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Leaped Breathlessly Into the Cab Beside Him—

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I was just sick with envy when Lucy danced gaily from the wings onto the big stage of our school auditorium. She looked so pretty in her fluffy ballet skirts and she danced so well. But deep down in my heart I knew that I could look as pretty and dance even better if I only had the chance. If I had the chance! That was the trouble!

The other girls in my crowd were all studying classic dancing. And I who had longed to dance ever since I could remember — I was left out.

Dad had been ill for over a year, and no matter how carefully we figured expenses, there never seemed to be enough left over to pay for my dancing lessons. One time I did get sufficient courage to go up to Madame Henri's studio and ask about the cost of lessons. Madame Henri was the only reliable teacher in town and her classes were so crowded that she could ask the most exorbitant tuition and get it. I went home from her studio completely discouraged. Even if dad was working, we could never afford to pay anything like the tuition she asked.

"Why Couldn't I, too, Dance My Way Into Popularity"

But I still longed, hoped, dreamed someday to learn to dance. Whenever a crowd of the girls got together they talked of nothing but their latest dance steps. Ruth, who had been pale, swallowed, and overweight, was rapidly developing into a real beauty with rich color and the loveliest slender figure. She said it was all because of her dancing. And Peggy, who had never been a bit popular, soon became known as the most graceful girl in our class and was absolutely showered with invitations. No party was complete until Peggy arrived and did one of her gay, dashing character dances.

Finally the great day came for our class play try-outs. The leading part might have been written for me. Everyone said that I was sure to get it but I hardly dared hope that the great honor would come to me. I was so excited at try-out that I could hardly speak.

The moment when the director turned to me and said, "Well, young lady, I guess you have the part," was the very most thrilling in my life. Then he continued, "Of course, you have studied dancing haven't you? I understand that all of you girls are taking it up now. There is a little dance in the second act, and the girl who has the lead will have to know how to dance."

"I Cried Myself to Sleep That Night"

My heart sank. What could I do? I might say that I could dance. But he would find out soon enough that I wasn't telling the truth. There was just one thing to do.

Lucy got the part that was written for me, and I cried myself to sleep that night. I pretended that I didn't care. That just made it hurt all the worse. I wanted to dance. Oh, how I wanted to dance.

Almost a year later I was again in the school auditorium. The curtain was just rising for our spring festival — the greatest event in the school year — and I had the leading part. The director said it was because I had danced so beautifully. Lucy, Ruth, and Peggy were among the dancers that I led through a series of lovely ballets. As I waited in the wings, smoothing the fluffy skirts of my lovely ballet costume, I knew that my night of triumph had come at last.

And Then— How I Surprised Her"

After it was over, Madame Henri rushed up to congratulate me and to ask me where I had learned such perfect technique. I was afraid it was with wicked glees that I told her of the wonderful method I studied right at home and at a mere fraction of the cost of studio lessons.

It makes no difference where you live, you can master classic dancing at home by the Sergei Marinoff Method. It is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have school or household duties that occupy most of your time. You can practice just as long as you choose whenever it is most convenient.

Mother and daughter can study together. Or, if you choose, you can organize a little class of your friends and pay for your lessons by teaching them just as you receive them.

It costs you nothing to find out how the Sergei Marinoff School will make your dreams come true.

Simply fill out the coupon below and mail it right away. You will receive, absolutely without obligation, full information about how this great school has made the joy, the grace, the health of classic dancing possible to thousands of girls and women. Complete equipment for creating a dancing studio in your own home including a dainty practice costume, slippers, phonograph records, and a dancing bar come with the course free of charge.

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Please send me full information about your home study course in Classic Dancing and your free studio equipment offer. I understand that this information is absolutely free.

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Address _________________________
Age ____________________________
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BETTY BRONSON

Watch a tropical sky in the evening, and suddenly a star appears where there was only deep blue before. So with Betty Bronson! A little while ago, who had heard of her? Today, who hasn't? And the world gave welcome to something more than a perfect Peter Pan, glorious gift as that was!—welcome to the kid spirit of happy innocent play within us all, healthy as the red of the apple and as mischievous as a kitten with a work basket. Goodbye deep blues, now Betty's Paramount stardom has dawned!

Her new season Paramount Pictures will be A Kiss for Cinderella, Nor So Long Ago and The Golden Princess.

RAYMOND GRIFFITH

Congratulations if you were one of those who picked Raymond Griffith last season as he biggest rising star in comedy! And he's even more than that! Watch the gymnast, too! A regular jumping cracker for agility, giving us all more unexpected laughs than a gold-fish takes turns in a bowl.

Perhaps you remember the silk hat comedian in Changing Husbands, The Night Club or Forty Winks. His new season Paramount Pictures will be made by Paramount's special comedy production unit—the finest feature comedies on the screen.

Paramount Pictures

Make more of your life with Paramount

Are you waiting for life to come to you, perpetually hoping that tomorrow will bring a good time?

Take care you don't wait in vain!

Much better to go half-way to meet life's great Shows!

You have a schedule of Work. Get a schedule of Play. Don't let life cheat you of the hours that thrill! They are the silver lining of the clouds of either dish-washing or business worries!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and you will realize this message is more than an ordinary advertisement.

All of us, rich or poor, with smooth hands or rough, have a right to a certain amount of healthy excitement every day that dawns—to entertainment—to adventure—to the thrill of swift happenings that show the life of men and women in its most vivid and stimulating phases.

Modern work contains an over-proportion of routine. You fall spiritually sick unless you balance it with modern play, the great Paramount Pictures.

See one tonight at the nearest good theatre and notice the feeling of satisfaction and contentment that pervades you as you go home.

You have lived!

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"
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A youthful ideal of Norma Talmadge and how it came out.

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Showing the location scout at work.

Information, Please
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The Picture Oracle  102

LET'S LOOK OVER THE COMEDIANS

The coming season will feature comedians
and comedies more than ever before. So
we're going to make our next issue a comedy
number. In it you will find stories about two
newcomers, one on Leon Errol, who, in the screen
version of "Sally," repeated his successful stage
characterization of the nobleman-waiter, and an-
other on W. C. Fields, the famous vaudevillian
who, after his hit on the musical-comedy stage, has
made just as big a sensation on the screen, in D. W.
Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust." Johnny Hines,
who will also be represented, is not so new to the
screen, but as he has never before been exploited by
any of the larger distributing organizations, he no doubt will be new to many fans.

But comedians are not the only ones who will be considered.

Ben Lyon tells just how this 'career business' strikes him. Myrtle Gebhart has been watch-
ing Gloria Swanson since her return from France, and after seeing her on the lot and at parties,
she had a heart-to-heart talk with Gloria, in which the famous star told our interviewer just how the
new developments in her life have influenced her point of view—her feelings.

Emma-Lindsay Squier will tell you about her observations concerning the movies while on a
recent trip through Canada.

There will be numerous other interviews and articles by Don Ryan, Dorothy Manners, Mar-
garet Reid, and our other writers. We believe that it is to be one of the most varied and inter-
esting numbers we have ever made up. And we hope that no reader will miss getting it.
Famous Marcelling Cap Wins U. S. Patent

U. S. Bureau Issues Patent for Novel Invention, which Marcel Waves Hair at Home in 15 Minutes

If you read the newspapers or magazines, you've heard of the McGowan Marcelling Cap. It's one of the outstanding successes of all time, being used by nearly 40,000 girls and women with gratifying results. Further recog-
nition of it comes in the form of a Patent from the United States Patent Office. Of course we are proud of this honor, but of even more significance to us are the enthusi-
sastic recommendations of the thousands of satisfied users—the many letters we receive every day thanking us for this great beauty invention.

For every style of hair

It makes no difference how you arrange your hair or what condition it's in—whether it's soft and flitty or stiff and unruly, thick or thin, bobbed or long—this amazing device insures a mass of lovely ringlets, waves and curls all the time at practically no expense and with only 15 minutes' time every few days.

Think what a saving this will mean to you! The entire outfit will cost you less than two or three marcelas at a beauty parlor and then your hair waving expense is ended. Instead of a dollar to a dollar fifty, your marcel will cost you from 1 to 2 cents! Instead of an hour or more spent in beauty parlors, you wave your hair at home in 15 minutes!

But even more important than the saving of time and money is the beauty of your hair. Any specialist will tell you that constant marcelling with artificial heat is most injurious.

Shortly, after you discard the harsh, artificial heat method of marcelling and adopt this safe, natural way, you begin to see the difference in your hair. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish.

You can put the waves in the same place each time and soon you will find that the Marcelling Cap is training your hair and making it much easier to keep your marcel.

The curling fluid that goes with the McGowan Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair, too. It not only accentuates the curl, but also acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, promoting rich, luxuri-
ous growth. It is absolutely neutral and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

Summer is when you need it most

You know how hard it is to keep your hair waved in summer. Hot, sul-
try weather takes the curl out. Summer sports—swim-
ing, golf, ten-
sis, motoring—all take their toll and make it doubly hard to keep your hair looking as it should. But with this amazing hair wav-
ing oufit you can laugh at all your trou-
bles, for you know you can always have a fresh marcel without ex-
traneous, expensive every time you need one. Whenever you go out in the summer, you can take your Curling Cap along in your bag. It takes a little more room than a handker-
chief and is easily washable when soiled.

On your vacation—or camping parties—on Fifth Ave-
u—wherever you happen to go, you can have your own "beauty parlor" right with you! With your hair beautifully marcelled all the time.

Fashion decrees wavy hair

No matter what style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Inn Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—you must keep it curly and wavy if you want to keep it "in the mode." Girls and women with long hair will find this curling device just as big a help as those with bobbed hair. Fashion demands wavy hair of them as well as for the "bobbed heads" and long hair is even harder to marcel. But with McGow-

an's Waving Cap and Curling Fluid it is as simple as combing the hair. It makes no difference whether you prefer the waves running across your head or from front to back. The Marcelling Cap is adjustable to either position.

Send no money

We could not afford to make such a liberal offer if we didn't know it would do everything we claim it will. We didn't know you will be delighted if you give it a trial. We take all the risk. You yourself is the sole judge. If you don't find this marcelling outfit the greatest hair-beauty aid you ever used—if it doesn't bring you the most beautiful of marcelas just as we promised—if you are not simply delighted with both the Waving Cap and the Curling Liquid in every way—the cost of the trial is on us. Don't put it off another day. You have nothing to lose; everything to gain. Tear out the coupon attached, fill in and mail today.

The McGowan Laboratories
710 West Jackson Blvd.
Chicago

Coupon

Dear Mr. McGowan—Please send me your hair-waving outfit, which includes your recently patented Marcelling Cap and a bottle of Curling Liquid. I agree to deposit $2.87 (plus postage) with the postman upon its delivery. After seven days' trial, if I am not satisfied with results in every way, I will return the outfit and you are to refund the purchase price in full, without any further obligation on my part.

Name
Address

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, please attach a note for the McGowan Marcelling Outfit to be sent postpaid.
What the Fans Think

What a Fan Would Like to See

WOULD be glad to see:
A picture of Gloria Swanson's baby.
Mac Marsh all the time.
Marguerite Clark come back.
More of Alice Calhoun.
Ernst Lubitsch rescue poor Pola Negri and direct her in pictures forevermore.
Lillian Gish with a producing company that fully appreciated her.
Madge Evans and Alice Day succeed wonderfully.
C. P. De Mille leave the pictures forever.
Jackie Coogan ditto.
No more Valentino "Sainted Devils."
Better taste in studio wardrobes.
Betty Bronson ever retain her Peter Pan charm.
Esther Ralston made much of.
Lois Wilson's hair bobbed.
Mary Pickford's—never!
Corinna Griffith appear in pictures worthy of her.
And last, but not at all least, Picture-Play issued every week!

A Devoted Picture-Play Fan.

New Castle, Indiana.

A Daydream

I am just a foolish flapper, perhaps—but like all other flappers, I must be heard. I am somewhat of a dreamer—in fact, I live in dreams most of the time. This is one of my dreams: the other day a very famous motion-picture producer came to me and asked me to be leading lady in his forthcoming picture. Also, that I might have the choice of my leading man—oh—a Dix, La Roque, a Cortez, Barthelmess—imagine, any one I wanted? But calmly I waved them all aside. I should not even consider being in the picture unless I could have Frank Mayo as my leading man. I told this very famous producer there was not a more fascinating actor on the screen—his wonderfully firm expression, and yet at times tender beyond words. A man of much experience, aware of every side of life—sophisticated, still delightfully shy when shyness should be expected—his lovemaking having great appeal to me because of his fine respect for it. I should call him a perfect actor. I turned presently to this famous producer and asked him if he agreed with me. He did indeed. What more could I ask—me a leading lady and the wonderful Frank Mayo my leading man?

“Marie, I wonder if you will ever stop daydreaming and study your French?”

All good things must end.

Frank Opinions—Frankly Expressed

At last I am going to speak my mind.

I am tired of the ravings about Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman. I for one actually hate these two actors and don't care who knows it. I think a man's character can readily be told by his eyes and face. After seeing both of these and studying their eyes and facial expressions, I can say emphatically that these men impress me very unfavorably, and I hope both are hissed off the screen. They are both homely and give me the willies to look at them. Any one with any sense at all can see that they are horrid.

I don't see why, instead of praising such men, people don't boost some handsome, decent-looking chap, like Ramon Novarro, for instance. He certainly shows some character in his face.

5107 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

The Rubaiyat of Ramon the Roman.

Awake! for he for whom producers fight Has won the rôle that put the rest to flight And sent a troupe of many other stars Home—second class—and in a sorry plight.

'Tis all a "cross-word square." In some score days A different star the self-same rôle essays And some will murmur "good" and others "bad" What matter this for Metro-Goldwyn pays.

For Metro-Goldwyn did with Fred conspire To change production of "Ben-Hur" entire So now the galleys, props, and reels galore Incontinent are thrust upon the fire.

And here beside a mighty galley's prow With megaphone, Fred Niblo shouts out "Now, I mean to film the story of 'Ben-Hur,' And if I don't there'll be a row!"

Three little months; and only they begin Six—seven—eight—the cam'ra still turning— Then Hollywood were Paradise enough For Ramon has come back to play and sing!

Come! patience now! What boots it to repeat That time is passing, yes, and passing fleet We talk and mock while work goes on apace And the result is many thousand feet!

Continued on page 10
A Ventriloquist, a Giant and a Dwarf

Don't miss "THE UNHOLY THREE", featuring Lon Chaney, with Mae Busch and Matt Moore. Directed by Tod Browning. Lon Chaney rings the bell again—this time as a ventriloquist in a dime museum, who recruits the Giant and Midget for an amazing career of intrigue and adventure. A swift-action story that holds you breathless from the first flash to the final fade-out—packed with suspense, thrills, violence, jealousy and love.

And this is only one of the fifty-two great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures to be released this coming year. The greatest galaxy of stars ever gathered together under the banner of one producer! Directors who know how to make a picture jump into throbbing life! A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture is always a sure-fire evening's entertainment. Watch for announcement of the releases.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"Pictures with Personality"

To be shown starting this month:


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 under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner.
What the Fans Think

There was one fan's letter in your last issue that I couldn't let pass without comment. She asked why Douglas Fairbanks wasn't mentioned often in What the Fans Think column, and added that she had never seen a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Here are her answers to these questions:

To the editor of Picture-Play: What, I wonder, are the fans thinking of in the current أي column? I have no idea what they are thinking of. I once saw a Douglas Fairbanks picture, and I thought it was wonderful. But I suppose they must have seen something different.

Sincerely, Mary Jones.

We must always remember that every one has his own ideas of what makes a good picture. Perhaps Mary Jones saw a different picture than I did. In any case, I have always been a big fan of Douglas Fairbanks, and I think he is one of the greatest actors we have today.

