarily celebrated in the news and stories of the colony. Her recent death has, however, been a genuine disaster for a number of the stars whom she served for many years at the studio.

Hattie was credited with remarkable creative ability, and did much to aid in devising the coiffures worn by Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Leatrice Joy and other Paramount stars. Nearly all of the hairdressing for Miss Swanson was done by her, while Gloria was in California, and because of this, to an extent, Hattie had risen to the degree and fame of a real expert.

She had been busy at her occupation until only a very short time before her death. She was taken to a hospital and operated on, dying only a few days later.

Quite a notable début will be that of Balto, the dog which traversed the snowy wastes only a few months ago to the rescue of diphtheria-stricken Nome. Balto was the leader dog of the team driven by Gunnar Kasson. His arrival in Los Angeles for picture work was an affair of almost as great moment as the homecoming of Gloria Swanson, for he was greeted by as many film stars as could arrange time off to be at the station, not to speak of a big popular representation that wanted to observe his first appearance in person.

Are Personal Appearances a Success?
Continued from page 92

much in our own little self-centered world here in Hollywood that it does us good to get out over the country and discover that, though people like the movies, there are lots of other things they’re interested in too and some much more important than the actors. An incident or remark will bring home to us the fact that many people never even heard of us—and that’s good medicine for our egos.

“It gives you a queer feeling to speak to your picture-audience for the first time—like meeting some one you’ve been corresponding with and wondering what he looked like.

“They have an air of waiting to be shown, rather neutral, neither hostile nor overfriendly. You have to win them, convince them that you’re worth listening to. And how the little outbursts of applause, chuckles growing into laughs, do warm your heart! You can almost feel the ice break, know the psychological moment when you have them.

“After that, you feel a real pleasure in talking to them. The first few minutes are the hardest—and believe me, they’re genuine trials! Because the actor realizes his risk, knows if he’s a lemon he hadn’t better come back and he needn’t bother to show his face there again on the screen.

“The upstage bunk won’t go, the ‘I-am-willing-to-let-you-see-me’ manner of the king and the cat. They used to eat that up but now they resent it, knowing that their patronage makes this fellow’s success possible. They like jovial friendliness, but you have to be careful and not carry it too far or you will give them the impression that you are begging favor, and then you lose their respect. I made that error once, and only realized it from a fan’s comment in a letter printed in Picture-Play.

“I’ve been all over the country, and have found Detroit the best personal-appearance town. I don’t know why—unless it’s that Henry Ford pays his people good salaries and they’re prosperous and happy spirited—but the Capitol Theater is always crowded with an enthusiastic audience.

“Next I would list Kansas City, St. Louis, Dallas, and Cleveland, though many other cities also are exceptionally kind to us. The folks of the smaller towns invariably turn out to give an actor a royal reception,
because they have a more personal feeling for their screen favorites. 'Toronto is the only 'cold' town. Perhaps they don't care for us because they see few of our pictures and don't know us, but I think it is due more to a natural reserve. There's a sign in the New York Orpheum office. 'If you think your act's good, try Toronto.'"

Walter is engaged now upon a new series of comedies for Christie—the latest being a Western, a burlesque of Tom Mix's exploits. Upon completing them he will embark upon another loop-the-country tour. He has found it so enjoyable and profitable that he plans to go on a hollywood between each series of pictures, if it can be arranged and if the public's present attitude of friendly consideration toward the movie actor continues.

Love Beats Fame
Continued from page 93

believe that her keen judgment about pictures and her enthusiasm for them will make her a big help as well as a delightful companion for her husband.

But her story has a bigger significance than that. It tells the thousands of girls who are eager to sacrifice everything for the sake of a career in pictures or on the stage that one who has tasted success finds little satisfaction in it.

"I am glad that he is in the picture business, because I love it," Frances told me enthusiastically, "but I am content to be on the side lines. A motion-picture fan with a ringside seat."

The electric lights that announced Frances Howard's name to the public when her first picture was shown did not blind her to all else as they have so many others. Her lukewarm reception by the public was no tragedy to her. Already her analytical mind had told her that she was not great. And I believe that she would have clung to her own decision regardless of what others might have thought.

Her short career in motion pictures brought her more money than she had ever had before, and working in the studio was a pleasant and diverting experience. Before she became discouraged or embittered, self-centered or overzealous; before the glorious enthusiastic years of her youth were gone, she met and married the man she loved.

In my opinion, Frances Howard is one of the outstanding successes of motion pictures, for through them she has found happiness.

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Freckles Removed
Secretly and Quickly

No matter how freckled, muddy or blotchy your complexion may be, it is naturally clear and white.

One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove this to you. Freckles, tan, sallowness, vanish away under the magic of this cool, fragrant cream. Pores are refined. It has a double action. Freckles are greatly bleached out and at the same time your skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. The fact that it has been used the world over for 35 years is its best recommendation.

Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by a strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. You've heard it said that blondes age rapidly. This is the cause.

Costs Nothing If You Are Not Pleased

You were not born with freckles—why put off correcting the milky white skin that nature gave you? Stillman's Freckle Cream is guaranteed to remove freckles or money refunded. Two sizes, $1 and 50¢ at drugstores and department stores.

"Please don't dance any more, dear!"

He was tormented by the thought of another's nearness to her glowing young cheek. He begged for a stroll in the shadowy moonlit garden. She smiled happily at his ardent words. How well she knew the secret of her radiant charm! Pert Rouge could always be depended upon to keep her cheeks aglow with natural rosy redness. Again she had the flattering proof that PERT stays on indefinitely. Its lovely tint had not been affected by perspiration or constant powdering. The slightest touch of her moistened finger spread its creamy greaseless base, blending it so perfectly with her natural coloring that it left no definite outline. She knew it would vanish only at the touch of cold cream or soap. This triumph had convinced her also of the efficacy of another little trick for increasing the beauty of her complexion. After tinting her cheeks with cream Pert she had powdered it lightly. Then she applied Pert Compact Rouge to heighten the warmth of her glow. Both forms of rouge are waterproof.

To her friends she recommends:

- For a face skin, light orange cream Pert changes to pink on the skin and blush tint Compact.
- For a medium skin, dark orange cream Pert and blush tint Compact.
- For an olive skin, rose shade cream Pert and rose Compact.
- For enhancing the beauty of the lips, Pert waterproof Lipstick.

Rouge and Lipstick, 75¢, in U. S. and Canada.

Mail the coupon today with 10¢ for a sample of Pert Rouge. Another 10¢ brings a sample of Wax.

ROSS COMPANY
247 West 17th Street
New York
Every one who works in pictures in the Row is expected to pitch in and help do anything required. If a piano is to be moved, the male star and the featured player and the extra man must join the property man and the camera man and the electrician and the carpenter and painter in "doing the heavy." There isn't a big studio in the West Coast where such freemasonry exists. And those times when a nationally known star has been obtained for just one day, from sixty to one hundred scenes may be shot before the day is ended. There are no retakes, no debated situations. The director knows beforehand exactly what he wants and bang! bang! bang! the shooting goes ahead with all the speed possible from morning till the shades of night start gathering. And when the picture is finished, the one-day star may be assuaged to find that the production will be billed with him as the featured player.

The extra men and girls do not get big pay in Poverty Row. But they figures that earning a few dollars is better than sitting in idleness, so they answer the calls. Some of those who work there, particularly the aged, get little to do at the big studios and are forced to take what is offered in order to eat. And the producers require full measure from every one who is given employment.

"If you go into a fight there and do not break some fellow's nose or come out yourself with a battered eye, they think they've been cheated." Ray Thompson, player athlete, said to me not long ago. "I was called by one film company to stage a fight with a hundred and fifty-pound Greek, a great hulking fellow who resembled the milkman's barn."

"How much do you pay?" I asked.

"What's the remuneration?"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents!" the casting director replied.

"Not for mine!" I told him. "You find some one who needs the money."

From out of Death Valley each year come about one hundred and twenty-five five-reel pictures and numerous two-reel comedies of the slapstick sort—a strange conglomeration of plays. Some are meritorious. Some are awful! Yet, strange as it may seem, the number of absolute flops and failures is comparatively small, due to the fact that such small sums are invested in their production. Pictures made at a cost ranging from four thousand to eight thousand dollars are often sold to State-right exchanges for ten thousand to fourteen thousand dollars, showing a very handsome margin of profit. And it doesn't take long in national distribution for the exchanges to earn back these sums from the small theaters. When producers go over these amounts, however, they get into perilous territory because they then come into competition with the great producing corporations.

Since 1916, when William Horsley opened his commercial laboratory in Death Valley, he has advanced money to more than six hundred productions which went short on funds before being finished. Out of all that lot, only two were left on his hands. Sometimes he has had to sell films to get back the laboratory costs and the money advanced, but usually they have been reclaimed. Sometimes the money advanced mounted so high the producers abandoned hope of salvaging their equities and it was up to the laboratory to sell the films to retrieve its investment. However, out of a six-hundred-thousand-dollar business last year, Mr. Horsley charged off from his books less than seven thousand dollars.

"There is this to be said about Death Valley," he confided. "During the close times of the past few years, it was about the only place making money. It could cut the costs."

Death Valley will thrive regardless of what the great producing companies do. In Podunk and Twelve Corners as well as in Little Italy and at the nickelodeon, its cheap pictures will be shown. It will give the little ingénue with big aspirations a chance sometimes to get a start in pictures and sometimes will provide food for the down-and-outter who has seen better days in other fields. It may be the end of the trail for some but it will be the stepping stone for others who are young. It has been the burial ground of hope for many careers and conversely, the birth ground to fame for those who have the grit and determination to succeed. Carl Laemmle graduated the great Universal Pictures Corporations from Poverty Row and Al Christie made a tremendous business just across the street. But where they have achieved, others have failed and Poverty Row still is a strange intermixture of pathos, humor and tragedy. It's different!
in this, but still has some uproarious moments.

"Silent Watcher, The"—First National. A boy who took his boss' blame, powerfully played by Glenn Hunter, with able assistance from Bessie Love.

"Tarnish"—First National. Domestic tragedy since convincingly acted by Ronald Colman, Marie Prevost, and May McAvoy.

"Thief in Paradise," A"—First National. A lavish spectacle, that also has a Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, and Doris Kenyon are other reasons why you should see it.

"Three Women"—Warnar. A trilling man and his love affairs, directed with finesse and originality by Lubitsch. Lew Cody is the man, while Pauline Frederick, May McAvoy, and Marie Prevost play his amours.


"Wages of Virtue"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, as the darling of the Foreign Legions in Algiers, keeps this far-fetched story interesting.

"Welcome Stranger"—Producers Distributing. The story of a kind old Jew in a narrow-minded community. Dore Davidson, Vidor, and William V. Morgan are splendid.

"Wife of the Centaur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A sex story handled with good taste by King Vidor. John Gilbert, Aileen Pringle, and Eleanor Boardman are in it.

"Worldly Goods"—Paramount. A satire on American go-getters, in which Pat O'Malley plays the ingratiating four flusser.

"A Man's Desires"—First National. An improbable South Seas tale, in which William Siller and Viola Dana do their best.

"Barbara Frietchie"—Producers Distributing. The hackneyed plot of the Northern soldier and the Southern belle, made worth seeing by Florence Vidor and Edmund Lowe.

"Born Rich"—First National. A mediocre story of high life, that has Claire Windsor and a gorgeous set of subtitles as saving graces.

"Café in Cairo" A"—Producers Distributing. Friscilla Dean as an English girl brought up among the sheiks.


"Cloud Rider, The"—F. B. O. Not much on plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

"Cheaper to Marry"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rather poor stuff, built on the theory that it's cheaper to have a saving wife than an expensive girl friend.

"Chu Chin Chow"—Betty Blythe is again draped in beads in this English-made spectacle.


"Deadwood Coach, The"—Fox. Typical Tom Mix material, with the usual amount of fast action.


"Dixie Handicap, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. First Veenan as the impervious Southern gentleman whose horse wins the race in the nick of time.

"Dressmaker from Paris, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous fashion show, but that's about all. "Leatrice Joy," and Ernest Torrence are best Torrence they can.

"East of Suez"—Paramount. Pola Negri in a misguided excision into Oriental melodrama.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl as she thought all men were noble.

"Fast Set, The"—Paramount. William de Mille's attempt at a sophisticated society drama misses fire badly.

"Fifth Avenue Models"—Universal. Mary Philbin is splendid as a girl who is saved from jail and marries her rescuer. Norman Kerry is the man.

"Flaming Passion"—Metro-Goldwyn. All about "Frivolous Sal," an Alaskan queen who reforms a drunken actor. Mae Busch plays Sal with vivid feeling.


"Heart of a Siren"—First National. Barbara La Marr tempting a couple of dozen more men.

"Hot Water"—Pathé. Not up to Harold Lloyd's best, but nevertheless priceless in spots.

"Husband's Secret, Her"—First National. Anita Cobby, Moreno starts out as a bad boy, but reforms when he marries Patsy Ruth Miller.

"If I Marry Again"—First National. Doris Kenyon is the most convincing thing about this maudlin story of marital intrigue.

"Inez from Hollywood"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the reputed wicked siren who sacrifices everything for her sister.

"Lady of the Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer slips a little as a Bovery girl.

"Last Man on Earth, The"—Fox. A crazy and amusing conception of life fifty years from now.

"Lighthouse by the Sea, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda as a heroine, with great support from Rin-Tin-Tin.

"Lover of Camelie, The"—Warner. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost are not so good in this version of the heart-breakingly clowidea.

"Madonna of the Streets"—First National. A minister marries a woman with a past and gets nowhere because she doesn't have the right. Nazimova and Milton Sills are the principals.

"Married Flirts"—Metro-Goldwyn. A dull triangle tale saved by the charm and ability of Pauline Frederick.

"Midnight Monkey"—E. O. french Brent as a clever and fascinating crook who saves the mayor from disgrace.

"On Thin Ice"—Warner. Another crook melodrama, but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Rob-
Do You Know Where to Find the Real West?

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A. M. CHISHOLM

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ADVERTISING SECTION

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 13

thought that plain Americans are not their equals? Why should they kowtow to foreign titles? That has caused many an idle sixpence of mine to repose in my purse waiting to fall in a more worthy place. I like all the good movie stars that are capable of portraying a character with intelligence, but I haven't put any of them on a pedestal before whom I must bow down and do homage. All I expect from them is entertainment.

Catherine B. Kinkead

Brown's Valley, Calif.

Though it may not be as easy or as enjoyable for some to praise as to condemn, it is as easy to become satiated with constant, ill-natured criticism as with sirupy interviews or the ravings of idol worshipers. Whether Betty Ruth Janright is thirteen or thirty, her determined loyalty is a delightful contrast to the cynical knocking of some other fans. I am sure she refers to the players as men and women, and would not expect any one to praise a poor picture.

There are a few stars of whom, as individuals, I have a very high opinion, but it would not give me any pleasure to denounce them publicly by name. In their place I might have done much worse myself. Professionally, I consider them excellently incidentally. Not one of these is in the group of people who have been called "scandal stars."

Film scandals distress me acutely, but one of several reasons why no scandal has ever caused me to shun a good player in a picture I had reason to think would be good, is the fact that a representative of a group of lurid papers told a local news-dealer of my acquaintance that certain reported incidents in the case of a well-known actor had never happened outside the imagination of the news-papers! Said he: "The public that reads our papers wants that stuff, so we give it to them."

I, for one, do not want "that stuff," whether false or true. You can find just what you look for—dirt or decency. It is just as easy to look for the good as for the bad, and I have been astonished at all the good that can be truthfully said of several "scandal stars." It is sometimes difficult to find the truth, but it is not impossible for any one who really cares. It is worth any amount of trouble for the privilege of finding that one's faith in any one has been justified.

M. Elizabeth Kapitz

Bennington, Vt.

I stand rebuffed and rebuked. When I had the audacity to criticize Miss Betty Ruth Janright's attitude of adoring every picture for better or for worse, regardless of anything or everything, I greatly fear that I committed an unpardonable indiscretion. Obviously, I knew not whereof I spoke, for Miss Janright, in her reply, states quite definitely and conclusively that she knows that they—the stars—are all wonderful people in every way. Hurray! (To be sure she candidly admits this, but has never seen any of them personally—but never mind that.)

Her implication that to be a true fan one must simply give up every personal title concerning acting ability, pulchritude, character, and other little odds and ends, and simply remain in an ecstatic state of worship, raises the rather interesting question of what a true fan really is.

For one thing, I believe that there are many persons who are likely to underestimate the importance of their position as mere fans. They appear to overlook the rather vital fact that without a public the whole motion-picture industry would cease to function. The movies are here for our entertainment—they depend upon our support for their very existence. Therefore, it seems to me, we have a perfectly legitimate right to express our views on anything pertaining to the pictures and the actors. I think the public, in Boston theaters, people are gradually acquiring more a critical and sensitive attitude toward the stars. When one of our more sensational stars starves on her matrimonial difficulties with a new performance of unexcelled inanity, the audience here receives it with either boredom or amusement. When that sincere and gracious woman, Anna Lantcliff, falters, our audiences are disappointed, and say so—no blithe glossing over of obvious failure. The ridiculous cry that the players are giving their all—beauty, time, and—er—occasionally, brains—to making the public happy, is hopelessly passe. Every one is perfectly willing to have them be amply repaid for their noble efforts.

And pray, Miss Janright, is it the duty of a fan to admire? I have yet to meet a true fan who appreciates the sacrifice made by the actors and actresses—for the record—and my experience has not been exceptionally limited! I freely admit that such unique personalities as Mary Pickford inspire me with a certain lion-like admiration because of sentimentality! Personally, I think that sincere, well-grounded adoration is a much greater tribute. And what is more, I certainly believe that it is far more sensible to admire the star than the insipid, childish gush which has had so disastrous an effect on certain stars of the past whose downfall was caused largely because they reacted too much in the way of inflated ego to that very sort of thing.

A true fan, then, I would say, is one who dedicates himself unto the stars the place where he is able to discriminate
wisely, appreciate all true and fine efforts, have the courage to cultivate a few common-sense opinions, and refrain from subsiding into maudlin idolatry.

Jean Klemmer.

80 Gainseboro Street, Boston, Mass.

May I say just a word in response to the letter written by Marion DeLaney in the May issue of Picture-Play? She plays the fan weakness who idealizes the star.

May I say, by pen, to her and any others who share her point of view, that all great artists—musicians, authors, painters, sculptors—receive adulation—worship, if you will—for what they have done. Then why should not the actor receive his share? Surely the real actor is an artist, and there is no art greater than the drama. It embraces every phase of life, and therefore pleases every type of humanity. It teaches, it broadens, it is an incentive to ambition not necessarily the stars.

Every star who holds the great admiration of the public has done something to merit that admiration. If they are public entertainers, then in the same class must be placed every other artist I have mentioned, for certainly they paint, write, play, or what it may be, as much to please the public as any actor or actress performs for that reason.

Miss DeLaney says, "You would think that Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and others were gods and goddesses that the public must worship." No, it is not imperative that the public worship any of them. If you do not feel that they have given you anything worth having, or have done nothing to deserve the distinction of being called artists, then you are not asked to praise any of them.

But if other persons see and appreciate a fine bit of acting, it is as natural to make known that appreciation as it would be to acknowledge a brilliant work of their favorite author or an exceptionally distinctive painting by a young artist.

I am an enthusiastic movie fan and laud those who act from the bottom of my heart. As for walking across the street to see any of 'em, I wouldn't either—I'd fly across! I know that some people "wouldn't give a dime to see the Statue of Liberty drop the torch and do a clog dance." Thank Heaven I'm not one of them.

Helen Williams.

225 Englewood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Three Opinions.

I have three opinions I want to express:

First, I wish that Betty Ruth Janright would grow up. The stars are not gods and goddesses—they are human beings with a capacity to hate as well as love, to be mean and conceited as well as to be soft and lovable. Why put them above mortals?

Second, I would like to say that I think Thomas Meighan has lost his charm. That is, his charm as a lover. His age is becoming quite apparent, and he is only trying to hide himself open to ridicule when he tries to play young men. "Coming Through" was absolutely awful.

And, third, I want to let Lee Bailey know that I agree very heartily about Jackie Coogan. He most certainly ought to leave the screen. He is adorable now, but the impression will be spoiled if he continues to play "appealing kid" parts.

I also agree about Pola Negri's playing Joan of Arc. That is because I believe in Pola. I know she could do it, even though Joan was supposed to be quite young.

And now—three cheers for Ray Griffith, who is the best comedian; Valentinio, who is the finest actor, and Alna Rubens, who ought to win every beauty prize in the world! Beth Austin.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Boost for Tommy.

"One of Tommy's Fans," whose letter appears in the May issue of Picture-Play, must be some fan. It seems that she—or he—cannot enjoy a Thomas Meighan picture unless the story is perfect excellence.

Personnally, I would enjoy a film version of the Congressional Record if Mr. Meighan played the leading role.

One of Tommy's Real Fans.

Long Beach, Calif.

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make

Our Finest Screen Artist.

Of all the stars or favorites who are discussed, I look in vain for any opinions on Douglas Fairbanks, who is almost never mentioned. Although one of the older stars, he gives the public some of the greatest and finest of screen masterpieces. I, for one, can never forget "The Mark of Zorro" or "Robin Hood," two of his best. I am now eagerly awaiting "Don Q." In my opinion, Douglas Fairbanks is our finest screen artist.

Alton West.

94 Trossach Road, Stapleton, S. I., N. Y.

"Romance Itself!"

Ian Keith is "romance itself!" Every time I get a glimpse of him on the screen.
Win $1,000

Who Are They?


Solve This Cross-Word Puzzle

TO SOLVE the Puzzle, rearrange the 10 peculiar sentences in the Puzzle above, and write the correct Movie Star names with pencil in the 10 horizontal spaces. Most every one is familiar with the names in the Puzzle, while few, but just to refresh your memory we are mentioning a few: Mouse Blue, Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Bebe Daniels, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, Betty Bronson, Norma Talmadge, Anne Griffith, Lilian Gish, John Barrymore, Ben Turpin, Estelle Taylor, William Farnum, Thomas Meighan, Pola Negri, Richard Dix.

When you are sure your Solution to the Puzzle is correct, cut it out and paste or pin it to a plain piece of paper, PRINT your full Name and Address on the upper left-hand corner of the paper. Then, mail your answer to our office at once.

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I imagine myself sitting out a dance in the garden, under a bright, silvery moon, hearing only the faint sound of a violin and his magical voice whispering words of love. And my mind filled with uncertainty tinged with the satisfaction of flattery.

BESSIE MULVANEY

Scranton, Pa.

A Part for Lilian—Not Pola.

I enjoyed reading "The Song of Songs." The original is a marvelous creation, but I think Paramount mutilated it beyond recognition—via Neiri's "Lily of the Dust." The lovely, wistful, mystic Lilian Gish... But many of his clean-cut little plays, full of humor and action though they were, were of their time only, and their value quite possibly discounted by the reaction of flapper audience to the "fanny clothes" of a few years back.

After all, our enduring love for Wally was not the result of any one superlative picture. Rather it was an appreciation developed and learned by years of consistent work. With any sort of director, whatever leading lady was handy, plays of slight texture, characters of the sketchiest, inexpensive settings, still, month after month, year after year, he gave us our hour of entertainment. Entertainment made worthy while by his genius, for it was no less, for creating something alive—human and lovable one—of a shadow on the screen.

If it were possible for any actor to come up to Wallie Reid's standard, I think Reginald Denny is the one to do it. Some have mentioned Ben Lyon, but I can't imagine him playing such roles. Richard Dix? I'd rather see him in more serious plays, such as "The Christian," Ray Harris, in the May issue, sure hit the nail on the head when he said "Price us some pictures of Wallie Reid." By all means, we want to see his pictures reissued!

ANTOINETTE L. CLUNE.

4341 North Sawyer Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

How Rod's Interview Impressed Two Fans.

Rod La Rocque must certainly was a pessimistic young person the day he was interviewed by Myrtle Gehart. His pathetic little outburst of feeling interested me. Oh, Rod La Rocque. It you only would study humans a little more closely. Quite true, many of our adored idols crumble to nothingness, but let us stop and come to realities.

I've often been in the same mood Mr. La Rocque was on that day. I, too, have been enveloped in the clouds of disillusion, have seen my most cherished hopes and dreams fading before my eyes. But, however, by these experiences I have been taught a profitable lesson. My theory is, trust and love your friends, at the same time modulate your unrealistic tendencies to place them on pedestals so high they are sure to topple, for the strongest of humans often err.

In the very statement Mr. La Rocque makes of his dissatisfaction now that the goal is reached, we have an example of Brownings's philosophy. While struggling for something far beyond his reach he was happy—quite the natural thing.

AUBREY HERBERT.

83 Gloucester Street, Ottawa, Canada.

"The Used-to-be." (Dedicated to Rod La Rocque after reading "Does Success Make Up For What You Lost?" in April Picture-Play.)

I've knocked about the world a bit, I've tasted so-called fame; But in my 

He's just an idle name; I'd give it all for things gone by; I'll know no greater thrill— Than barefoot days of childish play; The vision lingers still.

I've found that on life's highway here, If one but would confess. 'Tis boyhood dreams on which we build Success. Oh, just to be a kid once more, I've got a bout of ache! I want to tramp again this path That memory can't forsake.

EDITH JONES PEARCE.

P. 0. Box 1046, Muncie, Ind.

Let the Sills Fans Speak.

I wish all the Sills fans would get together and say with one voice: "Down with that old stuff! Speak up and tell the world Milton Sills is here to stay!" He is the right choice for the coveted role in the "Life of Christ." Sills hasn't the spiritual beauty of body, mind, and soul. I should like to know who has it? He reigns supreme, the most deserving. I certainly hope he doesn't leave pictures to direct. Can't something be done to keep the screen the world's most remarkable actor? A SILLS FAN.

Chillicothe, Texas.
Hograi for Ronald Colman.—You must be the college yeller leader. However, I’m perfectly willing to be your Picture Play editor, if you’ll sign up with me. Mr. Colman’s newest picture is “His Supreme Moment,” a South American goldmine film made by George Fitzmaurice, Blanchard and the leading man. Yes, Aileen Pringle and Ronald Colman do make a charming screen combination. She has been making “A Kiss in the Dark,” a Paramount and Wild Fire Vitagraph. His Pringle is really real. Pringle, as that is her husband’s name. Yes, she just as charming in real life as she is on the screen; even more so, in fact, as she has a very clever wit, and is a cultured, cosmopolitan person. She was born in San Francisco and educated in London and Paris. She was formerly on the London stage.

Two for Corinne Griffith.—Two what? Not too bad, I hope; not too bad, I hope too much for such a charming lady. Corinne is Mrs. Walter Morosco, and before that she was Mrs. Webster Campbell. She recently has been going public. Pauline Staake, which followed “Declasse,” and is now making “Ashes.” Any of us can make ashes if we care about smoking. Fritzi Ridgeway, your new bride, if you can pronounce her husband’s name, is as clever as I am. It’s spelled Constanza Baktelemoff; if it any one addressed me that way, I’d be pretty well waking at in Russian, Eleanora Fique was born in Philadelphia; no, she isn’t married. She lives at 1622 Vista Del Mar, Hollywood. She and Pat O’Malley have been the leading lady in the screen version of "Proud Flesh."

Search Me.—But would I find anything? Besides, my job is answering questions, not revenue agenting. Theda Bara is soon to make her screen début; I suppose she’s the first one ever—first one ever—first one ever—first one ever in "The Unchasted Woman." Her real name is Theodosia Goodman, and she is Mrs. Charles Brabin in private life, if a screen star may be said to have private life. Pauline Staake played Anne, the lady-in-waiting, in “Forbidden Paradise." Mary Astor is playing opposite Doug in his new picture, "Don Q." By all means, write again; answerings letters keeps me out of mischief; don’t you think that’s worth while?

Oui, Oui.—I put that in to show that I know French, too. But I know only four words, and you’ve used up two of them. Yes, Charles De Rocher is a French actor. He played in "Love and Glory," and has acted with Gloria in "Madame Sans Gene." Gaston Glass is also French, so they had him play in "Parisian Nights" to help put the Paris into the picture. Rene Adoree also helped.

I Wanna Know.—That’s the only way to get educated. Alberta Vaughn and George O’Hara say they are going to be married in June, but you don’t have to be the first to know. Value was married last November to Tove Jansen, a Seattle society girl. Ralph Graves is a widower, his wife, Marjorie Seaman, having died several years ago. Glenn Hunter isn’t married, but was born in Spain in 1888. He is married to Daisy Danziger; he is now in Spain playing in "Mare Nostrum." You can write him through the office of Metro-Goldwyn, 1540 Broadway, New York.

Isabel.—Do I like to get letters? Yes, indeed, though I confess they don’t thrill me as much as they did when I was young and impressionable. Write me as often as you like. I am married yet and so far has not even made any threats of that nature. Write him at the Metropolitan Studios, Culver City, California, where he has a room. Old friends would be willing to change her name from Kornblum to Countess Licketty Split, or what have you? Carmel was born in San Francisco and is the daughter of a rabbi.

Blue Eyes.—Nita Naldi is no longer with Paramount Pictures, but has a contract to play in Valentino’s productions. Her next is "Cobra." No, she isn’t married. Nita is a New York girl of Italian and Irish ancestry. Jane Novak is now married. She was born in St. Louis, Missouri, which is, as the saying goes, a good place to come from. Eva is playing opposite William Fairbanks in a series of pictures.

Stage Door Johnny.—I suppose it’s fun being a stage-door Johnny, depending on what stage you’re in at the time. No, Lois Wilson has never played on the stage, but went into the movies via the beauty-contests of New York. Lois has now been married to a young man born in St. Louis, Missouri, as is, which the saying goes, a good place to come from. Eva is playing opposite William Fairbanks in a series of pictures.

Sure, Dear.—So you can kick higher than your head and want to be a toe dancer? You can get plenty of practice kicks. In my second stage name, without moving your feet off the floor, Yes, Mary Eaton, who played in "His Children’s Children," is a dancer primarily. In my Pennsylvania pictures a few years ago and recently finished another with Johnny Walker, called "The Mad Dancer." Mrs. Valentino, otherwise Natasha Rambova, otherwise Winifred Hunt—she seems to be a rose by any other name—was formerly in Theodore Kosloff’s ballet. Then she took up designing of sets, and now she helps to direct her hus- band and sits in a chair on the set marked "Mrs. Valentino." Yes, she is very beautiful.

Cross Eyes.—Just as long as the cross-ness doesn’t spread! Ben Turpin has been married for lo! these many years. It is said that he wants to retire from the screen now, but his past is so recent, and in order to have more time for his invalid wife, Mary MacLaren has left the movies flat because she married Lieutenant Colonel George Hubert Young, a British army officer stationed in India. India isn’t noted for its wonderful films, if any. Sister Katherine MacDonald hasn’t done much in the screen? No, the marriage to Charles Schoener Johnson.

Welcome.—Of course you’re welcome. In fact, that’s the sign on my door mat, but the cat considers it a private invitation to come and park. I agree with you there are many actors—talent....

Address of Players

Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Reginald Denny, Mary Morris, Valentine Violette, Gurney Merryman, Lottie May, Tony Olsen, Ely Galway, Elmer Clark, Walter Kent, Billy Sunday, George Graker, John Gilbert, Nora Shearer, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Starke, Eleanor Boardman, Dolores Costello, Pauline Lord, Robert McAllister, Hazel Nagel, Max Munn, Sherwood Morosco, Pauline D’Algr, Paulette Duval, and Evelyn Piece, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Bebe Daniels, Gloria Swanson, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan, Darrell Slovak, William Howard, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Culver City, California.

Jeanne Eagels, Mabel Ballin, Billie Dove, George O’Brien, Tom Mix, Charles Jones, Betty Blythe, and Frances Tugboat, at the Fox Studios, Western Division, Los Angeles, California.


Jeanne Eagels, Ruth Chush, and Mary Hay, of Inspiration Picture Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Dorothy Mackall, Marie Doro, Ethel Clayton, and Lincoln Sedman, John Bowers, Margaret de La Motte, Ben Lyon, and Mary Allen, at the Biograph Studios, 507 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.


Madeleine Hurlock, Harry Langdon, Billy Bevan, Alice Day, Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, Escondido, California.

Wallace Macdonald, at 405 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Douglas Maclean, George O’Hara, Alberta White, at the F. B. O. Studios, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Hazard Lloyd and Joyana Ralston, at the Hollywood Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Robert Agnew, at 6357 La Miranda, Hollywood, California.


Charles Lane, 1540 Gardiner Street, Los Angeles, California.

Clyde Nicker, 5531 Lexington Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Alex Blythe, 1770 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Antrim Short, 1721 Cahuenza Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

ROMANCE

You often hear people refer to the "dear old days of romance"—to the time when knight-errants roamed the earth to do honor to a lady’s blue eyes.

These folks say we are living in an age of realism!

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An age of realism! Why, this is the most romantic of all ages.

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Advertisements tell these stories, not with the romantic exaggeration of a jongleur, but with the calm, simple words of sincerity. Here is a firm that spent millions to develop a product that makes your baby comfortable. Here is a company that has labored fifty years to cut a single hour of toil from your day's work. Here is a man who has searched the Seven Seas to produce a new flavor for your dinner.

Romance—this age is full of it. Not just empty romance, but the true romance of achievement, of progress, of the betterment of mankind.

Advertisements tell you
what the romance of business is doing
for you. Read them
"You're fired!" said Bill's father.
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A new portrait of Miss Gish, who has just begun her Metro-Goldwyn contract with "La Bohème."

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The frank and novel viewpoint of Lentice Joy.

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Listening in on the fans' reactions to some of the players.

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Glimpses of the beauty in the homes of the stars.

Representing the Younger Set
A chat with Esther Ralston and Mary Brian.

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The story of Harold Lloyd's would-be substitutes and why they'll never get anywhere.

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A friendly story on George Hackathorne by a friend who "Knew Han When—"

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Portraits in rotogravure of popular players.

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Patsy Ruth Miller discusses them.

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The story of Mrs. Valentino's first independent production.

Over the Teacups
Through the circumspect ways of movie gossip with Fanny the Fan.

A Letter from Location
Helen Ferguson writes of making a picture with a real circus.

On the New York Stage
A review of the latest Broadway productions, and their screen possibilities.

On Sober Reflection
A department of pungent shots at random targets.

The Observer
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Continued on the Second Page Following
Richard Dix

Surely a man who can play the grim
prosecuting attorney to the life in one
mood and then the honest carpenter in "The
Ten Commandments" in another, will never
find any characterization impossible.
Few fans will fail to recall him in "Call of
the Canyon," "To the Last Man," "The
Stranger," and "Manhattan." As a mark
of your appreciation he attains the envied rank
of Paramount star in "A Man Must Live"
and "Too Many Kisses."
He will be the special featured player
in the Great Paramount special, "The
Vanishing American."

Bebe Daniels

If a modern song of blue skies, joy and
merriment were to turn into a human being
its name would probably be Bebe Daniels.
Way back in "Why Change Your Wife,"
Bebe made a great hit. Some of her other
Paramount Pictures are "The Racketers," 
"Nice People," "Affairs of Anatol," "Glimpses
of the Moon," "Heritage of the Desert," and
"Sinners in Heaven."
Who will ever forget the vision of loneliness
she was as Princess Henriette in "Monsieur
Beaucaire." As a fitting reward she was
starred in "Dangerous Money," "Argentine
Love," and "Miss Bluebeard." Her next fea-
tures will be "The Manicure Girl" and
"The Wild Wild Girl."

Paramount Pictures

As you sit in a theatre tonight—think of the millions
sharing Paramount Pictures with you all over the world

The blood-quickening plot, and gorgeous set-
tings, the swift swim of events from moment
to moment, the scale and color of the picture,
the stars—half a dozen if necessary—and a cast
that reads like a movie "Who's Who?!"

That is the scene happening twelve thousand
times a night in the United States and many
times more in other continents across the
sundering seas, and realizing this you begin
to see Paramount's world-leadership in the
movies.

Yet no discontent could be greater than
Paramount's with all past achievement, how-
ever successful commercially, because Para-
mount sees that for every million going regu-
larly to the movies there is a million which
does not know that better pictures have come.

If you have not seen a Paramount Picture
for three months you are out-dated and out-
moded in screen knowledge.

The movies move and life is richer for them.
Follow each season through with Paramount
and you'll see the best shows in town. "On
with the play!"

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"
THE GREATER MOVIE SEASON

is to be launched in August. In every city throughout the country a drive is to be made to stimulate interest in pictures and the big releasing companies are going to show some of the finest productions that they have prepared for what they say promises to be the biggest and best year ever known to picture fans.

PICTURE-PLAY Magazine is going to cooperate with this movement by devoting the next issue in part to the Greater Movie Season, and Edwin Schallert has been commissioned to write about the line-up of new productions which are to be shown, beginning in August.

In addition to this there will be several features of unusual interest. One is a brilliant study of D. W. Griffith, who, as you know, is beginning a new phase of his long career, under conditions which should enable him to produce pictures as fine or finer than he has ever made in the past. This article, written by a man who has known and worked with him for years, is the most illuminating study of D. W. that we have ever read, and we are proud to present it to our readers.

Don Ryan has written a story about two other celebrities of the screen, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, which is quite as unusual as the story about Griffith. It is one that no fan should miss reading.

Two stories which should be of especial interest are by Myrtle Gehhart. In one she gives her impression of "the new Theda Bara," who is at last making a picture that will mark her return to the screen, and in the other she will tell you something about a star about whom little is written, and yet who has retained for years a very large and loyal following. The star is Alice Calhoun, and Miss Gehhart will tell you how this following has been kept without the blare of publicity.
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What the Fans Think

Likes and Dislikes.

Some of the Things I Like About the Movies:

RAMON NOVARRO.
Tom Meighan—and all his pictures, no matter how awful.

PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Leartrice Joy's smile.
Betty Bronson.
The gossip of Fanny the Fan.
Pola Negri when she's all dressed up.
"What the Fans Think."

Things I Don't Like:
The fans who rave about Valentino's white satin breeches.
Valentino.
Milton Sills and his psychology.
Gloria Swanson since she discovered she was the most important star in the movies. Ha! Ha! Ha!
Gloria's press agent.
All press agents.
Movie critics who know it all.
Movie critics who are afraid to say anything against a Mary Pickford picture.
Movie critics who can't see anything good in any picture.
SIDNEY CARROLL.
Long Eddy, N. Y.

From an American Fan Abroad.
Up on somewhat naughty Montmartre, in Paris, is a big music hall—La Cigale. I went to it. Who do you suppose was the star? None other than our old friend, Pearl White. It is a revue. Pearl was in four acts. In some of them she spoke French and got away with it beautifully, although her accent is more Broadway than Rue de la Paix. The French love her. Her pictures have always been popular in France. I have met Frenchmen who were under the impression that all American girls spend their time being snatched from the jaws of death and leaping from precipice to precipice. But Pearl White, in the flesh, was a novelty. I use "in the flesh" advisedly. I am thinking of the silver and diamond gown Pearl wore in the finale of the first act. Her most successful act was a charming little sketch called "Movies in the Home." She played the part of a naughty little girl of twelve and from where I sat she looked it. Pearl had a baby motion-picture machine with which she had taken pictures of intimate scenes of French family life. She collected the family to give them a surprise by showing the pictures she had taken. She surprised them all right. I can give no details. Censors exist. But not on Montmartre. Anyhow, it ended with Pearl being soundly spanked by all her relatives. She deserved it. She was easily the star of a good show with her healthy, breezy personality.

One sees American films constantly and everywhere in Paris. One meets such old friends as Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton in a dozen theaters. Gloria Swanson is a great favorite, and so is Lillian Gish. And PICTURE-PLAY is on sale at the boulevard news stands.
Hotel Ritz, Paris. RAPHAEL WINTERBOTTOM.

A Complaint from New Zealand.

I want to complain about the way Mary Philbin has been treated. I have not yet seen the "Phantom of the Opera," but such vehicles as "The Gaiety Girl" and "The Rose of Paris," gave her very little opportunity. They actually delayed her career; the producers were simply commercializing her sweet personality. I think the fans should all write to the producers and to the magazines and complain.
Wgtn, New Zealand. FANTASIE.

A Movie Dream.

I, being only seventeen, was not allowed to go to my sister's coming out party.
We have a very large house, so the party was held at home. I was told to stay in my room and be sure to be in bed at ten o'clock. You may assume that I was terribly disappointed—but I was not. Safely hidden under my pillow I had a copy of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, and oh! how I did read. I believe it was twelve o'clock when I finally switched off my light.
Do you know, it was not long after that that I found myself at a studio party! Why, there was Mae Murray dancing on the drum, and Rudolph challenging a would-be sheik to a duel for dancing three times in succession with his wife! Lo, and behold, who should come flying in but Doug and Mary on a magic carpet—and still more excitement, Pola Negri saw a cat, screeched like mad—showered imprecations at all of us, and went home.

Who would stride in after that but Gloria Swanson! She looked like a birthday cake. Oh, my, what a rig! Nita Naldi I spied next, but what a changed Nita. She had short skirts to her knees and fluffily bobbed hair. If I remember correctly, some one had to hold me, for in walked Ricardo Cortez, my greatly, almost fiercely adored "Spaniard." I could not describe my delight, but what do you think, he walked straight over to me, and told me he was so glad I had come, because we were going to tango together to amuse the rest of the bunch.
Male Stars and Their Clothes.

There have been so many discussions at various times in the columns of "What the Fans Think" about the clothes of feminine stars, but the clothes of the male stars are never mentioned, and I wonder why, because some of them are just as curious as Gloria Swanson's evening gowns.

The average American actor is, as a rule, appallingly badly tailored, wearing garments of extreme style or fashion, badly cut, and with waistcoats of extraordinary design. The only point in which English films are superior to American, and that is in the clothing of its men stars—and extras. Recently I have sat through several English productions featuring Clive Brook, the best-dressed man on any screen—and a fine actor. His clothes and all accessories are in perfect style and always suit to full evening dress. They breathe the very spirit of Saville Row and sackville Street, the haunts of the greatest tailors in the world. The gowns of Rod La Rocque, George O'Brien, Rudolph Valentino, Ben Lyon, Monte Blue, and Lew Cody are a perpetual source of wonder and amusement. I am sure Dix and Adolphe Menjou are decidedly the best-dressed men of the screen.

LAWRENCE COLLINS.

London, W. S.

A Disillusioned Fan.

I am disillusioned. Lillian Gish and Gloria Swanson were my favorite stars. I was never tired of hearing what a clever, intelligent, well-read person the fair Lillian was, especially her theories on life. But a writer on a New York paper asked her to name a cabinet member, and alas, the answer was Hughes. When the credulous reporter mentioned cabinets meant less than nothing in Hughes' young life, she bravely mentioned General Dawes. I was surprised that she didn't put President Coolidge in the Senate.

I had scarcely recovered from this shock when I read that Gloria Swanson was complaining bitterly because Paramount had given Pola Negri a better farewell party. The divine Gloria announced, according to the article, that she was the most important star in the film industry, and how dared any one give a better party? Sic transit Gloria from my affections.

MARRAINE JACKSON.

In Defense of Entertainers.

I never again hope to be as absolutely furious as I was the other day when I read that note of Miss Marion Debevoise's. Can you imagine any one so lacking in ordinary, everyday vision as not to be thrilled over the prospect of meeting our film favorites? I may be crazy but, personally, I did not think such narrowness existed in this enlightened age.

Thought the vision the players must have, think of how sympathetic they must be, what suffering they must have undergone to create such roles as they do on the screen!

Think what a deep understanding of human nature they must have to play those characters that hold us enthralled for hours at a time!

I believe that if Miss Debevoise would consider the public and find there, a lot may be learned from a lovely cabaret entertainer, and that some of the most interesting people in the world are included in that profession. If one stops to think, her to tell the public that these people must have personality to interest the public, that it requires training and hard work to fit oneself for such a position. I know three people very well who are in the profession, and I cannot let such an attack go unanswered.

ELIZABETH ANNE BAO.

232 Glen Street; Glen Falls, N. Y.

Gilbert vs. Colman.

I have read Miss Jeanette Robertson's opinion of Mr. John Gilbert and Mr. Ronald Colman, and venture to offer my own. About Ransom age I forced my way into a large, ornate picture theater to see "His Hour," which I thought outrageous in its lack of good taste; it seemed to me inconceivable that such a disgusting exhibit of trashy sex nonsense should have been produced by King Vidor. I considered John Gilbert undeniably artificial; his overemphasized, impassioned glances, his exaggerated smile, the theatrical way in which he seized a candle from the table to light a cigarette, and his crude, hectic love scenes. Until I always regarded Mr. Gilbert as being a sincere, earnest, and unassuming young actor, but "His Hour" has altered my mind considerably.

Two weeks after that I slipped into a less popular cinema to view "Tarnish," which I found, apart from the vulgar subtitles, to be a very interesting picture, and undoubtedly that such a disgusting exhibit of trashy sex nonsense should have been produced by King Vidor. I considered John Gilbert undeniably artificial; his overemphasized, impassioned glances, his exaggerated smile, the theatrical way in which he seized a candle from the table to light a cigarette, and his crude, hectic love scenes. Until I always regarded Mr. Gilbert as being a sincere, earnest, and unassuming young actor, but "His Hour" has altered my mind considerably.

The Shadow of Silver Tip

By George Owen Baxter

Of the many writers who have woven the romance of the West into their stories, none enjoys a wider popularity than George Owen Baxter. There is a magic and a wizardry to his story-telling which is the essence of true art. His narratives are simple yet absorbingly dramatic, absorbingly real. They make the reader live over again the vivid life of the primitive West.

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CHELSEA HOUSE

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What the Fans Think

Four Little Girls.
I just want to say a word about four little girls whom I have been watching for some time. Edna Murphy is one. I think her a very lovely, winsome girl. I have been waiting to see her in some big role since I first noticed her in "The Ordained." Virginia Valli is another lovely type, she has a subtle charm that seems to go right to your heart and cling, and makes you leave the theater wishing that you knew her better. Of the four girls I have seen either in pictures, on the stage, or in real life, Vera Reynolds is coming to the top of the ladder as speedily as she can with safety and when she gets there she is going to stay. I hope to see her in more roles like "Feet of Clay." Last but not least, Lilian Rich. I've only seen her in two or three pictures, but I never have had to go to really know an actress as I have in the few fleeting glimpses I've had of her.
B. P.
826 W. Superior Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.

More About Conway.
Here is something new under the sun. A fan who does not think that the typical Conway is the type of a cynical, blase, worldling "red u. on romance"—see Mr. Malcolm Oettinger's article about Mr. Tearle in the May number—and perpetually talking about "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Tempest." I am aware that this is the accepted idea of him, but it is only fair that the minority point of view be recorded. In my judgment, if he be cast as Romeo at all, Romance is the type, but Mr. Tearle is an actor of the utmost versatility, which, however, is given scarcely any opportunity to develop. It is because he is so confided to one particular type of character. There is a pungent drollery and keen sense of fun in which he is never taken by his own mask or his character. Perhaps it is his simple, ingrate simplicity utterly at variance with the famous frown and blase legend. Two of his most successful parts on the screen, Rupert Price in "Ashes of Vengeance," and Stephen Ghent in "The Great Divide," were without a trace of the sophisticated qualities so constantly attributed to him. Also he has shown, in his "arrogant aplomb." To my mind, "arrogant" is of all things exactly what Mr. Tearle never is. "Gracefulness" might be a word of praise. I have come to the conclusion that one reason for the misconception about him is because he is so unaffectedly himself, so innately unself-conscious. He is prepared for the make-believe that is so kind as to let me express my opinions freely. Picture-Play is the most reliable of the pictures to decide upon. Tearle is an actor of the first order, the fact that he is so well cast is a proof of that. He deserves much more than he has had to date. He is the man for the part of the young hero. He has the charm, the grace, and the beauty to go with it. He has the ability to make the audience think and feel. He is a great actor.
L. C.

Personalities Count.
Please publish more articles by Don Ryan. It is delightful to read his frankly unbiased and interesting articles, although his reviews of screen action are doubt may have made him a mortal enemy of every so-called "true fan" who will rise in righteous wrath in defense of their adored hero.

In my opinion, a successful actor is one who succeeds in "putting his personality across." This is best evidenced by our best-known actors. When they are on the screen, even the most casual of the pattern to come from the screen, remains Miss So-and-so, or Mr. So-and-so, the famous actor or actress. There are many who are wont to shed tears over stars of the good old days. Perhaps, but I for one am perfectly content with the stars of to-day. Charming Norma Shearer is my favorite heroine, and I have lost my heart to handsome, debonair George O'Brien.

GOLDIE DRENNICK.
211 Olive Street, Kansas City, Mo.

What Rudolph Needs.
Rudolph Valentino is good and his acting of the best, but unless he starts in to do something else, he is lost, as he is young and might be saved. His work in "Monsieur Beaucaire" was good, but the picture was not what it might have been. It was too summery, too very soft and slow for the volatile Rudy. He needs sparking, moving drama with lots of action. "A Sainted Devil" was pretty awful. He lost a lot of his fans by that picture. I don't know who was at fault, I wonder, Valentino, his wife, or the all-powerful director? I do not dislike this actor, neither do I want him for any sort of a spiritual. Physical Valentino's fans could never give him the steady, loyal, unwavering devotion that Tommy Meighan's fans give him. No, they are just so many fans by that picture. Through the enchanted, wondrously realized, with the Pied Piper's song, with the March of the voluble gems in his eye, he is falling to bring them under his spell and his popularity is steadily declining. I think the reason was with the make-believe that is so kind as to let me express my opinions freely. Picture-Play is the most reliable of the pictures to decide upon. Tearle is an actor of the first order, the fact that he is so well cast is a proof of that. He deserves much more than he has had to date. He has the charm, the grace, and the beauty to go with it. He has the ability to make the audience think and feel. He is a great actor.

A Fan Who Enjoyed "Greed."
In the June Picture-Play magazine, I read Eugene van Houwelen's description of 'Greed.' A fan of Perce Mounter. I was very sorry. A man or woman who can convey his or her every mood as Marmont can is a fine actor. Having seen the best that the stage has to offer, I don't think I can give a right to criticize or defend. I am afraid Trix Mackenzie doesn't know a good actor when she sees one.

Mrs. H. Herz.
Penniman, N. Y.

A Right to Criticize.
In the May issue of the Picture-Play magazine I read Eugene van Houwelen's description of 'Greed.' A man or woman who can convey his or her every mood as Marmont can is a fine actor. Having seen the best that the stage has to offer, I don't think I can give a right to criticize or defend. I am afraid Trix Mackenzie doesn't know a good actor when she sees one.

Mrs. H. Herz.
Penniman, N. Y.
Although she may have a small part in the picture, she is one of the most interesting figures in the cast. She is the kind of girl who can hold her own against any of the other leading stars. 

**From Three College Juniors.**

Thomas Meighan is one of the best actors on the screen, and it seems a shame to waste him on dancy Westerns and tiring melodramas. We poor college students, as well as other fans, have enough dullness in our lives without looking at it on the screen. We want our Tommy in the stories where he can dress up for a change, and with more love of life.

We took a vote and decided that Tommy should appear in the stage plays "Silence, "Madame de la Evening," --exaggerated, of course, for it is really a good story—and Hergehees "Balais." Of course he won't get any of them, but it soothes-us to write about it.

**Three College Juniors.**

New York City.

Why We Crab So Much.

After reading the column "What the Fans Think" in the June issue of Picture-Play Magazine, I must confess I laughed—and my laughter was not exactly mirthful.

I found myself asking: "Why does the public crab?" No one was near to answer my question, but I believe I can answer it myself. The public crabs because the public is a whole, is not educated up, as an appreciation of idealism and truth. They crab because—they say—there are not better pictures, because there are no handsomers than the ones you can get.

We refuse to acknowledge reality. We want to be fed sticky, saccharine stuff with plenty of false thrills that send us home gasping and wondering what it is all about. We eschew the better crab. I go to all the worth-while pictures and also to pictures that are not so worth while. I consider "He Who Gets Slapped" one of the best productions of 1924. If I live a century, its tremendous force, the pathos and weep bits of comedy, its poignant unfairness, will remain fresh in my memory. How like poor Heaven a lot of us are!

For real comedy give us Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd. Why does the slapstick continue? Send the pies to the starving Near East for the public is fed up on them and the pie.

Honesty now? Isn't this the first time I've grabbed? D. M. S. Groton, S. Dak.

Lest You Forget.

"Lest You Forget." How often is written upon a photograph, and then as time passes by we do "forget," I have some photos that I never shall forget. They are very dear and precious to me.

Harold Lockwood—have you forgotten him? He will never be forgotten by me. Hollywood has joined Marin Seymour, two Griffith stars. Can you ever forget their personalities? Olive Thomas—I have three photos of her that are priceless in beauty. Wally Reed—the unforgettable man of years to come. A pal to all, at all times. Lucille Ricksen—one of the sweetest faces upon the screen, value the pose she sent me. It's so girlish and charming.

Continued on page 118

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The Land of Big Rivers

By A. M. Chisholm

The story of a quest for lost treasure. In this case it was not the precious stones, but an immensely valuable cache of furs which a dishonest factor of the Hudson's Bay Company had hidden away years before. Many men were lured into the search—woodsmen, trappers, Indians, sportsmen, and settlers. To most readers, this story will be a revelation of the great fur country of the Northwest.

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By A. M. Chisholm

The "Sitkum" of the story is up at the headwaters of the Al Canoe, in British Columbia, in the midst of a steamer and wagon-road country: no railway. It may amount to something some day; and then again it may not. This is a primitive region, young Bill Stuart was sent to look after the interests of his father, and found himself a Sitkum Mountain Lumberjack. He found plenty of trouble waiting for him, but he found his uncle a touch customer to the fight. Moreover, he was an outdoor man, who knew the woods and hills thoroughly.

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The West, where romance and adventure and lost treasure are still to be found, is described in West, where the frontiers of civilization are still being pushed into the wild.

By A. M. Chisholm

Lives out in this country—British Columbia, the land of big rivers, the great fur country, with its forests and lakes and mountains, and he writes of it with the graphic realism of one who has intimate personal knowledge of the "frontiers" of his story.

The two books announced in this column will transport you to this wonder country and make you see the last West as it really is. All lovers of the outdoors should read.
Milton Sills in “The Making of O’Malley”

THE romantic drama of a cop, who laughs at bullets but flinches before a child’s unhappiness, furnishes the story for Milton Sills’ first starring picture. It’s a he-man rôle in which the happy combination of action and human sympathy provides a splendid tribute to “the world’s finest.” Dorothy Mackaill is the winsome leading lady and the picture, directed by Lambert Hillyer, is based on Gerald Beaumont’s story of the same name.

“The Desert Flower”

AS Maggie Fortune in the adaptation of Don Mullally’s stage success, Colleen Moore—favorite star of “So Big,” “Sally,” and so many other hits—has a new rôle, the sympathetic, appealing part of a fighting waif. They called her the desert flower because she lived uncultivated in an arid waste, but once she took the reins in her hands—she grew at an amazing pace. Lloyd Hughes makes a likable hero as the millionaire hobo. You’ll like his moral regeneration at the hands of the “Desert Flower.” Irving Cummings directed under the supervision of June Mathis.

First National

Experience is like an inheritance—its value depends upon how you apply it.

That’s why First National’s years of experience in the motion picture business are important to you—those years have been devoted to intensive study of the kind of entertainment motion picture fans want.

This policy has been responsible for such a consistent line of successes as “The Sea Hawk,” “Sally,” “Declasse,” “Classmates,” “Secrets,” “Chickie” and countless others. It will be responsible for many future successes. It IS responsible for the truth of the slogan: “If it’s a First National Picture you’ll enjoy it.”
Barbara La Marr in “The White Monkey”

BARBARA LA MARR and John Galsworthy! The combination of an alluring star in a story from an internationally famous author makes this a picture to be enjoyed. The theme is reckless youth after the war. As the pampered social butterfly, Fleur Forsyte, Barbara La Marr strikes the keynote, “We Forsytes have always been able to take care of ourselves.” Disdainful of warnings she flutters on her way, tasting the sweets of life, playing with fire—till her recklessness sets loose a cataclysm. Thomas Holding and Henry Victor support the star. Charles Mack and beautiful Flora Le Breton play the parts of Tony and Victoria in a world of contrast.

It’s a Sawyer-Lubin production, personally supervised by Arthur Sawyer and directed by Phil Rosen, who directed “Abraham Lincoln.”

“Just a Woman”

SHE refused to be “pooh-poohed” as “Just a Woman.” She fought past-masters in “big business.” She fought plotters against her good name—for her husband and baby and their happiness.

When you’ve seen the appeal that beautiful Claire Windsor puts into the part, you’ll realize what a glorious, radiant pride there is in being a woman. Conway Tearle, Percy Marmont, Dorothy Brock and Dorothy Revere are in the cast.

“Just a Woman,” adapted from Eugene Walter’s play, was produced by M. C. Levee with Irving Cummings directing.

Pictures

Pictures You Ought to See

“Chickie”—Dorothy Mackaill in the title role of a vivid picturization of the trials, trials and romance of an everyday working girl. From the newspaper serial with millions of readers. Directed by John Dillon.

“Soul Fire”—Richard Barthelmess at his best in the story of Eric Payne, the musician who sought inspiration over three continents. From Martin Brown’s play “Great Music.” Directed by John Roberson.

“Heart of the Siren”—Barbara La Marr gnaws the tempestuous career and romance of a Spanish prima donna with Conway Tearle as the lover. Directed by Phil Rosen.


“His Supreme Moment”—Ronald Colman and Blanche Sweet are featured in a spectacular picture of love, adventure and mining that travels from a Broadway premiere to a Peruvian mine. Presented by Sam Goldwyn as a George Fitzmaurice production.

“The Necessary Evil”—A vivid drama of how a son survived the test his father stumbled on. Ben Lyon and Viola Dana in the leads. Directed by George Archainbaud.
In listing the forty best films of 1924-5, the National Committee of Better Films place Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer first with ten out of the forty.

This coming season, starting in August, Metro-Goldwyn will beat even this record.

To be shown starting next month:

THE UNHOLY THREE. Lon Chaney the star. Mae Busch and Matt Moore featured. Directed by Tod Browning. The story of a ventriloquist, a giant, and a dwarf.

A SLAVE OF FASHION. Norma Shearer's big starring vehicle with Lew Cody. Hobart Henley, the director. Samuel Shipman, the author.

ROMOLA. Lillian Gish stars. Dorothy Gish featured. Henry King, the director. George Eliot's classic novel. An Inspiration Picture (Chas. H. Duell, pres.).

NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET. A Cosmopolitan Production from Peter B. Kyne's best-seller, with a distinguished cast.

Following these productions will be many other outstanding Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Photoplays, including "The Merry Widow" (directed by Von Stroheim), "Mare Nostrum" (Rex Ingram's successor to "The Four Horsemen"), "The Big Parade" (The "What Price Glory" of the screen), "Lights of Old New York" (A Cosmopolitan Production starring Marion Davies). Fifty-two productions in all will be presented by Louis B. Mayer under the Metro-Goldwyn banner.

"And many More"

"BEN HUR", a Metro-Goldwyn Picture, is now in production at the vast Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios in Culver City, California.
Lillian Gish is making a colorful début with the Metro-Goldwyn company by appearing in "La Bohème," adapted from the famous Puccini opera.
What Price Motherhood?

Leatrice Joy reviews the excitement, turmoil, and joys in her life and career since the arrival of Leatrice II.

By Elza Schallert

The wonder, the benediction, the glory of motherhood have been idealized in song, in poem, in painting.

"But why, oh why, has nobody forewarned young mothers, especially picture actresses, of 'the price we have to pay' for being thus deified?"

In these candid words Leatrice Joy broke my hymn of praise on the charms of her young daughter, Leatrice Joy II., aged five months, when I called upon them in their home at the foot of Hollywood's burnished hills.

We speak of modern madonas, Leatrice is one, indeed. And that afternoon as she stood before the open gate holding her baby close to her heart, kissing with infinite tenderness the tiny transparent fingers that clutched feverishly at her throat, and pressing her lips in benediction upon the restless little head, I couldn't help reflect how thoroughly she epitomized Twentieth Century Motherhood, Unlimited.

An intelligent, capable girl fulfilling the obligations of a career and also performing the duties of motherhood with as great, if not greater degree of mentality, care, judgment and love than many women who have children, and forever after weary themselves, their families and the world in toto by sentimentalizing over the fact.

But I wondered what Leatrice meant by "the price we pay," et cetera. She seemed very happy, very sensible, and it wasn't exactly like her to parade any philosophy of cynicism. Well, this is how she explained the words that sounded so ominous. I was glad that she gave them a humorous inflection, however, because otherwise I am afraid they would have been devastating to the hearts of many of her friends.

The greatest price we professional mothers pay, as I now see it, is not that we have to give up our careers, not that we have to write articles on the care of the young baby's teeth, not that we have to grow thin worrying over our child's future, how she shall be trained or what college she shall attend. No, that isn't it by any means.

It is receiving the hundreds of visitors that pour into the hospital and the home immediately after announcement is made of the child's arrival. It is charming, of course, to greet dear friends and acquaintances on such an occasion. But it is exasperating also to watch those same delightful people take your baby and throw it into the air, wrestle with it, squeeze the breath out of its lungs, bite several of its toes off, punch its nose, and finally masticate at least one of its ears to prove their elation over welcoming into the world another fellow being.
What Price Motherhood?

I certainly intend writing a book of “Don’ts” some day for the friends of all young mothers in the film world. And it may be a handy almanac for nonprofessional mothers, too. To really have proper effect, though, since friends will not take one seriously, the books should be small, artistically bound and handsomely illustrated, and the nurse should hand one to all callers a few minutes before they are permitted to see the baby. In this way the enthusiasm of the friends would be well restrained before they entered the nursery, and the child would stand a better chance of sticking out the eleven rounds.

Honestly, though, the amount of judgment some of our people pass so soon as they set eyes on a young baby is a caution. People who are ordinarily circumspect about their deportment and the use of the English language become next to abnormally when they commence prattling and playing with an infant. I don’t object to their antics of turning somersaults, making funny noises or putting their hats on backwards to try to amuse the child. But I do draw the line at their gabbling “baby talk,” as most of them do.

I think it is terrible to talk to a baby as if it were a half-wit. I shall never permit any one in service in my house to talk that way to Leatrice. I want her treated and spoken to in a sane, grown-up way. It’s bad enough to hear that the movies are still in their infancy, let alone aiding our children to contribute to the cause.

Another thing. This business of hurling a youngster in the air or smothering it in a fur coat that has been worn in the streets all day is bad. Extremely bad. Furthermore, it is so unnecessary. The baby doesn’t know what it’s all about, to begin with, and the mother is perfectly willing to assume that the friends think the enfant extraordinaire without demonstrating it in terms of Dempsey.

To see Miss Joy give impersonations of various types of people in the act of greeting a baby is well worth a price of admission. She has a great way of sitting on a low stool and telling her story in words direct and colorful, which gain emphasis through the lively and excellent pantomime of her hands and the play of her mobile features.

The barest statement of fact becomes drama when expressed by her. Yet she never garbles issues or loses perspective on herself as an actress or mother. She has a mode of reasoning which often reflects masculinity of mind, but even this becomes negative when compared with the tremendous primitive urge of the woman, which in the final analysis is always triumphant.

As the readers of Picture-Play probably know, Miss Joy announced her separation from her husband, Jack Gilbert, almost on the eve of becoming a mother. Judging this action coldly, impartially, it was unusual for any woman to take. It may have been brave. It may not have been. It may have been selfish. It may have been indiscreet. And it may have been neither. But waiving all this, it was unusual. And I am sure many women, especially mothers, who read the item at the time, must have reflected upon the conflicting emotions of joy and sadness, victory, perhaps, and possible loneliness of Leatrice Joy during that first quiet and mysterious hour which brought her full realization that she was a mother.

“I couldn’t deny that I missed the warm, reassuring handshake that means so much to a woman—particularly at that time,” she said.

“But motherhood awakens strange and new impulses. And the very first thought that came to me with uttering force was that I must hurry and become strong so as to put protecting arms around my baby.

“I suppose it is only a natural instinct for mothers to shield their young. But in my instance, motherhood made me immediately a terrible fighter. Why, I believe I was actually on the qui vive all the time for some sort of battle, mental, moral, yes and even physical, to prove the strength, the power, of my great love for little Leatrice.”

“I felt that during those early important years of babyhood, at least during the first year, it would be impossible for me to be working at the studio and performing my duties to my baby at the same time.

“I had to make an unwavering decision. I was asked to go to New York for a picture. That would have meant leaving Leatrice for at least six weeks, and more likely six months. I kept thinking—suppose something should happen to her? Oh, so many things can happen to a little baby! And then one day the ghastly thought came to me—suppose she should die while I am three thousand miles away? That settled matters. Had it been necessary, I would have retired from the screen for all time. Happily, it was not necessary.

“I believe where a really vital issue is involved, there never can be a choice between motherhood and a career. Because the call of one is the answer to life. The call of the other is merely the answer to living.”

Fortunately, Famous Players and my director, Paul Bern, were most considerate in their terms when they offered me The Dressmaker from Paris rôle. I suppose I was quite arbitrary in stating the conditions under which I would work, but I simply had to be in order to play fair with Leatrice. So my ultimatum was, ‘If the studio and Mr. Bern will permit me to leave work promptly every four hours so that I can get home to nurse my baby, I will accept. If this can’t be satisfactorily arranged, then I am very sorry. But I couldn’t possibly become interested in any rôle, no matter how great, that would separate me from my child at this particular time.’

“Of course, everything worked out beautifully. The studio and Mr. Bern were very much interested and helpful to me during the making of the picture and I shall always feel grateful to them, because we were all working under more or less of a strain.

“It is always difficult to divide your forces, to try to concentrate on one thing, while your heart is calling to another. But the experience, though somewhat trying physically, taught me a great lesson: That it is possible to have a career and a family at the same time.

“This is not a new discovery, I admit. Greater women and artists than I ever dare hope to be have proven it long ago. But it was a new problem to me, and for a time I was perplexed about it. It’s a difficult problem for any woman.

“I believe that motherhood brings to fruition all of the talents and ability that a woman possesses. It

Continued on page 98
Jealous of the Stars

By Harold Seton

BEFORE reaching the conclusions contained in this article, I experimented again and again, by dividing my attention when at the movies. While using my eyes to view the picture play, I used my ears to overhear the comments. Instead of lessening my interest in the film, this procedure rather increased it, broadening my outlook, since I could gauge the viewpoint of other people.

In this way I learned various lessons in human nature. One of the most surprising things is that there is a certain proportion among the film fans who are jealous of the stars! More or less jealous, as the case may be. And sometimes this jealousy is combined with admiration. Is, indeed, called forth by admiration.

Of course, the women are never jealous of the men, and the men are never jealous of the women, the patrons confining their resentment to their own sex. Furthermore, two women who view a picture together may make various criticisms, but are less caustic in their comments than when a woman and a man view the picture together.

I have heard one woman ask another, “Don’t you think she wears freakish clothes? They are neither smart nor becoming.” To which another replied, “And do you like the way she does her hair? I think it is a perfect mess!” Or, “She always has too much makeup around her eyes!” and, “She never forgets herself for a minute! Always posing and making faces!”

When the men remark, “She is pretty; isn’t she?” the woman may reply, “Do you think so, with that skinny neck and those queer eyes?” Or, if he observes, “She looks great in that costume!” he may hear, “Yes, but not ladylike or refined. Just fast and flashy.”

Indeed, I have heard almost every charm of almost every female of the films defended by the men and denounced by the women, including Mary Pickford’s curls, Barbara La Marr’s mouth, Gloria Swanson’s nose, Mae Murray’s shoulders, and so on and so forth.

The same sort of thing is indulged in wherever and whenever males and females are brought together and jealousies are aroused, whether among boys and girls at school or men and women at work or at play. In small towns or in big cities this condition exists. But what really amazed me was to discover that human beings could be jealous of cinema shadows.

Nor are the females the only ones who are subject to these envies and resentments, although they are, perhaps, more frank in revealing such emotions. Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and other comedians, who prefer to be ludicrous rather than romantic, are not feared by the “gentleman friends” who pay for the tickets to give the “lady friends” a treat. Nor are character actors who are willing to make themselves ugly and unattractive for art’s sake, like Lon Chaney.

But frequently, when the women have raved over the good looks of the leading men, the escorts have more or less emphatically disagreed. I have never heard any men criticize William S. Hart, perhaps because I have never heard any women rave over Bill’s magnetism. And, as I have only rarely heard women gush about Thomas Meighan’s charms, I have only rarely heard men offer contradictions.

But once, when a woman insisted that Conrad Nagel was “the handsomest man in pictures,” a man insisted that “Blond men always seem insipid!” I turned around to look at the couple who thus expressed themselves, and saw that the man who disliked blond men was dark and swarthy.

Similarly, when a female declared that Rudolph Valentino had “such wonderful, shiny black hair, and such marvelous, flashing black eyes,” a male declared that “Men as dark as that are apt to be sneaky and treacherous!” Stealing a glance at this emphatic gentleman, my suspicion was confirmed, for he had a pink-and-white complexion and pale-yellow hair.

The Latin lovers have aroused especial animosity, I have noted, from fellows who themselves are anything but romantic or picturesque, Valentino, Moreno, Novarro and Ricardo Cortez sharing in the slighting remarks which are in reality compliments in disguise.

This feeling of annoyance over screen celebrities is carried to a ludicrous extreme where children are concerned. Again and again I have heard proud mothers declare that they found no talent whatever in the performances of Jackie Coogan or Baby Peggy, adding, by way of explanation and revelation, that their Willie or their Aggie could do just as well and even better.

Once I heard a voice of unmistakable accent avow, “Ah, suddenly can’t see why Dat dar chile is paid a scan’lous amount o’ money while any o’ mah fo’ chil- bun could display no’ talent if dey was only give a oppor-toonity!” The indignant individual thus expressing herself was very buxom and very black. The object of her denunciation was none other than Farina, of “Our Gang!”

Another thing that causes resentment among fami-
nine fans, probably because of unconscious envy, is the expensive clothes worn by stars like Corinne Griffith.

I have often heard Miss Griffith's gowns criticized in extremes, as either "cheap looking" or "too flashy and overdone." Turning once upon hearing a grumble, "She doesn't carry herself like a person of distinction," I noticed that the girl who made the remark walked with an athletic stride, a contrast to Miss Griffith's charming languor.

Frequently this resentment has its root in a player's unintentional carelessness. Once I heard a man exclaim, "Bert Lytell is an awful snob." His companion, a pretty girl, defended Lytell, whereupon the man explained, "Well, I wrote him for an autographed picture. Did I get it? I did not. He should bother with the mere public that gave him his fame and money."

Perhaps Bert really overlooked this request, it being but one among many; or mayhap the letter was lost or the oversight due to his secretary's negligence. But it seemed such a petty cause for a prejudice.

When a player wins prominence very quickly, is intrusted with a big opportunity by film executives who have faith in a talent as yet undisclosed to the public, the audiences have an exaggerated "show me" attitude, and are doubly critical.

Numberless times I have heard Dorothy Mackaill violently criticized, in such scathing words as these, "Pretty soft for her—luck, that's all. "I could act rings around her—and look where she is and where I am." "If you call that girl good looking, I win the golden apple. She ought to be ashamed to take the money. She should expose her face over a counter instead of trying to break the lens of a camera."

And when Betty Bronson appeared as Peter Pan, though hundreds took her winsome charm immediately to their hearts, many apparently had made up their minds to disapprove of her. At the premiere of the film, this comment filtered to me through the crowd jammed outside the theater, "She's not so tiny—she's really a woman of about thirty, and much larger. They use some sort of reducing glass to make her look small." At that moment Betty appeared, and the speaker's face turned crimson with mortification when the real Betty proved to be a dainty little miss. Need I say that the girl who had made the remark was quite tall and awkward?

The more individual flappers scorn the sweetness of screen ingenues, while the reserved, bashful girls take an aversion to actresses of verve and peppy personality like Clara Bow. A criticism of Marjorie Daw, "If that stick of sugar candy can make good in pictures I sure ought to take a trip to Hollywood," caused me to look over the speaker—a blonde of the nervy, volatile sort.

A man thought Ruth Roland, "A good looker and a dandy actress," but the girl with him curled her lips and insisted, "She's horribly overdressed—hasn't she any taste at all?" Florence Vidor's matronly charm finds many admirers, though numbers claim, "It's all hokum, about her sweet disposition. My cousin out in Hollywood says she raises thunder on the sets. And she hasn't any daughter—that's her niece she borrows to pose for pictures."

The information about the players which is printed in magazines and newspapers is often ludicrously exaggerated. "Hedda Hopper's been married seven times—or is it nine?" they say. And, "No wonder Barbara La Marr can vamp—look at the string of fools men that fall for her. Well, she couldn't vamp me!" It was barely possible. I thought, as I regarded the dyspeptic individual who so thoroughly disliked Miss La Marr's technique, that she might not care to try!

If an actor sports a mustache, suitable to the character, he is impersonating, some jealous person will exclaim, "Humph, Doug Fairbanks grew one, so he had to follow suit."

"She has to have that hair curled every day," says the flapper with the straight, boyish bob, scornful eyes upon the cinema beauty's shadow self.

A blonde is likely to be characterized as "a drug store" or "a peroxide" by brunettes who doubtlessly
The Settings they Choose for Themselves

HOME is where the heart is and when one is lucky enough to have the means to gratify his tastes it is also the place where furnishings that express the individuality of the owners are to be found. So in Hollywood the players' homes are a veritable index of their personalities.

Because so much of their time is spent in the studios in sets where decorations of bizarre designs are used, the tendency in their homes is toward simplicity. Only in the bright-colored chintzes for which English homes are famous, and in the rich hues of early Italian upholstery, are these Californians prodigal. And to seem a part of the country where they live, California homes must be colorful.

Few motion-picture players have time for formal entertainments, and so their homes boast few reception halls but many living rooms that offer comfort and restfulness.

Glimpses of a few of the attractive homes in Hollywood are shown on this and succeeding pages. The picture above shows that Mr. and Mrs. Walter Morosco—Corinne Griffith—like wide, comfortable chairs and gay-colored chintzes in their Beverly Hills home. On the left, Colleen Moore's home shows how she preserved a sense of dignity throughout the Italian furnishings of her dining room, but on
Formal, almost austere, are the furnishings of Joseph Schenck's bedroom. His love of beauty seems almost submerged in a rigid sense of efficiency—or so these furnishings would suggest.

reaching the living-room she became her informal, spirited self and followed no dictates of period—just her own taste.

Cool wicker furniture and grass rugs appeal to Herbert Rawlinson while Aileen Pringle, with characteristic prodigality, covers an armchair with an exquisite Spanish shawl.
Comfortable chairs and lounges, books and cigarettes always within reach, and nothing startling to arrest one's attention, is Rod La Rocque's idea of a home.

Little personality touches make Lois Wilson's home a beguiling and informal place, while Norma Talmadge's new home is distinctive because of its exquisite furnishings. She and Constance are particularly fond of her boudoir, where they hold sisterly conferences.
Ernest Torrence goes in for striking, bold designs and utter comfort, as one might expect, while Pola Negri favors Italian rococo furnishings like the bed at the left.

Neither the artistic nor practical side of Charles Ray's nature will give way to the other, so he compromises by mounting a typewriter on his delicate little Chinese desk.
Representing the Younger Set

OVERJOYED doesn’t half express how I felt when I heard I was to meet two of the girls who played in “Peter Pan”—Mary Brian, who played Wendy, and Esther Ralston, who was Mrs. Darlings.

When “Peter Pan” finally burst on our horizon, the movie public suddenly found itself presented with an entirely new group of film personalities—a “Peter Pan” group of players who hadn’t yet grown up. Always eager to grasp something new in the movies and see whether they are worth fastening our adulation on them or not, we fans have been curious to know just who and what are these young folks.

Perhaps I was a little more curious than the rest because when I was out there a few years ago Hollywood had no such younger set of new talent. How I wish it had—so I could have met them all! It’s rather nice to think a crowd of boys and girls, about the same ages as the average movie fan, have a definite place in the movie world. They don’t seem so far removed from our own sets, and we feel as if we had a little something in common with them anyway.

Remembering all the thrills and sensations experienced when I, just a movie fan, was shown all the wonders and secrets of movieland, I figured that these young, unknown girls, who had been launched so suddenly into fame and fortune, must have experiences even more exciting and worth describing. “Peter Pan” still seemed to be exerting its magic influence, for here I was, returning to delve into movieland after a whole year’s absence.

No matter how many movie stars you might meet, if you are a real fan you’ll never fail to experience a new thrill of interest in going to meet another player. It seems there is always something that sets each one apart from the rest. The other stars had been mostly all famed celebrities of several years’ standing; far removed from our lives and inspiring a humble fan worshiper mostly with awe. These young girls might have been two of us who had suddenly had the gates of opportunity opened for them. You wouldn’t feel awe—just mostly eagerness to meet them and see just what effect such sudden success and importance had on them. I would be getting first-hand information, I knew, because Mary Brian is “one of the crowd,” and Esther Ralston is sort of big sister and mother confessor to all of us.

They were both in between pictures, so I was to meet them at the hotel where they were stopping during their stay in the East. It was the big, new “Shelton” uptown. And it seemed a very impressive and ultramodern structure to house “Peter Pan” folks.

It is interesting and absorbing enough to talk with one movie player at a time, but here I was to meet Mary Brian and Miss Ralston together. As we sat and waited for them in the corridor, I felt like telling every one that passed through that I was waiting to meet two of the “Peter Pan” actresses. And then I thought if I was feeling so important at just meeting them, how did they feel at being the important people? With Esther Ralston, of course, it would be only deserved recognition of several years of steady climbing, but with such a young, inexperienced girl as Mary Brian it might be likely to make her feel very big and self-important.

The minute I saw the demure-looking little girl stepping out of the elevator with her mother I felt quite sure it hadn’t had any such effect on her.

Esther Ralston hadn’t arrived yet, so we all went into the big lounging room to wait for her and to talk. We sat together on the lounge and at first it seemed as if Mary

Continued on page 100
They Think They Look Like Harold Lloyd

But in believing that on that account they might do well in the movies, his admirers are overlooking the lesson that Harold learned some years ago, and which was a big factor in his real success.

By A. L. Wooldridge

EVER since Harold Lloyd's "Grandma's Boy" was released in 1922, young men from all over the world have been writing to him wanting a chance to "do his stuff" and sending him photographs to show how nearly they are his counterparts. From England, Australia, France, Italy, as well as from towns in most every section of the United States, letters and pictures have come and some of the photographs received do look somewhat like Lloyd—not as he is, but as he appears on the screen. One woman, even, donned the horn-rimmed glasses and posed for a photograph to show the similarity of their features.

The situation presents a peculiar study in psychology. Douglas Fairbanks gets photographs occasionally of big-chested, thick-necked athletes who want to do stunts for him in the movies and one range-riding cowboy called Tom Mix offering to double for him. But no other player gets anywhere near the number of applications that come to Lloyd.

Without a doubt, "Grandma's Boy" is the most popular picture Lloyd ever has done. Although it has been running three years, it still is going and earning a barrel of money. Its popular appeal is almost epochal.

It was his first big success in five-reel productions. In it he rose to a height as a comedian he never before had attained. Yet, strangely enough, that picture, his greatest effort up to that time, into which years of experience and training had gone, caused countless young men to believe that they could duplicate his performance! And they have written to him offering their services in case he wants a double or becomes indisposed or for some other reason needs some one to take his place in a future production.