John D. Allen.

Concerning Our Attitude Toward the Stars

Unfortunately for me, I neglected to read Picture-Play last week. What is the average attitude toward the stars these days? It seems to me that the average person thinks of them as being just like us, and that is usually the case. But there are exceptions, and it is interesting to see how far they can go.

- In the past, stars were seen as being above everyone else. But now, they are more like us, and many people feel that they should be treated as such.
- Some people still think that stars are just like us, but they are treated differently. This is because they are famous, and people want to see them. But this is not always the case.

Evelyn Gandy

A Word About Doug

There was one fan's letter in your last issue that I couldn't let pass without comment. She asked why Douglas Fairbanks wasn't mentioned often in What the Fans Think column, and added that she had never seen a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Here are her answers to these questions:

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John D. Allen.

Suggestions for Pola

I daresay that Pola Negrí has no fan more devoted than I. And I have been so for the last seven years. The greatest actress on the screen, Gloria Swanson, is beautiful as she is, is a washout compared to Pola. If Pola were on the stage I daresay she would have outshone the late Elenora Duse and Bernhardt.

If Famous Players-Lasky insist upon giving Pola tame pictures why do they not put together "The Manx" for her? I believe she would be supreme as the wandering nun. Even in that she would have a chance to show her fiery acting. Pola would also be great in "Madame X," the picture which Pauline Frederick did several years ago. She would make a gorgeous Camille and Manon Lescaut. And if she desires to follow the type of her successes at of Sunny and the "Red Lantern" and "Madame Butterfly." ALEX, R. THORN

5259 Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, Can.

"There's Now't So Queer as Folk"

Said an old Lochsirian man once: "There's now't so queer as folk," and I think I agree with him.

What a tremendous stir poor Rudolph has made by showing his ability in the roles of the big and magnificent actors in the dressing-room scene in "Monsieur Beaurepaire!"

It may be my memory is short, but I don't seem to remember any such stir over the bathroom scene in "Merry-Go-Round."


To all those who find the human form disgusting, I would like to quote a few words:

And God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."

So created he man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good.

Honi soi qui mal y pense.

C. M. JENKINS


A Fan to be Envied.

Within two blocks of my home is a "preview theater." Many fans will not
understand this term, so I'll say that it is a theater where new pictures are shown before they are released to the general public. These looks very intimately by the producers, exhibitors, and members of the cast who wish to observe the audience's reactions to the film. Of course, the prevalent picture will or it be办法 the stars who appear in the audience, but it always gives me a little thrill to go down the aisle and see rows of seats marked "reserved." There is always the last thing one sees. The preview is thrown on the screen for it is not advertised in advance, and we never know what the picture will be. If it happens to be a flop, the producer, director, or author, the audience applauds. Also, each known member of the cast gets a "hand."

But if the producer or cast happen to be little or unfavorably known, an ominous silence ensues. In some cases where the picture is a flop, the strain on the producers and actors must be intense for the audiences here are fastidious and cruelly frank... Many a time I have suffered with them as the audience laughed and jeered at a bad performance.

A few months ago "My Son," with Nazimova, was previewed. The audience liked it, and, when it was over, we sunned the stars. I was per-tending to talk, but in reality waiting for the star to appear. Finally she hurried out, talking and laughing with her friends. But alas! her hat was pulled down to the brim, and I was the very white lower half of her face and her crimsoned mobile mouth.

Some of the men stars are annoyed by this, but I think it is absolutely correct in their pictures, and some famous "villain" actor wears a toupee. No, not Menjou. But no fan could be disappointed with Lieut. Blues. I’ve seen him several times. Tall, perfectly groomed, with gray eyes, fair complexion, and black hair. Once he sat in front of me in a theater, and without a doubt I recognized him by his strikingly beautiful hair. Mrs. Hughes is dainty and pretty.

Mary Phyllis is one of the real beauties. She’s a little short, but a very pleasant, with lovely eyes, good complexion, and a gorgeous mass of dark-brown curls.

Reginald Denny is tall, with gray eyes, light-brown hair, and a well-tanned complexion. He is very handsome and healthy, and speaks with an English accent. I do hope Universal will not ruin this fine star with frivolous stories.

Many fans consider Ricardo Cortez “hot stuff" on the screen, but I must say he seemed very commonplace in the flesh. He is of the standard Latin type, with plas-ting black hair and all the other ear-marks.

Anita Stewart is very pretty and seems gracious and friendly. No one could be more handsome, Tall, handsome, dark hair, and wears glasses.

While watching "Forbidden Paradise," a number of people came in and took seats behind me, and I couldn’t help but see the picture. I glanced around and found myself rubbing elbows with Ernst Lubitsch, who directed the film. Secretly I hoped for a side-long glance at him. Every little while he would turn his head, piercing black eyes on me, and then I’d look intently at the screen, pretending great absorption: It was lots of fun.

From Two High-School Girls.

We are going to tell you what the average high-school student who, it is said, attends the movies at least five times a week, thinks about the stars. The only star we don’t argue about among ourselves is Gloria Swanson. We all agree that she is a "great star." We think Ben Lyon is the her-ies. Ramon Novarro and Ricardo Cortez and Rudolph Valentino are some wonderful sheiks. Of the American type we like Conrad Nagel, Rod La Rocque, and Rich-ard Dice. We adore all these in spite of the trouble they get us into with our skip-ping school, missing exams, and knocking down money to see them.

Last Cody, Adolphe Menjou, and Wallace Beery are our adored villains. Every time we see Mae Murray we’d like to yell, “Be yourself!” She’s so affected.

They chop up our pictures until we can’t tell the hero from the villain. We’ve never forgiven them for what they did to “Three Weeks,” "Wine of Youth,” and "The Ten Com-mendments." Poor Nita Naldi. They crabbled her act in our State.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

This Fan Wants to Know.

I wonder if the majority of people agree with me? Connie, she says that she thinks the stars should keep their lives as mysterious as possible.

I do not. When I go to a movie I usually imagine myself in the picture as the heroine and sometimes even as the vampire. But I watch the actors and study them closely. When they smile, I smile, when they weep, I weep. If they have married six times or not has nothing to do with my liking or disliking her. If she is not an ingenue, I rather enjoy knowing that I was a woman who knows something about life. The fact is, I want to know everything about my favorites, whether good or bad, as it makes me feel better and it’s better to know the worst than to get filled with press-agent yarns.

Miss Helen Voel makes me laugh. I am not a very old girl, but I loved "Great." I think it a masterpiece, and although my praises might not count with the mass, I’ve seen enough pictures to be able to say what is good and what is bad. If, for one, don’t try to understand me. I’m just looking only the good side of life, and I reckon there are a lot more people who feel the same way.

To S. M.

116 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md.

A Scotch Fan Admires Valentino.

I feel that Rudolph Valentino is well worth writing about from Scotland. I live about sixteen miles from Glasgow, and I traveled in every now and then for all the American motion-picture magazines I can get just to get news about him alone. I never bought a magazine until I saw him on the screen. He is the one and only—first and last, and the first and last—adverse fan letters about him make me wild. That of Mrs. Lorenzo Stevens is too nasty for words. Her letter is just pure rot and nonsense. Rudy is the only screen actor who ever carries over the word of the name of star. I have just been at Glasgow seeing him in "Monseur Beauche." I have seen it five times, I liked it very well. The people can’t get in, it’s crowded out daily.

I saw Novarro in "The Red Lily." Well, very much such a picture. Pure magic. We all loved it. I saw Novarro in "Thy Name Is Woman." Never again—he won’t do—he’s wooden and his smile is forced. No, I can’t see how he could ever please me. I can’t put into words what I think of Rudy, for he is the dream where grey things golden seem.

Jean Binning-Lindsay.

The plantation, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland.
A Fan Who Speaks Severely.

I want to start a movement—since nearly every one is doing it—to have what might be termed an "institution week," and in this week elect those players who really are institutions in the hearts of the picture public. Really, I can name just a few whom I feel could really qualify; they are as follows: First, Thomas Meighan. As long as he is alive and well, the screen shall demand him. Norma Talmadge is so firmly entrenched in our affections that nothing short of a derick could remove her brightness, and I put Gloria Swanson in this class, but yet so unmammable thing keeps her out of it, to my mind. We all concede that Lillian Gish belongs to this group, and not can rightfully John Barrymore. Richard Dix, while not such a wonderful actor, has the charm that is individual, and if, he continues right, will have a place all of his own. Alphonse Menjou certainly belongs, and I am praying that people have the sense to recognize the talent and charm of Raymond Griffith. He sends me into fits of laughter and makes me feel as though the movies are really worth while.

The movies are surely going to pass out if we do not stop these Latin lovers. Let us build up a hard stand of our own. Personally, I would like to throw all the Valentinos, the Ricardo Cortezes, and all the others—save Ramon Novarro—out of the way and let us, who really have done nothing, be happy. If one doesn't put Rod La Rocque off the screen I shall, the next time I have to sit through a picture in which he plays. His clothes are horrible, and he himself reminds me of Valentino, which is the worst thing I can say anybody. I would also like to cast Adrian and Cooper, Mae Murray, and the other dumb creatures that are with us—really too many to mention.

I wish the fans would show a little more intelligence about the actors. I cannot imagine how any one who attends movies and who reads at all, can think that these actors look like Nurmi and that they act like Puritans. I heard a grown woman in the theater say the other day: "Well, I'll bet anything that Norma Talmadge would not play on Sunday." I laughed out loud in the midst of a very dramatic scene and every one must have thought that I was a nut—but I really did not care.

The players are just public entertainers, as one fan wrote, and we should take them for that and let it go at that. I do not care what kind of parties they have, so long as they do not keep them from being good actors, and that is all I want from them. If a group of them lived here in Greenville, they might try a few things, and if this is no dead place, I know. Some people really think Mary Carr is in private life as she appears on the screen. Imagine it.

Another thing: this worship should stop. Why does any one in the world think that the movie people are their superiors in any way? They are not, and I have been in on the stage a career that does not attract persons of real social prominence. Stage folks have a society of their own and, to my knowledge, when I speak of stage, I am aware that on occasions they may even be asked to sit with royalty, but as far as having accepted, really belonging to an exclusive social set, they never are. And, fans, if most of them came to your town to live you would not even deign to associate with them. A very few of the more intelligent and cultured stars could make their way into many places, but the rest could not.

I have seen several of the leading lights of the screen, and they did not look any different from any one else. I did not find myself gasping, "Oh, there is Colleen Moore!" and yet on the screen I think she is entertainment plus. Why be thinking of two people and take all the glitter and bunk away from these stars. We pay them money, and that is enough. Exceptions prove every rule. Richard Barthelmess and Thomas Meighan are not included in any of this. Nor is Richard Dix. JACK WESTERFIELD. Box 462, Greenville, S. C.

The Little Marquise.

"Gloria Swanson Marries a Marquis."—"Screen Star Weds Titled Frenchman."—"Gloria and Her Marquis."—"Mr. Marquis Swanson," and then the decisive "Gloria Marries Home the Marquis!"

How the newspapers have headlined it and pictured it, and now our own Picture-play comes along with the last but the widest capitol of all.

But all this lurida—he was not a good actor, and the most of the scenery was removed. It was way back in the days when Madam Tiger-Lady herself tamely guided the supervising destinies of "Beyond the Rocks," and almost succeeded in Glynning the then impressionable and embryonic actress known as Gloria Swanson. None other than the time-clock-novelist Elmore Leonard conceived the idea of a Versailles Garden sequence, along about the center of the picture—and none other than the already shelled but not yet starred Valpine Swanson—of the first magnitude in the beginning of the historical flashback. And how did our handsome signor start his narrative? Why quite simply—just this—"Once there was a little Marquis!"

Then, there was a lovely fade-out and fade-in, and the costumes were changed, and though the setting was the same, the scene had dropped back three centuries. Rudy was a titled something or other, beautifully decked out in the same styles he later exploited to such advantage in "The Gadabout," and Gloria was made quite an admirable full-skirted dress and white wig was the little marquis!

Beside the white fountain they bowed to one another with a most perfect grace, and with a flirt of her tiny fans and a glance of her shilly veiled eyes, the little marquis lured her lover over to the marble bench where Rudy said his stuff with all his inimitable, subtle and graceful fire. Gloria smiled her mysterious smile and her emigmatic eyes seemed to say—"You never can tell. I'm just playing a marquis now, to see if, and soon she'll be a real off-screen one!" And silently her fans answered back, saying, "Why, Gloria, you're a queen—our movie queen! Why you're on a mantle and you could have a king or a prince—just for the asking!"

But since the prophecy has been fulfilled and I've come to know Henri de la Pascale, I just pick my nose-checking. I'm sure Gloria's most loyal admirers could not have picked any one any nicer or handsomer or more thoroughly likable, even had she chosen one of the aforementioned royalties.

Therefore, I'm glad the little marquis in "Beyond the Rocks" has come to life—that the fairy tale has come true—that my favorite of favorites is so happy. And shell still be to the fanatical Swansonites queen and princess and lady and duchess.
NOW A WARNER BROTHERS' STAR

The big Movie news of 1925—JOHN BARRYMORE will star in WARNER BROS. Classics of the Screen!

The fact that John Barrymore is now a Warner star again demonstrates the resources and leadership of Warner Bros. and their determination to bring to the screen absolutely the best entertainment the world can offer. You will see Barrymore exclusively in Warner productions—and Barrymore is but one of more than a score of notable actors and actresses who will entertain you through Warner Pictures. Ask your theatre when Warner Bros.' John Barrymore Picture, "The Sea Beast," will be shown.

"If it's a WARNER Picture, it's a Classic"

WARNER BROS.
Classics of the Screen
FOR THE NEW SEASON WILLIAM FOX WILL PRESENT YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS IN THE MOTION PICTURE VERSIONS OF THE WORLD'S BEST PLAYS AND NOVELS.

Tom Mix and TONY, the wonder horse.

FRESH from his triumphant tour of Europe and America comes Tom Mix, "The Modern Buffalo Bill," firmly entrenched in the hearts of millions! The new Tom Mix Western pictures represent the very highest grade of photoplay production, and have been staged on a scale never attempted in outdoor pictures. "The Lucky Horseshoe" is the first Mix picture of the new season beginning in August.

FINER, BIGGER, BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE!

JOHN GOLDEN'S Greatest Stage Triumph

LIGHTNIN'

The Play that Broke the World's Record!

AT LAST "Lightnin'"—the picture you have been waiting for. Jay Hunt is the lovable "Lightnin' Bill," the role that immortalized the late Frank Bacon. Do you remember "Milly"? — Madge Bellamy brings her to you; and "The Judge"—he lives now in J. Farrell MacDonald's droll characterization. You who loved this great play will be amazed to see how John Ford in directing the picture brings out many scenes and incidents impossible to the stage. "Lightnin'"—the last word in screen entertainment will please everyone.

KENTUCKY PRIDE

THIS is an unusual picture that will live forever in the minds of those who see it. Here unfolds the life story of the racehorse, made among scenes of charm in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. — You see Man O'War, Negrol, Morwich, Fair Play and other race track champions in a stirring romance of the turf, with J. Farrell MacDonald, Gertrude Astor and Henry B. Walthall in the merely human roles. John Ford, the director, has produced race scenes that will thrill you as you never have been thrilled! Be sure to see it!

Fox Film Corporation.
Theda Bara

a different personality and a new type of characterization.

Gebhart

tional actress, but not a great deal. Any woman with a grain of feeling would react to the atmospheric mood of the scene, complemented with music, and pour out impetuously the desired impulse. It is instinctive.