In reality, they are paying him a compliment. "Grandma's Boy" looked so simple. It appeared that any one given the farcical situations written into the play could act the part of that timid, bashful, fearful young man who believed himself a failure in business, a failure in love, a failure in fighting and a failure in practically everything. The acting of Harold Lloyd appeared, to their minds, such a small part of the funny production. Few seemed to realize that it was the actor's personality which made the play a success and that it was his genius which both conceived and executed it. Students of the school of acting know that it was the individuality of Joseph Jefferson and Richard Mansfield which made their performances stand out on the stage, regardless of Harold Lloyd as Lonesome Luke, a characterization he disliked, and abandoned as soon as he could.
the rôles they were playing; that it was the individuality of Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson and Lillian Gish and Pola Negri and Zasu Pitts and a dozen others which won for them their particular success on the screen.

The greatest difficulty experienced by aspiring young actors and actresses and which has kept thousands of talented persons from the screen, is the inability to offer new ideas, new personalities. Down through the whole list of celebrities, the successful players are those who came forward with something different, something distinct and apart from what is offered by any one else. There is but one Fairbanks, but one Chaplin, but one Pickford, but one Gish and but one Lloyd. But there are imitators of each—who always will be just imitators. Decades ago, Emerson said in his essay on "Self Reliance:"

"There is a time in every man's education, when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for better or for worse, as his portion: that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, but none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

Harold Lloyd reached that point in his career eight or nine years ago when he realized that "imitation is suicide." And the story of how he began his real fight for success from that point is worthy of telling to all who aspire to cinematic careers. When he made his appearance in pictures and scored his first limited success, he played the part of Lonesome Luke in the Hal Roach comedies of that name. Approximately one hundred and fifty one-reelers were made by him as Lonesome Luke. It was just at the time Charles Chaplin was mounting to dizzy heights as a farceur and his derby hat, baggy trousers, enormous shoes and cane were becoming internationally known. Chaplin wore a mustache and so all comedians wore mustaches.

"But I didn't want to be a second-hand comedian," Lloyd said to me recently, "so, instead of wearing baggy trousers, I put on skin-tight trousers and wore a different kind of mustache. The Lonesome Luke comedies were getting over but I wasn't satisfied. I wanted something individual, something different, something which wouldn't cause me to be compared to anybody else. I wanted my part alone. One day I saw a man in a little Main Street playhouse wearing horn-rimmed glasses but with no comical make-up on, and while his appearance was funny he was not, to my idea, making the most of his opportunities. It flashed into my mind that here was what I was looking for. Here was a character no one else was attempting on the screen and I was chafed as I pondered over the possibilities."

Lloyd told of his efforts to make Pathe give him the chance to substitute the new characterization for that of Lonesome Luke and of the company's refusal because the series had developed into a financial success. Only when he announced that he would quit when his contract expired and the "Lonesome Luke" comedies would have to end, did the company agree to consider the change.

Then, his days of imitating were over and he became "Harold Lloyd, comedian." All his comedies since then have been driven by the force of his genius. He studied the things that make people laugh. He conceived the idea of the timid, well-meaning young man who invariably put his foot into it. He created a character that was lovable, human—a character which, because of so many discomforts he encountered, won the interest and sympathy of audiences. He essayed nothing but homely rôles. He never has produced a play which was in the slightest detail suggestive. He found that the simple things which might happen in any one's life but which had an odd quirk or turn or ending, produced the greatest laughter.

No better example of this idea might be advanced than the scene in "Grandma's Boy" where, dressed in his deceased grandfather's clothing of the style of '62, he went calling on his girl. He wore the shoes which for fifty years had lain in his grandma's trunk and which, before she gave them to him to put on, were amply saturated with goose-grease from the pantry jar. When he arrived at his girl's home, a kitten smelled the goose grease and began licking his shoes. Then it stopped suddenly, trotted out to the kitchen and returned presently with a whole flock of kittens—all its brothers and sisters—to enjoy the feast on the grease-soaked footwear. The discomfort of the wearer in the presence of his girl was awful. When he pushed the cats away, they returned with avidity to resume their meal and both he and the girl were howled at. Audiences fairly screamed with laughter as they looked at this poor, embarrassed but well-meaning young man. But they sympathized with him.
Among Those Present

Brief sketches of some of the most interesting people in pictures.

She Comes from Norway

STARS, move over! Make room for one more.

William de Mille has a new face and figure for the firmament.

He is enthusiastic. He is exuberant. If the spotlight will be turned on the center of the stage for a few moments, Mr. de Mille will lead out before you a little blond girl who clutches a contract in one hand, and he will make a little speech something like this:

"Ladies and gentlemen: This is Greta Nissen, whose services Famous Players-Lasky have just obtained. Miss Nissen made her début on the stage as a protégée of the King and Queen of Norway. She won success in Scandinavia as an interpretative dancer, but realizing that the end of the rainbow and the pot of gold were to be found somewhere in America, she crossed the seas. In New York, her beauty and ability so shone in 'Beggar on Horseback' that Jesse L. Lasky, our first vice president, signed her for three years and told her to hie to Hollywood. Her first picture was 'In the Name of Love,' directed by Howard Higgin. A screen version of the stage play, 'Banco,' has been written by Clara Beranger, and Miss Nissen will be featured therein."

Then, as the little Scandinavian actress bows and retires, De Mille will add, confidentially:

"If she goes on in her work with the same understanding and the same seriousness with which she started, she is destined to become a star in motion pictures. She decidedly is an individual. One cannot classify her. She is exquisite. She is delicately appealing. There is strength in her work, her thoughts, her ideas. I thank you!"

"Husky" Haines, Comedian

RICHARD JONES, director general and vice president of the Hal Roach studios, lived for a time in Los Angeles next door to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Haines. Haines was an automobile dealer. They had a baby, Jack, Jr.

In December, 1924, when young Haines was eleven and one half months old, Jones suddenly recognized in the infant a perfect type. He was strong and chunky.

Nicknamed "Husky" and serving of it, the kid was just beginning to be bored with life and trying to figure out the process of navigation on his young legs when he was taken out to the Roach studio. He was put to work with Glenn Tyron in a two-reel comedy, "Whose Baby Are You?" directed by James W. Horne. Before the picture was finished he was recognized by the entire company as a type. He learned to walk during the filming. Since then he has played with "Our Gang" and in another Tyron picture, "Daddy Goes a-Grunting." Now he is working with Hal Roach's "star comedy" troupe, an all-star unit, directed by Jay Howe. His mother takes care of him on the set and every one wants to help her. "Husky" is a prospective member of "Our Gang" before long.
They Think They Look Like Harold Lloyd

the rôles they were playing; that it was the individuality of Douglas Fairbanks and Charles Chaplin and Mary Pickford and Gloria Swanson and Lillian Gish and Pola Negri and Zasu Pitts and a dozen others which won for them their particular success on the screen.

The greatest difficulty experienced by aspiring young actors and actresses and which has kept thousands of talented persons from the screen, is their inability to offer new ideas, new personalities. Down through the whole list of celebrities, the successful players are those who came forward with something different, something distinct and apart from what is offered by any one else. There is but one Fairbanks, but one Chaplin, but one Pickford, but one Gish and but one Lloyd. But there are imitators of each—who always will be just imitators. Decades ago, Emerson said in his essay on "Self Reliance:"

"There is a time in every man's education, when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion, that, though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, but none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried."

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A NEW COMEDY VAMP

T'S hard to live down the fact that you were selected in a beauty contest to represent some city in a "mermaid pageant." The gulf between mermaiding and motion-picture acting is as wide as the greatest crevice in the Grand Cañon. If you don't believe it, ask some of the beauty-contest winners now fighting for a toe-hold in Hollywood.

Or let Katherine Grant tell you. Miss Grant has just been placed under a two-year contract by Hal Roach as the result of meritorious work in "The Spat Family" comedies. The motion-picture studios did not hold it against her that during 1923 in the annual boardwalk parade at Atlantic City she had appeared as "Miss Los Angeles." But they did not seem to believe such designation made her a motion-picture actress. There was no mad scramble for her services. When she returned from Atlantic City and answered "Present!" at the studios, her voice did not seem to penetrate far. She got some work and between calls resorted to dancing. However, she was determined not to quit. "Titan hair, green eyes, possessed of a marvelous figure, she believed there was a place for her in screen work and she had made up her mind to find it. Universal finally gave her a part with Jack Hoxie in Westerns. Then she was engaged in a minor rôle by Hal Roach and she knew that coveted "toe hold" was within her grasp. And she worked! Now, her name is written upon the dotted line alongside that of Hal Roach and she will be seen regularly in leading rôles with Charley Chase and Frank Butler.

That appellation, "Miss Los Angeles," is lost.

DOUBLING IN FILM

THE secrets to youth and old age lie in the make-up box. Dorothy Dwan—Mrs. Larry Semon—who has spent most of her time before the camera as a comedy girl with nothing to do but look pretty, presents a clever example of this.

Dorothy played the part of the leading lady in Larry Semon's "The Wizard of Oz," as was announced in the cast of characters for the picture. But she also played another rôle in the film which was not announced. It was that of one of the witches, and if you look closely at the accompanying picture you will recognize Dorothy's pretty features under the haglike make-up. Very often clever bits of character acting may be attributed, not so much to the great dramatic ability of the player, as to the expertness of the make-up man who applied the lines. Dorothy Dwan's realistic picture of a witch would seem to prove this.

But Dorothy is ambitious to become a real actress, independent of make-up. Since Larry Semon saw her photograph in a motion-picture magazine some months ago and sent for her to be his leading lady, she has been working hard, and will not allow her recent marriage to the comedian to interfere with her career.
Among Those Present

HE SHOWED 'EM!

WHAT comedy could not do for Hoot Gibson, Westerns have accomplished.

A while back Universal was starring him in a series of aimless, rather silly pictures designed to be comedies but which fell far short of their aim. He did not have the pathos which is the motivation of true humor, and he lacked the speed which gives animation to the type of comedy-drama in which Reginald Denny excels.

So there they were, with a white elephant on their hands, the returns from his pictures constantly dwindling, until Hoot had the bright idea of trying Westerns. They smiled, for though he was born in Nebraska and spent his boyhood in Oregon, where he won records in riding contests, he has never been associated definitely with the West.

But he had been reading Zane Grey and Harold Bell Wright and watching other fellows on the lot clean up a pile of money doing riding stunts, so he figured he could make a fair stab at it. And nothing, apparently, could be worse than his comedies.

So they gave him a free hand to show what he could do, sink or swim. He showed 'em. "Let 'er Buck," "The Ridin' Kid," and other of his recent pictures have given us a new and speedier Hoot, who is going quite well, thank you, with the Universal exhibitors. His latest is "Daughter of the Dons."

HOLDING HANDS GOT HER A JOB

BETTY STANFORD probably is not the first girl to dream of holding the hand of her favorite movie hero, but she is the first on record to get a chance in the films by so doing.

When she came to Hollywood from a small Illinois town six months ago to become a picture actress and found several assorted thousands with that identical ambition ahead of her, Betty, who had some experience in this line and who craved three meals a day, answered an advertisement for a manicurist in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio barber shop. There she held the hands of Jack Gilbert, Lew Cody, and the other popular heroes, which must have thrilled her mightily—at least until the novelty wore off.

She had stalked opportunity for weeks, and had failed to catch up with it; when she reconciled herself to remaining obscure, it came to her. As an applicant for extra work, she had been unable to get even a brief appointment with Robert McIntyre, casting director. But when he sought her skill as a manicurist she had him cornered and talked such a streak that he agreed to give her a test. Also, he may have been pleased with the way she did his nails. She has played bits in a number of M.-G.-M. films, and appears as one of the beauties in "Pretty Ladies."

But the movie work isn't continuous or dependable, so between emoting engagements she manicures. Betty is the only film-acting manicurist, but she hopes some day to bid a permanent good-by to the little white table with its glass bowl and orange sticks. Not, however, until she has a contract at a salary large enough to insure her a living, at least.

A GRAND OLD TROUPER

Thirty years of stage experience are being turned to account by Mrs. Charles G. Craig and since her arrival in Hollywood two years ago she has been doing everything from the Colonel's Lady to Judy O'Grady.

The part that really took the cake was her Mrs. O'Leary, reputedly the owner of the celebrated cow that kicked over the lamp and started the great Chicago fire that was in "Barriers Burned Away." More recently she has appeared in "The Age of Innocence," and "The Romance of An Actress."

It was ten years ago that she had her first try at pictures at the suggestion of Mary Fuller, and she appeared in seven films at that time with that star and Matt Moore. She gave up screen work almost entirely during the ensuing few years, devoting herself to the stage.

As California was her birthplace she decided to return to the West for a vacation, at least, and perhaps to stay permanently. Pictures were vaguely in her mind, because she enjoyed the previous venture into them. After a few months' wait she set out to "break in."

Thanks to her long stage career she soon found work and she is so happy in it that her life ambition, she says, half laughingly, is to become a really great screen actress.
Among Those Present

THAT STORY OF MAJEL COLEMAN AND THE PUP

It's an old story—about Majel Coleman and the pup. That is, it's old in Hollywood. The pup with a crippled leg got her a contract with Cecil B. De Mille, and she is now a member of his new company in stock.

That stray little mongrel followed her into the yard one day, much to the disgust of a German police dog at Miss Coleman's home. The dog made a couple of passes at the pup which leaped from the porch to the cement driveway and broke its leg. It knew better than to stop, so it kept on going as fast as its three good legs could carry it across the street with Miss Coleman in pursuit. And the young lady very narrowly missed being run down by a motor car in which a bald-headed man was riding. The machine stopped with skidding wheels while Majel took the injured and badly frightened pup into her arms.

The bald-headed man was De Mille and it was his machine which took the girl and the little animal to the hospital and it was his money which paid the dog's doctor's bill.

But it was Majel Coleman who took advantage of Opportunity. She told the fa-

amous director that she had put in about three years trying to get a job in his company and was getting dog-goned tired of the effort. De Mille smiled and told her to come to the Lasky studio for screen tests. Thereby she "arrived." De Mille gave her a bit in "Triumph," and she got others in "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife," "The Enemy Sex," "The Golden Bed," and "The Dressmaker from Paris." Metro-Goldwyn found a place for her in "Grand Larceny," and she played in "Come on Over," with Colleen Moore. When De Mille broke with Lasky's, Majel Coleman was one of the first to be placed under contract in his new company.

A CHANGE OF RÔLE FOR WARNER OLAND

For once, Warner Oland is not going to do any mischief. Instead, all the mischief in "Don Q" is done to him, for he is murdered in this picture. Also, he adopts a royal rôle for the first time.

Oland has a record as a master criminal, just the same. It dates back into the dim and distant shadow past. Consider, for example, these various evidences of his cruel and crushing venom:

He choked Theda Bara,
He tossed Pearl White into the den of an octopus,
He poisoned Elsie Ferguson's morning grapefruit,
He shot Tom Mix twenty-odd times,
He locked Irene Castle in a cabin and set fire to it,
He demolished Ruth Roland's home while she was engaged in eating breakfast,
He threw a big dirk at Clara Kimball Young. 

Now he has reformed. Doug is responsible for the change. "They have been casting Oland all along for heavies," said Doug, "and really the man has a suavity and the grace, as well as the good humor, that would entitle him to play a king or a duke. He is entering on his career of royalty in 'Don Q,' and I believe that you'll be amazed at his performance." Those who have seen his work in "Don Q" make similar comments.

ANOTHER COMEDY KING ARRIVES

JOHN T. MURRAY is very well known on Broadway. For eight years he was a leading comedian in the Winter Garden shows. His droll, dry line of fun was always sure of a response of laughs.

Then he and his wife, Vivien Oakland, were engaged as vaudeville headliners in a singing, dancing, and comedy act.

When the route led westward Miss Oakland expressed the desire to try the films, and upon her arrival was offered a small part in "A Madonna of the Streets," directed by Edwin Carewe. Murray had meanwhile made up his mind just to observe her flight into the movies from the side lines.

Mr. Carewe had a different theory, however, as soon as he set eyes on the comedian. He offered him the part of the pickpocket, which you may remember as having been particularly amusing.

Before he knew it Murray was engaged for

Continued on page 115
George Comes Through the Window

From the pale and hungry atmosphere of face-against-the-pane rôles, George Hackathorne has stepped into the warm and lighted chamber of success.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

It was much too early for an interview; eight o'clock in the morning, to be exact. But I was leaving for Canada on the nine o'clock train and George Hackathorne had volunteered his assistance in seeing me safely off. He looked very sleepy, and was inclined to be resentful when I insisted upon asking him leading questions concerning what he had been doing between the old foot-of-the-ladder days in Los Angeles, years ago, and his present point of influence and popularity in New York.

"Gee whiz, Emily," he said plaintively, "this is no time to interview me. I am not at my best at eight o'clock in the morning. Two hours after you have gone I will begin to think of all sorts of brilliant things I could have told you, but that will be two hours too late."

Perhaps I had better say in explanation of the foregoing, that I belong to the "George Hackathorne, I-knew-him-when Club." "I knew him when," out in Los Angeles, he was a rather pale, wistful-eyed and grim-mouthed young man, who was determined to break into the movies despite his realization that he was not the accepted "hero" type. It was not hard in those days for George, to look thin, and pale, and hungry. He was, much of the time. The only pictures in which he could get work were the ones in which they needed a crippled boy to stare up at a rich woman with longing and envy; an orphan boy, dressed in rags and tatters; a white face pressed against a lighted window with a driving storm outside. Yes, George in those days was always—outside the window.

It is a pleasant thing to remember—and to brag about in later years—that you have prophesied correctly concerning an unrecognized genius. I wrote a story about George Hackathorne in those lean days, when he was making a precarious living in pictures by being alternately an orphan, a cripple or an imbecile. I called it "That Wistful Boy," and ye editor—I hope he doesn't delete this—obligingly took the interview but was inclined to be facetious about it. Hollywood was full of wistful boys, he said. To which I replied that it was true; but that most of the numerous w. b. s would go back to the elevator jobs and the small clerical positions from which they came; but that George Hackathorne would remain, because he had that mysterious something that the profession calls "the stuff."

George Hackathorne did remain, just as I prophesied. He has done more than that. He has made for himself a distinct and unique place in the picture world. He first called attention to himself by his work as Otie, the undersized, ineffectual lover in Harold Bell Wright's production of "The Shepherd of the Hills." But because the picture was an independent production, it did little more than focus the attention of the critics on this young man who could portray with such complete sincerity and lack of theatricalism a difficult and thankless rôle.

There was a long period of time during which George specialized in faces outside the window. He would come into my office in Los Angeles with a big ungainly bundle in his arms—a papier-mâché hump, he would explain. "I am to do a hunchback and I paid one to let me make a plaster cast of his back." He would bring in a very dirty, pathetic coat; obviously a coat that had about it something that suggested

Continued on page 93
They Can't

Hitching a young player’s wagon to a
and most futile of motion-picture prac

By Helen

BEFORE me as I write is an announcement from the Universal company to the effect that Mary Philbin is to be starred in a new version of "Stella Maris," that most glorious of all the Mary Pickford pictures. And the obvious question—which I suppose will never be answered—is why do they do it?

Not alone, why do they make comparison between her performance and Mary Pickford's inevitable, but why do motion-picture producers look backward instead of forward? Why do they so often influence their players to imitate something which a successful player has done in the past rather than to strive to develop something individual in their talent?

Motion-picture history is strewn with the tragedies of the players who might have been successful if they had been allowed to be themselves. Instead, they were coached to be imitations of some one else.

Consider the many "second Mary Pickfords"—there was Sigrid Holmquist from Sweden and Flora Le Breton from England, as well as our own Mary Miles Minter; consider the legion of second Valentinos—and where are they now? Think of the handicaps that Reginald Denny and Douglas MacLean had to overcome because people would suggest that they imitate the early comedies of Douglas Fairbanks. Being determined and talented young men, they came out of the struggle victorious, but it took a long time.

Think of the fatuous Charles Amador, who allowed a producer to bill him as Charles Aplin and feature him in clumsy-shod, cane-swinging and derby-hatted comedies. Do you ever see his pictures in the big theaters? Then there is Walter Hiers, on whose shoulders the producers tried, for a short time, to hang the mantle of Roscoe Arbuckle.

But these examples are all of the past, and the practice of coaching a young player to imi-
Be Themselves

popular star is one of the saddest tices. Here are a few of the victims.

Klumph

tate some one who is successful is still flourishing. The pathetic part of it is that sometimes the players themselves are unconscious of the influence that is being brought to bear on them. A director can subtly suggest ways of playing a scene to a player. She may think that he has just improvised some effective bit of business when really he has been studying the portrayals of another. But the public remembers little mannerisms and bits of business first used by the Pickfords, the Gishes, the Talmadges, and when they see another player using them, the portrayal seems only an imitation of the original and only genuine.

Perhaps Pauline Starke does not realize that she is being made to appear an imitation Swanson; possibly Doris Kenyon does not know that she was groomed to be a second Corinne Griffith; among the newcomers pretty Ruby Blaine may not know that her resemblance to Norma Shearer will have an influence on her career, or Greta Nissen that her nationality and likeness to Anna Q. Nilsson may affect the parts she plays. But I am sure that after being taken through the writhings that are only the superficial part of Lillian Gish's acting and put into a rôle that was once Mary Pickford's, little Mary Philbin knows now that she is being featured more as an imitation than as an individual.

The way that pictures are often cast is responsible for a great deal of the players' misfortunes. Reading a script a producer or director often figures out an ideal cast on paper. As he reads he will decide "That's a typical La Marr part," or "Think of what Menjou would do with that rôle." But with Miss La Marr and Mr. Menjou both under contract to other companies, he looks around and tries to find some one as much like them as possible. And when the picture is made the director coaches them to play

Continued on page 108
Odds and Ends of Fame

A few incidental products of screen success, which make players sometimes weep and sometimes smile.

By Dorothy Manners

PUBLICITY.

PUBLICTY is the business of "telling the world." To the motion-picture industry it bears the same importance as coffee for breakfast or climate for California. Take away newspapers, magazines, trade journals, et al., and the movies become as soulless as the Ku-Klux Klan without sheets.

Publicity is of two kinds—Good and bad. Good publicity consists of names and photographs in newspapers and magazines, complimentary interviews, pleasant gossip items, home stuff, charity stuff, engagement stuff, marriage stuff and—to a certain extent—personal appearances. Bad publicity consists of names and photographs conspicuously absent from magazines' and papers, critical interviews, scandals, and—in some cases—divorces. It is to the advantage of every actor to get as much of the right kind and dodge as much of the wrong kind as possible.

Undeniably, publicity plays a trump card in the making and keeping made of certain careers. It has also been the black Maria in the breaking of others. Theda Bara's, for instance.

Mary Miles Minter's publicity during her heyday was too good to be true. She was presented as a supersaccharine angel child—Elise Dinsmore in Sunday school. Had she been more intelligently publicized she might have weathered her family arguments. Other stars have weathered worse.

Certain stars are consistently well publicized. Claire Windsor, for one. For others, Carmel Myers, Colleen Moore—who probably receives more good publicity than any other two stars in pictures—Richard Dix, Rod La Rocque, Betty Blythe, Alla Rubens, Lois Wilson, Ju-lanne Johnston, Harold Lloyd, the Talmadges, Gloria Swanson, Betty Compson, Adolphe Menjou, and Mae Murray.

Rudolph Valentino has weathered several publicity rifts. He is now facing even another—a more delicate one. We read a little too much of Mrs. Valentino to please the Valentino fans—of whom I am one.

Screen players, being human, are not crazy about looking into the mirror of criticism.

Valentino's chief appeal is a romantic one and Mrs. Valentino's stunning profile keeps intruding between me and Rudy's love scenes.

The publicity of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks has the charm of reserve—something novel in the publicity line. This is primarily because they are in a position to do both professional and private enterprises on a very large scale. Their trips to Europe, the interesting people they meet, their reactions and so forth, make wonderful reading. For a long time Charlie Chaplin was of this elite, but recently the tone of Chaplin's publicity has undergone a change.

This is partly Chaplin's fault. He has antagonized several writers, not all of them fan magazine scribes. Kenneth Roberts of The Saturday Evening Post was one penman Chaplin should have seen. He didn't. When Mr. Roberts' article on Hollywood reached the public through the Post, we sat up past ten to read what a great boy Harold Lloyd is.

Recently Alma Whittaker of the Los Angeles Times created a mild local sensation with an appreciative criticism of Chaplin that was more criticism than appreciation. A year ago no movie writer would have dared to question Chaplin's "modesty"—criticize his new friends—or call him a "soulless materialist." Which brings us to another odd of fame—

CRITICISM.

It isn't human to like criticism. Even constructive criticism. You know how you feel about people who are always telling you something for your own good. And actors are very human. Criticism affects them in different ways. Some become tearful, a few are indifferent, while the majority get good and mad.

A man who has known Chaplin for a long time told me that in regard to Miss Whittaker's article, he would, probably read it with a good deal of interest, make a note to call her up and congratulate her—and then forget to.

Other players are not so callous to critical darts.

Continued on page 98
DOROTHY CUMMINGS is one of those distinctive types whose screen appearances are not dulled by too constant repetition. You will see her again in "The Coast of Folly," with Gloria Swanson.
PAULINE GARON looks angelic enough here, but they tell us that when working she is the enfant terrible whose pranks keep the studio in perpetual merriment.
EVEN though it started with such a flare, Clara Bow's career has had its merely smoldering moments. But she bursts into new prominence in Lubitsch's "Kiss Me Again."
ELEANOR BOARDMAN has been skipping along to such popularity as a light comedienne that our other stars of the gay and humorous had better look out.
The Problems of a Hollywood Hostess

Patsy Ruth Miller, one of the most popular younger girls, talks about the difficulties a motion-picture actress encounters if she entertains extensively.

By Myrtle Gebhart

The parking question becomes a difficult problem in the street before Patsy Ruth Miller’s home of a Sunday afternoon. For the cavalcade forms early.

There is a long-nosed, green Rolls-Royce, luxuriously upholstered in gray and mauve, with the sparkle of cut-glass vase and the sheen of silver mountings. Low-slung maroon and blue roadsters, tricked out with fancy tops and gee-gaws. And bandbox flivver coupés and stripped lizzies of dull and sallow complexion, mere suggestions of automobiles. Big, gorgeous cars and their pert little stepchildren. There’s not much caste distinction among the motor assemblage standing guard along that shady street around the corner from the Beverly Hills Hotel.

There is no doubt that her new home is the most popular rendezvous for the younger motion-picture crowd, sprinkled with society girls and the sons of wealth. And, welcome though they all are, they present a problem of hospitality which is growing with Patsy Ruth’s fame, and particularly now that her new Warner Brothers contract has made her position relatively secure and she has become rather a personage in Hollywood.

Since the commencement of her career some four years ago, she has always stood out among the youngsters as the central pivot of their fun. You know how crowds gravitate about one figure who, seemingly without intention, suggests the most clever ideas for games, or has the smartest sayings on tap, or plays the snappiest game of tennis. The one, in short, who, without resorting to artifices, displays those qualities of leadership which soon are recognized.

It is a natural gravitation of fun-loving spirits about the strongest flame among them, a tribute to individuality. Only one “line” has Patsy Ruth, and that is reserved for athletic heroes. She discovers artfully at which sport each is most proficient; then she asks demurely to be taught that game. She has learned golf three times, to my certain knowledge, and every racket near-champ who has visited Los Angeles has had her for a pupil for a tuition in serves.

This one evidence of quite intentional cleverness in subduing the male by implying little-girl awe of his vast knowledge, however, does not account for Patsy Ruth’s popularity with girls as well as with men. And it alone is not responsible for the fact that her Sunday afternoon “open house” invariably finds her home crowded, its grounds alive with youth.

The reason lies, to an extent, with her hospitality,
Natacha Ram
Answering the mood of curious
Mrs. Valentino’s embarking as
By Edwin

"Salome." She has continued this work, to be sure, but only sporadically, in "Monsieur Beaucaire" and other pictures of her husband. The apparently somewhat disturbing results of these recent endeavors is by this time common knowledge, for she has been accused of all manner of sins, crimes, and offenses tending to interfere with the career of Valentino.

One of the reasons why the film colony was intrigued by the announcement of her new venture was that it had the aspect of being a move political as well as artistic. The publicity, in fact, that went out from the studio at the time made no secret of this. It was frankly stated that one of the reasons why the film was being produced was to correct the idea that Miss Rambova will supervise the picture made by Valentino under his new contract.

Other characteristics of Miss Rambova’s enterprise are also rather striking. The cast, for instance, as assembled, contains no big names, with the single exception of that champion vamp, Nita Naldi. An unknown girl, Dolores Johnson, has the rôle of the heroine. Pierre Gendron, whose first important opportunity was in Ernst Lubitsch’s "Three Women," appears as the leading man. Virginia Pearson, who is remembered from her Fox starring pictures, also plays a part of prominence. Moreover, the director selected to officiate under Miss Rambova’s guidance, is vir-

Natacha Rambova is making a picture in the hope of disproving some of the things her critics have said about her.

To be absolutely consistent, this particular article might very well be inscribed as "Revelations of the Griefs of a Famous Matinée Idol’s Wife." On no other ground than such a disclosure would it be possible, I fear, to explain in all detail the reasons for the unexpected début of Mrs. Rudolph Valentino as a producer of motion pictures.

It is still only a few weeks since the announcement was made of her so-called declaration of independence in Hollywood, and shortly, it is presumed, the resulting initial effort of her supervision, which carries the somewhat revealing title, "What Price Beauty?" will be released. She is responsible not only for the film as a production, but also for the story itself, the selection of the players, and various other features of the ensemble. And lest there be any misconceptions on this point, the cast does not include the name of her husband.

For a variety of causes, Hollywood has exhibited considerable curiosity about this undertaking of Mlle. Natacha Rambova—as she is professionally known—her very first individually since the time of her marriage.

Previous to that event, of course, she was known as a designer of settings and costumes, her most important work having been done in connection with Nazimova’s "Camille" and

Nita Naldi will play the leading role in "What Price Beauty?"
bova Emerges

ity that has been aroused by an independent film producer.

Schallert

tually unknown except for melodramas and comedies.

The action of the picture transpires in a beauty shop, which is referred to as the House of Magic. The underlying plot is very simple. In fact, it is the old, old conflict, familiar even back to the stone age of the cinema, whenever that may have been, between the interests of the girl and those of the siren, who is apparently bent on luring her hero away from her.

To be sure, it may be assumed that it is not all as blah-ly told as in the accustomed fashion. One portion of the film is to disclose the events of a dream, and from the glimpses that I have had of the sets and costumes I would say that this verges on the expressionistic. The proprietor of the beauty shop, as seen through the heroine's eyes, becomes a sort of sorceress, changing the women of the picture into weird and fantastic shapes and semblances. Miss Naldi appears as an almost spiderlike being in this episode in a costume of uncanny creation, while Miss Pearson, as the beauty-shop enchantress, wears a glittering headdress that assumes an almost diabolical hornlike form.

Elsewhere there will also be novelty and interest in the fact that the women who come to the beauty parlor select the type that they desire to be, and with the aid of the proprietress are

Continued on page 94

A conference on the set. Those standing are Miss Naldi, Dolores Johnson, Gilbert Adrian, the costume designer, and Virginia Pearson. The others are Thomas Buckingham, the director, and Natacha Rambouva.

These pictures indicate how bizarre some of the effects are. Yet Miss Rambouva insists that the picture will be popular in its appeal, and not, as one might think, "arty."
Over the Teacups

Fads, fashions and foibles of our popular screen stars are reviewed and a tear is shed for some blasted screen romances

By The Bystander

FANNY drifted into the Ritz not more than an hour late for an appointment with me and coolly announced that it was hopelessly middle class to get anywhere on time.

"Mae Murray is the author of my favorite line," she confided to me after she had glanced around the room to make sure that the head waiter had amused himself as usual by putting Anita Stewart's husband, from whom she has been separated for three years, at the table right next to her. "She says that she will meet you at a certain time for luncheon or tea and then adds, 'I've really no idea what time I can get there, but at least you can be sure I am coming.' That's honesty for you."

"Miss Murray is worth waiting for," I told her with some rancor.

"And you have no cause for complaint. Look at this gorgeous free show. Any one else would be thrilled to death to be kept waiting in this reception room on a day when they would have a chance to see Alice Joyce and Lois Wilson, and—let's see—who else is here?"

"Fanny Ward," I told her importantly, whereupon she started staring at a sub-sub-deb of about fifteen across the room.

"No, right behind you." I had to correct her.

"The little one in the pale-blue felt hat."

For once our Fanny was speechless and well she might be, for Fanny Ward looks younger than most of our young screen ingenues.

"The most amazing quality in Fanny Ward is that she not only looks young, she is young," Fanny told me. "No early hours and afternoon naps for her. She goes and goes and goes at a rate that would give any one else wrinkles and circled eyes—and look at her! Every one is urging her to come back and make a picture so that the public at large can see her, but she isn't much interested. I wish she would. Ruby de Remer is being urged to come back in pictures, too. But every time she mentions such a possibility her husband thinks of something to occupy her time. Last week he bought her a yacht with twelve staterooms and now Ruby is so busy having it decorated and furnished that she won't even think of pictures for a while.

"Did you ever see so many motion-picture players in New York at one time before? They'll have to run excursion trains here this summer instead of to Hollywood. Marion Davies was here until just a few days ago. Corinne Griffith is here making scenes for "Classified." Mae Busch is here and Nita Naldi and Lloyd Hughes and his wife and Malcolm MacGregor and Lois Wilson and Harold Lloyd. Oh! but have you heard about Mildred Davis Lloyd's cat party?"

"Not yet. I'm waiting for you to tell me."

"Well," she began reflectively, "I can tell you who was there or what they said, but I won't tell you both.

"Out in Hollywood they have wonderful cat parties all the time but they have never been a success in New York before. Every one is always too busy going to shows and night clubs and things. But now all the best night clubs are padlocked owing to the prejudices of Mr. Volstead and there are only two or three shows worth seeing. so after Mildred had been here for a week she gave a dinner party for twelve girls and since news of it got around, everyone wants to get up another cat party. I've promised to ask Doris Kenyon to the next one. That's safe; every one likes her.

"At Mildred's there were a lot of foolish impromptu speeches about the future of the art of motion pictures and their responsibility for the moral uplift of the nation—speeches that began nowhere and ended in the same place in the best manner of Will Hays. Then the real business of the meeting opened. Each girl wrote on a slip of paper the name of her pet abomination in the film business and dropped it in a hat. Then the hat was passed around, each person drew a name and told the cattiest thing she could think of about that person. Far from being tactful and restrained, every one was eager to tell the worst. Of course, there were cheaters there; some one put Milton Sills' name down four or five times."

"It had to be you," I sang out gayly, but Fanny frowned at the mere possibility.

"Not necessarily." And come to think of it, there are many others who would be much more likely to engage her attention.

"Dorothy Mackaill danced almost all evening. She is taking lessons from her maid, who is a wonder, and she seizes every opportunity to practice. We tried to
get Edna Murphy to dance too but she won't even go to her lessons regularly, so—"

"What was it you said about not telling who was there?" I asked casually.

"Oh, well, since I've told you that much you may as well know that the hit of the evening was Marion Davies. She came over after the theater and regaled us with imitations of Hollywood celebrities. She has a real gift for imitating voices, you know. Her sister, Rose Davies, was with her. She is a charming girl and very beautiful. She starred in a picture a while ago, but I missed seeing it. Never mind, she told me she was going to make some more soon.

"Success certainly agrees with Marion. If every one could take it as she does, the word 'upstage' could be dropped from the language. She used to be terribly shy about meeting people and sometimes gave the impression of being uninterested when she was really scared and self-conscious. But now you should see her. She can get up and entertain a crowd anywhere, make extemporaneous speeches at banquets and send every one out raving about what a great girl she is.

"The only other party of importance that I've been to lately," Fanny rambled on, quite oblivious of the fact that Trini, the Spanish dancer who is making her film debut in "Lovers Island," was going past in quite the loveliest black satin suit I ever saw, "was Colleen Moore's farewell luncheon."

"I thought she asked every one not to give any parties for her until she came back from her vacation in Europe," I said, not a little hurt at missing that one.

"She did," Fanny went on gaily. "But a party just grew. We went to the Algonquin to luncheon one day just before she sailed and I told a few people we were going to be there and, lo! we had a party. Now that Colleen is a Western desperado in her last picture, 'The Desert Flower,' she naturally had to stage a touching farewell to her horse, so she brought a toy horse along with her and gushingly bade it 'good-by.' She had a water pistol, too, to shoot tears in her eyes, but somewhere along the way we lost it.

"The officials of First National told her that she could have anything she wanted when she came back to work, so what do you think she asked for?"

"A pink marble dressing-room bungalow with solid gold chandeliers."

Fanny frowned in horror.

"A path of freshly cut orchids leading to her set every morning and a chorus of trained skylarks to accompany her emotional scenes."

"Oh you're impossible!" Fanny was vehement with rage. "Of all the favors she could ask, the one most precious to her was that she might have John Francis Dillon direct her next two pictures. So, he is going to. The first is 'We Moderns,' from the stage play, and the next may be 'Irene,' the musical comedy that so many stars have fought for.

"While she is abroad he is directing Doris Kenyon in 'The Half-way Girl,' and you'll see a new Doris when you see that picture. I don't know what a 'Half-way Girl' is but she seems quite wild and primitive. I went up to the studio the other day and found Doris with her hair all frizzy and wearing a red décolleté dress with a decided cabaret influence. She was being threatened by Hobart Bosworth and pulled fiercely around by another man. The poor girl's arms were all
scratched and bruised from being mauled around and no one could have blamed her if she had asked to have the scenario changed so that she could cease all resistance.

"Consider Mr. Hays and the reformers," I suggested.

"No, there are too many people considering him now. What do you think of——"

But before Fanny could go on with her question, I decided to take a firm stand.

"No matter how earnestly and steadily you talk about other things, you aren't going to succeed in avoiding the one subject."

"What is the one subject?" she asked as guilelessly as though she didn't know that I wanted to know the why and wherefore of the blasted romance of the Barthelmesses.

"The newspapers all say that Mary and Dick and their lawyers have drawn up a lot of papers, and I don't seem to understand what they are all about. It isn't a separation and it isn't preliminary to a divorce, they say, and yet why call in a lawyer just because their careers take them to different parts of the world? Mary is going abroad to dance—but lots of other wives have gone abroad without having a lawyer mixed up in the proceedings."

"Well, you don't have to blame me for a lot of foolishness in the papers, and you can hardly blame Dick and Mary for not wanting to admit that their marriage has gone on the rocks. They are so awfully fond of each other. No one is to be blamed for breaking up their home; it is just a difference in hours that did it. Dick's work took him to the studio early, and Mary's day began with a vaudeville matinée and ended at a late hour when she danced at Ciro's. And now she is going abroad on a dancing tour and Dick is going to stay here."

"But what about the baby?"

"She's to stay with Dick for six months and then Mary is to have her for six months when she comes back, and then Dick will have her for six months again.

"But you needn't look so disapproving," Fanny exploded. "Mary is so cute and so talented you can't blame her for wanting to go on with her career."

"Clifton Webb is in a peculiar position. He is Mary's dancing partner and he is a good friend of Dick's. In fact, their rooms at the Algonquin are right next door to each other and they often
have luncheon together. So do Dick and Mary. So don't get the idea that their separation is one of these unpleasant mud-slinging affairs.

"You remember when Mary went in pictures and made 'New Toys' with Dick? Well, I think that was a big effort on her part to adjust her hours to his. But she wasn't a big success and naturally she wanted to go back to dancing, at which she is a big success. It is just one of those situations where you can't blame anybody.

"Mae Murray got a divorce from Bob Leonard the other day in Paris. Even though they buy their gowns at home nowadays they go abroad for nice, quiet divorces. And speaking of gowns—Mae Busch is staying on in New York to make 'The Miracle of Love' for Associated Exhibitors, and she has ten or twelve gowns from Madame Frances that are simply stunning. Erte designed her gowns for her last Metro-Goldwyn picture and naturally she didn't want to appear in any just ordinary clothes after that.