“But in conveying the points of subtle situation comedy, there is little feeling. Every device of technique must be re-sorted to.

“And, by the way, hasn’t the motion picture gone too far to the extreme of mental acting? This new trend of thought transference on the screen denotes progress; but it can be carried too far, to the point of placidity. In so many pictures now the players’ faces reflect such a boresome, un-variable sameness. I am not advocating the acting of gesticulation, the old order of arm waving and chest heaving. But I would like a relief from this molding of a face into one phlegmatic cast.”

There is no need to reintroduce Theda Bara, save to the youngsters coming on. Her characterization in “A Fool There Was,” its arrogant sensuality, its superb wickedness, as well as her own odd fascination, created a furor. She became the biggest box-office attraction of the day, and her name soon was synonymous with the word vampire. A colorful personality was invented for her; legends were fabricated to surround her with mystery.

True, to the flappers perhaps she is just a name. As I heard one ask, “What’s a theadahara? Oh, I see,” with withering scorn, when her history had been proclaimed, “something that happened in the Dark Ages. Bet she couldn’t throw the hooks into a sheik as Aileen Pringle does.”

No, she couldn’t, on the Pringle technique. But those who buy a ticket to the torrid zone don’t expect or desire frigidity.

However, the Bara of yesterday is buried, save for the value of her name. “She did her job well,” is engraved upon her tombstone by the very smart woman who brought her into being; and over her grave this woman plans a different campaign to a new victory.

I cannot say if Theda Bara has changed, for I did not know her in the days of her sirenic success. But certainly this woman with her tactful social grace and her delicious sense of humor, who permits you to glimpse a shrewd showmanship under this surface charm, bears little kinship to the screen Bara of yesterday.

She insists that the years have molded her into a new character.

“Those legends designed to make me mysterious in the public eye were inventions—and my own,” she confessed. “I wish they would stop giving the press agents credit for their fabrication. Realizing that I represented a public symbol of exotic and mysterious wickedness, I worried myself into headaches concocting stories to perpetuate that illusion.

“However, imaginative glamour though all that was, I did live in a dream world which was far more genuine to me than the realities. Music, books, contact with very strong individuals, with minds seeking the truth of human problems, psychological study—these made up my life, singularly unlike the average girl’s.

“Marriage was a jar in that it awakened me from my self-absorption, brought into my vision the actualities that I had ignored, preferring to think that I belonged upon a higher mental plane. I came out of my trance.

“And I have had hours of bitterness, when my efforts to return to pictures met snags. Criticism I had regarded as publicity, but the unfair treatment to which I was subjected when I made unwise contractual connections put me into the dumps.”

The failure of her hopes time and again, the merely mediocre success of her stage play, “The Blue Flame,” her marriage to Charles Brabin, which brought with its general contentment those adjustments that accompany the union of two individual temperaments, the contacts encountered in her travels, the prosaic

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forth from the skies, the while a whirling frenzy of confetti-throwing, horn-tooting, and pageantry will probably be in progress.

August has been selected as the appropriate time for this national bussa in behalf of the cinema, because that is the month which actually represents the beginning of the new film season. The theatrical year for the stage in New York and other large cities opens somewhat later. The August start for the films avoids any conflict of interests between stage and screen in these centers, and, furthermore, gives the pictures an excellent impetus toward their annual big time of harvest.

It is a known fact that producers, generally, hold in reserve certain of the best of their spring and summer features for that period of the year when the summer heat shows some signs of abating. They find then a reader public appreciation. Filmgoers, who have had a chance partially to rest their eyes by viewing the prospect of mountains and seaside, come to regard the theater as more of a new adventure than when they are sated with its entertainment.

August is also officially the commencement of the film year in the studios. The eyes of stars and directors turn eagerly—for a brief glance, at least—toward the screen to behold the fate of various prominent pictures before taking up new activities. The patterns for future plays are oftentimes set according to the audiences’ reception of the entertainment that then reaches the bright lights. It is the breathing space before everybody sets out again on another spell, spasm, or campaign, as the case may be, of film making.

Altogether, therefore, the project of elaborately emblazoning the close of summer with a sort of cinema

One of the striking features of the coming season is the number of comedy releases starring comedians who have only recently really "come into their own" on the screen. These include Johnny Hines, Leon Errol, Syd Chaplin, Harry Langdon, and Raymond Griffith.
Movie Season
plans for ushering in the fall program of entertainment.

Schallert

Fall River, Canyon City, and Twin Buttes, and even Memphis, St. Louis, and Minneapolis, possess no such special advantages, unless, as is possible, some of the players are sent out on personal-appearance tours during the Greater Movie Season. But every place can, without doubt, in one way or another unite in expressing enthusiasm over the forthcoming film fête. For it promises to be quite as joyous and jubilant in its own special and exclusive way as any Old Home or Better Babies week, or the days dedicated in various parts of the country to apples, oranges, alfalfa, and raisins.

In any event, it is a very satisfactory time to direct the attention of picturegoers toward the sort of entertainment that they may anticipate during the next twelve months. The season gives promise of an unusual variety in pictures, and here and there, all along the line, the more critical will find many attractions that will doubtless yield a keener and livelier fascination and enjoyment than usual.

The studios have been busier than ever before, and work has been so highly systematized that the actual number of films will far surpass any previous year. Proof of this is that it would be absolutely impossible for anybody to see every picture nowadays unless he went to the theater two or three times a day every day in the year. Frankly, I know of no one in my own acquaintance who is that strenuous in his devotion to the cinema, were the requisite quantity of theaters available.

Before outlining the new program, it may be well to retrospect for a moment on the features that have been viewed during the past twelve months. While it has not been a spectacular period, there have, nevertheless, been some very amazing popular successes—

Gloria Swanson, Constance Talmadge, and Colleen Moore, have proven that comedieuses are in the greatest demand, and Buster Keaton and Douglas MacLean are examples of established comedians who have made gains in popularity.

and in several instances these have been among the prevailing less expensive type of pictures.

A select list of box-office knock-outs covers a wide and in some respects a very weird artistic territory. In the race for popularity, we find an uproarious "Charley's Aunt" edging a glowing and exquisite "He Who Gets Slapped," and frothy, frivolous "Chickie" running neck and neck with a glittering "Thief of Bagdad" and a colorful "Sea Hawk." An outstanding triumph all over has, of course, been "The Iron Horse," not generally released until last fall. Other winners comprise "Manhandled," "North of Thirty-six," "Sally," and "Hot Water."

The ten that I have listed are to be reckoned among the foremost big money-makers, and close to the top are also such features as "Mon-sieur Beaufaire," "Peter Pan," "Norma Talmadge's "The Lady," "The Lost World," "Classmates," "A Thief in Paradise," "The Navigator," "The Thundering Herd," "Captain Blood," "The Smob," "Her Night of Romance," which reinstated Constance Talmadge, "Rex, the King of Wild Horses," "Feet..."
of Clay," "Phantom of the Opera," "Barbara Frietchie," "In Hollywood with Potash and Perlmutter," "Introduce Me," as well as the aggregate, needless to say, of that fifteen-thousand-dollar-a-week star, Tom Mix's pictures. Westerns and features, with a strong comedy element have perhaps, all in all, been the most universally favored.

My own preference in pictures released during the past twelve months, based on the more artistic qualities, runs as follows:

"He Who Gets Slapped."
"Beggar on Horseback."
Released rather late generally to be included, possibly.

"Peter Pan."
"The Thief of Bagdad."
"Isn't Life Wonderful?"
"The Last Laugh."
"The Iron Horse."
"The Sea Hawk."
"The Lost World."
"Monsieur Beaucaire."

Three of these, "The Sea Hawk," "The Thief of Bagdad," and "Monsieur Beaucaire," I have mentioned be-

fore in a Forecast article, which I wrote for the February number of Picture-Play, but they were shown generally late enough in the year to be included again.

In the pictures that I have selected I have picked those that genuinely impressed me as productions rather than because they depended on the appeal of some particular personality. The attractions of a star naturally are in the foreground in "The Thief of Bagdad," "He Who Gets Slapped," with Lon Chaney, "The Sea Hawk," Milton Sills; "The Iron Horse," George O'Brien; and "The Last Laugh," Emil Jannings, but never to such an extent as to supersede the effectiveness of the picture itself, and this fact I find nowadays significant.

Too, all of these pictures avoid the conventional, with the possible exception of "The Iron Horse" and "The Sea Hawk," "Beggar on Horseback," "Peter Pan," and "The Thief of Bagdad" were notable for their imagination and fantasy. So, too, was the "Lost World," the most freakish perhaps of our current entertainments, but a revelation of the power of the camera to do extraordinary and unbelievable things. "Monsieur Beaucaire" and "The Sea Hawk" deserve high praise for their lavishness. The photographic beauty of "Beaucaire" was something to conjure with. "He Who Gets Slapped" and "Isn't Life Wonderful?" were alluring in their dramatic effect, and "The Last Laugh" is by far the biggest satire that the screen has ever had.

I cannot show any high degree of enthusiasm over certain of the best money-makers I have listed. "Hot Water" certainly was not of Harold Lloyd's best. It happened, however, to be a good picture for the theater. It was short and enabled exhibitors to run it more times during a day than most of the recent Lloyd pictures. It really won by a fluke.

The surpassing vogue of "Charley's Aunt" is perhaps not difficult to explain. It took like the wildest sort of wildfire. It is, to be sure, a very ebulient comedy, even though in some respects antiquated. Syd Chaplin's performance is what really won the audience—that and the fact that few if any laugh films have disclosed a successful female impersonation. I cannot feel, though, that it was truly a remarkable film.

"Sally," I thought very splendid as a comedy—one of Colleen Moore's most
amusing productions, and definitely proving her superior ability as a comedienne. "Chickie," on the other hand, can never for me be anything but the cheapest and trashiest sort of stuff, not even redeemed by the talent of Dorothy Mackaill.

Some other especially good pictures, beside those I have mentioned, were "Smoldering Fires," in which Pauline Frederick was featured; "The Goose Hangs High," directed by James Cruze; "Forbidden Paradise," with Pola Negri at her best; "Classmates," "The Thundering Herd," "The Snob," "So Big," "The Devil's Cargo," "His Hour," "As No Man Has Loved," a rather new release, and "My Son."

There have not been an astonishing number of big productions. Quantity has superseded quality, and the group of directors, producers, and stars who have dared to break through the wall of economy and expediency appears to be smaller even than usual. The majority have apparently relied on speed for their success—three, four, five, and at most six weeks, being devoted to the actual filming of a picture. All things considered, James Cruze has exercised the greatest leadership, because he can outrun anybody but Nurmi.

The strongest interest of the new season will, without doubt, be the renewed activity of those established directors and stars, who have been responsible for the more real and lasting achievements in the past. These include D. W. Griffith, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Lillian Gish, Rex Ingram, Norma Talmadge, and possibly also Mary Pickford. Not all of them are taking part in the Greater Movie Season as such, but their pictures are scheduled for general release in the fall.

"The Gold Rush" is likely to be the real sensation. It

is the most important personal achievement of Chaplin with the possible exception of "The Kid," and may tend to set a new style in production.

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A healthy sign of the coming season is the featuring or starring of players of no great reputation on the screen, when they are suited to the leading rôle in a picture. Examples of this are: above, Lois Moran, below, Louise Dresser, at the left, Belle Bennett, and, in the lower oval, Jay Hunt.
He Made a Fortune While on Location

This is the story of how Thomas Meighan put a town on the map and reaped about a quarter of a million dollars doing so, while making exterior scenes in Florida a few months ago.

By Blake McVeigh

A FEW weeks ago the papers throughout the country carried a brief story to the effect that Thomas Meighan, while making location scenes in Florida for “Old Home Week,” had taken a flyer in Florida real estate, from which he had emerged with a profit reckoned at between three hundred thousand and five hundred thousand dollars. By an odd coincidence, the picture on which he was working at the time told the story of how a young real-estate operator amassed a fortune in a similar way.

Picture fans all know that there are a few players who have made fortunes by shrewd or fortunate investments of their large earnings, but I know of no single transaction as sensational as this one. For this was no cautiously planned operation in a section where real-estate buying and selling is everybody’s side line, as it is around Los Angeles. It was a sudden bold financial adventure by a man heretofore unknown as a real-estate investor, in a region previously unknown and undeveloped.

And this is how it happened, as I learned it from Tommy himself, while he was working on his current picture, “The Man Who Found Himself,” at the Famous Players Long Island studio.

“I have been in Florida for locations in winter several times during the last six or eight years,” Mr. Meighan explained. “I’ve also spent several winter vacations there. I know the State and like it. I appreciate its wonderful climate and other advantages.

“Last February, after completing my picture, ‘Coming Through,’ which we made around Birmingham, Alabama, I stopped off at Miami for a month’s vacation. Miami was then in the middle of a furious land boom. Of course, the town has been booming for some years, but just at that time the agitation to buy and sell seemed to have reached its peak. The leading hotel was charging one hundred dollars a day for a suite of rooms. Everybody in the town was talking real estate. And the talk was in hundreds of thousands and millions.

“Scores of people approached me with the offer to sell some choice land, but I declined, for I couldn’t see the wisdom of investing at what looked like the peak of a boom. It did set me to thinking, however.”

Just after this big boom in Miami, Meighan made a trip for several days through Florida in search of a typical American small town for “Old Home Week.” What he wanted was a quiet little place, such as you might find in Ohio, Indiana, Texas—in almost any State—where all the residents called each other by their first names, and took a personal interest in each other.

Ocala is a town of about five thousand—or, rather, it was at the time Meighan discovered it; there is no means of calculating the size it has grown to since Meighan’s investments galvanized it into frenzied activity. Meighan noticed that the town was at the intersection of two important highways, that it was the gateway of all motor traffic to the west coast, and that it had been totally passed by during Florida’s speculative boom. Ocala, an inland town, is in the north-central part of the State.

This quiet, unobtrusive little town, where nobody tried to sell or give him real estate, began to interest Meighan.

Presently, production of “Old Home Week” began. As may be imagined, the arrival of Tom Meighan, Lila Lee, and other members of the company electrified the small community as had no other real estate happening in its history. Immense crowds collected not only from Ocala,
We who live in the big cities see the names of our film favorites perennially blooming in electric lights along our Broadway’s and never stop to consider that perhaps the rest of the country—the backbone of the country, as the congressmen would have it—does not second our judgments. It is arresting, therefore, to glance over the results of a questionnaire sent out by The Nebraska Farmer which asked about the farmers’ preferences in pictures and in stars.

The big city favorites are usually conceded to be Gloria Swanson, Harold Lloyd, Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore and Thomas Meighan. But the farmers pick as their favorites—in the order named—Tom Mix, Fred Thomson, Tom Meighan, Colleen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Rudolph Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Lois Wilson, Hoot Gibson, Harold Lloyd, Betty Compson, Pola Negri, Jackie Coogan, Jack Hoxie, Bebe Daniels. And next appears on the list Silver King, who is none other than Fred Thomson’s horse, which makes his position as one of the first favorites doubly secure.

It is easy enough to understand why Gloria Swanson is caviar to the general, but why Harold Lloyd appears so low on the list is not so easy to comprehend.

Among the pictures which had been most enjoyed by the readers of The Nebraska Farmer, “The Covered Wagon” led the list, as it would almost any list, but two Harold Bell Wright productions which enjoyed no particular success in the big cities, were mentioned among the first six favorites of the farmers.

The Lubitsch pictures, the foreign importations, the Sennett comedies, and the rare works of Erich von Stroheim—all of which bring joy to the hearts of metropolitan theatergoers—were not even mentioned in this survey.