"Incidentally, Erte's ideas of more individual clothes for men will never cause the sensation in Hollywood that they did in New York and Paris. Carrying wild ideas of dress to Hollywood are like coals to Newcastle or close-ups to Charles Ray. Consider the sartorial effects achieved by Tom Mix!

"Have you seen the newest fad from Paris? It's having a name embroidered on the scarf of your dress or woven right into a lace evening gown. Not your own name—just the designer's name, or any name you happen to like. It seems quite useless to let all that display advertising space go to waste. Why don't fans proclaim their favorites to the world that way? Picture the rivalry in any boarding school's embroidery class as the girls strive to outdo each other! Rudolph in palpitant purple; Ramon in seductive scarlet; Ricardo in insinuating

From the number of letters and telegrams that pour in whenever she broadcasts, it looks as though Mae Busch were film queen of the air.

Continued on page 95
A Letter from Location

Helen Ferguson realizes a childhood wish in playing a circus performer for a Pathé serial at the famous Miller Brothers Ranch in Oklahoma.

To Myrtle Gebhart

Miller Brothers 101 Ranch, Winter Quarters, Marland, Oklahoma.

Dear Myrtle,

Here am I, violently trying to catch my breath after the suddenness of my departure from Hollywood, when I signed this splendid contract to be featured in serials and dramatic productions for Pathé. And the attempt being more or less successful, I sit down to let you know all I have learned of Oklahoma in general and the 101 Ranch in particular. Our headquarters are in Ponca City, nine miles from the ranch, but our time is spent here.

The famous Miller brothers are three wonderfully interesting personalities. Meeting them collectively or individually is like getting a genuine close-up of your favorite Western hero—as you have pictured him in your imagination. All the romance and glamour of the Southwest, its bluff and hearty generosity, find expression in the kind of men they are.

First, there is Mr. Joe, more frequently referred to as "Colonel." Then Mr. George, brisk and businesslike. And Mr. Zack, the youngest, who is a combination of the other two, having some of Mr. Joe's show, even go nature and some of Mr. George's business acumen. The three are fearless and frank and very, very kind.

The ranch is the largest diversified ranch in the world. There are one hundred and ten thousand acres of it, and it hums with activity. They have a number of acres devoted to agriculture. They have orchards, horses, cattle, chickens, sheep and goats and heaven knows what else beside the menagerie.

Every Sunday they have a rodeo in the big Miller Brothers Round-up Arena. They have their own saddlery, harness shops, café, store, hotel, post office, circus, wild-West show. And—they mention them quite casually—a flock of oil wells! Of course, the oil hereabouts has made this community the wealthiest I've ever seen. It is a common sight to see Indians driving expensive cars, shining new. As a matter of fact there are fewer flivvers here than any place in the world.

When I was a youngster my great dream was of being with a circus. How I used to sit and eat popcorn and peanuts and glory in the show and color of it all—the band, the bright uniforms, and the gorgeous lady in pink silk tights and little black velvet jacket who "bossed" the elephants! I used to think it would be the most wonderful life on earth. And here I am, with a real circus, and having a peck of fun.

California has the priceless climate, though! After futilely trying to keep neat in the midst of the baby cyclones the weather man allots us here daily, and after washing the dust from our poor eyes, after shivering in the chill air, after clinging from the shafts of lightning and the rumbling thunder—the electric storms are conducted on a magnificent scale which I find myself unable to appreciate—after doing all these things I arise to solemnly eulogize Hollywood, the only place for 'le me.

Mr. Zack Miller said to me to-day: "Aren't you just surprised at Oklahoma? You got to admit, we got lots of things here you ain't got in Hollywood." To which I replied that "surprised" was a mild term, also that he had lots of things here that we don't need in Hollywood.

Ponca City is the snippiest small town I've ever seen. We movie people certainly have the wrong idea about small towns—the bucolic atmosphere may be all right on the screen, but it would certainly seem archaic here. The styles are the last word. Virginia Warwick and I thought one day to impress the natives, and dressed in our new spring ensemble suits—mine's a ducky gray-and-blue affair, and hers is tan with touches of green. Did we "knock 'em dead?" We did not. Instead, we were impressed ourselves, for the girls we saw downtown were just as well, and some better, dressed than we were. The screen is going to have to revise a lot of its ideas if

Continued on page 108
On the New York Stage

Reviews of Broadway plays and their possibilities for the screen.

By Alison Smith

This year there has been something fantastic about the silly season. There always is a silly season, you know, in the theater as well as in books and music. In the movies it is pretty much distributed through the year for the films do not change with the changing months and seasons. But the stage begins to get frivolous toward the beginning of June when the hurdy-gurdy comes out and the asphalt begins to get soft and the first roof gardens begin to open electric, jeweled eyes far above Times Square.

So you are always prepared for a lot of queer things in the theater about this time of year. But, usually they are either sappy and pretty and amusing, or sappy and pretty and dull, in the form of cream-puff romances or the follies and musical comedies that flock into the theaters by the dozen to welcome the out-of-town buyer on his summer trip to Broadway. This month the summer newcomers are in a class by themselves. They are better than usual—and worse, so much worse, some of them, that they have made a new record for furthest North in nerve in coming in at all. And when they are good they are the sort of hits that will probably stay until next summer, and when they are bad they are about as horrid as anything Broadway has seen for some time.

Among the hits is “Aloma of the South Seas,” which seems about to claim a little of the popularity given to “Rain.” The plays are alike geographically but not otherwise, for “Aloma” is the story of a native girl—that is, a native of the South Seas and not the Barbary coast of San Francisco, as was Miss Sadie Thompson. There is the usual triangle; the dusky native lover, the girl, and the white man who loves a pure blonde out home. When he finds that she has married his best pal he takes to the national sports of the island—which mostly consist in drinking Scotch. He charms Aloma for a while but it is the patient, watchful native lover who stands pat and finally wins.

It is a conventional enough plot but the production adds much local color. My knowledge of the South Seas is confined to the movies, so I don’t know whether it is the right local color or not. Sometimes I suspect that it is put on rather thick. But certainly the tropical flora—to say nothing of the fauna—and the Hawaiian string quartet and the storm that always blows up in the second act, delighted the audience as much as if it had been staged by Burton Holmes. And the costumes! Aloma wears very little more than a captivating expression and the natives wander about in the very sketchy outfits which the weather demands.

Fortunately, the cast is young and good looking and quite equal to the Hawaiian idea of decoration. Vivienne Osborne played Aloma with a sprightly enthusiasm that accounted for the seduction of nearly every male in the cast. She later left to take the place of Lenore Ulric in “The Harem” and Galina Kopernack has her rôle. Aloma may not be another “Bird of Paradise,” but if the New York start means anything it is good for a spirited run and an even more spectacular career in the movies. It is a plot, incidentally, that Mr. Griffith could give far more life to than it ever had on the screen.

“The Poor Nut.”

Here we have the Nugents again—that irresistible and talented family which came out of vaudeville with “Kempy” and has been going strong ever since. “Kempy” was written by J. C. Nugent, the father, and

Photo by Wide World Studio

Galina Kopernack plays the colorful heroine in “Aloma of the South Seas.”
On the New York Stage

staged by Elliott Nugent, his son, and had mother and sister Ruth and Elliott in the cast, to say nothing of the dog who wriggled through an important role. This new play was also written by a group of assorted Nuggents, produced by Patterson McNutt—who wrote "Pigs"—and is already one of the hits of the season.

It’s a college play with the highbrow student as the goat. He has all the usual earmarks—he wears glasses and blinks and never enters a room without spilling an armful of books. But of course he comes to life and grows human in the end. The action which brings him alive is based on the usual romance, but it is done in the real spirit of an idiotic, irresponsible college crowd.

I’ve grown awfully nervous about college plays. Usually when a crowd of stage freshmen come frolicking out in a serpentine dance you are a bit confused as to whether this is really the campus or the courtyard of the old men’s home. But this cast is all young and all full of the sort of pep that doesn’t have to be rehearsed. Even the frat house was real and the track meet which winds up the second act keep the house in just the sort of tumult that you would expect from rooters. The principals—what was left of them after the family took their roles—were just as good as the Nuggents, which made an almost perfect little comedy complete.

A Rough Translation.

The most important début of the month was the arrival of Lila Lee for the first time on the legitimate stage. All film fans know this dark-eyed young actress for her work on the screen, and vaudeville fans before them remember her as the chubby, adorable baby that the program called “Cuddles” and let it go at that. Her stage début promises to offer another and wider field to a career which has been as diversified as it has been brief. I can only say “promises,” however, for her play gives her little opportunity to act. Moreover, on the first night, the entire cast was so nervous about the probable effect of their lines on the audience that they all acted as if they were handling high explosives. For “The Bride Retires” is a French farce and about as risqué as they come, even on Broadway.

It is the sort of thing that makes its earnest defenders remind you that “it doesn’t sound so bad in French.” In that case, the English version introducing Lila Lee was a very rough translation. At any rate, it sounded pretty bad on the opening night. It follows the old mechanical French formula of the bride and her lover and the husband and his mistress and a wedding night scene which is full of tears and winks and nudges. Evidently, its author held to the old theory that a bed—especially a French bed with gilt cupids—is the most exquisitely ludicrous thing in dramatic action and that one pair of pajamas is joke enough for an audience.

Through this clumsy assortment of stage furniture, Lila Lee moves with real beauty and grace and with the sort of poise that can ignore the footlights. She seemed much more radiant before them than I have ever seen her on the screen, for the color and excitement lit up her dark beauty with an effect that was startling. And her voice is pleasant and expressive enough to be a definite asset if the lines had only given her something worth saying.

I don’t know who selected this play for her; if she did it herself, I can only say that her acting is better than her judgment. It may be that she was mortally tired of the prim little romances she has been playing on the screen and wanted a change; if that is the case, she certainly got it, for “The Bride Retires” would send any board of censors into foaming convulsions. I wouldn’t mind so much if it were interesting, but it is for the most part both tiresome and offensive—the sort of thing that the hometown cut-up finds in the Paris manufactured for tourists.

“A Bit o’ Love.”

It was a relief to turn from these cheap scandals to the Galsworthy play which O. P. Heggie has brought into the Actors Theater. It has almost no plot and only one central figure, but every act is filled with compassion and understanding of its characters. Heggie plays the English parson who is deserted by his wife and scorned by the villagers because he won’t divorce her. There is so much heartbreaking courage in the piece that this correspondent had to be mopped up with a sponge at the end of the second act. It won’t be a Broadway success and there is no film plot, but it will stand in my mind, at least, as one of the deeply significant plays of the year.

Jazzed Melodrama.

“The Gorilla” starts off with hints of Poe and his ghastly, blood-curdling “Murders in the Rue Morgue.” You have hardly reached the first back-stage scream, however, before you realize that this melodrama isn’t to be taken seriously. It is one of those burlesques on the old-time thriller which, like “The Tavern,” gathers together all the old stock situations and proceeds to jazz them into a riotous comedy.

This mock tragedy has everything—shouts in the dark, clutching hands, sliding out of the wall, shrieks and moans and struggling, huge black beast of the title rôle who kidnaps the blond heroine. Later, as the final touch of burlesque, it turns out to be “all a dream,” an ending.
On the New York Stage

which is too obvious almost for burlesque. But by that time the audience was in such a hilarious humor that they began to laugh as soon as the footlights went up for the final act.

Ralph Spence, wrote it—the same Ralph Spence who has been responsible for many popular scenarios and whose subtitles in "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," were such a howling success. This play is a little too wild in its present form to be turned into a scenario, but no doubt Mr. Spence is equal to some sort of adaptation which would give it form enough for the screen. Meanwhile, the New York audiences at the Selwyn Theater are eating it alive with shouts of joy. I never in my life heard such a noisy first night and they tell me the hilarity continues. One of its chief causes is a pair of jazz detectives—Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Garrity—who upset all the Sherlock Holmes traditions with a new assortment of wise cracks.

"Man or Devil."

This month brought its usual Lionel Barrymore opening. It seems to me by this time that I've been chasing up to Times Square every Monday night to watch this actor in another new play, so constant has been his appearances and so suddenly have they vanished from Broadway. This latest one promises more than any of his recent ventures. It is an old-fashioned fantasy by Jerome K. Jerome in the mode of "Rip van Winkle." It is set in a little Dutch town and shows Lionel as an old miser who, for all his meaness, truly loves the blond Christina. A mysterious peddler brings him a magic draught which he drinks and thus trades souls with the young lover of Christina. At first this works beautifully—the miser becomes sweeter and more generous every day, while the lover grows meaner and more miserly.

But it is not so good with Christina, who really loves the young man, regardless of what soul he happens to possess at the moment. So the old fellow, who really desires her happiness above everything, drinks again and gives the young man his youth and gayety back for her sake. As you see, it is a highly moral legend, picturesque and colorful, but not very exciting. In the role of Nicholas, the miser, Barrymore has struck something that is closer to his real vein. He is at his best in character work and this fanciful, symbolic old figure he invests with real poetic qualities. It is the sort of thing that almost any good character actor could play in his sleep, however, and I still believe that the robust ability of this Barrymore is being more and more neglected with every season.

However, "Man or Devil" gives you an agreeable evening in the theater as the result of his work and of a production which is beautifully and skillfully handled. Ruth Findley is a lovely figure as Christina and the cast provides the background of burgomasters, sea captains, Gretchen's and merry villagers with grace and charm. It would make a picturesque movie and a still more poetic libretto for an old-fashioned operetta.

A Few Horrors.

This about sums up the list of moderate successes this month and leaves us alone with its cruel errors. It has been a fortunate year, on the whole, which has left the first nighter with some magnificent memories. But, on the other hand, it has had more than its share of the world's worst productions. I've been sleuthing plays on Broadway for lo! these many seasons, and I can't remember a single year that had such an epidemic of impossible plays let loose in a single month on the track of the defenseless critic.

However, all of a sudden, the critic has found a defender in the audiences. As the result of these incredible productions, there has been a sudden change

Continued on page 96
On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

From a Hollywood Graveyard.

Here lies a dub who made bum adaptations,
A novelist killed him and all his relations.

Please omit flowers, for here's Lehigh Lowe,
He sat on our hats at the movie show.

Long rest the framework
of A. Mushy Dome,
He wrote his screen cap-
tions to sound like a
pone.

Here lie the ashes of Lorelei McPet,
Her hubby was jealous—the party was wet.

Here lies what's left of a dare-devil double,
His rabbit's foot failed when he got into trouble

Pause, shed a tear for this Hollywood
super,
She waited for work until plunged in a
stupor.

Don't waste your tears on Hamfat
McGart,
He said that the movies were unfit for
his art.

Toll long the bell for sight-seeing
Hector,
He walked on a scene and was killed by
the director.

Say a brief prayer for scenarist McKeck,
He died of surprise when they mailed him a check.

Would There Were More!

Two flappers were enjoying their favorite star in a
romantic love story.
"Why, this picture has no subtitles at all!" exclaimed one.
"No," remarked the other, "it's just too sweet for
words."

Producers are always changing the titles of books
and plays adapted for the screen—for better or for
worse—in an attempt to get something so vivid and
compelling that it will drive fans to the box office. But
we have noticed that no attempt is being made to im-
prove on the titles of the Zane Grey best sellers which
are being done into celluloid. Surely no one in the
studios could invent more colorful, compelling titles
for Western pictures than "The Thundering Herd," "Riders of
the Purple Sage," and "The Light of Western Stars."

If any one ever opens a contest for the best example
of unconscious alliteration, we are going to send in
this entry: "Betty Bronson in 'Peter Pan,' a Para-
mount picture."

Snips from the News Reel.

At last it has been discovered what caused
the earthquake shock felt in the East last
winter. It was just poor old Dante turning
over in his grave at what was done to his
"Inferno" in adapting it for the screen.

The bones of a ten-thousand-year-old
mastodon were discovered in digging the
cellar for a New York apartment house.
It is rumored that they were planted there by the press agent for "The Lost
World."

Truth Will Out.

A great flurry of excitement was
caused recently by a motion-picture con-
vention in a small city. Representatives
of every branch of the industry attended,
and the local film men went out of their
way to provide lavish entertainment for their guests.
An automobile trip was one of the features. A car
was chartered for each group—one for the exhibitors, one
for the producers, one for stars, et cetera. One of
the film men hurried from car to car, making sure that
everything was ready for a comfortable journey, and
hunted one driver:
"Got any shock absorbers on your car?"
"I'll say I have," retorted the driver.
"I've got the whole durned board of censors
with me."
On Sober Reflection

"The Iron Horse," the epic of the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, is said to be a great success financially. Wonder how many producers of unsuccessful spectacles are tearing their hair and crying, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!

Our Mammoth Production.

As soon as we get ten million dollars saved up, we are going to produce a fantastic spectacle suggested by the story of Noah's ark on so gigantic a scale that it will make "The Ten Commandments" and "Ben-Hur" look like the one-reelers of nickelodeon days.

The ark itself will be at least as big as an ocean liner and will be stocked with more animals, from the Universal and Selig zoos, than Barnum ever knew existed. Noah—Theodore Roberts, of course—will be shown building the ark while the scoffers, led by Adolphe Menjou with his sardonic smile, pooh-pooh the idea of a flood.

Subtitle: "It ain't gonna rain no more!" Then come the rains, and the waters slowly rise about the ark, because we have rented a river near by and built a huge dam across it.

Taking liberties with the original story, we shall introduce human beings as well as animals of every species. All Hollywood will be aboard. There will be romantic heroes, gray old mothers, middle-aged bankers, sweet young girls and wicked vampires. Tom Mix will be there to tame the lions if they go on a rampage. Douglas Fairbanks will swing from beam to beam among the chattering monkeys, teaching them new tricks. The strong men, including Jack Holt, Thomas Meighan and Richard Dix, will be whipping their weight in wild cats, and regrettting that there are only two. Jackie Coogan will feed the elephants peanuts, and Baby Peggy will fish over the side of the ark for water lilies. William S. Hart, a stern, lonely figure, will be up in the crow's nest if an ark has such a thing, trying to sight land above the flood waters. The sirens, including Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, and Pola Negri, will try to vamp everybody on board, and will finally be sentenced to solitary confinement for the protection of susceptible passengers. The Moore brothers, Tom and Matt and Owen, will go around telling Pat-and-Mike jokes until thrown overboard. Buster Keaton will play poker until he has won all the money on board, as the other players won't be able to tell from the expression of his frozen face whether he is holding a single pair or four aces. In the midst of the voyage, Harold Lloyd will break his glasses and will dash madly around the ship looking for an optometrist, only to find he can't have them repaired until Noah's house boat lands on Mount Ararat. The most exciting moment of the voyage will occur when Wallace Beery—we had to introduce a villain in the story—is caught boring a hole in the bottom of the ark to sink the whole menagerie.

Rattle this off, if you want to fracture your jaw:

**DICK DIX, LIKE MIX, IS SICK OF SIX SEX SHOWS.**

Can you write a tongue twister like this about your favorite star or play? If you can, send it in, and it may be printed here with your name.

With one exception, it ought to be easy to find players for all the roles in this colossal production. Where on earth can we find an actor who is willing to be called Ham?

**Have You Heard—**

That Ben Turpin is so suspicious of his nose that he constantly keeps his eyes on it?

That Mary Pick-ford never picks that make of car?

That Rudolph Valentino can't make himself look like ex-Secretary Hughes no matter how he tries?

That a real marquis doesn't enjoy being called "Mr. Swanson," even if he is Gloria's husband?

That Bull Montana never won a beauty contest?

That evidently Jack Dempsey hopes to?

That the Bagdad police department is thinking of having "The Thief of Bagdad" finger printed?

Universal is making a chapter play out of the old childhood favorite, "The Swiss Family Robinson." As we remember it, this is a tale of a family stranded on an island, à la Robinson Crusoe, who incredibly supply themselves with every necessity and luxury of life that had been invented up to the time the book was written. Universal, carrying on with the idea of the author, might give islanders also radio, check protectors and kiddie karts in the first chapter, and new conveniences and luxuries from week to week, as fast as they are invented.

**The Popular Villain.**

People are always interested in the doings of a real bad egg, whether it is on the screen or in real life. The criminal gets columns in the newspapers, and, if he is personable enough, admiration and even sympathy, while the handsome hero who pulls somebody out of the river at the risk of his life gets only a brief notice. Perhaps this explains the vogue of Wallace Beery as the big, brutal villain of the screen. Beery may steal his grandmother's false teeth in one picture, and burn down an orphan asylum in his next, yet we good, law-abiding citizens want to see him do it and get punished for it. Perhaps if Beery were given a badman part with the pathetic trimmings the sob sisters like to write about, he would run away with the picture, leaving the hero far in the background. And yet stars usually insist on hero parts. We wonder if they didn't insist on being so consistently noble in all their pictures if their popularity with the fans wouldn't be more secure against the ravages of time? What do the fans think about it?

**Will It Come to This?**

"I'm sure something was left out of the program to-night," murmured the manager of the great picture palace, with a puzzled frown.

"Did you forget the ballad singers or the xylophone solo?" a friend suggested.

Continued on page 114
Hal Roach's Little Joke

Every one who has formulated a theory about motion-picture acting—about the experience and cultural background and technique that all go toward making up the equipment of a skilled actor—ought to see two recent Hal Roach productions, "Black Cyclone," starring Rex, the wild horse, and "Hold My Baby," a short comedy in which Husky Haines, aged only a few months, appears.

It is hard to say which is the more magnificent performance. That of the horse is an artistic triumph; that of the baby is superb. Both have rare expressiveness, poise, and a fine sense of tempo. One cannot, in fact, think of any quality in the finest acting performances of any of our screen stars that is not also an accomplishment of these two.

It seems almost as though Hal Roach would have his little joke. Let the highbrows rave about subtlety and irony and finesse in characterization as though it were the exclusive property of a Barrymore or a Gish; he and his directors, Fred Jackman and James Horne, have endowed a wild horse and a tiny baby with those same attributes.

Methods of making motion pictures are constantly changing and what is better for the pictures is frequently worse for the players. The present tendency, for instance, is toward using natural backgrounds that have not formerly been used, and in order to escape the too-familiar contours of Balboa Beach, Big Bear Lake, and Laurel Canyon, companies have to go far afield. The motion-picture actor who used to return to his comfortable Hollywood home after a day of work on location, now finds himself in the remote fastnesses of the Canadian Rockies or billeted in a tiny hamlet of New Mexico. Some actors have suffered more than others, but a majority of them claim that they have experienced some of the hardships of the old-time trouper who had to play one-night stands. The record, however, seems to be held by that stalwart old veteran of the screen—Hobart Bosworth—who has spent just twenty-one days of the first six months of 1925 in his home town. Some director with Boy Scout aspirations could do a good deed by casting Mr. Bosworth in a society drama that would be made entirely in Hollywood.

A Mother's Choice

What Mr. Will Hays considers a most significant judgment on the movies has just been passed by Margaretta Tuttle, the famous novelist. Her daughter, who is a graduate of a woman's college and of the School of Social Service, decided that she wanted to go into the movies. Far from discouraging her, her mother, who is thoroughly familiar with the studios on both the Western and Eastern coasts, was delighted.

The fact that Mrs. Tuttle, who comes of cultured, conservative people, should be proud to have her daughter take up motion-picture acting as her life work, should convince people that motion-picture studios are not the dens of iniquity that they have sometimes been painted by muckraking papers.

Prologue—When elaborate prologues and musical numbers are put on in motion-picture theaters, it usually means that a comedy gets crowded off the program, and The Observer can hardly believe that audiences approve of this. The prologues are all right in their way, but what mélange of costumes, scenery, music, and even dancing, can compare in entertainment value with some of the riotous Sennett, or Christie, or prize-fight comedies? After much questioning of theater officials, The Observer has finally learned the real reason why good comedies are being rejected in favor of mediocre musical numbers. Theater managers who merely book pictures earn moderate salaries, whereas one who stages a twenty-minute prologue every week can command a handsome retainer. And so the poor picture fans have to suffer! But why suffer in silence? A few complaints might bring results.

Another Milestone

The Observer is not always grouchly about the inclusion of musical numbers in film programs. For instance, it seemed to them to mark a decided advance in artistic progress when First National engaged Zimbalist, the celebrated violinist, to play at the premier performance of "Quo Vadis." A brief selection played by one of the finest artists of the concert world, is in no way related to the lengthy and heterogenous programs offered by second and third-rate performers in our film theaters.

Britain's Favorites

Who do you suppose is the most popular screen star in England? Mary Pickford? Norma Talmadge? Rudolph Valentino?

According to the result of a contest recently held in Birmingham, it is Harold Lloyd. And following him these names, in the order given, made the list of the ten most popular players: Betty Balfour, Rudolph Valentino, Mary Pickford, Jackie Coogan, Norma Talmadge, Charles Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Matheson Lang, and Sesnie Hayakawa.

The second ten began with Thomas Meighan, who was followed by Pola Negri, Ivor Novello, Constance Talmadge, Gladys Cooper, Lillian Gish, Mae Marsh, Mae Murray, Betty Compson, and Alice Terry.
In and Out of the Studios

Catching the players in some informal moods.

A new way of keeping your husband in tow is to lasso him with the sort of long, wicked Spanish whip that Mary Pickford is using on Douglas Fairbanks in this picture. It is the whip that serves as Doug's principal weapon in his latest production, "Don Q."

Helena D'Algy goes in for art by having a crest painted on her ankle to match the royal atmosphere of "Confessions of a Queen."

No, Claire Windsor hasn't a twin sister. The girl shown with her above is not a girl, but merely a wax fashion dummy made for display in department-store windows throughout the country. The remarkable likeness was secured by making a mask of Miss Windsor's face.
Tom Mix performs with Tony, who is probably the most famous animal in motion pictures since his recent trip abroad and his tour of personal appearances with Mix.

Screen players are hardly in it these days unless they have some kind of pet. Clara Horton, at the left, strolls around Hollywood with her pet monkey, who carries her vanity case around his neck, while Raymond Hatton is so fond of his tiny dog, Toodles, who has played with him on the stage for years, that he wouldn't part with him for any money.

We were told that this picture of Doris Kenyon was taken on a hunting expedition in the Adirondacks, but the fox slung over her gun looks suspiciously like a necklace.
Speaking of more pets, Norma Shearer found this dainty little thing at the Barnes circus in California.

Since all the styles of bobbed hair seem to have been exhausted, Pauline Garon introduces the fad of the silk wool wig to Hollywood, and is shown here having her new headdress arranged by a hair specialist.

Ben Lyon shows Lucy Fox what a small-town sheik looks like when he sets out to vamp the girls.

We're wondering how much Rin-tin-tin is handing this statue of himself being made by a sculptor admirer of his.
Clothes for Vacation

Sketches from motion-picture players' wardrobes adapted to the average girl's needs with little
By Betty

clever enough to make at least some of the simpler things, she is likely to find the cost of her summer wardrobe mounting too high.

With the exception of the more elaborate evening gowns, few of the clothes worn by our best-dressed screen players in current pictures need much adaptation to make them suitable for the average girl.

All the costumes sketched upon this page, for instance, most of which bear the magic stamp of Paris, are such as can be worn this month either by the girl who sojourns by sea or mountains or by her less fortunate sister who must spend her vacation at home or take it by proxy in outings and week-ends.

The two gowns at the top of the opposite page are so exactly the right thing for informal afternoon wear, and yet so simple in cut and line, that any one with a knack for home dressmaking would have little trouble in evolving either of them.

The one at the left of the drawing is worn by Dorothy Revier in the forthcoming production,

The sage who recently voiced the opinion that styles and novelties may come and go but good taste goes on forever must certainly have given the tribute of at least a portion of his remarks to the sane and delightful styles shown in the average motion picture of to-day.

Whether this is due to a higher standard of intelligence, and its consequent good taste, among the players themselves, or to a healthy reaction against the fearful and wonderful creations worn in many of the old-time 'society films,' certain it is that no time since pictures made their first appearance have the costumes worn in them been so indicative of simple good taste and breeding.

The simplicity of these present-day styles is a great boon to the girl of limited means who must make some of her own clothes in order to have enough changes to get through the summer. The hot days seem to demand a greater variety of comfortable garments than the colder months, and unless a girl

---

Here is a Callot tea gown which Carmel Myers brought from Paris. All sorts of graceful things can be done with the voluminous matching scarf.

In the center is sketched a chiffon frock of Julanne Johnston's, also fresh from Paris, while at right appears a smart black satin coat, lined with white, which Florence Vidor wears in 'Grounds for Divorce.'
Days

which may be
difficulty.

Brown

"Just a Woman."
It consists of a
simple sleeveless
crape foundation
trimmed with
bands of figured
crape whose design,
I am sure, must
have been copied
from a rattlesnake's back. That
fact, however, does
not in the least
detract from its
beauty. These
bands are fastened
to the dress only at
the top, and there-
after pursue their
merry way un-
trammeled to be-

At the left is shown a
sleeveless crape dress
trimmed with bands of
figured crape which
Dorothy Revier wears
in "Just a Woman;"
while the sketch of the
girl with the parasol
shows another of
Julanne Johnston's
lovely frocks.

This little farmerette
frock of Esther Ra-
ston's is ideal for the
girl who summers
in the country. It is
of printed linen, with
an accompanying gar-
den hat of natural
straw.

low the hem line. The
ever-present scarf is
also of the figured
crape. The long, black
kid gloves worn with
this costume are a
happy revival of an old
style, and are particu-
larly good when worn
with the sleeveless
gown, as they take
away the bare "un-
dressed" look of a
dress of this style when worn on the street.

Another combination of plain and figured crape is shown in the gown worn by the girl with the parasol. It is one of Julanne Johnston's frocks, and features the always popular apron
flounce and flowing sleeves, while a unique touch is given by the ribbon sash and pocket flap.

Miss Johnston also poses for us in the center
of the opposite page, with a chiffon frock fresh
from its native Paris. This is one of those
delightful all-occasion gowns which can be worn
for either evening, dinner or even formal after-
noon affairs. With its graceful matching scarf
and narrow sequin trimming it would be a charm-
ing addition to the summer wardrobe and would
be lovely in any color.

For the girl who summers in the country, or
is lucky enough to live there the year round,
the little farmerette frock at the left is irre-
sistible. As worn by Esther Ralston in "Beggar

Continued on page 115
How the Diving Po

There is something in the psychology of the motion-picture ponies which interests me. I wonder what they think of the strange things they are asked to do and if they have any conception of what it is all about! They don't lead horse lives in a normal horse way but are continuously being placed in odd predicaments and made to fight their way out or do other things that horses usually aren't called upon to do.

What under the sun must Tony have thought when Tom Mix got him on top of a freight train and made him race from one end of the swaying cars to another in "Catch My Smoke?" And what did Tony think had happened when they put him in a gravity ore car and sent him careening down a mountainside at forty or fifty miles an hour in "The Trouble Shooter?" Those things ordinarily are not done in polite horse society. It isn't dignified or customary or in the usual course of horse events.

I asked Mix what he supposed Tony thought of it. His reply was thoroughly elucidating. He said:

"Gawd only knows! I wonder, myself."

But Tony has it easy as compared with a lot of horses working in pictures. He is considered too valuable to risk his neck in too hazardous feats. There is, for instance, Sovereign, a little bay pony owned by Clarence Sovereign in Hollywood, which hops off cliffs and bridges and disappears under water like a wood duck. He has done it time and again, coming out snorting and shaking himself and then looking around as if to say—"What next?" And to one side out of the way. Then the horse lay there eating grass!
nies Do their Stunts

are all part of the day's work to them.

Wooldridge

At that time Mr. Ince owned Fritz, the pinto pony which Bill Hart later bought and called his "paint hoss." Fritz was another falling horse but his way of doing it was to tense the muscles in his shoulders and land on his neck. Fritz, Nigger, Stub, and Cheyenne, the last owned by Whitey Sovern, have been the most famous of all falling and diving picture ponies. Cheyenne will be remembered as the horse which raced to and tumbled off a bridge for Charles Ray in his most successful picture, "The Coward." All these ponies save Stub have been retired. When "North of 36" was filmed in Texas last year, Stub was transported to the Lone Star State to do a series of falls in that cattle stampede. Seven shots of the fall were taken, in six of which Stub rolled completely over. Each time, after he had done his stuff, he, like Nigger, lay there eating grass. Clarence Sovern rode him.

"There are just two ways of making horses leap from cliffs and just two ways to make them fall," Ray Thompson said. "One is by education; the other by trickery. In 'Quincy Adams Sawyer' I rode an unknown gray horse along the edge of a cliff forty-two feet above the water, to where a trap fall had been arranged. As the horse's feet struck it, a trigger was pulled and the ground gave way. The animal turned completely over, its hind feet striking the pool first. It was not hurt, but it had been tricked and thereafter it never would have made a diving horse. It was afraid of the water.

"Whitey Sovern and I took two horses to a lake in the mountains and educated them to dive. First, we merely rode them into the water. Then, from a slight elevation, we had them hop in. We gradually increased the height and they learned little by little they would not be injured. One of these horses Whitey called Widow Maker. The other was that wonderful Nigger. They not only got so they did not fear a leap into a pool but actually learned to enjoy it. A twenty-five-foot plunge was sugar candy to either of the two.

"When no trained diving horses are available, others are tricked into doing required stunts. The old custom of blindfolding them, thank heaven, virtually has been discontinued. But sometimes they are ridden at such great speed straight at the brink of cliffs that they cannot stop, and go plunging headlong over. They aren't hurt but it frightens them badly.

"If you watch motion pictures closely, you easily can tell when a horse has been tricked. The trained animal endeavors to squat low right at the very edge as it prepares to leap. It gauges its distance so it will strike the water forefeet first. But when it flounders in the air after it has gone over and lands in an awkward position, it's a very safe bet its fall was not expected. I feel sorry for the diving horses. They

Continued on page 111
The Screen
Critical comment on
By Sally
Caricatures by

The sincere acting of Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman saves "The Sporting Venus" from being pretty poor.

It is very hard to praise a thing without restraint. Enthusiasm is apt to sound mawkish and unlimited admiration seems to turn to saccharine. The things we don't like make us more fluent than the things we do. All this is to explain why it is hard for me to say very much about "The Unholy Three." I liked it too much to be very clear about it. To me it is a fine picture, about the best I have ever seen. I say "about the best," because I don't want to have to take anything back later.

Now to business. "The Unholy Three," is a Metro-Goldwyn picture with Lon Chaney, Mae Busch, and Matt Moore. It was directed by Tod Browning and his folks certainly are going to be proud of him when they see it. Usually even the best pictures will have dull moments when the man three rows back of you with a cough suddenly becomes an annoyance, but in this picture a school of whooping cough patients could scarcely be noticed. I have never seen suspense so deliberate and so terrifying. It has the gripping quality of Poe's story, "The Pit and the Pendulum."

I am afraid that you will be disappointed when I tell you that it is a story of the underworld. I have always been a little partial to stage criminals, never having known any real ones, and anybody's story of a big-hearted boy who cracks safes because no one ever told him it was bad, holds my attention. But crooks as they find them in life as it is lived.

Having just seen Monte Blue with a brow all wrinkled and furrowed with care in "Recompense," it was a real pleasure to see him in his happy self in Ernst Lubitsch's picture, "Kiss Me Again." In "Recompense," he acted partly like Conway Tearle renouncing something and partly like an actor, but in "Kiss Me Again" he decides to have his lighter moments and is a better man for it.

Ernst Lubitsch is a wonderful director. He takes Marie Prevost, Monte Blue, Clara Bow and John Roche and makes them excruciatingly funny. After most domestic mix-ups where things either end in tragedy or Keystone cops, it is pleasant to find a happy medium where old situations are ridiculed and made inconsequential.

This is a story of a husband and a wife, and of course, another man, with Monte Blue as Gaston Fleury, Marie Prevost as Louis Fleury, and John Roche as Maurice Ferriere. Maurice wins Louis by playing the piano romantically, but with the piano locked his only parlor trick is gone, and the romance falls flat. None of this sounds so terribly gay but, to quote Benjamin Franklin, "It ain't what he does, it's the way he does it."
in Review
the month's new films.

Benson
John Decker

"Kiss Me Again" seemed funnier to me than "The Marriage Circle," but then past loves and laughs are easily forgotten.

More Apple Sauce.
I hate to seem a sweet-tempered, agreeable old thing, with a kind word for everybody, but "Beggar on Horseback," directed by James Cruze, is terribly good, too. The stage version of the play by Marc Connelly and George Kaufman was such delicious fun that I dreaded seeing it on the screen for fear that somebody would try to make it all mean something. But fortunately no one has; the whole production floats along on the pinkest sort of cloud of beautiful nonsense.

It is the story of a young musician who very nearly marries a rich girl so that he can compose his music without being bothered by sordid finance. And then he falls asleep and dreams a most mixed-up nightmare about it. The dream is very much better in the picture than it was on the stage, and one lovely bit of distorted fantasy slips into another without the shifting scenes that were necessary in the play.

The ballet, "A Kiss in Zanzibar," is beautiful. Betty Compson wears a blond wig and is fragile and desirable and Theodore Kosloff is the king.

Edward Horton is the young musician and Esther Ralston is the girl he loves.

I went to see it with the meanest sort of doubts in my warped mind, for while I think the world and all of James Cruze, I had a terrible feeling that he might make things a little too meaty. Vagueness is a hard thing to catch. But he has done it just about perfectly, and Mr. Connelly and Mr. Kaufman should go to bed to-night two very, very happy little boys.

Fifty-per-cent Custard Pie.

"The Night Club" is called "The Night Club" just to put a flaw in an otherwise good picture. The title has nothing to do with the story, which was taken from William de Mille's play, "After Five." It is a rollicking slapstick comedy with Raymond Griffith, Vera Reynolds, and Louise Fazenda. The night I saw it the audience screamed with joy every time Mr. Griffith had a bad fall, and there were many of them. He fell in every conceivable way almost all the time, and it was fine.

Left at the altar by a beautiful blonde, he vows never to look at another girl as long as he lives, when one of those eccentric uncles who used to be so plentiful in stories, dies and leaves him a fortune and a fiancée. He takes the fortune and refuses the fiancée until he sees her. After that everything happens. Bulls chase people, automobiles tear up and down stairs and slide backward down hills, but in the final reel Mr. Griffith lands on his feet and all ends well.

I loved it. The rougher the comedy the better, I say. Of course, Mr. Griffith doesn't have to fall to be funny. He just is. But he does fall so well that it seems a shame to put a stop to it. Not only that, but he is the living proof to the claim that a person can be good looking and not be a sap.

Vera Reynolds was made to play in comedies and Louise Fazenda does well as La Belle Carmencita, the wonderful kid from Madrid.

And now just one little word before we leave this picture. Lately the theaters, the New York theaters anyway, have been hiding the two-reel comedies and showing quaint canals on old Bruges instead, and I, for one, protest against it. I won't be fooled that way. Some one in a funny hat and a mustache that slips is dearer to me any day than any colored tulip that ever opened slowly before my disgusted eyes.

A Fresh-air Picture.

A surprising thing happened to me when I went to see Richard Dix in "The Shock Punch." Strange as it may seem to me the Dix fans, many of the pictures in which he has played have left me yawning, but seeing this picture, I found myself laughing when I was supposed to, and enjoying myself thoroughly. Just when I had made up my mind to take back all the things I'd thought about him because of some of the parts he'd played and to admire him for what he was, he began to climb up and down skyscrapers.

The next half hour went pretty badly for me because I never can convince myself that no harm will befall

Monte Blue and Marie Prevost are excruciatingly funny in Lubitsch's, "Kiss Me Again."
The boy, set out for the great open spaces in a flivver. They mean to find Zander's father who is lost somewhere, but they find three bootleggers instead who are zealously smuggling things across the Mexican border.

Harrison Ford is the bootlegger chief who reforms.

This Might Be Worse.