When you pick up a newspaper and read a glowing tribute to a player who has given a remarkably fine performance in a motion picture, perhaps you feel that that player has gained recognition and is well on the road to success. Unfortunately, that is not the case—and often after a signal success a player struggles for a year or two before gaining a real foothold in his profession—that is, fairly regular engagements, or a contract. Norma Shearer, Zasu Pitts, Malcolm MacGregor, Jutta Goudal—to mention only a few—were discovered and lauded by film critics long before they reached the security of being regularly sought by film producers. It is interesting, therefore, to note the fairly obscure players who are being widely praised at present, for they may be the rising stars of a year hence. Priscilla Bonner of “Tarnish,” and more recently “Drusilla with a Million,” is being heralded everywhere as an accomplished trouper, and Laska Winter, still a player of small parts, is another who has received lavish praise.

Opportunity Knocks Once

Even after an actor is well known and he has a contract that guarantees him a big salary, he rarely scales the heights of which he is capable. It is only when a truly great role comes to him that he does work from which he derives any personal satisfaction. Mary Pickford had her “Stella Maris,” Lillian Gish her “Broken Blossoms,” and “Way Down East,” Betty Compson had her “Miracle Man,” Rudolph Valentino his “Four Horsemen.” These were opportunities that were seized. Achievements perhaps equally great are being whispered about in the studios where pictures have been seen that have not yet been shown to the public. One of these is “The Unholy Three,” which is said to give Mae Busch her great chance. Another is “The Wanderer,” which it is predicted will make Buster Collier a sensational success. Yet another is “Kiss Me Again,” a Lubitsch picture, in which Clara Bow is said to distinguish herself.

If these predictions are true, and we hope they are, we have a truly “greater movie season” ahead of us.

A Fan Slams the Highbrows

A correspondent from Toledo, Ohio, who signs himself—or herself—“Memze,” makes some interesting observations upon the attitude of the highbrows, particularly as applied to motion pictures. He writes:

Highbrows are people who can think of high-sounding reasons for liking what they like. For instance, when you and I like jazz, it’s N. G., and we have no musical sense. When the highbrows like it, what is it? The beginning of American expressionism, music which will become the folk songs of the people of America.

When you and I like movies they are mass productions of sentimentality with no more art than a canning factory. When you and I are movie fans we are morons with a Pollyanna complex, unable to face the factor of life.

But, wait, some moonlight night we’ll be discovered by The Knights of the Tall Forehead, and when we wake up we won’t know ourselves.

When we go around the corner to see Tom Mix, Bill Hart, or Hoot Gibson, what will they be but symbols of Western courage! We decide to take in Mary Pickford’s latest. What have we here? A symbol of American idealism!

Well, we always knew the movies were good, but if one of these daffodils of the elevated egg comes up and tells us that anything is a symbol of anything, we will tell them to go to a symbolic place of punishment in four letters.
A Unique Figure in Pictures

An illuminating study of Alice Calhoun, who, though she has been a star for years, and has a huge fan following, is an obscure, almost unknown figure in the Hollywood screen colony.

By Myrtle Gebhart

Is that Betty Compson, in blue? She's even prettier than on the screen. And there's Nita Naldi. Who could fail to recognize her? I do wish Ramon Novarro would come in— I'm crazy to see him.

A girl at a corner table in the Montmartre attracted me. Her simple brown frock faded into the background beside the fashion parade of Hollywood beauty. Her obvious eagerness contrasted with the boredom which is de rigueur in a familiar crowd. Not a tourist—not voluble nor important enough. The daughter of some Los Angeles business man, I decided. Her face seemed vaguely trying to recall itself to my memory.

Her companion turned to me—a girl, not in pictures, whom I knew.

"Join us for luncheon," she called. "Know Alice Calhoun?"

Alice Calhoun! I had seen her a time or two on the screen, and knew that she had made a raft of pictures for Vitagraph; that she had quite a fan following. But during her three years in California I had never seen her. And I have met, at least casually, most everybody connected with the West Coast studios, and certainly their prominent people.

There is a story, a very interesting story, I think, in her career. It isn't a flowery, pretty story of a personality thrust into the spotlight, publicized, accorded homage and criticized—the lot of most screen actresses who have popular appeal. Nor is it exactly the bitter story of a star dethroned and utterly forgotten.

Her career has followed a road about halfway between these two extremes. It has been a fairly even
sort of path, with a few knolls and an occasional valley. But it's a very lonely path because it isn't well traveled.

She is a unique figure in pictures. Unique in that, beyond the day of the personality star, she maintained her stardom, if her continued presentation in Vitagraph program films could be so termed. In that, though a star, she lived a life of total isolation from Hollywood. And thirdly, and to me the most vital factor concerning her because it is likely to be influential upon her future and because it is so unusual, in that she built up one of the largest fan followings of any person on the screen—by writing letters.

Not circumstances, nor wise management, nor exceptional ability, nor publicity, none of the methods used to keep a player before the public, but merely a girl's loneliness and her love of letter writing, are responsible for the warm place which Alice Calhoun occupies in the hearts of her fans.

The letters that I receive and those sent to PICTURE-PLAY speak of that affection in no uncertain terms. Her fans rebel that she isn't seen to better advantage. They do not understand the peculiar conditions that she has faced. All they know is that they love her and are hurt that she is not given more attention.

The line that recurs most often is this: "I had a letter from Alice to-day," adding that Alice had written about her new dress, or the three black cats that are her pets, or how she was having her car overhauled, or that she had a new candy recipe. In short, those letters, written in her own hand, were filled with the little things which make up the average girl's unimportant life. They contained a few references to her work, and such comments upon Hollywood as a visitor might write home.

That intrigued me. While many players are conscientious in regard to having their fans mail taken care of by secretaries, Alice is the only one I have ever found who delights in answering letters personally. One week her mail bag brought her thirty-seven hundred letters. I couldn't understand at first, in view of her relatively inconspicuous place on the screen, the reason for this loyalty to her. Not until she said, "I love to write letters. I go out so little, and there isn't much else to do in the evenings, and I've made so many wonderful friends that way."

Then I began to see a glimmer of light. No labor of duty, her fan mail. It was a lonely girl's one road of contact with the world. You fans who have been so faithful to her, you have done her a very great favor in letting her write to you. At least, that is how she looks at it.

Perhaps this intimacy has shattered the illusion which most actors claim must be maintained in their public relations; but it has brought Alice the greater good of a deep affection.

To maintain her present position, it is necessary to touch briefly upon happenings that all good Alice Calhoun fans have pasted in their scrapbooks or engraved upon their memories.

Seven years ago a little pig-tailed, gingham-clad Ohio girl of thirteen arrived in New York, with her mother. By chance—while they were renting an apartment—a director saw her and was interested in her movie possibilities. For a year she did extra work at the Eastern studios. A contract to play leads for Vitagraph at forty dollars a week was her first satisfaction.

A Unique Figure in Pictures

ALICE CALHOUN IS UNIQUE IN PICTURES BECAUSE—

Though a star, she has lived a life of total isolation from Hollywood. A walk down Hollywood Boulevard is a treat to her.

She has built up one of the largest fan followings in pictures principally because she delighted to write, in her own hand, friendly, chatty letters to her fans.

Her secretary is her chum. She wouldn't think of going anywhere without her.

In a world of smartness and glamour, Alice is frankly an average girl, with her naturalness untarnished and her freshness unspoiled.

Ten years ago she was sent to the West Coast. The Vitagraph studio is not located in Hollywood proper, and a home was bought which would be convenient to her work. It isn't a movie star's home. It's a small, white frame bungalow all cluttered up with the things that a family accumulates. It is such a tiny house, and their needs are so few and so simple, that they do not even keep a maid.

Since my first meeting with her, I have dropped in a number of times unexpectedly, when I thought that Alice would be at home. I was rather curious to test out my impression of her genuineness, for Hollywood, with its many artificialities, does breed skepticism. Invariably I found her either writing letters or reading a new novel or helping her mother. That is her life, aside from her work, with an occasional movie or theater party. She has a few boy friends whom her mother approves—all out of the picture crowd—but has never had a "beau."

Her life has been more isolated than that of any girl connected with the movies even in a capacity much less important than that she occupied as a star of program pictures. A luncheon at the Montmartre or a walk down the Boulevard is a treat. As she says:

"It's loads of fun. I feel like a tourist, having the stars pointed out to me. I read the papers and keep up with what is being done at the other studios, but I seldom go visiting."

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What Will Griffith Do Now?

After several years of experience as an independent producer, the great D. W. has joined Famous Players, and this important turning point in his career lends new interest to his future work.

By Gerrit Lloyd

THE Big Bull Elephant of the Films has joined the herd again.

After launching along strange leadings that twisted at times far from the box-office and the minds of man in frivolous mood, the untamed one has returned to the proven pastures.

For Griffith the Bold is not unlike the big bull elephant. He seems to have an ancient and independent wisdom in piloting his personal career, uninfluenced by the school-book efficiencies of the minute. He scandalizes the newest accountants and shocks the most recent graduates from the efficiency seminars, he puzzles and bewilders and exasperates those who would train him to roll their own little logs, and carry their own little pet freight.

Great is the roaring and the turmoil when the big bull elephant starts forth alone; the crash of barriers tossed aside, the splash of soft footing where the new way is insecure, the rumble and trumpet of intense bulk of purpose on its way. And when he has gone through, there may be no pretty boulevard all hedged and trimmed behind him, but there is a new way broken for others to come along in ease.

Through this new land of motion pictures they have come: first, Griffith, the Elephant, sagacious, determined and courageous, with the vitality to make a vehicle of his curiosity. Then comes De Mille, the Royal Tiger, graceful, deft and decisive, stalking the public's fancy with infallible craft; and then shyly, with gorgeous smoothness, comes Ingram, the Deer, agile and speedy, with frail aggressiveness; and Cruze, the Moose, forceful and merry, capering along inviting waterways, pulling forth lily pads of entertainment; and Von Stroheim, the matchless Leopard, fiercely licking blood, and cynically snarling his contempt for the weaker stomachs.

Perhaps no one but Barnum ever felt entirely at ease with a big bull elephant among his assets. And since the individual of yesterday is succeeded by the organization of to-day, probably Famous Players-Lasky has sewed into its vast canopy the mantle of Barnum, and welcomes Griffith back into the pasture again.

Griffith returns this time along a trail paved with mortgages. He is heavy laden with debts, with his services sold for a year to the welfare of his creditors. His savings from all his vast work are shrunk to the boundary posts of a small California ranch, which is yet undecided whether to take up the white man's burden of becoming a toiling lemon ranch, or cling to the ease of a scenic spot primeval.

A grand adventurer, this man, taking his food where he found it, and struggling on alone; but now he is back again with a bench for himself at the biggest dinner table in filmland. Behind him there is the roar of money, louder than the snores of Midas. Before him there is a reservoir of trained talent, eager to serve as a thousand fingers to his able hand.

For let this be remembered: No creative worker in great enterprise ever has worked so alone as has D. W. Griffith. While others of his trade have had splendidly trained staffs at their command, Griffith selected his own stories, generally without sufficient funds to buy other than those rejected by his competitors; he has written the scenarios; cast the stories from talent not considered worthy of contract by the larger companies, except his leading man and woman; financed the costs in grotesque and merciless scrambles with the money lenders; selected his costumes; laid out his sets, chosen his locations, supervised all construction; directed every inch of action in the films; edited it; titled it, and then worked out the presentation as to running time and music for delivery to the exhibitors. Yet he has regularly produced more pictures than any other director making comparable productions.

D. W. Griffith knows the motion picture business thoroughly than any other person. His reputation for extravagance has girdled the gossip of the world, a legend founded on malicious exaggeration. At least twenty directors have spent more actual money on single pictures than Griffith ever dreamed of doing. But his reputation with money is established now, and nothing will ever change it. False it is, and false it can be proven, yet some day you will find it smugly recorded in his epitaph on the tomb of Filmdom.

It began ancient of days, far away when he wished to raise the salary of Mary Pickford from thirty-five dollars to fifty dollars a week. His employers insisted on discharging Mary "because no girl is worth that much in pictures and besides, she has a large, square head that looks too big for her body." The record, however, is that the salary of Mary Pickford was raised and that she continued in motion-picture work with some degree of success.

The suspicion of extravagance was confirmed when "this wasting fool, Griffith," insisted on hiring twenty-five horsemen instead of five in taking the first "long shot" of a line of cavalry. It must be admitted that the reputation rests on a very broad base in the studio census since nearly every player can convince you that Griffith is unscrupulously extravagant because he doesn't hire that particular player, and because he does hire the players he uses; and nearly every director can prove Griffith must be extravagant because he makes good pictures and only the waste of money could account for the difference between Griffith's pictures and their own.

When Griffith began making motion pictures, fifty dollars was the maximum to be spent on a film. Now, five hundred thousand dollars is the minimum for a big special. He spent an average of six hours in making his first films; now he must spend six months.

Though I do not speak with the sensitive accuracy of one who has supplied him with money, I do believe in the presence of more proof than any other person...
ever has had the opportunity of observing, that D. W. Griffith is the most frugal of all directors; that he gets more into the film for every dollar used than any other director.

In ten years, the only film he has made without raveled finance, is "Way Down East." That work made Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess so popular that he immediately lost them to other producers.

The first returns from this picture, had to go toward repaying a loan, and this most extravagant of directors began his next picture with exactly seventeen thousand dollars to finance it; although "Way Down East" ultimately earned more than four times its cost.

The picture born with the seventeen-thousand-dollar spoon in its mouth was "Dream Street." With that money, he couldn't well enter into very serious conversation with any stars; so he tagged a most likable young hopeful named Ralph Graves for the leading male part. And Graves gave of his best, even to the premium of reading his Bible before the taking of every scene, to the most talkative disdain of an atheist who was an electrician on the set.

But now there was no money for the rest of the cast, and no scenes could be taken without the presence of the second male part. So this mad waster of wealth, Griffith, solved that by hiring a property boy, raising his wages from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week, and creating for the films a very fine actor indeed—Charles Emmett Mack.

So it went during the lean years while the big bull elephant was away from the herd.

And now he is back standing with expectant feet, where the plot and money meet, in the powerful organization of Famous Players-Lasky; trained as no other director is trained to make big films: experienced in the resources of poverty, and now flooded with wealth in support of his talent; backed by the most perfect organization of its kind in the world.

What will he do now?

Three things he has in the superlative: Imagination, courage, and industry.

When film characters were but far figures distin

cuously dressed, he conceived the audacity of showing their faces to reveal the emotional progress of the drama, though his camera man quit in protest at such naughtiness and the first audiences hissed for their reproach for being disturbed by something new. He recognized the fecundity of film language and bred it from a tight little roll of five hundred feet up to a group of twelve reels of one thousand feet each. He sensed that films should be freighted with a nobler treasure than novelty and fun and drama; that the camera could lens the scenery of a nation's soul; and in black and white he photographed the first epic, known wherever there are human eyes, as "The Birth of a Nation." It pictured the voiceless instincts of peoples more vividly than the stripes on a gingham dress. Then he confused and afforded this world which stands dreaming from a balcony and imagines itself thinking from a mountain top, by a comet-thrust of his imagination which reduced itself to the film title, "Intolerance." And he took the welts of as sound a drubbing as ever was given a bull elephant for wandering away from log rolling. It pinched his savings from a six-figure fortune to an I O U. That work frightened picturized as Rockefeller's fortune frightened a country bank.

...With imagination, he has courage. He dared to recognize the blood soldiers ever under arms in the veins of the people white and the people black in watchful feuds at a time when every one was saying "Good little black man, good little white man, be nice together, for you are brothers," but he showed it as a stitch in a nation's heartache and not as box-office bait.

Again he showed a white soldier kissing a black one, in his film, "The Greatest Thing in Life."