"Playing With Souls," I am ashamed to say, is the name of the picture that Buster Collier makes bearable. It is the kind of picture which gets so bad at times that sleep almost brings blessed relief, and at other times perks up into something pretty fine.

At first there is a husband who is noble but dull and a wife who won't stay home with the baby. Everything goes to smash and the little boy is sent to school near Paris. This is where it begins to be good. The scenes in the boys' school were the only good school scenes I have ever seen. Usually the little mischiefs get too playful and throw pillows but in this picture they retain quite a childish dignity.

Don Marion is Matthew Date, Jr., at twelve years, and he plays very sympathetically. His little piteous looks about his mother made me feel sad.

After he grows up and the part is taken by Buster Collier, he becomes bitter over his neglect and tries very hard to go to what used to be known as the dogs.

Mary Astor is the good little French girl and Jacqueline Logan is the bad one.

I think Buster Collier is a good actor. He is what a girl in a seat back of me called "old-fashioned looking." I imagine that she really meant that he looked like the melancholy and elegant young men of the seventies. I like him. His name is none of my business but I do wish that he'd do something about the "Buster." All Sonnies, Juniors, Busters, and Royals should have vanished with the children who were seen and not heard.

Blanche Sweet in Plaids.

"The Sporting Venus" is a story by Gerald Beaumont about the beautiful Scotch Lady Gwendolyn. You know the kind of story where pride plays such havoc. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save the day.

Up till now the only Scotchmen I have ever seen a hero. If you remember Harold Lloyd's "Safety Last" you know what I mean. And if you can stand the strain of sitting through a picture that makes you feel as though you were going down in a fast elevator, by all means see "The Shock Punch."

Richard plays a rich man's son who swings a wicked right arm. His main diversion is boxing. Unfortunately, he meets a girl who doesn't like it. Of course, his strong right arm saves the day.

Her father is building the skyscraper and everything is at stake. That's how he happens to get to playing around twenty-two stories above ground with nothing under him but a narrow steel beam and quite a lot of pavement. There's a good bit of villainy about too, what with rival interests and mean old steel workers.

This is the sort of thing that Douglas Fairbanks used to do. Richard Dix does it just as well. He has a very nice sense of comedy, a beautiful sense of balance, which is lucky for him, and he is a lot better looking.

Marion Davies with Freckles.

I liked Marion Davies in "Zander the Great." She is just another orphan with freckles and two very stiff pigtails, but she is a very agreeable one and I didn't mind a bit. After all, an orphan might just as well look like one. Besides, she has a very good pair of comedy legs which seemed very comic to me in long, black cotton stockings. Later in the picture she developed curls and posed prettily.

Of course there is a brutal matron in the asylum and the little orphan is adopted by a woman who already has a baby boy.

When her benefactor dies, the orphan and Zander,
were Harry Lander and the fellow with his picture on the butterscotch, and naturally when Ronald Colman appeared in kilts and a tam he rather swept me off my feet. The next time I go on a Cook’s Tour I mean to include the British Isles.

There is no plot to the picture and all the situations are created through misunderstandings. It is one of those stories where if any one spoke up, there would be no story. No one does, so there is.

Blanche Sweet wears some amazing clothes that look more like moving pictures than British aristocracy.

Lew Cody is Prince Carlos, a fortune hunter from Paragoria, or one of those places. There is a great deal of him. He can’t be blamed for some pretty dull comedy.

Most of the scenes are beautiful, and Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save a good many hackneyed situations by acting as though they were real people.

Marshall Neilan directed it. I hope it isn’t the best that’s in him.

This Can’t Go Wrong.

"Chickie" is the type of picture that I dislike on general principle, but it is bound to be popular. Any story showing the struggles of a poor working girl is bound to find an audience, and a pretty large audience, too.

Dorothy Mackaill is Chickie and she manages to make the rôle appealing in spite of the fact that she gives the impression of walking in her sleep.

The story is complicated and terrible. There is everything in it. There is a good young man, played by John Bowers, who, in spite of meaning well, complicates things pretty badly; there is a wealthy man about town who doesn’t mean right by Chickie until she tells him that she is a good woman; there are several fun-loving working girls, an ambitious mother, a father who knows that this sort of thing won’t come to any good end; there is a society girl after the hero; and last, oh! quite last, there is a baby and a wedding, in the order named. If that won’t satisfy nearly every one, I don’t know what will.

There are some terribly funny scenes in it. When Jake Munson, played by Paul Nicholson, fixes up a pretty little white bedroom, white being for purity, you see, which he explains while he asks Chickie to marry him, and when she falls crushed on the floor by the horrid thought that she doesn’t match the room, well really, if that isn’t bunk, I’ve never seen it.

I would like to have the money that this picture is bound to make. I am sure that it will be considered a thoroughly moral story. It isn’t. It’s a lot of false, silly, distorted nonsense.

Gladys Brockwell, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman, and Olive Tell are in the cast too. They all do their best. John Francis Dillon directed it.

Another Comedy.

This comedy was meant to be one, and while it didn’t mean much to me, one way or another, the audience seemed to like it.

I am speaking of "The Crackerjack," starring Johnny Hines. The audience loved him. There isn’t much use telling the plot because it moves along in pretty good shape except that Sigrid Holmquist blocked it a little bit for me. Here is a girl who may be the Swedish Mary Pickford, but who is Swedish first and Mary Pickford some other time maybe. J. Barney Sherry, Bradley Barker, and Henry West are in the picture. Every one seemed to be having a nice time.

Prewar Stuff.

Some one looking in the old trunk in the attic must have come across the story of "The Talker." The moths had eaten a good bit of it, which is just as well, and I bet it made them ill.

It is the story of a woman who wanted to be emancipated. She talked about it to her young sister-in-law, and the two girls went out riding alone in a car with

Continued on page 112
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Classmates"—First National. Richard Barthelmess gives a gripping performance as a West Point cadet who was disgraced, but came back. The West Point backgrounds are the real thing.

"Goose Hangs High, The"—Paramount. A James Cruze production of life as it is waged in the average Army, made into a whiz spectacular; just a little gem of reality.

"Grass"—Paramount. A rare and beautiful picture of the tribes of Persia and their journeys to the grassy plains. A film produced in Persia, it has a rich story.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is magnificent as the clown of the Andreyev stage play. Produced by Robert Seastrom. A picture of rare power.

"Iron Horse, The"—Fox. Starring historical drama, showing the building of the transcontinental railroad. George O'Brien is a hero.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?"—United Artists. D. W. Griffith's simple but powerful story of after-war conditions in Germany, centered around a Polish refugee. A triumph of the cinema artist hounded by scandal.

"Devil's Cargo, The"—Paramount. California melodrama in the days of the vigilantes. The acting of Wallace Beery, Raymond Hatton, and Pauline Starke is the best part of it.

"Dick Turpin"—Fox. Tom Mix as the beruffled highwayman of old England.


"Fool, The"—Fox. A sincere presentation of Channing Pollock's stage play, with Edmund Lowe as the handsome young minister who sets out to lead a really drinkable life.


"Great Divide, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Unique movie plot made enjoyable through the acting of Wallace Beery, Alice Terry, and Conway Tearle.

"Greedy"—Metro-Goldwyn. Von Stroheim realism, marvelously done, but a little strong for those who prefer light entertainment.

"His Supreme Moment"—First National. Romantic love scenes between Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman, and some ingenious photography make this worth seeing.


"Introduce Me"—Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean in a sometimes slow, but mostly amusing comedy about an Alpine guide.

"Learning to Love"—First National. A rollicking comedy on how to get a husband. Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno are the principals.

"Lost Lady, A"—Warner Brothers. Irene Rich as the lovely unfortunate of Willa Cather's novel. One of the finest character studies of the year.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Madame Sans Gene"—Paramount. Not Gloria Swanson's best, but well worth seeing. The genuine French backgrounds and settings are strikingly lovely.


"Miracle of the Wolves"—Paramount. A French production showing up Louis XI. A new light. Costumes and settings are wonderful, but the plot is rather silly.

"Monster, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An ingenious melodrama, in which Lon Chaney plays a lunatic doctor.

"My Wife and I"—Warner. A cheap story made into exciting entertainment through the acting of Constance Bennett, Irene Rich, and Huntley Gordon.

"My Lives For Old!"—Paramount. Betty Compson as a beautiful French dancer involved in intrigue.

"New Toys"—Inspiration. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and John Hay, properly enough, play the couple.

"Night of Romance, Her"—First National. Constance Talmadge's best picture in a long while. Ronald Colman adds much to the fun.


"Percy"—Associated Exhibitors. Charles Ray back in his old forte of the bashful boy painfully growing into a man.

"Proud Flesh"—Metro-Goldwyn. A clever, rollicking burlesque of a melodrama. Michael Curtiz and John Ford are excellent as Spaniards, while Pat O'Malley is the plumber who complicates their romance.

"Qoo Vadis"—First National. Emil Jannings appears as Nero in this new Italian version of the famous story.

"Romola"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lillian Gish in a fifteenth-century Italian drama, beautifully produced, but giving her little to do. William Powell runs away with the acting.

"Sainted Devil, A"—Paramount. Valentino in South America again, but with not-so-wonderful results and a story.

"Sally"—First National. From the popular stage play, with Colleen Moore as the dancing heroine.

"Seven Chances"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton is not quite so funny in this, but still has some uproarious moments.

"Silent Watcher, The"—First National. A boy who took his boss' blame, powerfully played by Glenn Hunter, with able assistance from Bessie Love.

Continued on page 115
Hollywood High Lights

Shadowing and foreshadowing the trend of events in the stellar colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

On the surface it might appear that at present a great deal of energy in the pictures is going into politics, denunciation, and name calling that could be spent far more profitably in building up the quality of screen entertainment.

But art has to all indications given way to big business in the colony, and "Bust the Trust!" is the war cry of the hour.

The trouble has come to a head, of course, as a result of the ownership and control of the theaters. It has been charged that the bulk of these are under the sway of the so-called "big three," comprising Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Famous Players-Lasky, and First National, and practically all the other producers have formed a sort of entente with a view either of improving their situation or perishing.

Their stand is based largely on their desire for an open market. Under present conditions, they claim that they are not even assured of a showing in many places for any of their pictures.

To be sure, it is possible, as a rule, for them to dispose of their chef-d'œuvres like "Robin Hood," "Beau Brummel," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "The Marriage Circle," "A Woman of Paris," and "The Thief of Bagdad," but the less pretentious films that really help to buy new props and celluloid they often times have to dump on the bargain counter, or even into the ash can.

The problem is not one that affords any easy diplomatic solution. The "big three" have expended a great deal of time and money in acquiring theaters, and have more than enough ordinary program films to satisfy the taste of their routine patronage. They cannot, as a consequence, be expected to fall on the necks of anybody who has not something like a banquet to offer in entertainment. This very fact, though, makes for a rather disconcerting game of freeze-out, especially with the sort of conventional rivalry for doing big and spectacular things that the producers seem to be engaged in at the present time.

The only effective alternative that has been proposed by any of the independents is the building of theaters. It is costly but sure—provided it is also possible to fill them. Warner Brothers have already announced their intention of doing this, and it may be that Producers Distributing Corporation, with Cecil B. De Mille, will find it necessary similarly to crusade.

The one big hope that rises out of all the present turmoil of the industry is that it may eventually lead to competition for higher artistic honors, and if that ever does come about we shall enjoy celebrating by shooting off a very large firecracker.

Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe have set August as the time of their marriage.

The Usual Family Argument.

Elza: Frankly, Edwin, I don't see the idea of the firecracker.

Edwin: No, I suppose not. Your idea of celebrating would probably be buying one of those expensive bottles of perfume.

A Denny Revolution.

Disturbances and disagreements are not confined alone to such prosaic affairs as conventions, conferences and other film powwows. There are also some evidences of unrest and dissatisfaction among the talent.

The woes and griefs of Adolphe Menjou have already been recited. Mr. Menjou went off to Europe, as he had threatened, and at present writing his difficulties with Paramount seem to be still pending settlement.

After several preliminary threats, Reginald Denny appears at this writing to be at rather definite odds with Universal. The trouble in his case is over money. He has vouchedsafed the information that he is only getting eight hundred dollars a week under his current contract, and that until a few months ago it was even less than that he was receiving.

Denny is a mighty able chap, with a fine personality, who has never to our way of thinking been properly exploited.

He seems born to be a winner, and some of his pictures have been very good and also very popular. But he has never quite won the fame to which his admirers believe he is entitled.

One mistake has been made in comparing him with the late Wallace Reid, and it has been his misfortune, perhaps, to be cast in some roles which too obviously demanded this comparison.

Wallie's personality is enshrined. He can never be supplanted or imitated. His best pictures will probably be susceptible of revival some day and as a consequence Denny's personal victory will never be achieved except through the individuality of his portrayals. It is not through his own fault, but rather that of publicity which has mentioned him as the successor to Wallie, that his way has been made more difficult than it should be.

An Extra's Rebellion.

An extra row developed rather surprisingly during the filming of Elinor Glyn's "The Only Thing," and was the result, apparently, of a too energetic schedule. While Mrs. Glyn may possibly have certain other things to answer for, she can hardly be blamed for the troubles in production of which she is the sponsor. It seems due rather to studio policy.
Hollywood High Lights

A group of the extras, after booing and catcalling on the set, when they were kept working late into the night, appealed to the labor commission, on being commanded to come back again early the following morning. The commission decided in their favor, according to all reports, and incidentally reprimanded the heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization, especially as it was declared that some children of tender years were kept overtime also.

Economy in the making of pictures is one of the big factors in causing a complication of this kind. Extra time and bonuses are often paid to a director provided he hastens scenes and relieves a producing company of the cost of retaining expensive people, or large aggregations of talent.

Naturally, the director is going to put forward every effort in his power to gain the additional compensation and make a record. Too, he oftentimes feels that it is better to keep right on the job once he has started with a big scene, and get it over with. This is reputedly a good expedient because it enables the players to retain the mood and feeling of the sequence.

All this is fine so long as it is not carried to the extreme, and there is no doubt that in the past year there has been too much pressure for speed in picture making in Hollywood. The real answer is that it hasn't made for the best quality of art, or even of entertainment.

The Supreme Rivals.

"I'm tired of picture making. I guess I'll quit," remarked Ronald Colman during the filming of "Her Sister from Paris," starring Constance Talmadge.

"You can't," replied Connie, with an air of mock seriousness that matched her leading man's. "Because Jack Gilbert is waiting to take your place."

Whereupon, Colman made a gesture of resignation, and put a lot of extra pep into his very next scene.

The rivalry, as most fans know, between the two players has only grown more intense, and while they have many devoted followers in common, the fact remains that a large majority of these are also divided in their interest, and stanch in their favoritism.

The curious part of it is that the work of neither bears any strong resemblance to that of the other. Gilbert's best portrayals have all been of the youthful, dashing sort, while Colman's chief appeal is through his very fine reserve and repression. Gilbert sweeps his victories right before him, and as a rule he has been cast in better pictures, but Colman has dignified many of the parts that he has played and the productions in which he has appeared, and made them seem more worthy than they really were.

Dancer Versus Dancer.

The question of whether Gilda Gray or Ann Pennington is the more popular is now warmly argued in Hollywood. Both are dancers famous in New York, who have on occasion appeared in pictures, and both came to California not long ago, respectively, to shiver and twinkle in prologues at different local theaters.

Miss Pennington stayed longer, but Miss Gray drew record crowds during the two weeks of her presence. Perhaps, therefore, the very best way to settle the whole matter is to mention that Miss Pennington has been signed on contract with Christie's and will be seen in a big feature comedy this fall.

More Light Entertainment.

Another favorite of the revues and musical comedy stage to sign up with the same company is Julian Eltinge, whom you may remember from some of his work on the screen a few years ago. The success of "Charley's Aunt" convinced the Christie company that they would have to make another picture based on a female impersonation. Syd Chaplin had meanwhile signed with Warner Brothers, so the logical thing for the Christie organization to do was to engage the most celebrated of all female impersonators to help them follow up their box-office conquest.

Those who know Eltinge for the splendid chap that he is are hoping that his new venture into the films will prove his cleverness and ability.

Betty Bronson Triumphs.

All those unkind and unfounded critics—there weren't so many—who made prophetic remarks about Betty Bronson upon her début in "Peter Pan," will have to gulp down their lack of faith in her future. She has been formally crowned with stardom. And while this proceeding does not mean very much of itself, the fact does remain that the exchange men of Paramount cheered her name loudly and lustily at the Paramount convention.

As the film salesmen is presumed to be in rather close touch with the public, this naturally proclaims her a popular winner.

Her first starring picture will be "The Golden Princess," based on a Bret Harte story. The title is probably a very far cry indeed from the original, but the golden part is designed no doubt to give additional glamour to the name of Miss Bronson.

In any event, she has been a very good little girl, and worked very hard to follow up her first success. A surprising share of favor has gone her way in "Are Parents People?" More than anything else her advancement is proof of the fact that we all desire distinctive personalities on the screen. Betty's is quite her own. None other.

It Must Be a Romance.

No doubt, some very presuming people will shortly revive the rumors of an engagement between Richard Dix and Lois Wilson. They are to have their first rôle opposite each other since "Icebound," with the making of the Zane Grey story, "The Vanishing American." Dix has been in New York most of the time lately, and Miss Wilson has been on the Coast. A demand to see them together had arisen among their fans, it is said, and so everything is right for real romance.

Our Choice for the Prince.

For once we have a terrible prejudice affecting Ramon Novarro. We cannot approve of him wholly as the choice for the principal rôle in "Old Heidelberg," if Rex Ingram makes this picture.
The actor who, to our mind, should really have the part of the student prince is Jack Gilbert. And you might mention, Elza says, that the other only possible candidate is Ronald Colman.

**Good News About Alice.**

It is quite a long while since we have written the name of Alice Calhoum in these columns, and the occasion has arisen which makes her deserving of a few words of really generous encouragement.

We have always thought that she was an exceptionally sweet and lovely girl personally, and that she could mean a very great deal to the public if it were possible to catch her true beauty and character on the screen.

Alice has been playing along for some time in Vitagraph pictures, but hasn't had her name as widely featured in the electrics as she deserves; nor have some of the réles that she has done quite justified this.

Shortly after the deal which was completed a few months ago between Warner Brothers and Vitagraph it was announced that she had been signed up by the former company, and will have the opportunity of doing important parts in some of their very best pictures. It is possible, even, that Lubitsch may become interested in her since he is at the same studio, and meanwhile, she at least has had a good chance to be the charming heroine in "The Man on the Box," starring Syd Chaplin.

**The Perfect Combination.**

Something alluring to talk about is the presence of Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney in a picture directed by Victor Seastrom, based on a novel by Selma Lagerlof, the celebrated Swedish writer. This is called "The Tower of Lies," and is an adaptation of the author's, "The Emperor of Portugalia."

In that memorable Seastrom production of the past season, "He Who Gets Slapped," Chaney and Miss Shearer were immensely popular, and for that reason anything in which they are subsequently seen, directed by this Swedish artist, is bound to call for stop-and-look signs in front of the theater.

**De Mille's Latest Hero.**

Cecil De Mille is evidently taking no chances with the romantic flavor of his first adventure as an independent producer, "The Road to Yesterday," because he has brought Joseph Schildkraut out from New York for the rôle of the hero. The picture is an adaptation of a stage play that was popular some years ago, though that is no reason to expect that it will be anything but modern and ultra in the C. B. version.

However, there is a sequence or so that transpires during a costume period, and it is there that Schildkraut will probably shine most brightly, as those who recall his performance in "Orphans of the Storm" might naturally anticipate.

His last appearance in pictures was in "The Song of Love," with Norma Talmadge.

**Irene a Queen.**

Quite an honor was conferred on Irene Rich recently when she was selected as the queen of the Shriner's convention in Los Angeles, and during the week or so that the order are in town she will naturally be the most feted of filmdom's personages.

Irene's personal charm and her ability have continued to win for her the praise of nearly everybody, and she is considered to represent in a high degree both stability and refinement in the life of the colony.

**De Mille Columbusing.**

Cecil B. De Mille hasn't let slip any strings that he has on the right and title of being the discoverer of discoverers. His list of players, now that he has his own big studio, with lots of stages, cutting rooms, laboratories and everything, even including a carpenter shop, already contains several young ladies whom we had never heard of before, and naturally we felt impelled to investigate.

One of the girls is called by the liltig name of Rita Carita, and is Grecian by birth. As Rita Adams she was dancing in a cabaret in New York, when the ever-observant eye of Mr. De Mille happened to be caught by the grace and expressiveness of her Terpsichoring. She is to begin in the films with bits and small parts, and if her talent proves out will probably soon be featured. Her hair is almost black, and her eyes very dark, too. Which should make her somewhat different as a type, particularly as she is not tall, as are most vamps.

De Mille has also engaged Rosa Rudani, who has appeared in the East and in Italy in pictures, and Josephine Norman, a former model of the New York illustrators.

**Gloria Sartorial.**

All kinds of interesting changes are to take place shortly in the screen presence of some of the stars, but the most significant, of course, is that Gloria Swanson is going to return to a very swagger and much-dressed-up rôle in "The Coast of Folly." She is even to wear once again a very ornate bathing suit with various frills and trimmings of her own design.

Gloria hasn't really done a dressy modern picture since she left the Coast two years ago, and consequently this latest release should be welcome to those of her fans who formerly doted on her clothes.

Just to prove her new-found acting ability, however, she is going to play a dual rôle—mother and...

Continued on page 114
The name was familiar, Helen Lee Worthing had glorified many a "Follies," as The Sheik's Favorite in "Last Summer's Best Sellers," as Daybreak in "The March of the Hours," as Little Eva in "Famous Heroines," as Boston in "The Parade of the Cities," as Peppermint in "The Drop Pageant," and in other episodes innumerable. Ben Ali Hagggin and otherwise. Always in these exhibits she had been tall and fair and brilliantly beautiful.

So I expected her to be at least good-looking.

Another "Follies" girl easing onto the screen. I remembered the last one. Willy nilly, arrangements were made and the proper papers drawn up to meet Helen Lee on the morrow at sundown.

Well, pause, I met her.

From this point forward, Bartlett's Quotations might easily serve, Helen of Troy and Helen Lee Worthing romp hand in hand. This is the face that launched a thousand ships. She walks in paths of beauty.

Flow gently, sweet Afton. I dreamt I dwelt, et cetera. You get the idea—I was impressed.

If I were a realist I might describe her willowy slenderness, her inescapable eyes, now blue, now hazel, now gray, her lovely mouth, her fine profile. (Same one has called it the million-dollar profile, but such an estimate smacks of conservatism.) If I were a statistical stickler for detail I should foist such items upon you. But details bore. You shall have none of them.

Let it suffice for the moment to record that the lady is a pippin.

Here's a smartly appointed apartment in the early Fifties. Once inside the door your attention is unerringly caught by a life-size portrait of the decorative Miss Worthing.

"You'd never know it, would you?" she remarked. "And kindly note the buck teeth. I tried my best to touch it up a bit, but no amount of touching seemed to help."

This was encouraging; a lady who laughs at her own beauty is a novelty, a welcome relief, as rare, let us say, as a day in June or a highball at the Martha Washington.

"We might go to see something," I said. "I have tickets."

"Goody, goody!" said Helen Lee, and may all my children be assistant directors if she didn't carry it off successfully. Coyness is damnable in inexperienced hands.

Then, because it was an unusually warm or exceptionally cool evening, ice tinkled merrily in the glasses, we reverently toasted Flo Ziegfeld, Cal Coolidge, and Joie de Vivre, and permitted the chef d'evator to drop us to our waiting brougham.

We went to see "Love for Love," not for the reason that at the time it appeared to be in immediate danger of being padlocked, but rather for the ride. You might do nothing more pleasant of a balmy spring evening than charter a seaworthy hack and clatter jauntily down Fifth Avenue to the Village.

"Love for Love" is one of the Restoration comedies that the library keeps locked in a dim, heavily barred back room; one of those lusty, merry comedies by Congreve, no less, in which the author does not hesitate to call a spade a dirty shovel. It is spritely and surprising by turns, and the blond Helen Lee laughed prettily at precisely the proper points, convincing me that all "Follies" beauties are not the same.

From the theater we went up to Ciro's, the place on was going that particular week, to see Mary Hay. Bartlett's dance with Clifton Webb. Ciro's does itself proud in counterfeiting its Continental namesakes. The air is gay, the decor colorful, and the crowd smart; and the shiny buckets are there, just as in Ciro's in the Rue Danon—behind judicious screens, perhaps, but unmistakably there.

This is Manhattan in her soigné mood, furred and frilled and quite sure of herself, gleaming, sparkling, dazzling, enchanting. There are her escorts—gray-haired financiers, middle-aged butter-and-egg magnates, young men about, they would tell you, town, and fresh-looking men who have breakfasted that evening and whose incomes make it convenient to turn night into days lest ennui set in. This is Manhattan in her soigné mood, piquant, poised, alluring.

The lighting is glowing and warm, the music a symphonic caress of blue overtones. The spotlight points its golden finger toward the curtains at the end of the room, the cornetist lets out an imposing toot, and the Webb-Hay partnership swings gayly into view. Effortlessly, gracefully, they dance.

As the reporter of these festivities, let me remark that it is such a setting that was devised for the Helen Lee Worthing's. Dimly elegant salons are these, dedicated to youth and beauty, the recherché manner, and the reigning names of Broadway. And the blond Worthing graced the scene as one who had graced such scenes often, yet found new enjoyment in each occasion. And that, be it known, is a gift.

A single lustrous pearl gleamed on her finger as she toyed with the menu. People looked at her. People would.

"Eh bien," you catch yourself sighing in practically flawless French, "life is very sweet." And only one thought on your inspired such rosy sentiments.

As you look at her and listen to her languorous Louisville drawl, you are likely to think of a moon-drenched garden, magnolia blossoms, mint juleps—a saxophone moaning, "Fascinating Rhythm"—June's scents—a girl with dreamy eyes.

Then the taxi driver will yell, "East or west on Sixty-foist?" Taxi drivers are literal-minded fellows.

As we rolled from the awnings of Ciro's to those of Club Borgo—Borgo being none other than the suave fellow who graced Club Royale of fragrant memory—of us mentioned the whirl, the whirl spinning nightly from midnight until dawn.

"Of course," admitted Helen Lee, "if you do it too often you soon find yourself fed up. Doing this sort of thing every night is not unlike making a meal, Heaven forbid, of caviar. When I came here from Boston I seized upon parties and clubs and dances with—shall I say?—childish enthusiasm. It was all very Broadway. I was in 'The Follies.' This was the life. At least every one supposes it's the life, and you never find out how false such a report is until you see for yourself.

Continued on page 110
"Helen Lee Worthing is unlike any 'Follies' queen you ever met," says Malcolm Oettinger. "She affects no pose, she boasts no conquests, and her beauty is as lovely in person as when assisted by the footlights or the Kleigs."
As just another proof that styles are always changing we offer these photographs of Spanish characters as they used to be dressed in stage plays years ago and as they are dressed in screen productions to-day. The man in the oval is William Carleton, a popular stage favorite some years ago; the high-hatted lady at the left is Marie Hatton, another old-time favorite; the girl with the fan is Virginia Browne Faire, of present-day popularity, and the toreador at the left is Earle Foxe, also of present movie fame.
Rudy the Actor

Though his fans may shout that they want to see him only as himself, Rudolph Valentino is determined that he will be an actor of versatility. The pictures on this page show him in some interesting character studies.

Just above, Valentino is wearing the costume and make-up he was to have used in "The Hooded Falcon," production of which was postponed. At the top of the page he appears as a cowboy, and at the left he is shown as an American Indian. The remaining picture represents Valentino's interpretation of a Chinese.
D. W.'s Latest

Carol Dempster is again a Griffith heroine in "Sally of the Sawdust."

W. C. Fields, who plays Sally's guardian, appears in the oval with Carol Dempster.

"Sally of the Sawdust" is the story of a little circus girl who travels from town to town with a troupe managed by her guardian, a whimsical old rascal of the side shows. It is one of the lightest and gayest things Griffith has ever done, and gives Carol Dempster an excellent opportunity as the lovable and impudent hoyden of the circus.
On the Climb

Above is shown Mary McAllister, and below, Lilyan Tashman.

Evelyn Pierce, above; Lois Moran, below, and Margaret Quimby, center.

Here are some players, not very widely known as yet, who show promise of an unusually splendid screen future.
These pictures give an inkling of the clever and amusing film entertainment that James Cruze is making from the fantastic stage play, "Beggar on Horseback." It is the sort of tale for which the screen is an ideal medium. The tormented hero is played by Edward Everett Horton.
In Biblical Days

One of the few spectacular films now being made is "The Wanderer," which Famous Players-Lasky is producing from the story of the prodigal son. Buster Collier plays the prodigal, and Kathryn Hill, who is shown in the oval, is a newcomer who appears in the important rôle of Naomi.
Dorothy Devore broke away from comedy because she was sure she could do more ambitious things, and in the story on the opposite page you will find the further story of her screen hopes.
The Versatile Dorothy Devore

Audiences, so far, have caught only a glimpse of the range of emotion this player is capable of interpreting, thinks the interviewer.

By Doris Denbo

The one great attribute an actress can have and the only thing that can make her live and hold her fan's adoration indefinitely is versatility—that is, a clever portrayal of many different types of characters. This, I believe, is Dorothy Devore's greatest claim to stardom. Though she has played much the same type of character so far in her screen career, the many sides of her nature must be given expression and when they are the screen will herald a combination something like Norma and Constance Talmadge in one: the saucy, delightful humor of Constance with the soft, sweet winsomeness of Norma. This, I admit, is merely the personal prophecy of an interviewer but wait and see if I'm not correct.

She has the soft demureness of sweet sixteen in curls and the cold sophistication of a worldly-wise, slick-haired modern movie vampire when her hair is drawn severely off her face—that is, in appearance. She herself is democratic, unaffected and sincere. She wears wigs for the curly hair, for her own hair is straight and black, cut in a boyish bob.

Snappy black eyes shining through a heavy fringe of curly lashes—conveying the thought in their owner's mind before she can voice it—that's Dorothy Devore. I have often heard the expression "eyes that speak" but seldom had I been the actual witness to the fact until I met this little star at Warner Brothers. If she is about to say something sweet and sunny the light in her eyes is tender and gentle, if something funny they sparkle and dance and you feel like laughing too before a word has been spoken. You look straight into them and you think of all the poetic drivel you have ever read—"Her soul was reflected in her eyes." "Her eyes sparkled like diamonds," "Dark as midnight were her orbs," and all such romantic expressions commonly used to describe the beautiful heroine of any modern paper-backed novel. The most striking thing about Dorothy Devore is her eyes but after you recover sufficiently from their spell, you find their setting quite as lovely if not so striking. In fact, she is one hundred and six pounds of loveliness to look upon.

When on the stage in vaudeville she was given the opportunity to become leading lady for the old comedy team of Lyons and Moran at Universal City, which afterwards led to three years in Christie Comedies. Christie offered her a wonderful contract but Dorothy wanted to get away from comedies, so she signed with Warner Brothers. Here she made "The Narrow Street," with Matt Moore, "A Broadway Butterfly," and "Hero Stuff."

We had lunch at The Writers' Club and she told me then how unhappy she was in her roles. "Why just think," she said, "here I am seriously playing just the sort of ingenue roles that I used to burlesque. I have no sympathy with such characters and yet I must play them with sympathy! I do not believe they could choose a harder rôle for me to play for I truly dislike the type of girl I am forced to play so constantly and to have to idealize her!"

As she talked I found myself going back many years to my first screen idol, Marie Doro. How like her she is! I firmly believe she could play the sort of clever dramatic rôles that Marie Doro used to play so successfully. She greatly resembles her in looks and her personality is much the same. I frankly confess I had expected a rather giggy, eye-rolling, pretty little doll with, as she expressed it, a B. V. D.—Beautiful (but) Very Dumb—attitude toward life. Instead of this I found her trying to be patient, doing the best she can with the rôles she gets—always hoping they will soon realize that she is capable of bigger and more dramatic parts.

One man to see her dramatic possibilities was Von Stroheim, who tried his best to make her up as Trina. He took test after test of her and tried various make-ups on her himself, but in spite of everything she was too pretty and could not be made to look old enough. So Dorothy thought she had lost one big chance. Now however, she says she is really glad she did not suit, for Von Stroheim's Trina and her Trina would have been utterly different. She is so familiar with the book "McTeague" from every angle that it would have been practically impossible for her to have enacted the part as he saw it, and "so everything happens for the best even though we do not know it at the time," she said.

When I was comfortably seated in her dressing room once more and she was repairing damages to her make-up preparatory to returning to the set, I asked her if she thought she would ever go back on the stage. She said, "Oh, yes. I am studying for the stage now. I want to go back some day, though. I had a most frightful experience on my last stage appearance. It was a new play written for Frances White. She was taken very ill just four days before the play opened and they asked me to substitute. I had but four days to learn all the lines, which were many. Everything went fine until I sang my first song and my glance strayed toward the box where sat the entire membership of a little girls' club I belonged to. They were all sitting forward in their seats registering, "Ain't she grand! That's our Dorothy!" all over their countenances. That I was the only member of the club that had ever been on the stage was the reason for the excitement. At once I thought, 'Oh, they all think I'm wonderful, and I mustn't fail them.' Well, I didn't, but the words of the song failed me utterly! Some way I stumbled along, but for two whole acts I kept forgetting my lines and having to improvise others when the right ones failed me. That was an experience!"

"Miss Devore," came the call at the foot of the stairs. She answered and we arose to go back to the set. Every one we passed she greeted with a chery little word or pat of friendship. Eyes followed her everywhere, adoring eyes, loving eyes, admiring eyes, all friendly eyes wishing her luck, success, happiness, all that life could bring her. This was not because she is a star, but just because she is Dorothy Devore.

As I left I found myself smilingly wishing her all the luck in the world too. And I wish I could see her in dramatic rôles demanding depth of characterization deserving of her real talent.

She vehemently says she is not an ingenue, doesn't want to be one and just can't be a convincing one—but they insist she is and keep casting her for those parts. She said, "I detests ingenües!" and she evidently meant it. If given a chance in real drama the fans will have a new screen idol. I would be willing to wager my new spring bonnet on that.
Baby Animal Stars

Each year brings a new crop of promising talent, and duced to some bright young animals who are likely

By A. L. Wool

CHARLES B. MURPHY, animal trainer at the Universal Pictures zoo, shuffled into his office bungalow, threw his cap to the floor, slumped into a chair and reached for his old brier pipe. The perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead and his hair was disheveled.

Outside, a dozen lions were beginning that hideous roaring which precedes the close of day. Monkeys were screeching their jungle calls. An elephant was trumpeting from his stall in a barn. Leopards, bears, wolves, coyotes, apes and camels were evincing the restlessness which comes to them each day just before the sun goes down.

It was the daily concert, the vesper service of the beasts. It told the veteran trainer that all was well in the cages and lairs.

"That blamed chimpanzee," Murphy began, "is a problem. I had him all dressed up this afternoon, working as a waiter in a restaurant scene. Got along fine till I put food on the tray to be served to a customer. He ate it!

"Then I turned him across my knee and spanked him—not the kind of a spanking that hurts, you know, but an easy little paddlin'. He thought it was great stuff! Now what are you going to do with a fellow like that? I wouldn't hit him for anything in the world. It'd break his heart. But he's got to be taught that garcon's task is to serve and not to eat—in public. If I bawl him out he'll drop tray, food and all and crawl under a table. And waiters don't do that! At least, I've never seen 'em do it."

Unconsciously, the trainer was disclosing one of the problems which confront men who teach animals to work in photoplays. Of all trainers who work with dumb beasts, the task of those who tutor descendants of jungle land is the hardest. Patience and patience and more patience, day after day, week after week! "Jiggs," the chimpanzee with which Murphy had been working, has been "going to school" for two years. He is being groomed to take the place of Joe Martin, the famous orang-outang

Much is expected from the children of Cameo, the clever dog star.

Queenie, the leopard, has her first starring role in "The Great Circus Mystery."

Coco, a monkey here from India only a short time, shows quite remarkable talent.
of 1925

in this story you are intro-
to win honors this season.

dridge

which became vicious and was sold to a circus. Jiggs hasn't exactly got it all yet, although he is trying hard. He made his screen début recently in "Robinson Trousseau," a comedy, and got by nicely. But he still is not ready to be starred.

"Do trainers have great trouble in teaching animals to act?" I asked, somewhat dubiously.

Murphy gave me a dirty look and I imagined I could see a faint quivering about the muscles of his strong right hand. But if he meditated assault, he restrained himself. He had been working all day with potential animal stars and was fagged out.

"It's very simple," he replied acidly. "O, very, very simple! All you have to do is to teach them to act."

"Very simple!" I murred.

"Say, sonny!" he blurted with sudden animation, "there isn't a more uncertain thing in all the world than training animals. They will go along nicely and smoothly for days, weeks, months and even years, and then—blooey!

"Wild animals never become domesticated. They're like Indians. Send an Indian to Carlisle, educate him, train him into civilization, then turn him loose again on the reservation. In ninety days he reverts to the manners and customs of his childhood. An animal may revert to primal savagery any minute. Constant vigilance is necessary.

"Right now, we are breaking in 'Minnie,' an elephant, to take the place of 'Charlie,' the old bull which killed Curley Stecker. Minnie is forty or eighty or one hundred years old; I don't know which. Apparently, she's docile and gentle. She toured the country with a circus for years. She's intelligent. But she's just getting screen broke.

"Not long ago we took Minnie on location to play a part in 'The Great Circus Mystery.' She played it all right! It was her first appearance. She nearly tore up the set!

"Minnie went along as placidly as usual till they started an artificial storm with the rain pouring in torrents and a wind machine driving it in such fitful gusts that the circus tent was wrecked. Minnie left. She took the shortest route to the great open spaces, and she took with her whatever got in her way.

"I'm done!" she trumpeted. 'I quit!' You folks just go on and finish that stuff without me! I'm departing!"

"Mrs. Murphy called to her when she was safely away from the hated wind machine and Minnie stopped and meekly was

[Continued on page 10]
"You don't suppose there is anything personal in all this, do you? Did they engage me thinking I was the type? Oh, tell me it is just because they think I am an actor!"

He had talked seriously for two whole sentences which is something of a record for Kenneth even when he has hanging over him the horror of later seeing his remarks in print.

"Anyway," he went on, "they let me die in this picture. Oh, if people only knew how I've wanted to die! I've suffered and been through all sorts of disasters in pictures but the scenario writer has always made me pull through in the end."

"With a cloying, grateful smile for the heroine who nursed you," I remarked casually, that being the sort of thing you can say to Kenneth without pricking his ego.

"I am too polite to tell you that the cloying smile is not mine. You have me confused with some other actor. I thought you didn't go to see my pictures."

Now, of course, there was only one thing to do in that case, and that was to say as blandly as possible, "Oh, Mr. Harlan, have you been acting in pictures?" just as though I never had heard of it.

Had this conversation been taking place in the Ritz, the Algonquin, or any of the other comparatively peaceful places where interviews so often occur, we might have chatted pleasantly on. But we were in a willful taxicab which chose to get stuck in the very deep ruts of a Long Island road near the Famous Players studio. A truck blocked the way in front of us, so there was nothing to do but bang over the snowdrifts which, despite the spring thaws, still made motoring adventurous. All we could do then was brace ourselves against the foot rail and hope for the best.

"Smashing the interviewer's head against the top of the taxicab is not the accepted prelude to an interview." I spoke with as much dignity as could be mustered by one whose hat had been mashed down over her nose.

"It is quite unbalancing enough to meet all you wonderful idols of the public."

He thought he detected a jeer in my voice, and it may have been there. He laughed. Well, what else

Continued on page 106

The Worse, the Better

 Came dawn in the motion-picture business, as the sub-titles would have it, and Kenneth Harlan found himself liberated from eternally playing noble heroes.