He made a Chinaman a hero when all the legends of the theater and films were that a Chinaman must always be a villain. Nor did he do it cowardly; but with such a spring of passion as to irritate an editor into seeing his ideas with a Greenwich Village thimble and devoting a column to rebuking Griffith as a Sadist. Incidentally, that film, a tragedy, called "Broken Blossoms," started a sleek-haired young leading man in comedies into becoming a world-famous actor of authentic talent, known as Richard Barthelmess.

Several directors have made one tragedy, and then have gone forever galloping after the black figures in the bank book. Griffith began years ago—even before his film, "Sands of Dee"—making them again and again; even unto these recent days of his pernicious financial anemias, when he told of the flat bellies and
full hearts of some Germans in "Isn't Life Wonderful?" with the beauty and pride of an artist who was speaking his impressions rather than the dividend-bitten formula: "Bust and leg and silken gown; palatial sets, somewhere a clown; a naughty scheme, a lover's cheat; a knock-out scene, an ending sweet." The big bull elephant was far from the log rolling that time; and he certainly skewered his kosher with the exhibitors.

Courage and imagination he has, and his industry is as plain as a pig's knuckle.

What will he do with them now? Report is he will make first "The Sorrows of Satan," Marie Corelli's opulent highway of emotionalism along which to crank a camera. *

To estimate the things Griffith will do, one must first know the things that are Griffith.

To the clan that bagpipes through the highlands of picturedom, Griffith is a spiral mystery, up which they gaze with wonder or disdain to behold ever new turnings.

A man of mystery, they call him!

Yet where is there another man, in boots or under
tomb, about whom it is so easy to be informed accurately?

Around every celebrity, much is written, largely inaccurate perhaps, as succeeding generations of commentators cynically expose. In this regard, Napoleon has been most liberally attended.

But greater than all the books on Napoleon, than the massed volumes discussing Shakespeare; greater even than the page-piled heights discussing Lincoln, is the library about the man Griffith—and one incorrigibly accurate.

In it there are no myths, anecdotes, hearsay, questioned records or chance letters. It is one vast and true revelation of the man's innermost tide of life stories. Here the man's soul unrolls, weaves its whims, ambitions, and experiences, its joys and its agonies. It is the truest confession ever read; and read by hundreds of millions.

This library is composed of the motion-picture films published under the design "D. W. G.," numbering in all more than a thousand.

The successful productive author may average perhaps thirty novels—a little grove compared to Griffith's forest of expression. A poet may publish one hundred poems, mostly short, and generally riveted along one narrow channel. A painter may hang one hundred canvases, often a single character study in portrait, or a landscape, or a scene to high-light some definite phase of humanity.

Griffith has told his opinions, his understandings and sympathies regarding thousands of characters. Over and over again he has twined the hearts of lovers, from the shy tremors of first love to the flood throws of passion. He has swaggered with the bold and the ambitious; jested with the lofty and sneered with the degenerate; schemed with the convivers and skulked with assassins; bowed in prayer with the humble; grieved with the unfortunate; sung with the happy; wept with the sorrowful; and died with heroes and cowards.

Again and again, he has told it all. To the world he has flown aloft the strange inner of a human soul—a soul literally photographed. And all as part of a hard day's work.

All of Griffith is in his pictures. And the films that are of Griffith, are directed by a barefooted boy of LaGrange, Kentucky.

Who is he, this lad who has seized an empire in the world of shadows?

His father was a bold, life-spending Confederate cavalryman, forever hot upon the hazards; always ready for a toss, whatever the risk. He roused to war's pageant, enjoyed its honors, and suffered its penalties. The material rewards were some fifty-four wounds
What Will Griffith Do Now?

which incapacitated him for active work; and the ruin of his finances. Colonel Jacob Wark Griffith was Irish and Welsh, and a Southern gentleman. His reputation given me by a stout old Scotchman is that he entertained and drank and danced with a grace and flourish that enslaved the countryside until the sexton stopped him for their material engagement.

His mother was Scotch of the Scotch, of the family of Oglesby; with the sturdy practicality, vigor, and mystic and poetic ideals of that race. Her daughter says that her mother never stopped working, praying, and dreaming.

There you have Griffith—a romantic warrior locked up in Scotch idealism with the patient, thrifty caution of a Scotch tradesman, and the picturesque gambling audacities of a Welsh-Irish cavalier. The Scotchman looks after his time and work; the Irish-Welshman spends his money.

Destiny punished David W. Griffith with the luxuries of a perfect motion-picture education. Since there were no motion pictures then, the conditions might not be considered luxuries by another standard.

In his father's house were many mansions; such as the mansions of hospitality and good taste in social values that feed the decencies in life. Few were the books in the neighborhood; and the few were the older classics. Every one worked while there was sun. Candles were an important item of expense. So the neighbors would gather in one household to benefit by the expenditure of a single candle.

The elders exercised the privilege of reserving the chairs. The children were on the floor, often thriftily under the table when guests were numerous, as they always were. Then would the classics be read aloud.

Here was the ideal mo-

When the elders tired of reading, or the candle appropriated for the night was done, they would talk. With their thoughts still stiff from the saddles of the wars, they talked of battles. And lying in the dark, with the vivid mystery which darkness inspires, there flashed through the imagination of the little boy-director lying there, the deeds of battle, the rush and flame of gun-driven conflict.

For him no mental bruise of reading the schoolbook summary of war by clock in school.

He saw the battles, heard the thunder, and struggled in the hot strife. The belch of cannon were the footlights for his vast stage of dreams. The tale of a troop of weary cavalry onward under command grew in his vital dreams to a sky sewn with horsemen thundering with golden banners on to victory.

Wise little director under the table in the dark! Already he had been to the wars.

Then were first given wing the visions that later were caught again in dramatic permanence as part of the film, "The Birth of a Nation." They lived again in "Intolerance," and were revised in "Hearts of the World." The greatest battle scenes ever made have been done by Griffith, and they were created before he was ten years old.

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Metro-Goldwyn's "Pretty Ladies" will show you, among other things, what the Ziegfeld "Follies" looks like. Each player shown in the picture at the top of the page represents some well-known "Follies" celebrity, some of whom—such as Will Rogers and Gallagher and Shean—every fan will recognize.

Do you suppose that the great Cecil De Mille had any idea that some day he would direct such an undertaking as "The Ten Commandments" or head a huge producing organization of his own, when, at eight years of age, he had this picture taken? Well, perhaps some eight-year-old boy in your family or neighborhood is destined for a career just as great!

Losing the title rôle of "Ben-Hur" did not mean oblivion for George Walsh, as some harsh critics thought it would. He has gone to work to make some more of those action pictures, with a good deal of comedy in them, which gave him his first big reputation. The picture above shows him in his first production of this series, entitled "American Pluck."
Film celebrities caught by the camera while at work and at play.

One of the best all-around athletes in pictures is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He is going to demonstrate his skill as a rider in "Wild Horse Mesa," in which he has a prominent rôle.

Few studies could show such a group of celebrities as Metro-Goldwyn did when they took the photograph shown at the top of this page, even though a dozen of their stars were away at the time. In the top row, from left to right, are: Cecil Holland, Irving Hartley, Nigel de Brulier, Sidney Bracey, Roy Stewart, Evelyn Pierce, Miss Dupont, Ford Sterling, William Haines, Mitchell Lewis, Gertrude Olmstead, Sojin, Zasu Pitts, Lucille La Sear, Creighton Hale, Ramon Novarro, Renee Adoree, Pat O'Malley, Sally O'Neil, Roy d'Arcy. Seated: Dale Fuller, Charles Murray, Aileen Pringle, Lew Cody, Claire Windsor, John Gilbert, Frank Currier, Norma Shearer, Mae Busch, Eleanor Boardman, Matthew Betz, Tom Moore, and George K. Arthur.

Ramon Novarro will, in his next picture, depart from foreign rôles, and will represent a young American in "The Midshipman." Novarro will appear as an Annapolis cadet throughout the picture.
Did you see this interesting picture in the news reel a few weeks ago? It is one of the most unusual ones ever made by International, and shows how, in war time, a dirigible may be protected from attack by airplanes by a smoke screen. The dirigible is the *Los Angeles*, and the screen was laid by a United States Martin bomber. The picture was photographed by a cameraman in another Martin plane. It was made at Washington, D. C., on June third.

One of the biggest events in Los Angeles this year was the pageant which took place during the Shriners convention in June. Of the scores of floats entered in the long parade, the prize was won by this one, entered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Sally O’Neil is shown here, putting the finishing touches on the familiar Goldwyn lion.
Here are the Three Musketeers of the United Artists organization. None of the three has appeared in the last few years often enough to suit their loyal followers, and the fact that they will all be seen this fall is an indication that this is to be a Greater Movie Season in reality as well as in name.

Another recent announcement that the fans will appreciate is that Charles Ray is to be seen again in a series of pictures in which he will be directed once more by Jerome Storm, and in which he will appear again as the lovable country boy. No pictures were ever more generally popular than the first series made by Ray and Storm, and every picture lover will join us in hoping that the new series will be just as successful.

The perfect back controversy is likely to start in again with the release of "Pretty Ladies." The Metro-Goldwyn company say that no less a person than Florenz Ziegfeld, that clever connoisseur of modern feminine loveliness, selected these girls for the picture, and that their backs all measure fourteen inches from shoulder to shoulder.
JUST an ordinary day and just an ordinary lunch of prosaic ham sandwiches and milk. And then:

"When I'm thirty-five years old I'm going to commit suicide," Eleanor Boardman calmly remarked.

And when the barrage of amazed glances and the smoke screen of incredulity had subsided, she continued, slowly and meditatively:

"That is, if I'm still in pictures. You know, I think age is the most ghastly thing in the world to a woman trying to make money with her face. She's the last one to admit it to herself that her looks are fading. She has her face peeled, her hair hennaed, and goes around in skirts to her knees trying to make people think she's an ingénue. I tell you, girls, it's pitiful—and I don't want to be like that."

Her earnest tone had sobered the little crowd about her. And some one asked her reasons. She gave them:

"Oh, I don't suppose I'd ever have thought about it quite this way if it hadn't been for this part I've just finished playing in 'The Circle.' Mine is the young girl, of course, but there is an older one—Mrs. Leslie Carter played it on the stage—the old woman whose youth and beauty had been the only meal ticket she had ever had. Well—that made me think a bit."

"And then the other day I learned that Frankie Bailey—you know the girl who used to be the toast of Broadway because of her beautiful legs—is living in a little attic room over my dressmaker's shop. Can you imagine her thoughts—after all her glory and the adulation of her past to have to crawl every night into a hole like that after a weary round of agencies looking for little bits? And she's not the only one—the woods are full of them. I won't do it, I tell you. I'd rather teach myself to do something else which will bring in money and where age doesn't count or I'm going to get off the planet!"

Several others joined the party, and the subject—as sometimes happens—was dropped. But, in the ensuing banters one could note a pensive gleam in this girl's eye; and one kept thinking over her remark, because it was unusual.

It wasn't like her to talk for effect, for she's not what you might call talkative. Always there seems a veil about her inner self; and few are those who have seen it lowered even among her friends. It is a veil woven by necessity, she said one day; the necessity of accomplishing what people said she couldn't do—to be an actress. They argued that she didn't look like one and consequently couldn't be; although just what it is which trademarks one with bistronic ambitions no critic could define. And so, two hours later, as we chatted on the set while waiting for the camera to grind, I asked for more.

"I don't know exactly why I feel this way," she answered. "Everything seems to have come to me at once. Of course, I mean that all these ideas undoubtedly have been fermenting in the back of my mind for a long time, but I think this picture crystallized them into something active.

"I don't know whether I can make you understand, exactly, but take this last year for example. I've worked in nine feature pictures, just one after the other and sometimes two at a time. Before I finish one I'm having costume fittings for the next."

"I have to get up at seven in order to get here at the studio and make up and be on the set by nine. Then, in the evening, I don't get through until at least five—and half the time it isn't until nearly six. If I look at the rushes in the projection room it's seven before I get away from the studio—and by the time I have dinner I'm too tired to go anywhere or do anything but go to bed."

"Of course I go out now and then—one has to do some playing. And yet, if I go out, say, twice a week, what time have I left for reading and other pursuits?"

As she talked she toyed with a persistent curl which hung, a little rakishly, over one eye. And, anticipating the question, she continued:

"Don't you dare to suggest the set to me. I used to be able to read between the lines but I can't any more. The noise gets on my nerves and there are so many interruptions that I forget what I'm reading. I can't concentrate a bit."

"I'm positively ashamed of myself. Every place I go people are talking about the new books and I have to change the subject just because I don't want them to know how ignorant I am on the latest publications."

A cry of "Camera!" had interrupted her. Eugenia Besserer began emoting to the grinding of the cranks. And as she watched, Eleanor made scattering comments here and there, meanwhile toying with the rich silvery lace on the gorgeous bouffant frock of black satin velvet which she was wearing:

"Isn't she splendid? Everything she does counts; not a gesture nor a glance is wasted. Wait till you see the picture; you'll love her work.

A strand of pearl beads caught on a brooch in her gown and in a moment they were dripping on the floor. A property boy came running to help her collect them; at her insistence he brought her a needle and thread to restrung them.

"I hate jewelry," she said, disgustedly, as she began the tedious task. "I never liked it. If I had all the money in the world, I wouldn't buy a piece of it. Well, I'd have a black-pearl ring and maybe one set in a small brooch, but not another thing. I always feel like a trick horse dolled up for the show when they load all these paste things on me."

Petite Renee Adoree, in a full-skirted, brilliantly hued gypsy costume, came wandering through the shadowy maze of unlit sets and paused for a moment to chat, aiming a good-natured gibe or two in Eleanor's direction at her industry.

"Renee, your hair looks a mess!" was Eleanor's retort. "Why in the world are you fixing it that way?"

"Oh, they said over in the costume department that it was distinguished. It doesn't feel very natural. Really, do you think I ought to change it?"

"Did you have a set of tests made; or some stills to see how it photographs? I think it makes you look much older! It looks terrible!"

This devastating honesty of Eleanor's has gotten her into many a studio scrape. To those inured to the polite temporizings of social custom this trait is distinctly annoying and has made for her many a critic where she should have had a friend. But, on the other hand, there are those who find it delightful because it is turned with equal force upon herself at times.

The scene over, the group was discussing a muchly heralded opening of a new play that evening. In the

Continued on page 112
ALWAYS there seems a veil about Eleanor Boardman’s inner self,” says Mona Gardner. But in the story on the opposite page you are given some revealing glimpses of this girl and her character.
MAE BUSCH had a chance to see more than the fleeting glimpses visiting Hollywood players usually get of New York when she stayed in the East long enough to make a picture.
A TTRACTIVE little Marian Nixon is now "sitting pretty," as we say in Americanese, for she recently signed a five-year contract with Universal to play leads, and, later on, star.
THOUGH she came into prominence so suddenly, there seems to be nothing cometlike about Norma Shearer's career, for each new picture sees her more solidly entrenched with the fans.
In "Bobbed Hair," Marie Prevost will have her new husband, Kenneth Harlan, as a supplicating sweetheart, which probably will afford both of them a lot of fun.
JUNE MARLOWE is a promising youngster who can play pert young flappers with round-eyed innocence. Warner Brothers feel sure they have a future star in her.
LILYAN TASHMAN, whose sophisticated presence has added an extra dash of spirit to several light comedies recently, plays a similar rôle in the Julian Eltinge picture for Christie.
KATHLEEN KEY and Dorothy Manners worked together before hardly any one had heard of either of them, and in the story on the opposite page Miss Manners tells you about her friend Kathleen.
The Girl Friend Makes Good

Kathleen Key's featured prominence in "Ben-Hur" gives the writer a chance for one of those "I knew her in obscurity" tales.

By Dorothy Manners

KATHLEEN KEY and I first met when we were playing two of God's noblewomen for Fox with Tom Mix and "Buck" Jones respectively. She acknowledged the introduction by saying, "How do you do, Miss Manners?" and I said, "How do you do, Miss Key?" Ever after that she called me Dorothy and I called her Kathleen.

At that time Kathleen was a strange little kid with huge eyes, the brow of a madonna and the temperament of a prima donna. Mind, I don't say temper. But she was given to deep and dark moods. She used to make appointments with high-priced photographers to have "studies" made at eleven o'clock, and at eleven o'clock she would call up that she wasn't in the mood to be "studied." She knew all the electricians on the lot by their nicknames and "Frankie," the dressing-room woman, was her boon companion, yet she could freeze with a glance. She had, and still has, one of the keenest senses of humor I have ever encountered in a girl but she could, and can, go into the doldrums of despair.

The first time I saw her I hated her. She came shouting into the wardrobe, "Frankie—Frankie! Three cheers for me. I got the lead with Tom Mix." I could have killed her for that because I was trying for that same lead with Mix myself—and she got it. Later when I got a similar part with Buck, Jones, Kathleen told me that she had been considered for that—and I got it. So we became friends after all.

There were a couple of young men around the lot, in those days, who were in love with Kathleen. I don't think Kathleen was in love with either one of them because she used to play them against one another with artful wile that would have done credit to a Du Barry. It certainly made things exciting for the rest of us, including the two young men who grew rosy when Kathleen smiled, and fainted when she frowned.

After leaving Fox I didn't see Kathleen for several months. I went out to Universal and I read where she had signed with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on a long-term contract; but one day I ran into her in somebody-or-other's office. She was beautifully coated in fur and looked very successful and also excited. She had just learned that she was to play Tirzah in "Ben-Hur" and go to Rome with the company. She was simply beside herself. She said that she and one or two of the other girls were taking French lessons so we can at least find our way around and not get gyped in transit." She was looking forward to it with the same unabashed glee as a kid looks forward to Christmas. It was a wonderful experience for a young player—and a young girl.

That was a year ago.

"Oh, it was perfectly heavenly marvelous!" she told me at lunch recently. "I wouldn't take anything in the world for the experience. Since I have been back people have said, 'After all, perhaps it would have been better if you had not gone. You've been off the screen a year and only for one picture, when you could have been in several and constantly before the public.' But if I had it to do over again I'd say—Rome for me!"

"You know, I was sort of the charter member of that company. I went over in the first batch when George Walsh was Ben-Hur, and Bushman and I are the only ones of the original guard who stuck—and I owe that to June Mathis, the trip, the part—everything.

"It was terribly funny when we first arrived over there. We got all settled and waited for something to happen and nothing did. We didn't get any word from the studio about what was going on. All we knew was that we weren't working and there wasn't any immediate prospect of it in sight. But I wasn't kicking," Kathleen proclaimed, picking around in an iced lobster. "I met some perfectly wonderful Italian people, and got myself the most gorgeous apartment you ever saw for a mere song.

"It was in an old palace owned by a family who had lost a huge sum of money in a wildcat motion-picture scheme. When they discovered that the fortune they had handed over so trustfully was gone, they turned their lovely palace into nine-room apartments. I only had five rooms, though, because that was about all the grandeur and impressiveness I could stand. My bedroom was one of those real boudoirs that they don't make any more, with walls of pale-green silk and exquisite furnishings. I tell you, I used to sit in that lovely place and just luxuriate. But I saw a lot of Italy too.

"I went all over by myself, and had a beautiful time poking into this and that. The theaters were awfully interesting, especially after I got to know the language well enough to understand pretty well what they were driving at. Italy filled me with a great desire to go back again. And I'm going too, just as soon as I can get away."

"Florence, Naples, Rome, are at the tip of Kathleen's tongue. Counts and kings are pleasant reminiscences. There was a report that Kathleen had become engaged to one of the aforementioned counts, but she denies it. "Nothing to it. Just at present I'm between love affairs.""

She had been back in Hollywood only a short time when she was told to pack her things and be ready to leave for the East within twenty-four hours to make scenes for "The Midshipman," in which Ramon Novarro was to star while the final sets for 'Ben-Hur' were being constructed. Wild with excitement, Kathleen scooped up enough clothes to last her several weeks and departed on schedule.

"When I reached New York," she said, "I was rushed down to the naval academy at Annapolis. I was so tired when I arrived that I went straight to bed. The next morning I felt fine and all ready to enjoy my stay. I knew a commander and his wife, and expected to have a great time. But my 'Ben-Hur' luck didn't hold. After working one day in the picture, I found out they didn't need me any more for academy scenes. They immediately sent me back to New York and told me I was to leave for the Coast in a few days. And I was under the impression that we were going to make all the interiors in the East."

"Well, you can imagine how much I saw of either Annapolis or New York. I did manage to work in a few plays, but what was that to one visiting New..."

Continued on page 116
Don't tell any one," Fanny cautioned me when I asked her why there were no familiar faces in the Japanese Garden at the Ritz at tea time, "because they don't want their fun spoiled by having a lot of strangers coming up and staring at them. But simply every one spends their afternoons up at the pool in the Shelton."

"All right," I promised. "But why aren't we there?"

And, as Fanny didn't offer any particularly good reason, there we were a few minutes later, talking as we dangled our feet over the edge of the pool.

"California was never like this," Fanny observed, waving airily to Edna Murphy just in time to spoil a nice dive. "Who would expect to see picture stars wearing ordinary bathing suits? There is no chance to show off here. You have to wear the regulation pool suits or you can't go in. Out in California Carmel Myers has introduced the Continental fashion of wearing gaudy pajamas as beach robes and now every one is doing it. They all vie with each other trying to spring the gayest colors and most grotesque designs.

"But here even a silken vampire like Peggy Kelly"—and Peggy, who had just sat down next to Fanny, almost pushed her in the pool for that—"looks just dubby like the rest of us," she finished triumphantly, jumping out of her reach. Of course, Peggy didn't, but why tell the truth? She might get conceited.

"Last week Malcolm MacGregor got up a swimming party," Fanny rambled on. "The only trouble with it was that no one would swim. He and Virginia Lee Corbin were supposed to make scenes for 'Headlines' in the pool on the Leviathan. So Malcolm, knowing that it would probably take hours to get the lights arranged ready to shoot the scenes, invited a crowd over to go swimming. Alice Joyce and her brother and a few others were there—but when we looked at the water that was just the color of coffee we all lost interest in jumping in. Virginia Lee Corbin had to because she was in the scene—and it completely ruined a lovely pale-blue bathing suit. Virginia showed a lot of nerve doing those scenes. She can't swim at all, and yet she jumped right in, trusting to Providence or Malcolm MacGregor to save her.

"Virginia looks more like a child than ever. But even though she is a sub-sub-deb at home, pictures give her a chance to step out and see what New York's night scenes for 'Headlines' were made in the life is like. Rue de la Paix and several other night clubs.
“Speaking of night clubs”—one subject leads to another with Fanny; she’s a self-winding conversation-alist—"Texas Guinan has opened a club of her own up on Forty-eighth Street and simply every one goes there," she went on. "Simply every one, that is, but Barbara La Marr. Barbara was there the other night and when Texas got to throwing those little wooden clappers around for people to applaud the show with, she hit Barbara right on the nose. That being one of the best features she has, she didn’t want to endanger it, so she left. And she told the door man she would never be back.

"Barbara is awfully disheartened over the way her last picture turned out. She worked so hard on it, and it looked so good in the rushes that she had high hopes of a good picture. And then when it was shown it was just more bad news for Barbara. She told her company she simply had to have a vacation. got in her Rolls-Royce, and left for parts unknown.

"Bet I know where she has gone, though. ‘Sonny,’ that’s Marvin Carville, her adopted baby, had to be sent up to Massachusetts with a nurse to escape the heat. That’s probably where she is. Sonny is developing a talent for writing. He writes all over everything, not excluding wallpaper and imported cretonne. I dare say in a few months or so he’ll contribute an article to some magazine on how his mother is his best pal."

I hadn’t been paying much attention to Fanny as I was watching Peggy Kelly swim down the pool with a few powerful strokes. As soon as she was out of hearing distance, I asked what she was doing.

"She made ‘The Phantom Lover’ with Elsie Ferguson for Vitagraph," Fanny remarked idly, "and now she’s doing another. Don’t know the name. But speaking of titles—have you heard that somebody’s making a picture called ‘Jazz You Like It?’"

"Somebody would do that," I admitted, a little enviously, to be sure, because I hadn’t thought of it.

"Be sure if you see Lois Wilson to say, ‘Oh, yes, Miss Wilson, I’ve often heard of you. You’re Diana Kane’s sister, aren’t you?’ She and Diana both get a great kick out of it. Diana suffered so long by having every one dismiss her with ‘Oh, you’re Lois Wilson’s sister,’ Diana’s getting ahead steadily now. She plays her biggest part in Bebe Daniels’ next picture—a Spanish vampire with a heart of gold.

"Gaze on Bebe in gorgeous clothes while you can. She is going to look funny in ‘Lovers in Quarantine.’ She wears clothes that look as though she had outgrown them and a perfectly awful, frowzy, bobbed wig. The idea is that in the first part of the picture she is one of those dreadful hoydens who thinks she is cute."

Fanny got up and strolled over to the door wondering audibly what could be keeping Virginia Valli.

"Maybe she belongs to the working class to-day," I suggested, ‘and couldn’t come."

"Maybe,” Fanny admitted. "She doesn’t look as though she ever did a hard day’s work in her life. She made a picture with Thomas Meighan once before and was delighted to be loaned to his company again. It takes the worries of stardom off her shoulders for a while."

"Worries?" I asked with one of my best sneers, but Fanny ignored me. She is so sympathetic, she fairly weeps over the troubles of the stars, but how any one can feel sorry for girls who make a thousand a week or more is beyond my comprehension.

"Virginia’s real name is ‘Lady Luck,’” Fanny went on. "Whenever a picture of hers that isn’t particularly good opens she is visiting her mother in Chicago or working out on location. But let a great one like ‘Siege’ come along and here is Virginia in New York basking in the applause. She gets a bigger thrill out of seeing her name in electric lights than any other girl I know."

"It’s so nice to have her here. I hate to think of her going West again. But simply every one is going West soon. Westward the course of motion-picture production wends its way—"

"Leaving you without any playmates," I added, but Fanny being in an affable mood refused to be downcast.
"Bebe and Diana Kane won't forsake us," she insisted. "Now if I could only play bridge everything would be all right. Those girls are sharks. Bebe really doesn't need a picture star's salary. She could make a good living playing or teaching bridge.

"But isn't it terrible to have every one else go West? Pola Negri came on here to make a picture, but she changed her mind and went back West again. One night while she was here, she didn't have a date—can you imagine that?—so she took her secretary to see 'Abie's Irish Rose.' And was Pola shocked and chagrined like the rest of the highbrows? She was not. She laughed so heartily that she ached all the next day.

"Have you heard about Mae Busch's romance? She is engaged to marry Henry King's brother and the wedding is going to be some time in the fall. She just met him while she was here making 'The Miracle of Love.'"

"Perhaps the title put her in a senti-

mental frame of mind," I suggested. "What's he like?"

"Haven't seen him, but according to Mae's description he is tall, handsome, brilliant, charming, and a few other things."

"Fiancés usually are."

"For no reason at all that reminds me," Fanny went on, as she pulled her rubber cap on prepara-
yory to diving in, "that there is a rumor floating around here and there that Mae Murray and Bob Leonard may get married again."

"And I thought he was going to marry Ruth Roland!"

"So did a lot of people."

With that Fanny dived in and floated around lazily until the urge to talk seized her again.

"Who do you think has contributed more to the motion-picture industry than any other one person?" she asked as she settled herself comfortably.

"And what, I asked, thoroughly bored by her serious manner, "is the text for to-morrow?"

"Ziegfeld, of course," she answered herself.

"But not from choice. Even though he discouraged the girls in his shows from going on the screen, look at the long procession of them who have. And now his two chief comedians—Leon Errol and W. C. Fields—are working in pictures. Ann Pennington and Gilda Gray are both making pictures in California. Helen Lee Worthing is well on the road to big success. And now Flo Ziegfeld himself has signed with Paramount to supervise the making of pictures 'glorifying the American girl.'"

"The best part of it all is that in addition to having Ziegfeld's famous beauties in the pictures Alan Dwan has been chosen to direct the first one. It ought to be great. Some one will have to start a 'Save New York for the New Yorkers' movement. Simply everything interesting about this town is being used in pictures and there won't be any particular reason for out-of-towners coming on here soon."

"A lot of companies—"

"About three. I suppose."

"Have been making scenes right out on Fifth

Avenue and on Broadway without letting the passers-by know that anything unusual was happening. They mount their cameras in a taxicab and shoot the action for their scenes with crowds moving around, not knowing that they are being photographed.

"Bebe Daniels got some wonderful shots that way for 'The Wild, Wild Girl.' The chief sufferer in that picture was Rod La Rocque. He was playing a taxicab driver and when he drove up in front of the Astor Hotel another woman rushed out and hailed him before Bebe could. Rod

Virginia Lee Corbin may be just a sub-
deb daughter at home, but making scenes for 'Headlines' took her on a grand tour of New York's night clubs.
told her he was engaged and instead of coming back with the old wise crack, "And I hope you will be very happy," she bawled him out for not taking her. "You think I look like a cheap skate who wouldn't give you a big tip, don't you?" she raved at him. "You taxi drivers in New York make me tired!" All the time she was raving at him the camera was grinding. I hope they leave her in the picture and that she sees it.

"Corinne Griffith had some funny experiences, too, while she was making scenes for 'Classified.' She and Jack Mulhall were riding east on Forty-fourth Street in a roadster. She argued that she wanted to go one way and he insisted on taking her another. The first time they did it, everything was all right. Two or three old bookmakers, who were hanging around a corner reading the Daily Racing Form, strolled into the scene unconsciously, and the traffic cop—who had been tipped off that it was a picture company at work—paid no attention to them. But by the time they had driven around the block and come back for a retake, the shift had changed and a new officer was on duty. When Mulhall refused to take her the way she wanted to go, the officer broke into the scene and called him. "You heard the lady say she wanted to go that way? What do you mean not doing as she asked?" Mulhall had presence of mind enough not to spoil the scene by explaining to him that it was all as a scenario writer had planned it. He defied the officer, making the scene much better.

"I'm surprised you didn't crash into some of those scenes," I murmured.

"I did. Just as I was coming out of the Algonquin after luncheon one day, Corinne's secretary called to me from the limousine that was following Corinne in a scene. Traffic stopped opportunely and I got in and rode around all afternoon."

"And now your public will have another chance to see you," I said, not without bitterness.

"Not much," Fanny remarked with regret. "I doubt if the car will show."

The crowd was beginning to thin out—going, no doubt, up to Edna Murphy's room for dinner. Living at the Shelton has its advantages—or disadvantages—if you will take an inhospitable view of the whole thing. Mobs drop in on Edna whenever they tire of swimming.

"If you want to take a trip, you can do Allene Ray a good turn," Fanny suggested. "She's working in 'Play Ball,' a picture written by John McGraw of the Giants and she's simply distracted because some one ran off to Porto Rico with her costumes. Some of them cannot be replaced—she'll need them in a week or two—and some one will simply have to go after them.