By Helen Klumph

And the next part I play is also a dirty dog," Kenneth Harlan gloated, a ring of triumph in his voice. "It is in 'The National Anthem.' I get drunk all the time and Corinne Griffith marries me hoping to reform me and I almost pull her down to my level and——"

He paused a moment thoughtfully before he continued.
A Girl Who Has Everything

A baby, a home and a career are included in the lot of Mildred Davis Lloyd, who will possibly return to the screen as the star of "Alice in Wonderland."

By Dorothy Manners

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD, Harold Lloyd's wife, is planning an early return to the screen. When I told a friend of mine I had Mildred's word for it, she said, "Isn't she the lucky girl? Why, she has everything!" And so she has.

Do you remember a series of romantic pictures—Harrison Fisher's. I believe—that supposedly depicted all the lovely, glamorous moments of a girl's life, starting with a shipboard flirtation on through the trousseau, the wedding, the honeymoon and climaxing in motherhood? When I was a child some one gave a set of those pictures to an aunt of mine who was then a young bride. I remember how much I admired them—how delighted I was to be a candidate for such a pastel existence with such an amiable smiling baby to play with.

As it is—

The only girl I have ever known whose romantic life has really approached Mr. Fisher's conception is Mildred Lloyd. I'm not saying there aren't any more. But she is the only one I can vouch for. All the other young mothers of my acquaintance have infants given to loud and lusty lung exercises every now and then—thus spoiling the effect of the last picture. But as for little Mildred Gloria Lloyd—"Cry?" gasps her mother in horrified surprise, "'Oh, Gloria never cries!"

The reason I mention Gloria so early in this treatise is because she is inevitable. In any story of Harold or Mildred she is bound to come in sooner or later.

Now that the very young Miss Lloyd has been sufficiently publicized we can turn our attention to her mother.

Mildred Davis Lloyd is as cunning as a kitten. She has mannerisms—cute ones...
After seeing himself as a sheik, Ernest Torrence decided that he was a good villain.

Walter Hiers may feel like Romeo, but how could he convince anyone else that he was doing anything but fooling in this regalia?

Every one knows that Zasu Pitts is a splendid actress, but as a vamp—

Lois Wilson may be having a grand time playing the gunwoman, but she can't make us believe that it's natural.

A GREAT many fans complain that the players don't get a sufficient chance to show their versatility in pictures. They grow rather weary of seeing their favorites perform always within the same narrow boundary of type roles. And the players themselves are very often just as unhappy about it. They long to play something different—something as remote as possible from their usual line of characterization. But there is
Shine Colors

extremely versa-at the results.

more wisdom, if less art, in being able to look the part than you might think. Take a look at the pictures on this page, for instance. After seeing themselves in these generally ill-fitting impersonations, the players probably decided that they would be less resentful toward the casting director the next time they were told to hustle around and get ready for a part that was "just exactly suited to their personality."

Argentine vamps may have funny ways, but they don't look as Marian Nixon does here.

And to think that nice Conrad Nagel could ever allow himself to appear like this!

We've seen Pat O'Malley in too much zestful, plebeian stuff ever to take him seriously as a highbrow artist.

Lew Cody might be just as much of a heartbreaker in this get-up, but with the girls so strong for polish these days, we dunno.
Fan Letters the Stars Appreciate

A few examples that may be a guide to fans who wonder what they should say to their favorites.

By Helen Ogden

Hardly a month goes by that some dozen or more fans don't write in to Picture-Play complaining about the Hollywood reception of their letters.

"I used to be crazy about — ," writes one young man, "but when she ignored my letter and kept the quarter I sent for a photo, I crossed her off my list. I know they say the stars are too busy to bother about fan mail, but why is it that Irene Rich and Bebe Daniels, stars just as big and busy, can find time to send me a lovely letter with a nice picture as well?"

Another fan from the Middle West has an interesting answer to that question when she argues, "Sometimes I think that the reason we fans don't get answers to our letters is that we write in a silly stupid manner about sillier things. No wonder the stars don't want to waste postage on us!"

Taking a cue from this young lady I decided to investigate and find out just what kind of fan letters the stars really appreciate. In the course of my missionary work I found out some interesting data on fan mail. For one thing: Feminine stars get the most letters but masculine stars get the most intelligent letters. Consider this one written to Von Stroheim:

Dear Mr. Von Stroheim: I am awaiting the release of your picture "Greed." I have read a great deal about it, due, I suppose, to the hard work of your press agent. I am both anxious to see it and fearful of disappointment.

In many ways I think you are a splendid director, but I fear your ideals may keep you off the screen unless you are careful.

The public does not want — will not accept — too much sordidness, however real, truthful, and graphic it may be. And unless you can serve this public what it wants, to a certain extent, I am afraid you will find yourself unable to make pictures. The intelligent minority will not be able to support your pictures sufficiently to justify their being financed in the future.

So please, Mr. Von Stroheim, keep your realism down to the point where it will be accepted.

P.S. Won't you please find another story in which you can play a part as well as direct?

That letter is worthy of any one's attention — even Von Stroheim's. Practically the same thing is true of a letter addressed to Jack Holt.

Dear Jack Holt: Another nut! But I do want to tell you, personally, how much better I like you in Western characterizations than in the society roles you played several years ago. And by letter is the only opportunity.

Frankly, and perhaps, brutally speaking, I think you were pretty terrible in the role of a society hero. For some inexplicable reason you didn't seem to fit the part.

Of course, this is only one person's opinion. I bear a prejudice against these "Oh, I'm so mad I could crush a rose" types of hero anyway. Maybe that's the reason.

I have seen both of your recent pictures, "Wanderer of the Wasteland" and "North of 36," and I say — "Let the good work go on."

The fans take such an avid interest in Mary Pickford that the hint that she might bob her hair, published some time ago, evoked many drastic letters. Mary appreciated them all, especially this one from a girl in San Francisco:

Dear Mary: I have just seen an adorable picture of you in the newspaper with a story about bobbed hair.

How could any one urge you to bob your hair? I'm sure it must be some woman with stringy, straggly hair.

There is no doubt that you would look "cute" with it short, but with your hair as it is you look beautiful and no foolin'! Don't listen to those who would have you cut your hair. Somehow or other you just wouldn't be the same Mary Pickford.

I hope you made a New Year's resolution not to cut your hair.

You'll be sorry if you do!

And so Mary isn't going to bob it — unless she has changed her mind since I saw her last.

I thought a letter received by little Betty Bronson particularly sweet. This is also from a girl:

Dear Betty Bronson: I am so happy to see that a young unknown girl won the rôle of Peter Pan. It would have spoiled it if they had put some famous star in the rôle of Peter. I am waiting anxiously to see "Peter Pan," and also to see you. I'm sure you must believe in fairies, Betty, and it makes the rest of us do so, too, when we read about such wonderful fortune befalling a fellow mortal, as that which has tumbled into your lap.

A letter received by Jack Gilbert speaks for itself. [Continued on page 108]
Well on His Way

His long-term contract with Cecil De Mille has put Edward Burns on the road to definite popularity.

By Nadeyne Fergus

Several months ago Edward Burns found himself in London. He had just finished an eight-month contract with a German film company; he had had a wonderful time traveling around Europe making scenes for them, and he had received a higher salary than he ever had before. But still Eddie was disconsolate. For he was thinking of what his friends back in Hollywood had told him before he left.

Like Julanne Johnston and Carmel Myers, he had been thoroughly warned about the dangers of absenting himself from hailing distance of the American studios. "You'd be an awful fool," his advisers said, "to go running off to Europe and let somebody else step in and take the place you've worked years to reach."

But Eddie, being Irish, took a chance. But, also because he was Irish, perhaps, he couldn't help being affected by what they had said when he found himself at the end of his contract and no place to go from there.

And at that crucial moment Rod La Rocque, who had just arrived in London, came upon the scene. Recognizing each other, the dining room at the Savoy hotel, they rushed into each other's arms. They had been friends since the days when they both supported Mae Murray in her jazzmania pictures.

Upon hearing Eddie's tale of discouragement, Rod said, "Don't you worry about your future. You're a good leading man, and you've had a lot of experience. Nobody's forgotten you. Just go right back to the States and you'll find that you'll get lots of jobs."

So Eddie decided to take the first boat he could. Then the two set out to enjoy London. They walked both day and night, staring at everything like a couple of kids, and marveling at their good luck in being there. Rod bought loads of English clothes. Eddie didn't get any, because their sack-like effect is not becoming to him, but he filled a trunk with all sorts of odd presents and trinkets for his sisters and friends in America.

The next scene opens on a motion-picture ball in New York. Edward Burns had arrived from Europe just in time to be present. Suddenly he found himself being slapped on the back and Cecil De Mille's voice saying, "Why Eddie, I've been looking all over for you. I want to sign you on a long-term contract with my new company."

"Well, you can imagine how I felt," Eddie told me, when I lunched with him not long ago. It was the day of the third scene in Eddie's own drama. He had just come from the De Mille office, and had his five-year contract all safely signed and tucked in his pocket. He was wearing that uncertain, almost-afraid-to-breathe expression that we all have when something wonderful has just happened to us and we can't yet believe that it's true.

But during luncheon he lost the held-in feeling and lapsed back into the spontaneous, natural boy that he is. Edward Burns was born more than thirty years ago, but I think that thirty years from now he'll be just as full of enthusiasm and boyish interest. De Mille, Rod La Rocque, Gloria Swanson—he sang paeans to all of them. But it's not all bouquets with Eddie,

Continued on page 109
ABOUT once in every two years the motion-picture world is thrilled by the announcement that John Barrymore is about to be starred in a new screen production.

Quietly he appears in the studio. Without publicity the picture is made. With equal lack of sensational exploitation it is shown, to the satisfaction of both the critics and the public.

Among screen stars—as among those of the speaking stage—Barrymore stands alone. Emerging, some ten years ago, from the ranks of the players whom necessity forces to play in whatever vehicle is offered, he began a series of stage characterizations that have surpassed almost all others of the same period. With the nonchalance of a true artist, he has cut short his seasons whenever he wearied of a rôle. This nonchalance also accounts, no doubt, for his infrequent appearances on the screen. Were he interested only instantly. "And I've seen several German pictures along the lines of fantasy that I thought were perfectly marvelous. That's where they excel. We ought to do more along that line. I'd like to see 'Alice in Wonderland' done in pictures. It would be hard to cast. It would have to be done perfectly."

Regarding his own plans Barrymore was noncommittal. He was to make two pictures for the Warner Brothers. That would take him all summer—perhaps into the fall. Beyond that, he had no definite plans. He liked the studios, he declared. The directors were all splendid fellows. Those with whom he has worked say the same of Barrymore. The splendid reception which his "Hamlet" had met in London had been extremely gratifying. He would, of course, return to the New York stage later on, but when, or in what play, he could not say.

Continued on page 114
work and a reasonable salary. And I knew that George’s decision had not been carried out without a struggle.

“Wasn’t it rather difficult to turn down things you did not like that offered real money?” I asked him. He turned on me the quiet, steady-eyed face that I had known in former years.

“No harder than it was not to eat when I was trying to break into pictures,” he said simply. And there again you have one of the reasons why George Hackathorne did not go back to the old home town with the rest of the “wistful boys.”

George Hackathorne is no longer the wistful boy. He has lost a great deal of his pallor and that hungry look, which gave him his start in pictures. His eyes, however, are the same—brown, wide-spaced and serious. His eyes will always make old ladies want to mother him, and put him up to all of the thousands of flapper hearts that he has had an unhappy love affair. Perhaps he has; but I think not. I believe his work absorbs his whole time and attention. His hours of play are usually spent with Myrtle Stedman and her son Lincoln. The three are inseparable, and the lovely Myrtle has been a second mother to George.

His latest pictures have been “Haunted Hands,” with William Tilden, the tennis star, and “Night Life of New York.” This new type of work does not mean, however, that he would not welcome an emotional part such as fell to his lot in “Merry Go Round.”

“How I love that picture,” he said, with a sort of solemn enthusiasm, “and what a genius Mary Philbin is! If they don’t ruin her with meaningless pictures, she is going to be the biggest star in the business.”

I had learned from other sources something of George Hackathorne’s quiet persistence in getting what he wants. He sets his price and adheres to it. If he loses the part, well and good. He will not bargain or cut his rates. On one occasion a rush call was sent for him to come from Hollywood to New York, but when he arrived he found that he was expected to work for about half of what he had been getting—and was determined not to go. There were sessions that lasted for weeks, with the film magnate alternately coaxing, berating and threatening him. I can quite imagine how George sat there and looked at him—courteous, quiet, but completely unmoved. The part meant a great deal to him, but he would have given it up and paid his own way back to Hollywood rather than cheapen himself by bargaining. He only smiled when I spoke to him about it.

“Oh, well,” he said, “it’s just a matter of making up your mind how you are going to work things out. Some people feel that they should accept anything that comes along regardless of price or conditions. I didn’t once, when I had to. I don’t now, and I won’t, that’s all.”

When George put me on the train he was still bewailing the fact that he could not think of anything brilliant to say. Also, he kept trying to talk about my own work, which of course was of no importance to the interview, and which I evaded by asking as many questions as I possibly could.

I found that he cherishes a secret desire to write stories—perhaps stories for the screen. He has already written several things—worked at with characteristic energy until they were finished. Just what they were he did not want to say. He does not like, he told me, to “go off half cocked” about anything.

When the train pulled out of the station the last thing I saw was George’s face smiling regretfully—and rather sleepily—outside the window. But he need not have regretted not being brilliant at eight o’clock in the morning. The important thing to me was that George Hackathorne, the erstwhile wistful boy, had come through the window—of success.

Odds and Ends of Fame

Continued from page 34

Mrs. Daniels says that Bebe takes criticism very seriously.

“Whenver a new magazine comes out,” laughed Mrs. Daniels, “Bebe’s grandmother hurries to her room and reads it minutely for news or pictures of Bebe. If there isn’t anything about her in a number she’ll say, “H’m! This is a terrible book this month.” If there is something nice about Bebe, she is elated. If there is a criticism, she hides the book so Bebe can’t find it. But Bebe is sus-
they are uncomplimentary; but the actor doesn't live with soul so dead that laudatory criticism doesn't send him into the seventh heaven of delight. It is one of those things—"When it's bad, it's very, very depressing—but when it's good, it's marvelous!"

**NIGHT WORK.**

Night work is usually a nightmare to actors for it means they must cancel all bridge and dancing engagements and report at the studio for work that may last into the wee small hours of the dawn. Some of the finest individual bits of acting on celluloid have been shot at night.

There is a very good reason for this. Studio work begins at nine a. m.—often before—and who feels like emoting despair or rage right on top of a complacent dish of oatmeal? But along about seven p. m.—after the demi-tasse, when the boulevard lights flutter on and there is a crispness in the air after the heat of the white-lighted day, coupled with a sense of expectancy that is the property of evening the world over—the "theater time"—that is approximately the hour of inspiration. I expect to be blacklisted by the Actor's Equity and other unions for my views but that's my story and I'm going to stick to it. If you are interested in examples—practically all of "Greed" was shot at night, with the exception of the Death Valley episodes. The most spectacular scene of "The Golden Bed" extended into the morning. Some of the finest gems of "The Snob"—the ending of the picture, for instance—were shot at night. So were most of the love scenes of "His Hour" and "The Wife of the Centaur."

Naturally, there are many drawbacks to night work. The social angle which I have already mentioned is one. Another is that inspiration doesn't last for ten, twelve, fifteen, eighteen or thirty-six hours. That last is no exaggeration. Once, under the old Rehbraune régime, I worked all night, all the next day and all the following night, without ever leaving the studio. This was not for "art" but for "schedule." The director had to finish the picture by a certain date or else he was finished. The result was, he nearly finished us. The camera man's eyes were so bloodshot he didn't know a spot light from a hobbyhorse. The star was worn to the point of exhaustion. For myself, I took so much black coffee to keep me awake that when I finally got home I looked like a dustman.

It was because of such performances as this that Joseph Schenck declared open war on "driving" actors. Mr. Schenck said that in the long run the producers themselves were the losers when they crowded work to this extent because such practice injures the health of the actor and that in turn injures the appearance, which is of vital box-office significance.

But it's a strange story that hasn't two sides. Night work, like everything else, has its uses—and abuses.

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**Odds and Ends of Fame**

Continued from page 47 altered into Oriental, exotic, flappers, and siren presences, as suits their individual whim. It is really a sort of fantastic and sublimated satire on the beauty-shop idea.

The settings, which were devised by William Cameron Menzies, of "Thief of Bagdad" fame and not by Miss Rambóva, as might be supposed, with their very strict adherence to the mood of black and white and gray, and their delicate tracery of design, will doubtless also prove enhancing. Miss Rambóva's theories are, of course, embodied in the color scheme, for she expresses the belief that it is well to remain faithful in settings to neutral tones.

All other circumstances aside, however, Miss Rambóva's decision is regarded as altering in certain of its aspects the controversy that has waged because of her alleged ogre-like dictation of the affairs of her husband. The question of whether it would actually mean anything for his benefit has, of course, been debated.

Needless to say, all this argument pro and con is quite beyond the ken of this particular discussion.

The essential fact only remains that Mrs. Valentino made up her mind to film at least one picture on her own. Her decision came right on the heels of one of the most hectic periods that has yet occurred in the always-turbulent Valentino destiny. The separation of Rudy from one organization and his alignment with another had been the occasion for sundry heated and spectacular retorts and accusations. Mrs. Valentino was apparently the center of much of this battling. The sparks flew hither and yon and gradually subsided, and the final outcome was Rudy's engagement with United Artists.

I do not recall that during this time the feminine figure in the studio drama had anything to say regarding all the hubbub. As I look back on it my impression is that she maintained throughout a rather discreet degree of silence—totally unfeminine.

It is all the more interesting, therefore, to present now her own statement regarding her feelings in this controversy, in so far as these bear on her new film endeavor. She told me of them on the set of her production, without particular pose, but with evident modesty, and even a degree of nervousness.

The reason that she gave for making the picture, outside of any desire that she may have for self-expression, based on her past experience, is countering the notion that she is extravagant.

"I want to prove that I can make a film that is not costly and that at the same time can be successful," she said—"though, of course," she added with a smile, "this could hardly be called a new aspiration in Hollywood.

"I am keeping down my expenses, and I do not want the production, in any sense to be referred to as highbrow or 'arty.' My reputation for being 'arty' is one of the things that I have to live down, and I hope by this picture, which is a comedy—even to the extent of gags and bo-kum—to overcome that idea.

"A woman who marries a celebrity is bound to find herself in a more or less equivocal position, it seems, and her difficulties are only increased when she happens to have had some artistic ambitions of her own before her marriage. I am afraid that those who have accused me of meddling in my husband's affairs forget that I enjoyed a certain reputation and a very good remuneration for my work as well before I became Mrs. Valentino.

"While some of my efforts at that time were termed highbrow, I cannot really concede that I was in all respects responsible. Not all the ideas that I expressed were my own ideas. I was engaged to do the work to satisfy the wishes of others, and I had to act accordingly." Thus, Mrs. Valentino disposed of that phase of the highbrow tradition.

"It is no more than natural that Rudolph should discuss with me his business affairs," she continued, returning to their marriage. "Thousands and tens of thousands of husbands and wives do that very thing day in and day out, and nothing is said about it. What more natural
Natacha Rambova Emerges

than that a husband and wife should consult with each other regarding all important matters! Rudy, especially, who is concerned with things artistic, and needs advice and guidance in business matters,

"I have never attempted to further my own interests through the association of our marriage. I was asked to do the work of devising the costumes and settings for my husband's pictures, and was not even desirous of claiming credit for this, except that it was his personal wish that I should do so. He really argued me into it.

"Naturally, I will continue to advise him regarding his work. Whether I shall make any subsequent productions of my own is uncertain.

"When this picture is finished, it will doubtless be time for Rudy to begin his new production, and as soon as he does I shall hold any plans for my own films in abeyance. It is absolutely untrue that I will have no further interest in his productions. That, to my mind, would be a very ineffective answer to our critics. What I desire personally is simply to be known for the work which I have always done, and that has brought me a reputation entirely independent of my marriage."

On the New York Stage

Continued from page 55 in the manners of the New York first nighter.

It has long been a tradition that America has the best-natured theatrical audience in the world. Tourists in Europe have been able to congratulate themselves rather smugly that our people have politely refrained from hissing and yelling at the actors as they do in France, or boozing them as they do in England. But this year has broken the charm. The audiences I have heard didn't boo because they didn't know how, and they were still too good-natured to hiss openly, but they did burst into shrieks of laughter almost with the rise of the curtain and they kept it up with every preposterous scene until the lines were drowned out in shouts of derision.

The three chief offenders that brought this on themselves were "Thrills," "Flesh," and "The Loves of LuLu." You may have guessed from the titles that they have something in common; that is, they were trying to cash in on the recent agitation about improper plays. But these plays couldn't stir the anger of the play jury, though Heaven knows it wasn't because they didn't try hard enough. There wasn't sense enough in their lines to make them suggestive of anything but a playwright's brainstorm. This is particularly true of "Thrills" and "Flesh," but "The Loves of LuLu" was something else again. It was adapted from a German play called "Erdgeist," by Wedekind, which in the original is a morbidly interesting work of real force and coherence. But the translation was so garbled and the acting so bad that it landed in the same heap with its almost illiterate neighbors.

"Thrills" lasted three days, "Flesh" was taken off two nights after it opened, and "LuLu" played about a week to all but empty houses. Instead of being pinched by the police as they probably fondly hoped, they were laughed off the boards by a happy and hilarious audience. Which seems—if it would always work—about as efficient a form of censorship as any play jury could invent.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 51 indigo. The idea offers all sorts of possibilities.

"Of course you know that Dorothy Gish has signed a new contract with Inspiration. She is going to play in Dick Barthelmess' next picture and then she is going to have a company of her own. And speaking of new contracts—Bebe Daniels has signed a new one with Famous Players. She has been down in Cincinnati having an operation on her nose. Now don't get excited—she's not having her nose made over, just had some obstruction removed so that she can breathe more easily. And I suppose it will take that odd little plaintive whine out of her voice. Never noticed it until I heard her talk over the radio.

"I never go to movies on Tuesday night any more. Just stay home and listen to film stars being interviewed over the radio. The queen of movie stars on the air is Mae Busch. Her Australian accent is most impressive and she never seems at a loss for something to say.

"Did you see Lila Lee's stage début the other night?" I asked her.

"It wasn't her début on the stage, as any one with half a memory could tell you. She used to be in vaudeville with a Gus Edwards troupe. And I didn't see her début. But I saw her a few days later when I dare say she was less nervous. She looks lovely but 'The Bride Retires' is hardly the sort of show I would have put sweet Lila in. It's too shocking. She looks perfectly beautiful on the stage, but she is a little colorless and undramatic.

"If Lois Wilson stays here long enough I may get supercilious toward her, less than Ibsen. We are doing the Ibsen matinées together. When Lois heard that she was going out on the desert in June to make 'The Vanishing American,' she was quite downhearted. It is all very well to like the great open spaces in moderation but when you have made as many of those wilderness pictures as Lois has, the words 'far from the madding crowd' mean only boredom to you. So Lois asked for a vacation and she is spending it in New York playing so hard that she will be glad of eight or ten weeks' respite from the bright lights. She is getting so thin under the strain that perhaps people will think, 'The Vanishing American' is a fat-reducing picture. And that reminds me—you've heard, of course, of all-starving casts.'

Fanny eyed hungrily the tray of French pastry that was just going past on the arm of a waiter but did not succumb. Quickly she changed the subject. "Will Hayes is launching a 'Go to Movies' week and wants every one's cooperation. Of course, he is all wrong. What the movies need is not more continuous attendance, but more intelligent attendance. If people would only stay away from bum pictures there wouldn't be so many made.

"But—anyway, Mr. Hayes is going to have his little campaign and I don't see why he doesn't follow it up with other special campaign weeks. There could be a 'Be Kind to George Walsh Week' and 'Laugh at Johnny Hines Week.'"

"That shows how far behind the times you are! Just come with me to the Strand and see 'The Crackerjack' and you'll find that people not only laugh, they simply roar."

Fanny brightened perceptibly.

"Prove that to me and I'll believe anything. I'll even get up another special week for Will Hays—'Look on the Bright Side Week,' especially dedicated to reformers."
The Problems of a Hollywood Hostess

Continued from page 45

it mentioned it touched a chord of my memory. The snotty who had told the girls that lie about me!

"I simply boiled, as I watched him rambling around my home, playing jazz on my piano, rolling up my rugs to dance, scratching matches on my furniture. As he was leaving, I drew him aside and asked if we had ever met before our friend had introduced us, and he assured me that we had not. Then I inquired, 'What did you mean by telling So-and-so— naming the girls—that story about being with me at a wild party?'

"He turned as white as a sheet, then flushed red, and stammered that it must have been a mistake. I could not say what I would have liked to, as he was a guest in my home. But I felt like pulling his hair right out by the roots and digging my fingernails into his hateful, mean face. I smiled and said as casually as I could, 'Well, I'm very glad that now you have met me and know it isn't true—you won't say such things again?'

"The nerve of him—pertaking of my hospitality, knowing all the while that he had been broadcasting lies about me, most likely in the desire to give the impression that he knew me."

Similar incidents have occurred recently, of people forcing themselves upon Pat as intentional friends, a situation which is duplicated to more or less degree in the home of every movie actress. Perhaps these personal problems which Patsy Ruth faces and which she solves with considerable skill may not interest the average girl in other towns. But they are situations which you would encounter if you became a famous motion-picture player, and there may even be a lesson or two I asked for you to apply to your own lives.

There was the girl she met by chance at her dentist’s office. They exchanged a word or two. Who but the brassiest climber would think of following up such an introduction? But one Sunday the girl popped in. Pat could not recall where they had met, but her face was vaguely familiar and, thinking she must be one of those eternal "friend of a friend" guests, she opened the door of her home. During the afternoon it dawned upon her who the girl was.

"If I say anything, I will get the reputation of being upstage or inhospitable," Pat explained. "I tried that once, when a girl whom I really liked persisted in bringing a drove over every Sunday. Pat asked her, flatly, not to. Did she try to understand my problem? Like a whistle, she did. She left, quite huffy, and has spent her spare time since in saying hateful things about me.

"Another question is involved in this one—the attitude of the boys.

"There’s a difference between being just a girl and a movie actress. Wait, I'll explain. These boy friends, the ones you see here every Sunday, with whom I go to dinners and the theater and play tennis, they aren’t idiots blinded by the glamour which is supposed to surround picture girls. They are fine and decent, clean fun."

"I should bother if my nose is powdered or not. If I get a smudge on my cheek, they lend me handkerchiefs to rub it off. Yes, correct—I crib the colored handkerchiefs to tie around my hair. I’ve a glorious assortment! If they don’t like something I do or say or wear, they tell me, with the frank license of real friendship. And I am equally candid.

"They like me for myself, as they might some chum of their sisters’ whom they found worth while, not because of any thrill at being seen out with me and having the other boys envy them.

"But so many men see only the illusion that fiction publicity has draped about the movie actress, and too often that type will assume their right to liberties they wouldn’t dare attempt if they didn’t know of her connection with the movies."

"In fact, nine times out of ten they wouldn’t want to make love to her except for the fact that she is a movie girl!"

"To illustrate what I mean: recently some friends from St. Louis came to Los Angeles, and asked me to dine at the Biltmore. They had all met in their party all the young men who was crazy about the movies. I was introduced merely as ‘Miss Miller’ and during dinner no mention was made of my work.

"The young man inquired if I knew any movies by sight, and begged me to point out celebrities to him. I indicated Charlie Chaplin, Elinor Glyn, Marion Davies, and so on. Perhaps twice he glanced at me— to demand if that were Norma Talmadge in the black gown, or had I ever seen Mae Murray?"

"Except for my ability as an Answer Lady, I might not have existed, in his eyes. It was easy to see that I made no impression on him, as a girl, as a personality. It shocked my vanity, but amused me.

"As we were leaving, Helen Ferguson passed and greeted me. ‘Hello, Pat.’ His eyes popped open. ‘You know her personally?’ That boosted my stock. But still he thought me just an ordinary girl."

"Jean, my friend, tried to tell him, ‘Miss Miller is in the movies,’ but he suspected her of kidding, and said with a wide grin, ‘Oh, sure, I thought you were Theda Bara at first.’

"During the drive home the conversation turned to my work, and when Jean finally drummed it into his thick skull that I happened to be Patsy Ruth Miller of the movies, the poor boy stared at me as though transfixed, and stammered that he would like to call. I gave him permission to come out the following Sunday afternoon. I couldn’t resist one mean dig, however. I begged, ‘But if I introduce you to Helen Ferguson, will you promise not to tell her you thought she was Theda Bara?’"

"I had suddenly become glamorous, and he tried for weeks to ‘rush’ me, but I gave the lad scant encouragement. If I am not sufficiently attractive to be shown attention, as a girl, I don’t care for courtesies extended me as an actress."

"That type of man is too prevalent in Los Angeles. The movie girl must scheme to avoid him. I want friends, not silly boys wild about false glamour. That kind invariably tries to get sentimental. If I think the young man has no possibilities of friendship, I get rid of him quickly.

"If I believe he might prove interesting or likable—good material on the wrong track—I have a way of handling him. It always works—beautifully. When he becomes or pretends to be love-stricken, I bat my eyes at him and I murmur, ‘Oh, shucks, I thought you were going to pretend to be different from other men. They want to make love to me, and I hate that sort of thing. Wouldn’t it be wonderful if we could understand each other and be genuine friends? I do need a good pal.’"

"In two minutes he is voicing abject friendship for life. And he bothers me no more in a foolish way."

"To sum it all up: the motion-picture actress is in a peculiar situation of desiring friends, of having would-be friends thrust themselves upon her, of having to weed out the genuine ones from all the truck of undesirables who would take advantage of her generosity. However, she finds enough real ones to make it worth while.

"Besides, what, I ask you, is life without excitement?"

So saying, Pat flipped from her pocket a blue-and-gold silk kerchief—the one Donny had been vainly seeking a while before—and, handing tight her recalcitrant brown hair, dashed out to the tennis court.
Racing Along With Colleen

"The Desert Flower," like most of her recent pictures, promises to set Colleen Moore's popularity two rungs further ahead.

The onward rush of Colleen Moore in popular favor is due to a combination of things. More than any other girl in pictures, she has been wisely and consistently managed. You don't find Colleen being put into any old kind of picture, or giving just any old kind of performance just to get through it quickly. Her vehicles are always carefully picked, and even if the story is nothing marvelous, you may be sure that there is at least a good chance for Colleen to offer a clever characterization.

The main reason why Colleen Moore never seems to appear in a bad picture is that she herself never disappoints. And no one is more sure-fire at the box office than a player who turns out a clever, spontaneous performance with every picture. Colleen is fortunate in being one of the few who has had a chance to do it, but it is mostly her own cleverness in taking advantage of her opportunities that has made her the popular player she is. These two scenes from "The Desert Flower" promise another delightful impersonation to add to her gallery, while the picture at the extreme right shows Colleen in one of her cute flapper poses.
Jealous of the Stars

Continued from page 19

long for golden locks. The middle-aged spinster—pardon me, I believe they call them bachelor girls nowadays—dressed in unlovely but practical blue serge, has this to say of an actress’ evening gown, “You could stick that dress into an envelope and still have room for a letter.” And the trim, tailored school-mistress will comment, “Why do these movie queens deck themselves out like a circus on parade?”

Two girls at a matinée were discussing Lois Wilson’s hair, which in a certain scene was allowed to hang about her shoulders.

“It’s a wig,” they decided. Her hair’s bobbed—and thin and scrappily. I know a girl who saw her once in person without her hat.

The girls, I noticed, had bobbed hair, which was neither thick nor pretty.

Because she changes from a blonde to a brunette so often, wearing a different wig in each picture, Julia Faye is always the subject of criticism. When she is a brunette, she displeases light-haired women, and similar comments are heard from blondes when she appears in a dark wig.

Sometimes these criticisms and cutting remarks are overheard by the players themselves.

Once Betty Compson was sitting in a darkened theater, she heard two women in the row behind her discussing her private affairs maliciously. As the reason for her familiarity with Betty’s personal life, one explained, “I know all about her—I used to go with her brother.” Other spectators nearby turned attentive ears, eagerly taking in these “first-hand” details about the star.

When the lights went on and they could see her face and recognize her, Betty in exasperation turned and said quietly, “Pardon me, but I happen to be Miss Compson and I must, in justice to myself, tell these other people that you have been misinformed about me. As to my ‘brother,’ there is no such person. I have always wanted a brother, but my mother never obliged me with one.”

When they recovered from shock, the women murmured apologies and left hastily. But what of the many instances when such falsity is broadcast and the star does not happen to overhear and have an opportunity to repudiate it?

Though Jack Holt is a favorite with many, and the small boys root for him, a young sheik ridiculed him when he was entering a theater by calling, “Thought you were a lot taller—and better looking.” Another said aggrievedly, “He’s no Western actor. Belongs in the drawing room with the tea cups.”

Holt came back with some jovial remark but admitted to friends later having been deeply hurt.

Occasionally fans’ jealousy is expressed in a way that lightens a tiresome day. Cecil De Mille relates with appreciation of its humor an incident of resentment against himself. His roadster was caught in a traffic jam and a battered flivver drew up alongside. In it were two men. One said, “That’s De Mille, there. The lucky stiff! It’s a good thing he doesn’t have to work for a living like us or he would be riding in an ash can too.”

Because she wishes to avoid personal slights and because she believes public appearances shatter illusion, Corinne Griffith seldom is seen. One evening as she entered a theater, she heard a girl standing on the side lines ask of her companion, “Who’s that guy with Corinne? Some movie sheik that nobody ever heard of—an extra, probably. Beats me, the way the women stars pick up these birds and cart them around.” Miss Griffith’s escort was her husband, Walter Morosco, a business man whose face, naturally, was not recognized.

One of the few players to accept the brickbats with the homage is Pauline Lord. Philosophical Pauline shrugs them aside with this decision, “I don’t give a hang what they say about me. George M. Cohan said he never cared a rap what they wrote or said about him as long as they spelled his name correctly. And that’s me, too.”

What Price Motherhood?

Continued from page 17

broadens her perspective, it teaches her to distinguish between the important and unimportant. And as a consequence, her faculties are sharpened and her ability to carry on is strengthened. Motherhood of its very self makes such broad demands that it is only the working out of a natural law that woman’s capacities should be increased.

“With Leatrice, for instance, I never thought it could have been possible to make a picture and give her at the same time the attention she required. In the first place, I thought a working schedule, which released me every four hours, could never be brought about, and if it could, I felt certain it would work a hardship on everybody, including the baby and myself. But it all proved very simple, once we got down to cases. Nine-tenths of every problem is fear of meeting it. But, of course, in careers there can be nothing like fear, and that certainly applies to the business of being a mother, too.

“If Leatrice remains well, I don’t think I shall ever give up my work. Why should I? I can be of greater help to her in all ways by sticking to my job, than if I remained at home with her every minute and infringed upon somebody else’s territory—nursing and housekeeping.

“I think we all have our work to do in the world. If it is housekeeping or nursing, well and good. Do it! If it is the practice of medicine or club work or philanthropies or dressmaking, do that! If it is acting or singing or painting or writing—why, that’s the thing to do, of course.

“But just because a woman’s talents or temperament follow paths divergent from the kitchen is no sign that she cannot be a successful mother. Whenever any one asks me if I am going to give up my career because I have a baby, I always want to say, ‘I’ll just wager you my babe wouldn’t ask me that. Because she has eyes which see through and beyond convention.’

“It is just as reasonable to assume that a professional woman cannot make a success of career and motherhood combined, as it is to suspect failure from the woman who combines home-keeping with child-raising.

“Motherhood is a complement to home-keeping careers and professional careers. Both become greater because of it. But the woman who neglects her child, whether she is a housekeeper or a prima donna, is a slacker, and I believe she always reaps her reward in the form of her own terrible unhappiness.

“I am still old-fashioned enough, thanks to the ideals of my own wonderful mother instilled in me, to believe that every child needs the thoughtful care and love of its mother, and just as important, that home is not a second-rate hotel but a beautiful, happy place where a cheery fire is always in the heart, the victrola is always wound up, book covers are always torn and the smell of pie and roast beef are ever coming from the kitchen.”
Immortalizing Andy

The famous comic-strip character, Andy Gump, is being impressed on celluloid with great success.

On this page are pictures of the players who are carrying on the screen doings of The Gumps as outlined by Sydney Smith in newspaper cartoons all over the country.

Joe Murphy, who plays the rôle of Andy, requires no make-up except a slight building up of his nose. He is an old-time trouper, located after much difficulty by Samuel van Ronkel, producer of The Gump comedies. It is said that Murphy was the man who gave Bud Fisher the idea for his Mutt and Jeff cartoons.

The part of Min, Andy’s wife, is played by Fay Tincher, the only Weber & Fields girl still before the public. Fay felt like quitting recently when she had to cut off her towering chignon in order to keep up with Min.

Locating a man to play Uncle Bim and a boy for Little Chester was quite a problem. But Slim Hamilton, who is six feet seven inches, and weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, was found in vaudeville, while Jackie Morgan’s mother brought him to the studio as a good candidate for the mischievous rôle of Chester.

The whole Gump circle may be recognized in the picture at the top of the page. From left to right they are Uncle Bim, Min, the Widow Zander, Andy Gump, and Little Chester. The comedies exploiting these people have been so successful that Universal is starting a third series of them.
Representing the Younger Set

Continued from page 24

Brian was a bit awed and impressed about being interviewed. This sort of put the tables on me, because I had always been the one who had let the movie player steer the conversation in whatever channels she wished. Now it was plain that Mary Brian looked to me to guide our chat. However, when we got to talking about her short but eventful career we forgot all about the interview and she answered all the questions I was eager to know about.

“Oh, have you met Esther Ralston?” was one of the first things she said. “You'll love her; she's so beautiful with that real gold hair, you know. It was so nice to keep on working together in another picture after 'Peter Pan.' We all became such good friends in that picture because it was mostly made up of young people.”

Mary Brian, she best described as just a sweet little girl in every way. She looked so young and schoolgirlish—she's just sixteen, I think—in her simple little black-satin frock with the white Peter Pan collar and a string of pearls. Not a bit like the average high-school flapper of that age. Friendly, yet a bit shy, with a very sweet smile. She's small and very pretty, with a pretty little profile, dark-blue eyes and wavy, brown hair tucked in the back.

Of course, I wanted to know how she managed to break into the movies so young, since she was without any experience. I was sure the fans would be interested in this direct contradiction to what they had always been told—that it takes a long time, full of discouragements and failures before one can make the grade. Here was Mary Brian, a young schoolgirl who had always wanted to get into the movies. She went to Hollywood with her mother and in four months' time was given a big role in “Peter Pan.”

“I came to Hollywood from Dallas, Texas,” she told me, “and I went to school there. But the Hollywood high schools are so hard in laboratory I was going to Long Beach to graduate when two days before I was to leave I was given the part in the Barrie picture.” Before that, her only experience had been in a prologue in one of Sid Grauman's theaters out on the coast. He had supposed that she should go in the movies. Through him she met the casting director who chose her for the rôle of Wendy.

“Weren't you a bit scared at taking such a part without ever having played before?” I asked her.

“Well, you see Herbert Brenon, our director, was very patient and rehearsed us over and over until we got everything just right,” she explained. “He made it easier for all of us.”

“Don't you ever get tired and miss the good times you had when you were in school and weren't tied down so to work?” I wanted to know. I recalled what a strain movie acting had appeared to me when I had played extra just for the experience. It had seemed so hard—the noise and clamor, the long waits, constant repetition of acting and the hot, glaring lights. I guess some people are just made for it—like Mary Brian.

“No, I never tire of it,” she said, “because I get all my fun out of the making of the picture—in playing with the stars I have seen and admired on the screen, and in going to different places on location. Then out in Hollywood there's the company of boys and girls of the same age. Mr. De Mille's two daughters, Doug, Jr., Betty Bronson and myself have plenty of good times together. We make up little parties of a few couples and have dancing and fun like that.”