"It was like this. They got soiled one day in a scene so Allene sent them to the cleaner's at her hotel, urging them to get them back to her in a hurry. After several days she phoned and found that they had been delivered to the wrong room and that the people who got them had blissfully sailed away to Porto Rico with them."

"Nice for the people who got them. I hope they fit," I remarked, always taking the wrong side of an argument.

But Fanny wouldn't stop to argue. It had just occurred to her that it was Thursday afternoon and that Lila Lee would be holding a reception and giving out autographed photographs on the stage of the theater where she is playing in "The Bride Retires."

"Let's go over and kid Lila," she suggested.

"You can go if you want to," I retorted haughtily. "Lois Wilson and I..."
On the New York Stage

A review of the season which has just closed.

By Alison Smith

Theatrical seasons, like most everything else in life, all look good when they’re far away. It’s wonderful how bright a stage year can seem when you are either looking back at it through the past or forward at it through the future. All year long the dramatic critics kick and scream and bite the ushers because the plays are (a) so bad themselves, (b) so terribly produced, and (c. and so on down the alphabet) so frightfully acted, costumed, and stage managed on at least twenty-four different counts.

But when summer begins and the openings start to be fewer and far between, the man on the aisle gets a fit of fond recollections and suddenly discovers that this season which has just drawn its last breath was the most brilliant stage year that ever struck Broadway. It isn’t just the pious idea of speaking well of the dead; the reviewer honestly believes it. As a matter of common sense, I know, of course, that there have been years just as rich in dramatic material as this one. But when I started to look over the old files of reviews from August, 1924, when the season began, to the present date, when it is just ending, I began to get as sappy as an old college grad over the opening nights that have passed into dramatic history.

In thinking them over, the spotlight seems to fall on the following memories:

The hulking, shambling figure of Louis Wolheim in “What Price Glory?”

Pauline Lord and the moment when her nerve fails her in “They Knew What They Wanted.”

The scene between Ernest Truex and his wife in “The Fall Guy.”

O. P. Heggie in “Old Man Minick” and “A Bit of Love” and “Trelawny of the Wells”—in fact, O. P. Heggie in most anything.

Frank Morgan’s bit of silken, diabolical satire in “The Firebrand.”

The last act of “The Dark Angel,” with the blind man’s gallant fight to conceal his blindness.

Mary Kennedy and her uncommonly graphic piece of characterization in “The Blue Peter.”

Katherine Cornell’s unforgettable picture of Candida in the costumes and background of its period.

June Walker, dancing out her jazz tragedy in “Professional.”

Fannie Brice, “a bad woman but good company,” in the “Music Box Revue.”

The sudden arrival of a new young actress with Helen Chandler in “The Wild Duck.”

The moment when Alfred Lunt abandons his Russian comedy in “The Guardsman” and tries to force himself to a belief in his wife’s fidelity.

“Old English” and the sympathetic picture which George Arliss made of the old roué in the title rôle.

W. C. Fields, who gives in the Ziegfeld “Follies” a study of the harassed head of an American family which is quite as real as anything in “Main Street” or “Babbit.”

All the echoes from the old English plays made so real and contemporary in “Love for Love” and “The Critic.”

There were other high lights, of course, but these seem the most vivid. And, looking them over, they seem to give more than the usual share of worth-while moments in a past season. But if the year had some of the brightest spots for many seasons, it also reached the lowest depths for impossible productions. There was one week when the chronic theatergoer went about with the hunted look of one who was being slowly
driven mad by the horrors of the things he saw at night. That was the week when a long-suffering audience could stand it no longer, and broke into frank hisses and boos for the atrocities unfolded before them on the stage. "Thrills," and "Flesh," and "The Loves of Lulu" certainly raised the casualty list among the first-nighters. But after the reception these experiments received, we have every reason to believe that nothing of the kind will be repeated in the season that is soon to begin.

There was also the fight against risqué plays which started the play jury and chased at least one ambitious drama off the boards. This was "A Good Bad Woman"—a stupid piece of filth which wasn't worth considering at all except as a test case. It belonged to a long list of worthless productions whose only box-office value was their appeal to unclean minds. It is too early yet to be sure of the results of this battle, but there is every reason to believe that it may teach the producers of such trash to watch their step through the new season.

In this connection, it is curious to note that the two motion-picture stars who made the most conspicuous appearance in stage plays chose vehicles that would send the screen censors into fits of horrified hysterics. One was James Kirkwood, who appeared in Belasco's production of "Ladies of the Evening"—an excessively frank study of "the oldest profession in the world," which started all the more conservative critics to scolding Mr. Belasco for bringing out such material on his stage. Mr. Kirkwood gave a restrained and dignified performance; in fact, his work and that of Edna Hibbard were the only redeeming features in an obvious bit of rubbish.

The second arrival from the movies was Lila Lee, who made her stage début in a French translation called "The Bride Retires." It was the sort of thing that keeps its defenders busy explaining that "it doesn't sound so bad in French." However that may be, the English version sounded not only pretty bad but incredibly dull and silly.

Miss Lee did her best with the rôle under the circumstances. She looked even more beautiful than she does on the screen, and she has proved that she has a stage presence which may result in a creditable piece of acting before the footlights. But the screen stars who went to the play expecting to see one of her character-istic sympathetic rôles probably had the shock of their young lives. It seemed an extremely shortsighted move on the part of her producers to bring her out in a play which was too feeble to please the average Broadway audience and too cynical to get a hand from her film fans.

Among the other stage appearances identified with the screen was the début of Flora Le Breton in a Cinderella play which did little more than establish the fact that the English actress was extremely pretty and amiable. Since then she has appeared in several screen rôles, the most successful being the part of the cockney model in "The White Monkey." For me, at least, she was almost the only redeeming feature in that most unfortunate and inexcusable insult to Galsworthy.

Frances Howard also rounded out the year in "The Best People" just before she started her career on the screen. Something must be allowed for inexperience in a new medium, but in the specimens of her movie work that have been seen thus far she seems far more at home on the stage. It may be a certain self-consciousness before the camera that gives her that peculiarly stilted manner in her film rôles; whatever the cause, her work in the film version of "The Swan" had little of the spontaneous grace that she brought to "The Best People" on the stage.

The musical year was divided between the revivals of operettas done in the old-time manner and the very latest elaborations in the typical Broadway revues.

"The Student Prince," a musical version of "Old Heidelberg," was an immense success, and so was "The Love Song," which featured the life and works of Offenbach as "Blossom Time" did that of Schubert.

The lusty revival of Gilbert and Sullivan was one of the most cheering episodes of the stage year. The Provincetown Players started it with a presentation of "Patience," and the Shuberts took the cue with "The Mikado" and "Princess Ida." That last was not a success; for some reason the music and patter based on
On the New York Stage

“Tennyson’s poem didn’t catch the popular fancy, though there were plenty of individuals who found it delightful. But “The Mikado” was a riotous hit—as it deserved to be. One of the best features of all this is that it has encouraged the producers to bring out more Gilbert and Sullivan operas—and among them “Pinafore” for next season.

“Rose-Marie,” the phenomenal musical hit of the year, shows every sign of running straight through another season. It has Mary Ellis—a former Metropolitan singer—a lively cast, and the sort of music that only Gershwin is writing these days.

Then there were the usual groups of “Polliwogs” and “Scandals” and “Gaieties”—all very much alike and all crowding the theaters to capacity. New vogue in musical shows come and go but this type of Broadway revue never seems to lose its appeal for the native New Yorker and the out-of-town buyer, tourist, business man, and visiting firemen.

The movies have found excellent picking for screen plays in the current shows on Broadway. Some of the stage plays were snapped up by the films almost before the curtain rose on their opening night and many of them were completed while the stage season was only just getting under way.

Among the more important purchases that I remember are “Aloma of the South Seas,” which Goldwyn expects to make into an elaborate white-and-tan romance. “The Dark Angel” was bought at once by First National and seems to have every chance for a colorful movie, though I understand that there was some difficulty in adapting it to please the censors, for its plot hinges on the fact that the girl was not married to the hero of a war-time adventure. However, if they could make “Without Benefit of Clergy” technically legitimate, they will probably find some solution to this problem.

“The Youngest,” a pleasant bit of fluff about a younger son in a dominating household, and “The Far Cry,” a story of restless unruly Americans living abroad, are now being adapted for the screen. “Old Man Minick” has already appeared as a screen play, and a beautiful piece of work they made of it, I think—in fact, one of the most genuine and touching movies I have seen for years. “Moonflower,” which was played on the stage with Elsie Ferguson, has emerged on the screen in such a garbled version that its own Hungarian father wouldn’t know it. “Cape Smoke,” a weird drama of African witchcraft, ought to make a startling movie and has been bought presumably for that very purpose.

But the best example of the screen’s triumph over the stage for this year, you find in “Peter Pan.” The screen version with Betty Bronson was so much better than the stage production with Marilyn Miller that even the dramatic critics noticed. This, in spite of the fact that most of the Barrie lines were lost to the screen. But their spirit was recaptured in the subtle and genuine work of the star and her director, which proves that fidelity to a script isn’t necessarily a matter of dialogue.

The season stopped abruptly this year, what with the early heat wave and the natural timidity of the managers at the idea of risking a new production in a parched and wilted Broadway. There are plenty of promising plays being tried out in the dog towns, which are the obliging little suburbs around Manhattan, and San Francisco, we understand, has had a flourishing summer season. But, on the New York Rialto, the openings have been confined to those unfortunate newcomers who crept in apologetically and lasted about a week. The success of the screen version of “Charley’s Aunt” led to a revival of the English comedy which has held on pretty well, proving that there is life in the old girl yet, even before the footlights. But apart from this, the successful productions have been melted off the stage to make room for the typical midsummer revues of George White, the Schuberts, and the reliable Mr. Ziegfeld.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

By C. L. EDSON

I used to bet on horses, but I always lost my tin;
I used to bet on Bryan, but he couldn’t ever win;
And when I backed a pugilist they always knocked him cold.
The ball games that I wagered on were thrown, and I got sold.

But the screen—oh, the screen,
Oh, the motion-picture screen—
I can always pick a winner there
And bet my final bean;
For my hero never chooses for to do me double face,
And my entry never loses at the finish of the race.
Though his chances may look thinner than the villain’s with his get;
Still he finally lands a winner, you can bet your life on that.
Oh, the show! Oh, the show!
Oh, the motion-picture show!
When you’re seeking satisfaction it’s the only place to go.

I used to bet on poker. In the middle of my fun
Came the show-down, with the joker. And they always took my mon.

I gambled next on women and I took myself a wife;
And now I am a cynic and I’m done with married life.

But the screen! Oh, the screen!
Oh, the motion-picture screen!
In the wonderland of pictures
I can always cop a queen;
I can trust ’em, I can love them. I can know that they are fair;
They won’t unstrap a wooden leg nor lay aside their hair;
They cannot pick my pockets nor my pay check rashly spend.
The darling in the fillums is a darling to the end.
She’ll give me smiles and laughter,
And she’ll never black my eye;
So I’ll put my trust, hereafter,
In the fillums till I die.
Oh, the show! Oh, the show!
Oh, the motion-picture show!
When you’re seeking satisfaction it’s the only place to go.
Looking on with an Extra Girl

She moves amid the stately, fashionable atmosphere of "Four Flaming Days," and now understands why Elinor Glyn is known as the female De Mille.

By Margaret Reid

I have noticed that when an interviewer—afflicted, we shall say, with indigestion or rejected manuscripts—has desperate need of a vent for biting, virulent phrases, the result is a scathing analysis of Madame Elinor Glyn—her life and works. That Madame is a gentlewoman and would, herself, endure the lash rather than un gallantly misquote, misunderstand, or misrepresent, seems only to spur them to sharper witticisms. The real Madame is ignored—sacrificed to the smart denunciation of the qualities that do not appeal individually.

But here in Hollywood we—all professionals, but I speak in particular of the extras—know Elinor Glyn herself. Madame the hard-working, the enthusiastic, the untiring, the despotic, the charming, and Madame the clever, who is Metro-Goldwyn's Cecil De Mille.

I recently finished work in her production, "Four Flaming Days." It was two and a half weeks of almost the hardest labor I have ever done. When I came home, I could not stand, or move, or think—from an ach ing, hurting tiredness of body and mind. Yet, inherently resentful as I am of the shadow of work, I no more regretted the job that had caused it than I regret the price of a ticket to a whopping good show. For I had more than my effort's worth in entertainment, in novelty, in excitement.

Not for nothing has Madame Glyn been dubbed "the female De Mille." Her aristocratic finger on the insistent, uncertain pulse of the public and her heart and head on the fashioning of the most palatable delicacies for their pleasure of the moment, her name rivals Cecil's at the box office. But, in one way at least, she begins where De Mille leaves off. The latter's ladies and gentlemen and "life in high society" are portrayed as seen by the romantic housemaid. Mrs. Glyn's gentry are portrayed "as is" and—as often as not—by bona-fide members. There are no amusing discrepancies of procedure and no inferior taste in the Glyn society dramas, and, oddly enough, the public seems willing to forsake the erotic amplitude of the one for the suave dignity of the other.

All of which serves to introduce the fact that Madame knows a lady when she sees one, and if a girl does not look, move, and act according to Emily Price Post—out with her, out of the office, the studio, Chewing gum, slang, and excess make-up must be left behind when seeking a job in a Glyn production. One's quietest clothes and manner are carefully prepared and paraded. Especially on this last picture, when the openings were for court ladies for a mythical kingdom.

For several days there had been an almost constant procession from the casting office across the lot to the door marked "Mrs. Glyn," processions ending, after a suitable wait in the neat outer office, in the richly conservative inner sanctum. Here Madame herself received you, graciously, pleasantly, and all the while her slender green eyes narrowly losing nothing of your appearance...
Looking on with an Extra Girl

and manner. A minute, two minutes, a brief silence, and you are dismissed—praying mightily to receive that precious blue wardrobe slip in the outer office.

Well, my dears, by the grace of God who loves the Irish, I apparently gave a brief and successful portrayal of a lady for Mrs. Glyn. For on my way out I was rewarded with the little paper and instructions to repair to the wardrobe.

After having my measurements taken I joined the other twenty-nine ladies of the court in the casting office where the supreme jewel awaited us. This was an awe-inspiring paper covered with involved details that, when autographed, bound each girl to the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Corporation for as long as she was needed in "Four Flaming Days." Signing extra players on contract is a very rare occurrence and is only done when it is essential that the same people be available for any scenes requiring atmosphere. That we made much less money and received no extra pay for overtime work did nothing to mar the fact that we were under contract to M. G. M.

The following Sunday a special dress inspection was ordered. We donned our gowns—formal, dignified court gowns—we were laden with jewels and important-looking orders, we had our hair dressed in high, severe fashion, and finally gathered on the lawn in front of the wardrobe department for Madame’s approval.

Mrs. Glyn was enchanted. The gowns and coiffures—which she herself had designed—certainly erased all traces of Hollywood very effectively.

"You have never seen anything like yourselves on any other set, have you?" Madame exclaimed. "You are entirely distinctive. No, no—do not pull the hair over your ears! And it must be up off the forehead—for that is the sign of a lady."

Here she drew a girl’s coiffure higher, there rearranged a train—smoothing off, with magic fingers, the last remaining rough edges.

"An erect carriage, I insist. Back straight, head erect, walk dignified and graceful. And gloves—where are they? Gloves—naturally!"

After an hour of careful, painstaking survey and correction—we were pronounced “perfect, perfect” in Madame’s low, yet vehement, English. The call was given, the day and hour work would begin, and the flag was waved on the preliminaries.