In the East she doesn't get so much time and is generally so tired working she goes right to bed. “I haven't even time to keep up with the tutoring which Betty and I had while we were working in 'Peter Pan'—so I'm getting terribly ignorant, but richer in actual experience.”

She has made three pictures up to date; beside "Peter Pan" she has done "The Air Mail," with Doug, Jr., and "The Little French Girl." She was preparing to start on "The Street of Forgotten Men," and after that go back to Hollywood. Many seems quite calm about it all, though, or perhaps she is a bit dazed and doesn't feel able to express just how she feels. You sort of feel that way when so many wonderful experiences keep piling themselves on top of each other. That's the way I felt when I was going through all my adventures in movieland.

We jumped up from our seats to greet Esther Ralston, who came in looking very stunning in a brown ensemble suit and a small tan-and-brown hat, and very beautiful in spite of an utter lack of make-up. I was so wrapped in admiration I didn't know what to say to her at first. I just felt like keeping on and saying, "Ah!" as a child would. Miss Ralston is my idea of the way a movie actress should be and look—witty and intelligent, without any affectations, and smart and chic without being artificial. She uses her voice so well I wasn't surprised when she told me she had been on the stage all her life and in pictures six years.

“But let's forget about my past,” she said. "There were so many discouragements and bitter disappointments. She looks upon "Peter Pan," I think, as a new beginning. "It will always be a milestone in our careers and something to live up to, won't it, Mary?"

What seems so extraordinary about the success of the picture, "Peter Pan," is that it was not only a personal success for almost every member of the company, but it also launched each one out on a promising career of their own. They have all been given big parts to follow it up. Esther Ralston is so young and girlish herself I wondered how she felt about assuming a mother characterization.

"Why, I really liked it," she told me, "I have always wanted to play mother roles. I was to play an altogether different type just before I was cast in 'Peter Pan.' Cecil De Mille was considering me for the leading lady in 'The Golden Bed.' At that time the idea of working for De Mille was a great inducement, but I wasn't considered hard and calculating enough, so I was given the part of the mother in 'Peter'—now I realize it was the wisest thing.

Her next is to be a Richard Dix picture. She and Mr. Dix worked in the same studio several years ago, but didn't know each other then.

She is looking forward to the picture she is to do after the Dix film. It is a Zane Grey story and she likes strenuous things, though she realizes she isn't just the type. Esther Ralston is on the Lillian Gish-Dorothy Mackaill style of the ethereal, but active and alert blonde.

"I felt quite important," she related, "when one of the men at the studio told me he had trailed Lillian Gish all over the stages calling to her, 'You are wanted on the set, Miss Ralston.'"

"And I've been told I'm something like Dorothy Gish," put in Mary Brian.

Esther laughed. "That makes us sort of another pair of Gish sisters, don't it?"

Though Miss Ralston is really a New York girl, and Mary Brian has been wonderfully thrilled with her first visit to the big city, they are both anxious to finish their pictures and get back to Hollywood. "Because we feel as if it were our home there," they told me, "and we don't have to live in these big, pretentious hotels."

Miss Brian has a young brother back on the Coast whose ambition is Continued on page 169
Julian Eltinge Returns

As it is several years since our greatest female impersonator has appeared on the screen, some fans may not know him. And you should, since he is to be starred again, his first part being the title role in a French farce, "Madame Lucy," with Ann Pennington in his support.

Eltinge, like Houdini, stands alone in his field. For nearly twenty years he has been doing female impersonations, always appearing as a young, handsome woman—in vaudeville and musical comedy. Few women of his years can face the camera—save in character parts, or middle-aged roles—yet Eltinge is going to do so.

Julian Eltinge began his stage career by appearing in the performances of the "Boston Cadets," a military organization, famous for a quarter of a century for their entertainments. It was in one of these that he first did a female impersonation. So remarkable was his performance that he was at once offered an engagement in vaudeville, and from this he rose to being a big musical-comedy star.

The small pictures on this page show how, in one detail of dress alone, he can totally change his appearance.
A SECRETARY TO FIVE PROMINENT SCREEN STARS wishes me to advise the fans regarding the discarded clothes worn by the players. In every day’s mail, she writes, “I receive numerous notes asking for the stars’ discarded clothes. Now stars, like every one else, have sisters, brothers, and other relatives less fortunate than themselves, and when they have wearing apparel that they do not wish to use any longer, naturally they give it to their own relatives. The dresses worn in various pictures are usually purchased for the stars by the studios, and when the picture is finished, they are turned into the wardrobe department, to be used afterwards for extras or players in minor rôles.

“If you will kindly tell the fans this, you will be doing the stars a great personal favor, as they do not like to be obliged to turn down requests, but such requests are so numerous that it would be impossible to comply with them all.”

Then I have a letter from the secretary of Patsy Ruth Miller, Jacqueline Logan, Ricardo Cortez, and Harrison Ford, which says: “Since the postal authorities have increased their mailing rates of letters, et cetera, the stars are no longer obliged to put a one-and-one-half cent stamp on all five by seven fan photos. This, at the end of the month, has practically doubled their expenditures for mailing costs. If, through the medium of your magazine, you could convey this message to the fans: If they will kindly inclose a one-and-one-half cent stamp to cover the mailing of their favorite’s picture, it would be greatly appreciated by the above-mentioned stars. These stars do not request any fees for their small photos, and feel that the fan should inclose a stamp when writing for a photo. If the fan wishes an eight by ten photo, the charge is twenty-five cents, and in return they will get a picture personally autographed.”

EDITH P. CALLENDER.—I’m glad you feel that my time is valuable; so few people agree with me on that subject. The latest address I have for Pierre Gendron is United Studios—see note of Oracle—where he has been playing in Mrs. Valentine’s picture, “What Price Beauty?” Kenneth McKenna and Gregory Kelly are both primarily stage actors; you can probably reach them at the Lamb’s Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York.

Winnie.—How do I know so much? Well, you’ll find that if you go around with a kind face and an open look—whatever an open look is—people just roll tell you things, including their symptoms, which usually you don’t want to know. Yes, Bill Hart is returning to the screen as wild and woolly as ever, in “Rumbleweed.” Bill loves to make pictures, but he loves his baby even more. He gave Bill Jr., two guns for Christmas, all inlaid with gold and silver in pearl handles, and engraved with his name, “Bill Hart, Jr.” I do hope the baby isn’t afraid of guns. If some one had thought of it, they might have had Bill Jr., play in Fred Thomson’s new picture, “The Bandit’s Baby.”

A WELL WISHER.—Does that mean you’re one of those people who go around in musical comedies, singing songs by the wishing well? Mae Murray went abroad immediately after completing “The Merry Widow.” It is said that she plans to get a divorce in Paris, where the courts will listen to all the details without speaking them out in public. Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor are also abroad, on their honeymoon; they made a picture together, called “Manhattan Madness,” before they left. Jack isn’t going to fight any more; at least, not in public.

WORRIED ABOUT BETTY BLYTHE.—As to whether Betty Blythe was really kidnapped by Bedouins, I’m as much in the dark as you are. You never can tell about those things, especially when a lot of Bedouins get mixed up in the procedure; we know so little about them. Edmund Barnes is playing in his first picture for Cecil De Mille, “Hell’s Highroad.” Leatrice Joy is the star.

Mrs. Richard Dix.—It’s a good thing you put that question mark after the Mrs.—though it usually comes before the Mrs., doesn’t it? Richard Dix succeeds in staying single, though it must be difficult holding thousands of girls, I don’t know the exact date of his birth—only the year, 1894. Richard lives in New York these days; since your letter is postmarked San Francisco, the long arm of coincidence would have to stretch farther than ever in order to have you meet him. I assume that the stars measure their height without shoes and not by the accepted way of taking such measurements.

Flapper Henrietta.—“Do your stuff,” you say. That’s just what the man said to the taxidermist. And as you suggest, I’ll step on the gas; that’s much better than inhaling it. The heights you ask for are as follows: Norma Talmadge, five feet two inches; Florence Vidor, five feet four inches; Alberta Vaughn, five feet two inches; Eleanor Boardman, five feet six inches. Eleanor doesn’t give her age, but she is in her early twenties. I have no record of Natalie Joyce’s height. I believe Glenn Hunter uses his real name. Conway Tearle, before his marriage to Adele Rowland, was divorced from Josephine Park. Another wife preceded Miss Park, but I’ve forgotten her name. Conrad Nagel is twenty-nine.

A JUNIOR.—So you wish to break into print with your answers? All right, that’s easy. Theodore von Eltz was born in New Haven, Connecticut, but I’ve never had a peak at the family Bible and can’t tell you when. He is married and has a baby son, born last January twelfth; I don’t know any other name for his wife except Mrs. von Eltz. I have no record of Florence Riguard, except that she played in “East of Suez.”

Marion Davies Admires.—When you thank me a thousand times for answering your questions, I hope I give you all the right answers. Marion Davies has changed her mind about her next picture; it is to be “More Wives of Guyana,” the film version of a stage play produced a year ago. It is a story of old New York and will therefore be a costume picture. The leading man and heroine have not as yet been selected. “Zander the Great” was released in New York on May third; the Los Angeles premiere took place several weeks earlier. Miss Davies’ forthcoming productions will be Metro.
Dear Mr. Gilbert: When a man has spent four years in the American army, and two years in the Russian army; when he has lived in almost every country in the world; he can hardly be classed as a movie fan. So please do not regard this as a fan letter. I am not insurmountable about motion pictures, but I wish to compliment you on your work in "His Hour," which I saw recently.
The reason is that I lived for several years in Russia and served for two years in the army of that nation—before the war. Of Europeans, Russians are my favorite. I speak their language and I know them intimately, having lived with them.
When I saw the character of the Russian prince you portrayed on the screen, I gave three mental cheers. Russians have been blackguardly caricatured and caricatured long enough. In the cartoons, Russians are large, beefy fellows who never bathe, who wear long, black beards, who wear their shirts outside their trousers, and who carry bombies in their hip pockets.
You have given a true interpretation of a Russian gentleman and you should be congratulated for it. This letter is written to do it.
In contrast to these epistles, Douglas Fairbanks has a letter from a school boy in Kansas.
Dear Doug: I am a boy thirteen years old and go to school, being in the eighth grade.
Last Saturday our teacher took a gang of us boys to the mimicry of the "Thief of Bagdad," and gee, Doug, that was a swell picture all right. Next Friday is essay day and I have picked "Our Trip to the Thief of Bagdad" as my theme. I'm writing this in a hurry, and wonder if you could help me out on some things I want. I want to get the letter there and back in a hurry, as if it gets here after 8:30 Friday morning it will be too late for me to do anything with it, as we have essays the first thing at 9 a.m. Friday morning. I will make a list of what I want to know so as to make it easy for you.
1. How did you hang on to that rope without support?
2. How did the guy taking the picture get the clouds under the flying horse?
3. What kind of mechanism was used to hold the flying carpet up without any of the machinery showing?
4. Where did you kick in the rose bush when that stunt stuff or did you really get kicked? It looked like you really got kicked from the audience.
Will certainly appreciate it, Doug, if you can help me out on this, as I am for you, strong, and would go out of my way to see you and Tom Mix, but wouldn't go around the block to see Pola Negri and Alla Nazimova.

While the writer had the best intentions, such a letter is really an imposition.
If some of you fans have been having trouble with stellar replies, I should advise you to look over these examples and compare them with your own notes. A fan letter to the wise ought to be sufficient.

Fan Letters the Stars Appreciate
Continued from page 90

Be Yourself—thrill all with the amazing hair-free beauty of your skin—simply rinse away unwanted hair from arms, underarms, and legs with Neet, the ready to use hair-removing cream.

See just why hundreds of thousands of girls and women all over the country depend upon Neet for thrilling beauty of skin where unwanted hair had been. With this easy to use cream you can not remove unwanted hair but bring to your skin unexpected loveliness and charm—-the faultless beauty that others envy. It brings in a new day of happiness and freedom to wear the things you'd love most to wear. You use Neet just as you press it from the tube, merely spread it over the surfaces to be treated then rinse away the offending hair. No other method is so convenient and so rapid and satisfactory, especially for the larger surfaces of legs and arms—to remove hair from the entire forearms takes but a few minutes. Try it now. Learn what Neet means to you—Buy Neet at your Drug or department store. Accept no substitutes. Test it critically if you wish. You will agree that no other method, regardless of cost, equals this quick, simple, hair-removing cream. Neet is really quicker than shaving and you use it with absolute assurance that hair will not come back thicker and coarser than before—as it does after shaving. Also following its use, note the whiteness of underarm in contrast to darkened skin where the razor has been used. Should your favorite store for the moment be out of Neet, send fifty cents with name and address for full sized tube by mail. Hanibal Fair, Co., 601 Olive, St. Louis, Mo.

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Baby Animal Stars of 1925

Continued from page 85.

led to the barn. That ended the reading of the first chapter on artificial storms for Min. Which, of course, meant that other lessons were to be given. She is getting them.

"Then we have 'Patricia,' a baby camel which looks half frightened at me when I shout 'Mush!' and she sees her mother go down on her knees. Patricia is inclined to do it, too, and will in time. But she hasn't got the idea yet of why she should humble herself just because a fellow comes near and shouts the name of a breakfast food."

"Into Los Angeles harbor some weeks ago there came the 'Princess of India,' a tramp steamer fresh from the Orient carrying a heterogeneous cargo. Among other things was a shipment of monkeys and Murphy bought twenty-five for the Universal Zoo—all badly frightened.

"They'll make atmosphere," Murphy remarked.

"In the chattering mass," continued the trainer as he sat resting from his work, "was one little Rhesus with a grave, serious face, who was unperturbed by the noises. He looked lonely and alone. While the other monkeys were jumping in fright from one end of the inclosure to another, this little fellow sat peering through the bars of the cage, miserably unhappy. I noticed it.

"'What's the matter, Coco?' I asked.

"I put out a hand and he reached through the netting and took hold of my finger. Ten minutes later I had him outside and twenty minutes thereafter, with a small collar about his neck, he was perched on the head of Minnie, the elephant. In less than a week after his arrival he worked in that picture 'Lorraine of the Lions.' He knows more than all the other twenty-four combined. Speak to him now and he comes to a salute like an army officer.

"You discover animal stars in precisely the same way you discover human stars. Something they do, some unusual way they act, draws your attention. William S. Hart was attracted to his famous 'Paint hoss' by the animal's courage. He wanted to fight everything on the lot. Tom Mix got 'Tony' from behind a vegetable wagon when Tony, a colt, persisted in hopping fences into front lawns. 'Joe Martin' won his place in pictures by wearing human clothing and almost unceasingly aping men. Coco broke into pictures by a quiet display of intelligence.

"Back in a little arena I have seven lion cubs, four of them barely five

---

A STAMPEDE

There is something awe-inspiring about a herd of cattle peacefully grazing, but how shall we describe the emotion which is brought into play by the sight of that same herd stampeding?

The headlong rush, heeding obstacles as little as an avalanche, the mad bellowing, the thunder of hoofs, the lolling tongues, the sightless eyes of the frantic animals!

Terror stricken is no name for the condition of the man who finds himself in the path of such an inexorable mass.

In the beginning of this story there is such a stampede. A man and a girl are caught in it, and from that very moment there is action of the most thrilling sort right through to the end of the book.

Mr. Horton has done an extremely good piece of work. No one who reads "The Man of the Desert" can possibly deny him credit for it.

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By Robert J. Horton

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months old and three scarcely four months old. Yet, while they are little more than kittens we know that at least three will be performing lions when they reach maturity. "Gus" and "Ted" from the younger litter and "Sproule" from the older, are showing marked intelligence and are assured of places in pictures. The others may be used for nothing more than atmosphere.

"Three months ago we got three black bear cubs from TrucKee when they were just three months old. In the lot was 'Nigger.' At six months of age 'Nig' is working in pictures. We loaned him to the Shiriners at San Diego to take part in lodge initiatory work and he went without a trainer."

At the Hal Roach studio, "Useless," an orphaned burro picked up in the hills of Nevada, is being tutored for appearance in "Our Gang" comedies. During the early hours of a recent morning, this shaggy, half-starved little desert waif picked its way into the camp where Guinn Williams and company were filming scenes for "Black Cyclone," a new Rex feature. Solemnly, soberly, slowly, it strode in—and stopped.

"Get out!" Williams exclaimed, grinning at the seven-weeks-old creature. "Get out or we'll throw you out!"

What do you suppose Useless did?

He stuck out his tongue! It was the best trick he had—the only trick he knew. But he looked so grotesque, so comical, and the whole company laughed and Useless promptly was taken in and later sent to Culver City.

A descendant of "Pepper," the famous cat which appeared for years in Mack Sennett comedies, is another baby animal star soon to be featured.

Pepper died a year or so ago, leaving two children, "Tom" and "Beauty," neither of which amounted to much. Some months ago, however, Beauty produced a litter of kittens and one of them showed such marked intelligence and looked so much like its famous ancestor it was named Pepper II and is being schooled for pictures.

The theatergoing public will see all these new animals before long. But it can never know the patience and care which were used in getting them ready for their appearances on the screen.

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A Girl Who Has Everything

Continued from page 87

Before her marriage I met her at a dinner party that wasn't the airy, fairy success it might have been. We were mutually bored and you know the one about misery loving company. Mildred and I spent a great deal of the evening in the dressing room talking to Clara Horton and admiring a new green dress she wore.

To quote the subtitles: "Some time elapsed before the next meeting," and in the interim Mildred Davis became Mrs. Harold Lloyd. So far as I could see, that marriage to Hollywood's pet millionaire had not visibly changed her. As a young matron Mildred was still one of the girls, getting a tremendous wallop out of her new toys.

Her days now are rounds of busy and becoming activities.

Mornings spent in shopping for tissue white dresses trimmed in gardenias that look amazingly like cream puffs, hats faced with pink roses, perfumes, fat teddy bears for Gloria and blue cloisonné pins.

Noons devoted to luncheons—Pauline Garon, Leatrice Joy, the girls of Our Club around a centerpiece of sweet peas; laughter, gossip, new picture plans.

Nights with ceremonious spotlights turned upon a Rolls-Royce as it draws to the curb; intakes of breath as a little lady in crimson steps out assisted by Harold Lloyd. Cinderella going to the ball! Flattery, adulation, polite laughter, soft music.

Though all of this Mildred has escaped the blight of either natural or affected ennui. She is like this:

The background is the most exclusive jewelry shop in Los Angeles. Mildred has dropped in to leave a broken brush handle for minor repair. An obsequious clerk, on the verge of rubbing his hands together, inquires:

"Before you go, Mrs. Lloyd, will you have time to look at some bar pins—new since Christmas—exquisite?"

It seems that Mrs. Lloyd will have time to look at them.

The obsequious clerk, now making no bones about rubbing his hands together, brings out a pin which he designates as modest—nothing gaudy, showy, or vulgar. Dainty it is. Just the sort of thing for—say—Mrs. Lloyd herself, and a bargain, too. Only four thousand dollars.

"Ohhhhh," says little Mrs. Lloyd, crinkling her nose, "for four thousand dollars I like them showy!"

With her contemplated return to
the screen in the near future, Mildred Davis once more comes up for active fan interest and contributes another name to the fast-growing list of nursery deserters. Leatrice Joy started it.

"Fame is futile! I have only my child to live for," said Leatrice. But she has just completed "The Dressmaker from Paris" at the Lasky studio and has signed with De Mille for a series of starring pictures.

Lila Lee was through, too, until something too good to turn down came up. Katherine McDonald "retired permanently" for about a year. She is now before the kleigs again as radiant as ever. Beverly Bayne's little boy took up three or four years of her time but now she is tied up in a contract with Warner Brothers.

They're all back, and it isn't that they weren't sincere... But the first thing you know the baby doesn't need such constant care, and with a maid or two there isn't much to do around the house. The days get longer and longer and all their friends have the most exciting new picture plans, so one by one they trek back to the studios.

In spite of all the tempting offers for her services, Mildred is the last to succumb. I happen to know of one case where she was offered everything, including the linoleum in the cutting room, to costar with a certain dark, young sheik newly risen on the romantic horizon. But Mildred didn't need the linoleum. I suspect that she was more interested in an offer from her producer husband. The rumor still persists, in spite of several lukewarm denials, that Harold Lloyd will present his wife in an elaborate version of "Alice in Wonderland." The reception of "Peter Pan" will not be without its influence on this production.

If the plans materialize this will be a happy return for Mildred—for Alice is as congenial a character as they could find in a year of hunting, not to mention the pertinent advantages of Harold Lloyd's supervision. He hasn't had a failure yet. It isn't every player who can come back to such green pastures, but then remember this is a story about a girl who has everything—even a good release.

---

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(If you prefer, a box of Marmola Tablets will be sent to you in plain wrapper, postpaid, by the Marmola Company, 1724 General Motors Bldg., Detroit, Mich.)

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**Something NEW for BOBBED HAIR**

There is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully arranged and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind. I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's a full head of shiny dark lights that somehow suggest auburn... but you are really not so much the color you would not say anything to him when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the flaxen suggestion.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "original" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you just a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself.

At all drug stores, or send 5c by direct to J.W. Kost Co., 678 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wa.

**Golden Glint SHAMPOO**

**The Worse, the Better**

Continued from page 86

could a gentleman do? But let me assure you that though it is perfectly safe to kid Kenneth Harlan, it would not be wise to show such disrespect for the art of many other actors.

You would either be hurriedly left, on the plea of another engagement, or find yourself audience to an exhausitive lecture on the subject of sincerity, earnestness, and utter devotion to art in which the speaker used up all of his best three-syllable words.

Eventually, I tried to obtain the information that his most recent picture before coming East to play with Bebe Daniels in "The Crowded Hour" was "The Re-creation of Brian Kent," in which he played the title role. Following the current fashion of scouring at the works of Harold Bell Wright, I sighed "Noble again."

"You make me tired," the usually magnetic and affable young man announced dispassionately. "Go ahead now, admit you've never read it."

Of course, I hadn't, but I hadn't expected him to call me on that. It is the refreshmg quality in Kenneth Harlan. He does and says the unexpected. He isn't just a bovishly handsome actor with a splendid physique and an ingratiating smile. It takes a quite individual and magnetic personality to impress one as having more depth than the parts he plays. Often, when interviewing an actor one is relieved to find flashes in him that recall roles in which he has enjoyed his work. Such people are molded by the parts they play. The parts lend them such glamour as they have. The others, such as Kenneth Harlan, give only a part of themselves to each rôle, and knowing him is therefore consistently stimulating and full of surprises.

I regret to report, however, that Kenneth is stubborn. Even odious, if you prefer. He absolutely refuses to cooperate with magazines that want to publicize the happy married life of himself and Marie Prevost. You know the sort of thing I mean. "Love and success come hand in hand," says famous star, followed by a few gushing sentiments and a portrait of Marie taking a tray of store biscuits out of an oven in a kitchen set at the studio while Kenneth, protected by a gingham apron, washes dishes. Or portrait of Kenneth and Marie standing arm-in-arm looking eagerly up at a signboard where their names appear. Such tricks annoy him.

That Kenneth and Marie are unusually companionable and happy is

Continued on page 117
They Think They Look Like Harold Lloyd

Continued from page 26

even though they shouted in glee at his predicament. Many persons felt as if they would enjoy kicking those cats through a kitchen window or out of a door. If you are interested in studio secrets, I may tell you that Lloyd's shoes actually were covered with salmon juice, catnip, and rubbed with fresh fish in order to attract the attention of the cats and to insure their playing their parts.

Persons who have followed Lloyd's characterizations since he first began coming into prominence will recall that he always has appeared as a clean, well-intentioned chap constantly getting into trouble, and this in many kinds of roles. Whether it was as a grandma's boy, a sailor-made man, a girl-shy swain, a safety-first young adventurer, invariably he got into "hot water." Usually, the situations are evoked in his own mind and carefully worked up to the point where they will produce the greatest merriment. In other words, the Harold Lloyd comedies exist because of Harold Lloyd.

The very nature of the characterizations Lloyd has portrayed no doubt is responsible for the great number of applications he has received from aspiring young comedians. Invariably he is in a homely rôle—one which looks exceedingly simple. Yet, strange as it may seem, there are fewer persons endeavoring to imitate him on the screen than any other male star. His gags—as they are called—are copied extensively but by entirely different kinds of comedians. But never has any one come forward for a second Harold Lloyd. His horn-rimmed glasses are merely his trade-mark and they are just hornrimmed glasses as thousands of other persons wear and they are not in themselves comical, ludicrous, or funny at all. They are glassless glasses, however, specially made so that they will not cover his eyebrows—a fact which many of his would-be doubles have not discovered, judging by the pictures they sent. Lloyd learned long ago that his facial expressions are accentuated by his eyebrows and he has glasses made which will in no way conceal them.

Lloyd looks tolerantly upon those who believe they can act his parts in plays. There is plenty of room in filmland for more comedians, he says, but their quickest way to success is through the creation of new characters which will have popular appeal. And this is something that requires thought and study and care. It can't be achieved by imitation.

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They Can't Be Themselves
Continued from page 33

A Letter from Location
Continued from page 52

riding their trunks, posing on their feet and lying under their feet! Oh, for the life of a circus belle! But I admit it might not be so much fun on tour in inclement weather.

I had to make a fall from the wire —did it about 'steen times, to be caught each time by Jack Mulhall. But the last time Jack missed me, and on I plunged. Sole casualty, a displaced rib and vertebra, which was too trivial to hinder me from falling again next day. All's well that ends well, however, and it will fine. So let me on to more stunts. As soon as I learn to ride a steer, I shall write fins to a promising career!

Mother came with me but went on to Chicago to visit friends. She will stop here on her way back.

Hope you are enjoying a great climate as it deserves to be enjoyed—just wallow a bit in that sunshine for me!

Helen Ferguson.
Representing the Younger Set
Continued from page 100

to be a camera man. Miss Ralston is here all alone, except for an aunt and uncle, and her adopted mother and sister, as she referred to Mary and Mrs. Brian. Mrs. Brian is as pretty and sweet as her daughter, with her low voice, blue eyes and dimples. Esther came along with them from the Coast and now they hope they will be able to return together. "And if we can, do you know what we must do, Mary?" she suggested, "we'll make a day's stopover and see the Grand Cañon."

"Oh, that will be splendid!" enthused Mary.

They both told me of the good times they had together while on location in Bermuda, especially riding bicycles.

"It's so nice to go on trips like that because there is always more fun to be had while on location," Mary told me. "They have to wait until the sun is just right and then it doesn't last long, so you don't put so very much time in before the camera."

Miss Ralston is seeing all the plays she can and "doing" Greenwich Village.

Mary and I listened enthralled as she described "The Pirate's Den" and other weird places down there. Then she told me about Pola Negri's party and all about Pola. She describes things wonderfully, and with this gift for relating interesting incidents in a storybook fashion, I can well imagine how she gained the friendship of the "Peter Pan" youngsters. It seemed only fitting that they should have gone to her with all their small troubles and to ask her advice as they did. Beside playing the children's ideal of a mother, kind and beautiful, Miss Ralston is young and girlish enough to be one of them. Yet she has the assurance and experience that serves as a guiding post to these young people.

You can just imagine yourself what fun it would be to play in a lovely story like "Peter Pan," with a lot of young folks like yourself, and an understanding, wiser girl in your midst whom you could depend on for leadership and who'd join in the fun.

When I said good-by to Mary Brian and Ether Ralston I felt they had shown me one reason why "Peter Pan" was such a success—it couldn't help but be with such players taking part.

Well on His Way
Continued from page 91

however. He was just as enthusiastic in criticizing certain persons who did not come up to his idea of "regulars." But no interviewer would take advantage of Eddie's indiscretions. I, for one, am too strong for free speech ever to risk spoiling a promising exponent.

And I think that that uninhibited naturalness is what makes so many persons like Eddie Burns and want to do things for him. He may not be brilliant, but at least he's authentic, his personality is guileless and winning.

Ever since he marched into the Fox casting office, the greenest of amateurs, and announced that he would be willing to start for one hundred and fifty dollars a week, he has had people take an interest in his career. He didn't get the hundred and fifty that time, but he got seventy-five, and it wasn't until a few days later that the company discovered that he had never been in a studio before and wasn't at all the experienced actor they had mistaken him for while in the casting office. But by that time, Edward Burns had impressed them as a young man of possibilities and so they kept him on and proceeded to break him into movie ways.

The De Mille contract was the result of a promise made years ago during the making of "Male and Female." Edward Burns had a small part in it, and De Mille told him one day, "I can't do much for you in this picture, Eddie, but some day I'm going to give you a real opportunity." The new contract will provide for that, and his first work will be opposite Leatrice Joy in "Hell's Highroad."

He will be billed in the future as Edmund Burns, not because he's getting fity, but because Cecil De Mille considers that a more fitting name for him.

His stay in Europe did a lot for Edward Burns, and De Mille's faith in him has done a lot more. He is full of earnestness and enthusiasm, and is determined to do some real acting now that he has a chance. His greatest triumph will be to make people forget to pull the "handsome stuff" about him, and say, "Gosh, that Eddie Burns can act, can't he?"
What Did Sidney Prale Find in His Berth? Who Tried to Hound Him?

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In New York a big banker sat up until dawn recently to finish his "CH" book. Out in Illinois a mine owner read it in his automobile on his way to the office. From the Coast comes word that men and women of all walks of life are devouring

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Cue for Song

Continued from page 74

"The pace palled gradually. This was Manhattan and I was in it for all I was worth, but I slowly realized that sleep, beautiful sleep, had its sound points, and all was not gold that—— You know, I grew wise. New York. And the wise people in New York stay home seven or eight nights a week.

From this you may gather properly that she is sophisticated but tolerable. Here are no signs of ennui, no blasé yawn smothered behind dainty fingers. Perhaps this is supreme cleverness and guile, but I should hazard the guess that the golden Worthing has found life varied enough to keep things interesting, different enough to stave off boredom.

With a final grand flourish of brakes, we arrived at Borgo's.

"I haven't been up this late in weeks," murmured our heroine.

It is at such cozy, demi-tasse retreats as Borgo's that Manhattan grows more intimate, more seductive. Here the lights are feeble and ill-nourished, the music sobs sweetly, with strings and reeds triumphant, and the waiters drift about like silent, lost souls. White Rock on high, symbol of purity. Everything is subdued: voices are gentle whispers, laughter a silvery tinkle, applause a momentary fluttering of hands...

You find yourselves snugly seated along the tapedripped wall, you identify yourselves as members of the League for Prevention of Law and Order, and the evening proceeds, even as the East is streaking the silent city with new emanation.

Hilda Ferguson, a fetching blonde arrayed in a costume conspicuous by its absence, brought memories of Salome, Gilda Gray, and other celebrities of the dance.

It was at this point that I felt moved to comment upon the weather.

"You are beautiful, you know," I told Helen Lee in a fairly statistical voice. This interviewing must be kept stately and dignified. "Cheney Johnston manages to make every one beautiful in his photographs, but you surprise the innocent bystander by being equally as eyefilling in the, so to speak, flesh."

She turned a pair of violet eyes upon me. A bronze-cased lantern just behind us made a golden aura of her hair.

"I don't think I'm beautiful," she said. "This matter of beauty is terribly overrated. Publicity has made 'Follies' and beauty synonymous. But why take it seriously?"

It was all quite amazing.

There were other amazing moments. There was nothing of the "Isn't litrachoor wunderful?" patter, and not a line about books being her constant playmates. Yet her living room gave evidence of taste in things literary, and her conversation revealed, in the course of the evening, that the books on her desk and tables are read. The American Mercury, for instance, and Vanity Fair, if you crave particulars. And "The Constant Nymph," and Van Vechten's incomparable "Peter Whistle."

Helen Lee Worthing is unlike any "Follies" queen you have ever danced into the next day with. She wears no bizarre trinkets; she sports no Rolls-Royce; she smokes nary a cubed; and not once did she confide that a lustful stage manager alone had stood between her and fame.

She affected no pose, boasted of no quarrels, and whispered naught of the starring contract she could have had had she paid the price.

These are not fanciful yarns, either. You can hear them breathlessly recounted, colorfully embellished, any day. And you may believe them if you like; some of them are only too true.

The average girl who has been glorified in Mr. Ziegfeld's Academy of Music takes her achievements, however minor, very seriously. She may only carry a paper-mache bust of McKinley in the "Review of Our Presidents," but no matter. She is a "Follies" girl. For Ziegfeld has become a magic name throughout the length and breadth of this great gullible nation. Ziegfeld has taken more garden-variety girls and made them look beautiful than any three other impresarios in his field. His is the gift of gilding the dandelion, of converting the waddle of the duckling into the fascinating grace of the swan. The swimming Ziegfeldian stride is famous, the Ziegfeldian manner infused into each of his protegées. He makes peacocks of swallows.

Being a graduate of the "Follies" chorus has grown increasingly significant. The result is often fame, fortune, marriage, and Sunday magazine articles. Mae Murray and Marion Davies and Jacqueline Logan and Shannon Day and Dorothy Mackail and dozens of others were Ziegfeld girls once upon a time. Thus, being a member of the troupe becomes a grave honor. . . Many a maiden, conscious of the Ziegfeld tradition, seeks her picture in the rotogravure sections and decides that as a Ziegfeld beauty she is regally
lovely, the last word in looks de luxe, thrice, in a word, blessed. And she unwittingly conducts herself accordingly, exuding swank, too much poise, and an unhappily swollen ego, which in a pretty girl is an unsightly thing.

Conceit and vanity may be expected, then, in a Ziegfeld queen. Helen Lee Worthing evisced none. Her photographs if lifted end to end, would reach, I doubt not, from Dainty Marie to Ulric and Street to the Coconut Grove by the Pacific. Her likeness is familiar from Banff to Bangor and from Minneapolis to Baton Rouge, if there really is such a place. Her lisson figure is known for its symmetry in Alaska and Havana alike. Yet vanity is not hers. Her beauty is, as I may have hinted before, no optical illusion. Offstage, close-up, in person, she is as lovely as on the stage, aided by Klieg, Mazda, and the rest of the boys.

The first important Worthing appearance on the screen was in the Long Island version of "The Swan," to be followed in rapid succession by "Night Life in New York," if they are serious about that title, and "The Crowded Hour," in which Bebe Daniels does a Jane Cowl.

Continuing in this sober, biographical vein, it might be timely to note that Helen Lee likes H. L. Mencken, chicken chow mein, Corinne Griffith, Japanese prints, John Barrymore, and Fifth Avenue above Thirty-fifth Street.

At the age of seventeen she left her native Louisville to test the results of her boarding-school education on superior Boston. Success came to her almost immediately—she won a beauty contest, proving that the boarding school was a good one. It was all very natural that she should win a beauty contest, and a natural still for Flo Ziegfeld, hearing of it, to sign her for "The Folies," where she spent three happy seasons.

As a personality Helen Lee rates well up in filmdom's first flight, and when you ask, "What does that mean?" the answer is "Barbara La Marr, Julanne Johnston, Gloria Swanson, Betty Blythe, Claude Windsor, Carmel Myers, and Corinne Griffith." With an added loophole for one that may have been forgotten.

Thus far it is of course impossible to determine what position this impressive débutante will occupy in the celluloid sphere, but it is comparatively simple to report her possessed of intelligence, beauty, and a personality that a more pretentious fellow might term \textit{ne plus ultra}, meaning simply swell.

\section*{How the Diving Ponies Do their Stunts}

Continued from page 65

like it. One man has been touring the country for years with a bunch of ponies which climb a runway to the top of an improvised tower and then dive into a tank.

"Nor need you feel sorry for horses falling on the ground unless you see the riders suddenly yank their heads around to one side and throw their full weight in the opposite direction. This makes them tumble. Seldom are they hurt but the effect before the camera is not nearly so satisfactory as when the thoroughly trained horse suddenly loses his footing and roll up in a ball on the ground, throwing the rider clear to one side. These falls usually are taught on the sands of the beach where the tumble is inconsequential. After the horses learn to protect themselves they don't mind.

"There really is nothing remarkable in the work of these falling and diving horses except their display of courage. A majority of the ponies in pictures are absolutely without fear—have won their places because of that. And they have confidence in their riders. You do not find the picture ponies hesitating when asked to do strange things by their riders, although they cannot figure what it is all about. Wild horses on the Western mesas are hard to catch because they do not halt at cliffs overhanging the rivers. They do leaps which their mounted pursuers will not attempt. The record dry-ground jump for picture ponies is nineteen feet four inches, done by Sovereign's Widow Maker, in the play "Cactus Nell," featuring Polly Moran. But the wild ponies will leap down farther than that. Whenever you find a pony that will hop off of an embankment nineteen feet onto solid ground, you may know it's a bit of just plain, cold nerve.

"What these ponies think of such stunts would be interesting to know. They seem to enter into the spirit of the thing gleefully. They go ahead time after time and do without ever knowing the glory which results from their efforts.

Sovern, Stub, Greylock and a half dozen other trained ponies do most all the cliff leaping and diving seen in pictures. Their performances, to them, constitute merely their part of the day's work.
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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 69

a man. Next, going from bad to worse, they went out and danced in the evening with two men. Of course after that, things fell into little bits. The sister ran away with one of the men. He already had a wife, and just as though that weren’t bad enough, he’d done a little forging in odd moments.

Barbara Bedford as a stenographer very nearly took another woman’s husband away from her. In fact, lots of things very nearly happened. None of them did, though.

Toward the end of the picture when the little sister returns home a shattered wreck with what I took to be a dirty face, but which I finally decided was just a pair of hollow cheeks, I was all ready for the big confession. But there wasn’t any. She just looked right up at her brother and explained that the reason why she looked so terrible was because she had worked in a factory for a year. Now I have seen any number of factory girls going hither and yon, and most all of them seem pretty nice looking and fairly full of pep. Still, as long as her brother believed her, who am I to question it?

Anna O. Nilsson is the talkative wife. She dresses well, but manages to be a little too pleasant. Lewis Stone is the husband and a very sour one too. I don’t think he liked the picture. Shirley Mason, as the little sister who believed everything she heard, also seemed to wonder why she was in it. Then there was Tully Marshall and Ian Keith.

I wonder when some bright boy is going to write a gripping story about a wife who wants to have her hair bobbed?

The Rest of Them.

The war picture for this month was “The Crowded Hour” with Bebe Daniels. Some of you oldsters may remember a play by that name by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn. I rather liked it, though I didn’t really want to. Lots of it is silly, but there is something about the rockets’ red glare that never gets stale. Besides, most of the war scenes were real and they couldn’t be ridiculous ever.

I think Bebe Daniels is fine. She has a tremendous lot of vitality and her acting is never dull. T. Roy Barnes is in it, too, and he is a humorous person.

It is the story of an actress who joins the “Y” forces to be near the man she loves, and who is caught in bigger emotions. There are some exciting scenes when she has the choice of saving the life of this man or the lives of sixty unknown men.

“The Necessary Evil” is a picture in which Ben Lyon plays the weak son of a weak father and I think there is supposed to be an inward struggle between the best of him, inherited from his mother, and the worst of him, which he got from his father. Anyway, although both parents died early in the picture, their shadowy forms kept popping about in and out of Ben Lyon, I was pretty sleepy toward the end and it confused me.

Ben Lyon is not what one might call a born actor. Viola Dana is just a chit of a child. She is a ward. Pictures seem to develop a great many wards, although I have never seen one in real life. Viola looks a bit sophisticated to be the little child she is supposed to be. But that is not her fault; she was badly miscast.

Mary Thurman is a wife for a while and Arthur Housman is her hard-boiled brother.

Warner Brothers have fallen a little flat with a picture called “Eve’s Lover,” with Irene Rich and Bert Lytell. Miss Rich is a business-like woman who is taken in by the charms of a baron who marries her for her money. That is, he starts to marry her for her money only to find that he is really in love.

Just why Irene Rich feels called upon to wear a man’s shirt and tie to prove that she is businesslike, I can’t quite see. Brains do not necessarily take masculine attire. Clara Bow wasn’t a bit funny as the little vamp, and Willard Louis overplayed the funny-fat man.

Bert Lytell seemed much more like the Barber of Seville than a baron.

In fact, some astute guessers might possibly make out that this is a cheap, badly directed picture.

I saw a terribly funny Hal Roach comedy this month. It is called “Red Hot Papa.” I don’t want to discourage the brains of the profession, but if you see this picture playing anywhere, don’t miss it. There are just two reels of it but it points a great moral lesson. I’ve forgotten the moral but I remember the picture, and after all that’s all any one can expect.
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Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 73

daughter. And that will naturally make it more or less difficult to say that she is not versatile.

Cheering Charlie Ray.

All manner of cheering reports have been coming to our ears lately regarding Charlie Ray. He has resumed work, as you know, at his old studio, with his former director, Jerome Storm, and his first picture, which carries the somewhat inglorious title, "Some Punksin's," is soon to be released.

Everybody who has seen the film declares that it is Ray himself again—the same humanness and boyishness and bashfulness that originally made him loved everywhere.

Ray's attempts to change his personality have all been unavailing, and no star has had a more strenuous or difficult time than he during the past few years.

We really hope, therefore, that the rosy predictions that are being made for him will all be realized.

Valentino's Decision.

And speaking of returns, it would seem that Rudolph Valentino has at last made up his mind what to do. S'death! He's going to be a Tatar prince.

After a long search for some one to play Stella Dallas, Samuel Goldwyn finally selected Belle Bennett as the person most capable of interpreting the difficult character, who must appear first as a young girl and later as the mother of a grown daughter. Lois Moran, as heretofore announced, will play the daughter.

The Paramount Comedian.

It is our chance now to say we told you so, because with a five-year contract in his pocket Raymond Griffith has said hail and farewell to the majority of his competitors, whoever they may be, and is now ready to garner all the laurels fame offers at the Paramount studio.

His conquest is proof aplenty that what the public most wants nowadays outside of good comedy, is the very cleverest possible type of comedians.

John Barrymore Speaks

Continued from page 92

These were the observations he had to offer in the few minutes at our disposal between two business conferences. They do not allow us to penetrate very far behind the mask that conceals the real personality of John Barrymore. They do not suggest the romantic lover, husband of the poet, Michael Strange, the unconventional artist, the whimsical adventurer who loves, at odd moments, to seek out, at odd times, all sorts of persons. Perhaps he will have more to say if he continues to talk for publication. But never, I am sure, will he be one of those easily outgoing persons, willing to share with the public his inmost thoughts and convictions. Perhaps it is just as well that there are a few artists like him, capable of giving of himself in enduring performances, but otherwise reserving for himself withdrawal and privacy.

His first picture, according to present plans, is to be "The Social Highwayman," one of the first of the "Raffles" type of plays produced in New York in 1895. After that he is to do "Captain Alvarez," another former stage play, which concerns the hero of a South American revolution, and which is to give Barrymore the opportunity he wants to do an out-of-doors picture.

On Sober Reflection

Continued from page 57

"No, nor the Irish clog dancers." "Perhaps it was the hula-hula quartet, or the living statues." "No, no, not that, nor the excerpts from the operas, nor The Blues-Blowers Band." "Did Ben Turpin and Mary Pickford make their personal appearances?" "Yes, they were there according to schedule." "There's only one thing left. Perhaps you forgot to show the picture." "Ah, that's it! I knew I had overlooked some detail!"

The extra girl says you can always tell when a superproduction is being filmed by the number of supers hanging around the studio.
Clothes for Vacation Days
Continued from page 63
on Horseback," this costume is the picture of rustic demureness and simplicity. It is of linen, printed with flowers and figures of every color in the rainbow, and to complete the picture there is a garden hat of natural-color straw trimmed carelessly with three great yellow roses and caught under the chin with a black velvet streamer.

Carmel Myers, returning from her "Ilen-Hur" expedition in "lurin parts," brought back such a bewildering array of lovely gowns that lack of space alone prevents my showing you more of them. The one chosen is a Callot tea gown in a new shade of red, with border and sleeves embroidered in rose, green and gold. With this dress comes the longest and most voluminous of scarfs, which Miss Myers says she can do all sorts of graceful things with, completely changing the appearance of the dress with each arrangement.

Although one does not give much consideration to coats at this season, still they should always be included in the vacation wardrobe, and nothing could be smarter than the one on page 62, worn by Florence Vidor in Paul Bern's latest production, "Grounds for Divorce." It is of black satin, lined with white, and boasting a circular flounce. Its large sleeves, wide from shoulder to wrist, are a new note. With it Miss Vidor wears a large rolled brim Milan hat trimmed with black-and-white willow plumes that fall on either side.

Among Those Present
Continued from page 30
the freak impresario in "Sally," and subsequently for a while important role in Christie's five-reel special, "Stop Flirting." Still more recently he has been doing the part of a shell-game man in Frank Lloyd's "Winds of Chance," and has plenty of other jobs right in the offering. He is also considering one or two term contracts.

Back of all this sudden popularity in pictures is, of course, his wide stage experience in general, but his knowledge of pantomime in particular. They haven't cast him as out-and-out villains yet, but they probably will, because that appears to be the fashion with good stage comedians. Murray has already made his biggest hits as gentlemen of easy-going character, which appears to show that he is on the way.

Yes, and his wife is obtaining a lot of very nice parts, too.

"How I hoped you couldn't swim!"

The flush of her radiant cheek as she cut the water in clean, swift strokes had aroused his chivalry. He had longed to rescue her, to do some heroic deed worthy of her vivid, glowing youth. But she had raced him far out to the pier and back. And now, with cheeks aglow, she sat in the full glare of the sunny beach, roister and lower than when she had started.

"Was little mermaid?" Another conquest, thanks to PERL! Strenuous hours in wind and water had not dimmed its fresh, dear bloom. Yet its creamy greasiness base had spread at the slightest touch of her moistened finger, blending smoothly with her natural coloring. And its beauty of tint will not fade except at the touch of cold cream or soap.

Clever little summer girl! She had made doubly sure of her rosy complexion. After tinting her cheek with cream Pert, she used Pert compact Rouge to deepen the healthy warmth of her flush. Both cream and compact are waterproof.

To her friends she recommends:

For a fair skin, light orange cream Pert (changes to pink on the skin) and bluish tint Compact.

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For enhancing the beauty of the lips, Pert "waterproof" Lipstick. Rouge or Lipstick, 75c, U.S. & Canada.

Mail the coupon today with $1.50 for a generous sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another 75c brings a sample of Wans, the liquid last darkener.

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One jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream will prove it to you. Freckles, tan, sunlessness, vanish away under the magic of this cool fragrant cream. Pores are refined. It has a double action. Freckles are gently whitened out and at the same time the skin is whitened, softened and refined. Safe, harmless and can be applied secretly at night. The fact that it has been used the world over for 35 years is its best recommendation.

Fair skins constantly grow worse unless something is done. Freckles are caused by strong summer light which tends to age and wrinkle the complexion as well as discolor it. You've heard it said that blondest "age rapidly." This is the cause.

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REMOVES FRECKLES
WILL NOT ALTER THE SKIN

This $1.50 bottle of pert cream contains more Freckle Cream than any other. It is given free on receipt of this offer. Costs nothing if you are not pleased. Don't miss this opportunity to have your Freckles removed.

Send for "Beauty Parker Secrets" and let us tell you what your type needs to look best. We are giving $1.50 bottle of perfume free to each girl who buys 25c worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1925 other than Freckle Cream. Mail coupon now.

Stillman's Freckle Cream

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11 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please mail me "Beauty Parker Secrets" in plain wrapper.

Name

Street

City

State

(Print Please)
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 79

"Smoldering Fires"—Universal. The old plot of the sacrificing older sister gets excellent treatment, and Pauline Frederick, Laura La Plante, and Malcolm McGregor do fine work.

"Soul Fire"—Inspiration. A poor stage play, "Great Music," turned into a good movie. Richard Barthelmess plays the suffering musician, and Besie Love is good as a South Sea Island native.

"Tarnish"—First National. Domestic tragedy, sincerely and convincingly acted by Ronald Colman, Marie Prentice, and May McAvoy.

"Thief in Paradise, A"—First National. A lavish spectacle, that also has a good plot. Ronald Colman, Aileen Pringle, and Doris Kenyon are other reasons why you should see it.

"Thuddering Herd, The"—Paramount. A thrilling Western, with some wonderful scenes of buffalo stampedes. Noah Beery, Lois Wilson, and Jack Holt support the leads.


"Wages of Virtue"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, as the darling of the Foreign Legion in Algiers, keeps this far-fetched story interesting.


"Wife of the Centaur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A sex story handled with good taste by King Vidor. John Gilbert, Aileen Pringle, and Eleanor Boardman are in it.

"Wizard of Oz, The"—Chadwick. Not very much like Frank Baum's whis- mical story, but funny at times. Larry Semon plays the Scarecrow.

"Worldly Goods"—Paramount. A satire on American go-getters, in which Pat O'Malley plays the ingratiating four flusher.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"As a Man Desires"—First National. An improbable South Seas tale, in which Milton Sills and Viola Dana do their best.

"Burning Trail, The"—Universal. A wild tale of action, with William Desmond playing the hero who goes West.

"Café in Cairo, A"—Producers Distributing. Frisella Dean as an English girl brought up among the sheiks.


"Cheaper to Marry"—Metro-Goldwyn. Rather poor stuff, built on the theory that it's cheaper to have a sav- ing wife than an expensive girl friend.

"Chu Chin Chow"—Betty Blythe is again draped in beads in this English-made spectacle.

"Cloud Rider, The"—F. B. O. Not much on plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

"Deadwood Coach, The"—Fox. Typi- cal Tom Mix Western, with the usual amount of fast action.


"Dixie Handicap, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Frank Keenan as the impoverished Southern gentleman whose horse wins the race in the nick of time.

"Dressmaker from Paris, The"—Paramount. Gorgeous fashion show, but that's about all. Leatrice Joy and Ernest Torrence do what they can.

"East of Suez"—Paramount. Pola Negri in a misguided excursion into Oriental melodrama.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl who thought all men were noble.

"Fifth Avenue Models"—Universal. Mary Philbin is splendid as a girl who is saved from jail and later marries her rescuer. Norman Kerry is the man.

"Flaming Passion"—Metro-Goldwyn. All about "Fruitzos Sal", an Alaskan queen who reforms a drunken actor. Max Busch plays Sal with vivid feel- ing.


"Herenda"—Universal. House Peters and Patsy Ruth Miller in a rather shabby story of a cave man and an heir- ess. A sea storm supplies more inter- est than the plot does.

"Heart of a Siren"—First National. Barbara La Marr tempting a couple of dozen men.

"Hot Water"—Pathé. Not up to Harold Lloyd's best, but nevertheless priceless in spots.

"Hunted Woman, The"—Fox. A story of a wife pursuing her wandering husband in order to save her brother from jail. Pretty dull.

"Husband's Secret, Her"—First National. Antonio Moreno starts out as a huckster, but reforms when he mar- ries Patsy Ruth Miller.

"If I Marry Again"—First National. Doris Kenyon is the most convincing thing about this maudlin story of mar- rial intrigue.

"Inez from Hollywood"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the reputed wicked siren who sacrifices everything for her sister.

"I Want My Man"—First National. Doris Kenyon as the positive heroine, with Milton Sills playing the man who almost escaped her.


"Lady of the Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer slips a little as a Bowery girl.

"Last Man on Earth, The"—Fox. A craggy and amazing conception of life fifty years from now.

"Lighthouse by the Sea, The"—Warner. Louise Fazenda as a heroine, with great support from Rin-Tin-Tin.

“Madonna of the Streets”—First National. A minister marries a woman with past and gets all upset because it doesn’t work out right. Nazimova and Milton Sills are the principals.

“Man and Maid”—Metro-Goldwyn. More Elinor Glyn stuff, but not up to her usual box-office standard. Harriet Hammond returns to the screen as the heroine, and Lew Cody is converted to the rôle of a hero.

“Married Flirts”—Metro-Goldwyn. A dull triangle tale saved by the charm and ability of Pauline Frederick.

“One-way Street, The”—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty, but her customary skill, but the picture on the whole is dull.

“On Thin Ice”—Warner. Another crook melodrama, but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, and William Russell play the leading rôles.

“Recompense”—Warner. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost, in a sequel to “Simon Called Peter,” do not do their best work. The story is as sexy as you’d expect.


“Roaring Adventure”—Universal. Over the Western plains with Jack Hoxie and Roland. Nineteen twenties, the adventurous of George O’Brien.

“Sackcloth and Scarlet”—Metro-Goldwyn. Another sacrificing big-sister plot, with a slightly new twist. Alice Terry is decorative, as usual, and Dorothy Sebastian plays the sister who causes all the trouble.

“So This is Marriage”—Metro-Goldwyn. The Biblical flashback again, by which Lew Cody points out to Eleanor Boardman the error of her mad ways.

“Swan, The”—Paramount. The Molnar stage play cruelly mangled. You might bear it if you haven’t seen the original play.

“Tongues of Flame”—Paramount. Thomas Meighan winning through those terrible barriers he always knocks over so easily.

“Top of the World”—Paramount. Ethel M. Dall’s story offers nothing except a good flood scene and lots of varied acting by James Kirkwood.

“Up the Ladder”—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few flops.

The Worse, the Better

Continued from page 106

apparent to any one who knows them. Recently, between pictures Marie rushed East to visit him for a few days. After she had returned to Hollywood to start work on the new Lubitsch picture his chief interest in life was waiting for the nightly long-distance call. And when on the day of making the last scenes of the picture Bebe Daniels was taken sick and Kenneth had to delay his departure for home and Marie, he was simply distraught. An offer to stay in New York to make another picture met with cool disdain from him.

He asked me if I thought the public would like to see him and Marie together in pictures, and I am sure that it would influence their decision if you wrote your verdict to “What the Fans Think.”

“Ordinarily, I think it isn’t a good idea for husband and wife to play together,” he volunteered. “But I’m signing a contract with Warner’s and perhaps they will get a story that they will want both of us in. I’m afraid, though, we would act self-conscious together. Imagine if Marie played one of those vamp rôles of hers.”

“You’d fall too easily?” I suggested.

“No, I’m afraid I’d just act puzzled. That isn’t the Marie I fell in love with.”

Suddenly he must have realized that he had unwarily spoken on the subject which he does not like to have capitalized as publicity and he shut up abruptly. But he has a nice, and I think wholly unconscious, habit of saying, “We think,” instead of “I.”

In all his highly successful career—and even back in the days when he alternately supported Constance and Norma Talmadge his fan mail was carried in by the bushel—he has never before made a picture for Famous Players. I wondered idly how it seemed to be working for this big organization after his adventures with extravagant independent producing companies, such as the Talmadges—and some of the little where-to-tomorrow’s-money-coming-from outfits. The vehemence and frankness of his reply surprised me.

“I never expected to go into politics, but here we have circles within circles, and cliques within cliques, with the balance of power shifting from day to day and no one knowing who is in authority. Don’t bother to read about the political intrigues of Washington if you like mysteries; just come over here and get some one to tell you frankly what he is up against.”

But that, alas, will be impossible. For there is no one there, now that Kenneth is gone, who tells not only the truth, but the whole truth.
**Freckles!**

Easily and quickly fades away
Dr. H. H. Berry's Freckle Ointment—a specialty, entirely new. Most believable method for dark freckles. For a few cents your druggist can remove freckles for you. Try it today. At all dealers. ___.

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Medicated Rubber Stockings

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Ankle, per pair $3.75

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Great popularity of Japanese design and pattern. Guaranteed to give you a level bust and neck while lengthening and arm. Guaranteed to give you a level bust and neck. Send coin for trial. Write for full facts.

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FRECKLES

Sun and Wind Brag Out Ugly Spots...

How to Remove Easily

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy with the assurance of a reliable concern that it will cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Since you are an ounce of Othine—double strength—from any drug or department store and a few were sent to me—show how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one or two weeks needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine when purchased. A one-ounce guan-ter of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

We recommend Othine Complexion Soap for use with Othine, also as a shampoo—It's wonderful for bobbed hair—25e a cake at all drug or department stores or by mail. Othine Laboratories, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

**Advertising Section**

**What the Fans Think**

Continued from page 11

"How I valued these photos! They took me back to those "olden days.""

CHARLES MANK, JR.

226 East Mill Street, Staunton, III.

Let the Critics Take Warning.

Why is it that so many of the critics refrain from saying that it is especially nice about Ricardo Cortez? I don't mean all of them, but quite a number. In every picture of his they seem to dislike giving him his due. So let me say it in "The Swan." So many of our critics were so indignant about the changes in the version that they neglected to mention the good acting in it. One of the best bits of acting I have ever seen was the cabin scene in that picture where Ricardo looked so disgusted and angry. Perhaps I imagine Ricardo isn't praised much because he is my favorite and, naturally, I am always looking for something very nice to be said about him. But it really seems that way. Am I the only fan who feels this way? I think the criticism is a little bit afraid to admit Ricardo Cortez is every bit as good as any other actor to whom he has been compared, and, in the name of love, I hope these critics will be kinder to Riccardo.

BETTY MORRELL

6816 Parnell Avenue, Chicago, III.

Watch Esther Climb!

A few years ago there was a young girl buried in Universal program pictures and chapter plays. She was beautiful, she photographed well, and she could act. But she seemed destined to get nothing better than small pictures, that played only in the second-rate houses. You read of her perhaps in one of Myrtle Gebhart's articles for Picture-Play.

Herbert Brenon brought her to the fore in "Peter Pan." It was her biggest rôle, and she made good. Many people said, "Who is the beautiful girl that portrays Mrs. Darling?" Now you know who I mean—Esther Ralston!

Her road has not been easy. At times she must have become discouraged. But at last she has come to the point she has received stardom. She is at the top. Watch Esther Ralston climb! She is young, beautiful, the most beautiful blonde on the screen, I believe.

ROLAND O. CLARK

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

HACKNEYED PLOTS.

I am wondering how much longer we will have to put up with time-worn plots and situations. I find myself getting madder than "The Rider" very much, but when I saw William Fairbanks' "Racing for Life," not so very long after, I was completely disgusted. The latter picture has the type of week weak heart, and the hero who steered his car out of the way to save the child who had wandered out on the automobile race track. The pictures were so much alike in theme that I began to wonder whether William Fox had copied them from the Fairbanks company or whether the Fairbanks company had copied from the Fox "Drama-mer's Midnight Express," with Elaine Hammerstein, was similar to "The Signal Tower," with Virginia Valli. I would be very hard put to find one of them that is not a rip-off. I can imagine the present-day producers using the same type of plot as was used in 1909. Another favorite plot is, "The Little Child Shall Lead Them." One of Florence Vidor's last pictures, "Child of the Hungry Heart," was spoiled by it. The first half of the picture was sure-fire, but ended up in the usual way, though Florence Vidor's acting was so excellent that she made us almost forget it was old stuff.

There has certainly been several changes made in the picture business since the Goldwyn-Mayer and Warner Brothers have bought the Vitagraph interests. Universal and Fox have sworn off programs, and there are a few independent producers planning for a big splash. But let us hope that these producers will not lose sight of the necessity for making pictures that will appeal to the public.
to the pictures they finance as they do to the every-present board meeting.

The movies would get more praise than ever if they would only see the value of having original stories written direct for the screen.

80 Hemlock Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada.

A Plea for the Male Stars.

In reading the June PICTURE PLAY I noticed an article about disliking male stars. The person, J. H.—whoever he or she may be—was very unfair. I think I could fight the person who said that men don’t belong in star roles. Why aren’t men just as handsome as girls are pretty? How many pictures would be a success if it weren’t for men? I have seen every picture that comes here with Novarro, Valentino, Denny, and Dix. Of all of them I think Mr. Dix is the most attractive. Mr. Meighan is splendid.

J. H. is either a man and in love with himself and all girls or a woman who is a man-hater and loves her own sex. Thank goodness they are few and far between.

VERA OSBORNE.

Simcoe, Ontario, Canada.

More About Trade-marks.

As a regular reader of PICTURE PLAY Magazine, I am interested in the discussion as to whether or not the trade-marks of the producing or distributing companies mean anything to the ultimate consumer.

I believe that the intelligent fan relies on the trade-mark more than on anything the press agents say about the picture itself. Surely, he will go to see a film from such producers as Fox, Paramount, First National Exhibitors, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Warner Brothers in preference to one put out by some other smaller producer. Universal and Vitagraph produce some really worth-while pictures occasionally, and Universal seems to be improving, although some of their serials are still of the old “holum” type. Fox, too, falls down in some of the films he makes, but the majority of the Fox films are really good. It has been said that William Fox runs a separate film world of his own, and this seems true, as most of his pictures are original, and his Sunshine comedies are truly funny.

Warner Brothers remind me of Fox somewhat in their pictures, although I personally do not regard their productions as quite so well made as his.

DAVID W. WRIGHT.

The Daily Advance, Lynchburg, Va.

Concerning Ramon.

J. Elaine Thompson is quite right about one point of the fans’ idea of Ramon Novarro. I am one of the crowd who likes seeing him laugh with childish joy, as she calls it, though the only times I have seen him childish were in the beginning and end of “The Red Lily.” But I do not think his fans object to his acting well as he must as the gallant slave of “Ben-Hur.” It only seems a pity that he should use his genius in a role such as Jean Levitte, which several other people without his attraction could act, while it is possible to get him parts in which he can be artistic and use his own charm at the same time. The man who can spend weeks singing in the choir of a church, unknown and unrecognized, is not the one for a role which makes him as ungrateful and cruel to women as the hero of “The Red Lily.”

LILLIAN LANDIS.

2 Lancaster Gate, London, W. 2.
Will the Son of a Bandit Turn Outlaw?

Because Jerry Peyton's father was a criminal every one thought Jerry would follow suit. But they were wrong.

Read
Jerry Peyton's Notched Inheritance
BY David Manning

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Do You Love a Good Story?

Then you will love every one of the titles that bear the "CH" brand on their jackets. Books of adventure, romance and mystery, bound in cloth, well printed and brand new for only 75 cents. Look for these books at your dealer's today.

When Jack Gilbert Was a Boy.

The article Don Ryan wrote about Jack Gilbert carries me back many years. When I was a youngster living in Pueblo, Colorado, the Pringle Stock Company was playing at Lake Minequa, a very small theater that was built over the water. John Pringle, Ida Pringle, and a very handsome leading man—I think his name was Harry von Meater—were the leading players. Ida Pringle was beautiful, and people said her husband was older than she was. Anyway, sometimes she had a small boy about three years old with her, a beautiful child with long, dark curls and a little velvet suit. I am most certain that the Jack Gilbert of to-day was that little tot with the curls. And I will never forget when they played "East Lynn." It was the first time I had ever seen the play, and it nearly broke my heart. This little boy played Little Willie. I can remember one Sunday afternoon we were all running to catch the car—old-fashioned cars in those days. There was an empty seat next to me, and this John Pringle called out, "Hurry, Ida, here is a seat!" I can remember how thrilled I was to be able to sit next to her. I loved her, she was so pretty.

When they left Pueblo I heard they went to Denver, and I never saw Ida Pringle again, but several years later John Pringle came back there and played with a little stock company on West Third Street. Jack Gilbert, if he is that child, gets his good looks from his mother, but John Pringle in those days made a big hit. He was a regular clown, and sometimes played the villain. I was about thirteen years old at that time, and have never forgotten Ida Pringle in one play. "Coom Hollow." I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world.

There is a silver lining to every cloud. May Jack Gilbert be happy. His best work, I think, was "The Snob." My hat's off to him for playing that part.

Detroit, Mich.
Mas. B. B. C.

Concerning Undraped Scenes.

Mrs. Lorenza Stevens' letter in the June issue made me so angry I could have popped! How can she blame Rudy for those "shirt scenes" in "Beaucaire"? The continuity writer and director are responsible for them.

There was nothing in those scenes that could offend the taste of the most prudish. I would much rather see a scene like that than to see Reginald Denny in fighting trunks ready to engage in a bloody fight of pugilism.

Amy Anderson.
Box 165, Neosho, Mo.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Goldwyn pictures. Marion has blue eyes and very blond hair; no, she has never been married. She is in her early twenties and has been appearing on the screen for about six years.

Mary Beth.—So you're having terrible crushes on Ronald Colman and John Gilbert? I didn't know that crushes came in pairs like that. I think the entire screen public shares your enthusiasm. There was quite a mystery as to whether Ronald Colman was married or not, but the truth came out when his wife, Thelma, sued for divorce last winter. They were married in 1920. He is about six feet tall and is in his early thirties. John Gilbert is about the same height and is thirty years old. Yes, he is divorced from Leatrice Joy.
BUSY BEE.—What keeps you so busy? You don’t seem to ask as many questions as you used to. This month was born on November tenth, but she doesn’t say which one. She has never been married. Leatrice Joy is in her early twenties. Shannon Dal has a new speaking part in “The inflater.” She has been living in the Hollywood Hotel, Hollywood; her most recent picture is “Outlawed.”

NATALIE.—Conway Tearle was born in 1882, but he doesn’t go into further details about the date. So there’s no much chance for us to read his horoscope, there is! Everyone will be talking about him.

DIANA.—The post office doesn’t seem to agree with you as to your address. The personal answer sent by this department was returned unclaimed. Jack Jockey seems to be a newcomer in pictures, as I had not heard of him before. It is his appearance in “New Lives for Old.” However, if you write him at Famous Players’ Hollywood studio—address at the end of The Oracle—they may be able to locate him for you.

IRA.—How long am I going to answer questions? As long as people ask them—or until I run out of answers. I fully expect questions to pursue me up to heaven, as the angels dance are at least. Claire Holmer was born is 1897; yes, she is the granddaughter of Oscar Holmer, the famous opera impresario. Incidentally, she is not Dorothy Delray’s stepdaughter. Her new picture is “The Romance of an Actress.” Eliza isn’t married. Sigrid Holmquist recently returned to Sweden. Though famous American stars are hard to find, I don’t know whether she will come back to America or not. Her latest release is “The Crackerjack,” a Johnny Hines picture.

BLACK EYES.—Perhaps if you took lessons from Jack Dempsey, that wouldn’t happen. Jack Dempsey is not only a great prize-fighter, but also a man with eyes. Claude had recently played in “The Exquisite Sinner” and “Escape.” Conrad is married to Ruth Helms, and there is Babbit, who has the apple of their eyes. But why they should have an apple is one of the questions I don’t know the answer to. Incidentally, Conrad and Rupert Hughes recently celebrated an anniversary. Harlan D. Rich, who has produced some of the best pictures in Hollywood, has invited me to come to his studio. No doubt, he is interested in me.

MAY QUEEN.—Who crowned you? Mae Busch was born in Australia and educated at a convent. Mrs. Busch is a daughter of Francis Macdonald. She recently finished “The Unholy Three,” and since then has been working in “The Time of the Comedian.” Any one who can laugh at time should be more than happy. But there is one man who still laughs. Conrad Nagel played recently in “The Exquisite Sinner” and “Escape.” Conrad is married to Ruth Helms, and there is Babbit, who has the apple of their eyes. But why they should have an apple is one of the questions I don’t know the answer to. Incidentally, Conrad and Rupert Hughes recently celebrated an anniversary. Harlan D. Rich, who has produced some of the best pictures in Hollywood, has invited me to come to his studio. No doubt, he is interested in me.

-wise cracker.—Too wise to be led to the parrot, I’ll bet. Yes, Ben Turpin is really cross-eyed! I don’t see why he should look that way on purpose, do you? Ben has been in the business long enough to know how to make the audience laugh. I can’t help wondering how long he can keep it up. The only way to find out is to watch him. I hope he doesn’t lose his sense of humor and turn into a comedian. He is a wonderful clown with a small baby.

OVER THE RIVER.—Well, as long as you put it that way, I didn’t mind. But you’d better not say “you can’t talk to me,” I live too close to the river. Sing, Norma Talmadge is going to make the screen version of “Mamie Pompadour,” the operetta which Hope Hampton bought her costumes for. At present, however, Norma is completing “Grandstar,” with Eugene O’Brien playing opposite her.

SMOKY JIM.—You can hardly remedy by moving to Kansas or some place where they don’t smoke. Tom Mix Tom Mix is back in this country and nobody stole his diamond belt buckle while he was gone. Of course, no one else could wear it anyhow. Tom Mix is a great roamer. Cowhand, Ringmaster, Champion Cowboy down the center, and “Tom Mix” in diamonds reading crosswise. And you don’t have to be a cross-word puzzle fan to figure that Tom Mix is the Everlasting Whisper,” to follow “The Lucky Horseshoe.”

Frisco Sue.—You sound like a queen of the underworld or something. Barbara La Marr’s new picture is “The White Monkey.” The producer is George P. Bell, who has been seen so much of late, plays opposite her. No, Robert Warwick hasn’t appeared on the screen lately, but he has been playing on stage most of the time. He plays in “His Queen,” which is running on Broadway at this writing. Your favorite, Ivor Novello, is making his own play, “The Rat”—he wrote it and played the lead in it on the stage—with Mac Marsh opposite him. As the picture is being made in England, however, you may or may not see it.

Addresses of Players

Gloria Swanson, at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mary Pickford, John Gilbert, Lillian Gish, Alene Pringle, Marie Busch, Pauline Starke, Conrad Nagel, Renee Adoree, Eleanor Boardman, Madeline Shelton, Mary Huntley, Jack Windsor, Mac Murray, Hedy D’Algy, Pauline Lord, Archibald MacLean, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.


George O’Brien, Tom Mix, Alma Rubens, Edward Lowe, Motion Picture Relief, and Earle Fox, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Laura La Plante, Regina Denny, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Hoot Gibson, Art Aragon, Carole Lombard, Virginia Vale, Jobie and Eileen Sleskew, Lona Todd, Olive Hasbro, Johnny Hines, and Marion Martin, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, John Roche, Monte Blue, Jane Marlowe, Irene Rich, Dorothy Dehaviland, Marion Davies, Ford Sterling, Mary Parry, Mary MacVicar, Kenneth Harlan, Alice Terry, California, California, Fox, Universal, and Ritz, at the Universal Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Bebe Daniels, Richard Dix, Thomas Meck, Diana Kane, Cary Manning, Neil Hamilton, and Carol Dempster, at the Fadkoff-Fairbanks Studios, California, at the Universal Pictures Corporation, 560 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Mackaill, Mary Astor, Milton Sills, Ben Lyon, Myrta Smedley, Robert Enos, Rochelle MacDonald, Agnes Ayres, and Dorothy Keayan, at the Biograph Studios, 707 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Frank Thomson, Evelyn Brent, Ruth Roland, Marcella Huntley, and Florence Miller, at George O’Hara, at the F. B. O. Studios, 750 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Martha Mansfield, at 2120 La Miranda, Hollywood, California.

Frieda Bacon, at 7129 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Harold Lloyd and Johny Ralston, at the Hollywood Studios, California.

Harry Langdon, Billy Bevan, Alvin Day, Ralph Graves, Ray Taylor, and Mary and Stella Harris, at the Mack Sonnett Studios, Estudale, California.

Mac MacDonald, at 496 Laurel Lane, Hollywood, California.

Cullen Lufkin, at 1504 Gardner Street, Los Angeles, California.

Pat and Mickey Moore, at 5533 Lexington Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ben Alexander, at 1770 North Vine Street, Hollywood, California.
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When Jack Gilbert Was a Boy.

The article Don Ryan wrote about Jack Gilbert carries me back many years.

When I was still a youngster living in Denver, Colorado, the Pringle Stock Company was playing at Lake Minnequa, a very small theater that was built over the water. John Pringle, Ida Pringle, and a very handsome leading man— I think his name was Harry von Meater—were the leading players. Ida Pringle was beautiful, and people said her husband was older than she was. Anyway, sometimes she had a small boy about three years old with her, a beautiful child with long dark curls and a little velvet suit. I am most certain that the Jack Gilbert of to-day was that little tot with the curls. And I will never forget when they played "East Lynne." It was the first time I had ever seen the play, and it nearly broke my heart. This little boy played Little Willie. I can remember one Sunday afternoon we were all running to catch the car—old-fashioned cars in those days. There was an empty seat next to me, and this John Pringle called out, "Hurry, Ida, here is a seat!" I can remember how thrilled I was to be able to sit next to her. I loved her, she was so pretty.

When they left Pueblo I heard they went to Denver, and I never saw Ida Pringle again, but several years later John Pringle came back there and played with a little stock company on West Third Street. Jack Gilbert, if he is that child, gets his good looks from his mother, but John Pringle in those days made a big hit. He was a regular clown, and sometimes played the villain. I was about thirteen years old at that time, and have never forgotten Ida Pringle in one play, "Coon Hollow." I thought her the most beautiful woman in the world.

There is a silver lining to every cloud. May Jack Gilbert be happy. His best work, I think, was "The Snob." My hat's off to him for playing that part.

Detroit, Mich. Mrs. B. B. C.

Concerning Undraped Scenes.

Mrs. Lorenzo Stevens' letter in the June issue made me so angry I could have popped!

How can she blame Rudy for those "shirt scenes" in "Beaucaire"? The continuity writer and director are responsible for them.

There was nothing in those scenes that could offend the taste of the most prudish. I would much rather see a scene like that than to see Reginald Denny in fighting trunks ready to engage in a bloody fight of pugilism.

Amy Anderson,
Box 165, Neosho, Mo.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Goldwyn pictures. Marion has blue eyes and very blond hair; no, she has never been married. She is in her early twenties and has been appearing on the screen for about six years.

Mary Beer.—So you're having terrible crushes on Ronald Colman and John Gilbert? I didn't know that crushes came in pairs like that. I think the entire screen public shares your enthusiasm. There was quite a mystery as to whether Ronald Colman was married or not, but the truth came out when his wife, Thelma, sued for divorce last winter. They were married in 1929. He is about six feet tall and is in his early thirties. John Gilbert is about the same height and is thirty years old. Yes, he is divorced from Leatrice Joy.
BUSY BEE.—What keeps you so busy? You don't seem to ask as many questions as you used to. Last week you were in New York on November tenth, but she doesn't say which one. She has never been married. Leatrice Joy is in her early twenties. Shannon O'Neal was born in California on November first. She has been living in the Holy Hotel, Hollywood; her most recent picture is “Outhawed.”

NAT. AL.—Conway Tearle was born in 1882, but he doesn't go into further details about the date. There's not much chance for us to read his horoscope, is there? Everyone will be interested.

DIANA.—The post office doesn't seem to agree with you as to your address. The personal answer sent you by this department was returned unclaimed. Jack Joyce seems to be a newcomer in pictures, as I had not before become curious to his appearance in “New Lives for Old.” However, if you write him at Famous Players Hollywood studio—address at the end of The Oracle—they may be able to locate for you.

IREA.—How long am I going to answer questions? As long as people ask them—or until I run out of answers. I fully expect questions to pursue me up to heaven, as all widowers are curious. So Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1897; yes, she is the granddaughter of Oscar Hammerstein, the famous opera impresario. Incidentally, she is not Dorothy Dalrymple's stepdaughter. Her new picture is “The Romance of an Actress.” Elaine isn't married. Sigrid Holmquist recently returned to America to marry an Englishman. I don't know whether she will come back to America or not. Her latest release is “The Crackerjack,” a Johnny Hines picture.

BLACK EYES.—Perhaps if you took lessons from Jack Dempsey, that wouldn't happen to you. Are you never interested or even engaged, so far as any one knows; though the famous Michael Arlen, the present lion of the literary set, was seen about with him in great deals. Which proves nothing at all. Bebe's new picture is “The Manicure Girl,” with Eddie—pardon me, Edmund—Burns playing opposite her.

MAY QUEEN.—Who crowned you? Mae Busch was born in Australia and educated at a convent in Melbourne. She is the daughter of John R. MacDonald. She recently finished “The Unholy Three,” and since then has been working in “Time the Comedian.” Any one who can laugh at time should be able to laugh at appearance. Conrad Nagel played recently in “The Exquisite Sinner” and “Escape.” Conrad is married to Ruth Helms, and there is a Baby Ruth when the apple of their eye. Though why an eye should want an apple is one of the questions I don't know the answer to. Incidentally, Conrad and Rupert Hughes were at the Players Club to see Marshall Rierson, sister of the late Lucille Rierson. Ramon Novarro is to make a picture dealing with life in Amazipol, in which he is the one of the characters. If you have anything to tell the marines, perhaps Ramon will listen. But it may be several years before he starts on the new production because he has to finish “Benson” first.

MAN HATER.—So you don't like Ben Lyon and want to know how he gets that way? Then you do admit that he has a way with him, after all! Ben is certainly losing his old reputation as a man's man. He has been working in “Winds of Chance,” with Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana. No, Claire Windsor doesn't seem to have played in many pictures of late. However, she will soon be seen in an Edwina Carewe production, “Snake Bite,” in which Claire does not play Cleopatra, and the snake in question is not an asp. Lewis Stone is also in the picture. Lewis is one of our leading stars of the screen. He recently played such a role with Anna Q. Nilsson and Shirley Mason in “The Man Who Talks.” He was only married to one of them, however. Norman is completing “Geaustar,” with Eugene O'Brien playing opposite her.

GREENWALT.—Yes, I have a lot of questions. Some day I'll probably break out in a question and answer rash, and then I'll call this column “Rash Questions and Answers,” Corinne Griffith is Mrs. William Sage. She has been a very busy person lately; after “The Marriage Whirl,” she made “Ashes,” “Forever After,” and “Classified.” Corinne was in the “Oracle,” and attended the Sacred Heart Convention in New Orleans. There must be something about convent training that turns girls into movie stars; so many of our screen celebrities came out of convents. Dorothy Gish has signed a contract with Inspiration Pictures, Inc., and will play opposite Richard Bardolph in “The Lawless City.” After that, she will be starred.

PAT.—So glad you think I am nice. But with a name like Pat, you've probably only been kissing the barren stone and makes you feel that way. Patsy Ruth Miller is your girl. They say she is quite likely to change her status now that Donald Ogden Stewart, the clever humorist, has taken such a fancy to her. Patsy is one of the screen stars whose engagements are always getting them publicity in the papers, either. Patsy Ruth is a St. Louis girl; she is five feet two inches, and has brown hair and eyes. Her current pictures are “Overboard,” in which House Peters is starred, and “Lorraine of the Lions.” Reginald Denny has been making "I'll Show You the Way." Pat's pictures evidently include good-looking girls, as there are four beauties in the cast—Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Marlon Nixon, and Margaret Livingston. Reginald is married to Irene Hisman.

WISE CRACKER.—Too wise to be led to the parrot, I'll bet. Yes, Ben Turpin is really cross-eyed; I don't see why he should look that way on purpose, do you? Ben has refused to permit his wife in order to devote his entire time to his invalid wife. He does all the iring and broiling and wields a gentle bawl about the house. As his wife doesn't like servants around. How is that for a devoted husband? Harry Langdon is being featured in Mack Sennett comedies now; he doesn't look cross at all, but his movies has also turned comedian. Ralph is a widower with a small baby.

OVER THE RIVER.—Well, as long as you put it that way, I don't mind. But you'd better not say "up the river" to me; I live too close to the river. Norman Talmadge is going to make the screen version of "Mamie Pompodour," the operetta which Hope Hampton bought her costumes for; at present he is completing another “Geaustar,” with Eugene O'Brien playing opposite her.

SMOKEY JIM.—You can remedy that by moving to Kansas or some place where there don't smoke. Tom Mix is back in this country and nobody stole his diamond belt buckle while he was gone. Of course, no one else could wear it anyhow. Tom Mix, or the "Champion Cowboy" down the center, and "Tom Mix" in diamonds reading crosswise. And you don't have to be a cross-word puzzle fan to figure our Jim is now making "The Everlasting Whisper," to follow "The Lucky Horsehoe."
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