At seven thirty of the starting day we trudged through the gates—and we were destined not to take them in the other direction until a weary eight 0’clock that night—over to the wardrobe for our gowns, gloves, and jewels. Up the stairs of the dressing-room building to little dressing rooms, each housing four. Out again—very regal and courteously from the neck down—from thence up various of the newest bobs in morning disarray. Along the balcony fronting the dressing rooms and looking out over the lawns to the stage—to the sanctum of the hairdressers. Here—with false hair of perfect match—our heads, too, attain a patrician dignity. In the midst of these rites shouts drift up from below: "All the Conway-Glyn people on the set!" Clamor, despair, and inconceivable chaos follow upon this. No one seems to be ready, and in frantic fever the hairdressers’ hands race nobly. Then the rush down the stairs.

The first scenes were in the enormous, classically simple throne room of the king (Edward Connelly). The long sweep of polished black floor led up broad, silvery steps to the two royal chairs with the great, silver sunburst behind them. Forming a lane along the floor from the cameras to the throne the courtiers stood. Diplomats with glittering orders, four brands of soldiery in tight and handsome uniforms, swarthy Indians in bright turbans and brighter jewels, velvet-and-satin-clad pages, and the ladies in their politely elegant splendor.

The first shot was the arrival of the king’s betrothed—a princess played by Eleanor Boardman. Eleanor Boardman looking the way all princesses should look—and so seldom do. No one could be better suited to the embellishments of royalty, for Eleanor has an inherent dignity of mood and demeanor and unconscious poise. She is quietly sure in every word and move and she undoubtedly has a great advantage in looking—to coin a phrase—like a lady.

Her own soft brown hair was covered by a wig—exceedingly fine and shining and golden. Her figure, to which the term willowy is, for once, applicable, was robed in clinging metal cloth the exact shade of the wig. As she walked to the throne with a light, floating tread, and later glided through a quaint dance, she looked like nothing more human than a fragile, scented water lily. When you see the picture, watch for her curtsy. It is one of the most satisfactory things I have ever seen. A sort of breathless subsiding, as silkenly exquisite as the soft descent of petals. If you are an epicure of classic perfection don’t miss it.

Having given you the parable of the princess and her curtsy—I shall quickly proceed to the hero of the piece, whose many qualities can inspire no flights of pseudo-poetry. Conrad Nagel you know—a regular fellow, even if he is smity to extras. For that matter, why shouldn’t he be? We—or us, as we are more commonly known—extras have a habit of pigeonholing players in two holes—those who are pleasant to us and those who aren’t. Which, on reflection, is rankly unfair. That they should not be allowed the boon of choosing their companions and ignoring the uninteresting, seems suspiciously like a rock flying out the door of a glass house.

Mr. Nagel was a stunning object in his red-and-white
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uniform and his close, blond mustache. A very princely looking young man, he was, with a deep, melodious voice that is sadly lost to his fans. Between shots he sat in a quiet corner and read—a very dignified person, one would think. But now and then, at the finish of a scene, he would execute a foolish dance step or pull a dreadful face, which did much to elevate him in the eyes of—
the audience—the majority of whom, I regret to say, are inclined to judge the democracy of a leading man by the number of electricians he slaps on the back.

Mr. Nagel was especially alluring, surrounded as he was by members of the royal family. These were Edward Connelly, the king, Carrie Clark Ward, his sister, David Mir, his son, and Jack and Ethel—last names unknown—who played his two twelve-year-old daughters.

Mrs. Glyn had decreed, for story purposes, that all royalty in this mythical country be distinguished by large, flapping ears, and powerful, protruding—in fact, buck teeth. Even putty and false as they were, the effect was ludicrously appalling. Young Jack and Ethel, who had been chosen from all available children as having the least apparent beauty, had moments of sheer ecstasy popping the teeth out in front of unsuspecting onlookers.

After a few trials this was done with gruesome ease, and added considerably to their charm. Dale Fuller, an odd, arresting personality with much magnetism, played their governess. She fusses over them humorously between shots, as well as when the camera was grinding. Especially over Jack, whose demonic humor was exciting, to say the least. In softer moods he had a penchant for ballads, and was constantly in the throes of trying to learn "Tea for Two"—which he didn't, despite Miss Fuller's aid—on the ukulele.

Then there was the remainder of the troupe—probably as illustrious a company as ever gathered beneath one glass roof. As Von Stroheim attracts the military elite to his productions, so Glyn attracts socially prominent. That stately, sloe-eyed girl with the proud little head is the seventeen-year-old Countess Marianni of Italy. That warmly Spanish-looking brunette at her side is the attractive Mrs. Wiley of London, Paris, and New York. That dashing, handsome gentleman is Mario Carrillo—really Count Caracillo of Italy. David Mir—the clever young Russian who played the crown prince, and, as well, designed the handsome and intricate uniforms—is endeavoring to forget his own noble birth in this strange, enticing work. That gentle, drooping girl—like a Grecian frieze in her classic silver gown—is Dagmar Desmond, Mrs. Glyn's latest discovery from the drawing-room. That tall, tired-looking man is General Kricnikoff—formerly of the Imperial Guard to the Czar of Russia. Every tragedy and sorrow in the world is written on his face. Later, in his halting English, he told us how his mother and father, his grandmother and two sisters were killed before his eyes by Bolshevists, how he was put to work in the mines, with heavy chains on his feet, and the lash on his back. Surprisingly simple and childlike he is, naively happy in this new peace and sunlight, singing strange, wild Russian songs—but sometimes with tears in his eyes. And then there is a gentle English baronet—Gerald Grove, Lord Claude Hamilton, equerry to the Prince of Wales, and Harry Crocker, handsome young scon of the famous banking family of San Francisco. Near the camera Mrs. Glyn was entertaining the Duchess of Sutherland. It really must be admitted that Madame has done much to elevate Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer socially, anyway.

All the first day, the second, and the third we worked in the great hall—standing here, standing there, now curtsying, now at ease. Between shots these impressive ladies and gentlemen might have been perceived standing, bent forward from the waist, with arms dangling. This is a popular means of relief when standing has become painful, but makes an incongruous scene.

Each morning when Madame arrived—the stunning Madame with her strange, fascinating face and perfect taste in clothes, each day wearing a different color of camel's-hair sport coat and graceful chiffon headdress à la Queen Marie of Roumania—she visited first the corner where we sat dutifully on our benches with powder puffs in hand and make-up boxes before us, like children at school. Here the girl who tried to sneak a more flattering line in her curl over the ear, is shamed—and the curl pinned back by Madame's own hand. Here are we minutely inspected by those keen, green eyes that see everything.

At Mrs. Glyn's side is always Jack Conway, the young director. And beside him Chester Lyons, Madame's special camera man. By him would be the two assistant directors—young Todd, who looks like the Prince of Wales, and Kelly—the red-haired, belligerent-lipped, and quick-tempered. And somewhere about Ulric Busch, the young production manager and husband of Eileen Percy, prayed to a stern Heaven that work would begin—ton. But always, first, you saw Madame.

On the fifth day we moved to a great staircase outside the palace, on the back lot. Here the Bolshevists who were to be our death were assembled, three hundred strong, at the foot of the red-carpeted stairs where we stood. At their head were Arthur Edmund Carew, a somber, quiet man of refreshingly stately dignity, and Anielka Elter, whose eyes Von Stroheim called the wickedest of all. She was formerly a star in Vienna—a tense, tragic-faced little thing with a contrasting humor.

Here the mob of dirty, more-than-slightly odorous rebels began to demolish us—forcing up the steps through the clashing swords of the soldiers, yelling, cursing, and stamping with extremely dramatic enthusiasm. Strenuous days, those, with more and sorer sunburn at the end of each.

Then the scenes inside the palace, where the rebels completed our capture. Here our shining, polite gowns were torn and ripped to shreds, our hair—wardrobe—clawed down in jagged streams. mock-blood smeared over our faces and arms, and livid bruises painted on us.

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The biggest thing about "Four Flaming Days" is Colin Plintym, seven feet, three inches tall, who is Madame Glyn's newest discovery.
On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

A Sleepy-time Story.

Once upon a time, boys and girls of the motion-picture audience, there was a great moaning and a beating of breasts in a certain studio. Something awful had happened. An electrician was moaning to himself. A carpenter, beside himself with rage, was throwing around his tools. A wardrobe-room girl was tearing her hennaed hair. Every one seemed to have a grievance.

Now it chanced that the producer, who was a kind, obliging soul, walked through the scene of this lamentation and inquired the meaning thereof.

"Boo-hoo," sobbed the big electrician, as if his heart would break, "they left my name out of the credit titles in 'Love's Awakening.'"

"Those blankety-dashed subtitles didn't say I made the stairway in the ballroom scene!" howled the carpenter, hurling his hammer through an expensive set.

"The beasts never gave me a bit of credit for taking care of Nita La Marr's costumes," stormed the girl.

"Never mind!" soothed the obliging producer, profoundly touched by these bursts of temperament, "I'll see that all your names go into the next set of credit titles, along with the thirty-seven others."

And, sure enough, they did, as you and I and one hundred million other fans between Oshkosh and the Fiji Islands who slept through that film can testify.

What's in a Name?

The screen is swarmed with synthetic, sugar-coated names. We have our Bessie Loves, our Louise Loveys, our Arline Prettys, and our Blanche Sweets. Nearly every actress—or her manager—concocts a name describing her as a filling station for allurement, sweetness, and light, and the public seems to take them all quite seriously. Just by way of contrast, we would welcome a few names like Gladys Awful, Carrie Gloom, Hortense Homely, and Sarah Sour, but that's just our own fantastic notion.

What we object to is the fact that only women can put across such descriptive names with the public. Consider what guffaws of merriment and scorn would go up if the men tried the same stunt. Suppose Novarro should herald himself as "Ramon Romantine." Suppose Menjou should call himself "Adolphe Suave." Suppose Meighan became "Thomas Noble," Lloyd, "Harold Blushing," and Lyon, "Ben Boyish." The fans would hang their idols what is technically known as the razzberry. And yet the women's names are taken quite seriously. It doesn't seem quite fair to the men.

A Tribute.

Our hat is off to two extremists in picture appearances.

To Charlie Chaplin, because he can remain away from the screen for years without being forgotten.

To Wallace Beery, because he can appear in a new picture every week without satiating his audiences.

We doubt if there is any other performer on the screen who can equal either of these two records. The two greatest tests of an actor's grip on the public are in not seeing him at all and in seeing him all the time.

WHO'S WHO IN VERSE

To Rudolph.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
To-day you're known both wide and far;
Watch your step or you will find

To-morrow you'll be left behind.

Ave Gloria.

From Cal. to old Astoria
They're hailing Marquise Gloria;
Her hubby gave her seven names
And now she's queen of all the dames.

Telegram to Pickfair.

Mary had a winning way
Upon the silver screen,
And, oh, the years that Mary spent
As an unchallenged queen.

The Gold Rush.
Charlie be nimble, Charlie be quick.
Too long between pictures make the fans sick.

Harry Langdon.
A meek and mild, a wistful soul
Has ambled up to stardom’s rôle;
Dumb as Keaton, bashful as Lloyd,
This gent fills in a comic void.

Jack’s Jack.
As I was walking near St. Ids
I met a man with seven kids,
And every kid was on the screen
At salaries that were far from lean;
Dad, who collects those dollars all,
Can scarce believe in families small!

Have You Heard—
That there’s nothing so rare as a day in June, unless it is a news reel without battleships or babies?
That Harry Langdon has such a cherubic countenance that sooner or later he will be cast as Cupid in a romantic screen drama?
That Cecil B. De Mille’s idea of Hades is to be compelled to produce pictures on the cost scale of “The Salvation Hunters?”
That brevity is the soul of wit, yet the funniest comedies are in multiple reels?
That the difference between the ordinary actor or director and the genius seems to be that the genius disdains putting out a new picture more often than once in three years?
That you might become as cross-eyed as Ben Turpin if you tried to keep your eyes on all the bathing beauties at once?
That the Latin quarter of a city is the section where the Novarro, Valentino, Moreno, and Cortez pictures are showing?
That D. W. Griffith is one of the most promising of our younger directors?
That now that Norma Talmadge, Colleen Moore, and others have been seen in old-mother rôles, Mary Carr is considering a Peter Pan rôle just to show the younger actresses they haven’t all the versatility?

Isn’t Life Wonderful—On the Screen?
The lovers in a screen romance are always handsome,

and generally noble. When they marry they set up house—keeping in a home with the vistas of the Vatican. Their housemaids all look like “Follies” girls, and they never seem to have any trouble with them. When they tele-

phone, they always get the right number, and get it promptly. When they want to go somewhere, James always has the machine ready at the curb. If the hero has to break all records getting there, there is not a speed cop in sight. You’d think he was related to the chief of police.
The children of this lucky couple, if any, are always the cutest things you ever saw. If they have a dog, he is sure to be clever enough for a vaudeville contract.
They seem to live a charmed life. Even if they lose all their money and have to live in a cottage, it always has curtains in the windows and roses at the door, and it is never by any chance near a glue factory or the stockyards—not unless it is a Von Stroheim picture.
Isn’t life wonderful—on the screen?

Observation.
The number of people who are looking for a good five-cent cigar is only exceeded by the number who are looking for a good fifteen-cent movie.

What a Difference!
Reel I.
On the set. The lights flare up, the camera begins
to click, and Romeo Dale, the handsome hero, takes Louise Beautiful, the alluring heroine, into his arms. He kisses her; he tells her that he loves her. It is nothing to him that every eye in the studio is focused upon him—that he is being watched by director, camera man, assistants, electricians, carpenters, property men, and visitors.

Reel II.
The same set, but later. Romeo Dale looks about and sees that he is all alone with Louise Beautiful—and he has just lost his divorce from his wife. He takes Louise into his arms. He kisses her and tells her he loves her. There is a slight sound behind them, and he springs back with a guilty start.
“Somebody is spying on us!” he snarls.

What Could Be Simpler?
Reader: I don’t see how you make each of your books so different from the preceding one.
Novelist: That’s easy. I merely copy the movie adaptation.

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All of us go through life looking for someone to agree with us. The writer who can say intelligently what we want to say is the one we will read; the artist who can catch our temporary point of view is our favorite; the singer who somehow makes us remember something that has happened is the one we like to hear.

D. W. Griffith is my favorite director because he agrees with me. For years I have wanted to see W. C. Fields in a picture. Mr. Fields has been a star in the Ziegfeld "Follies" for a number of seasons. For no reason that I can see he has been overlooked by motion pictures, and now Mr. Griffith has chosen him to play the part of Professor Enstace MacGargle in his new picture, "Sally of the Sawdust."

This picture has been adapted from the musical comedy "Poppy," and Carol Dempster plays the part Madge Kennedy made so sweetly saccharine. In fact, Miss Kennedy was so very intent on looking pink and pretty that I barely recognized the part when the capable Miss Dempster took a firm grasp on it. Right now, I feel, is the time to give Miss Dempster her blue ribbon, because pretty soon I am going to begin on Mr. Fields, and he makes me talkative.

About the hardest thing in the world for any actress to do is to hold her own against an expert comedian, and Miss Dempster has managed to do it. When I say "managed" I mean managed.

"Sally of the Sawdust" is the story of a little orphan who has been left under the uncertain wing of Professor MacGargle. The Professor juggles in a circus by profession and gambles and bootlegs on his Thursdays off. Their show is stranded in a small Connecticut town and, of course, a lot of wealthy society folk enter the plot. The rich old judge is Sally's grandfather, only he doesn't know it, so there is some good old-fashioned melodrama in a court scene with Sally on trial before him.

This scene is where Miss Dempster made good, as the home papers have it. She is pathetic and dramatic by turns, interrupted by shots of Mr. Fields in the funniest chase seen in or out of any comedy in the world.

Most scenes about flowers, graves, and orphans make me a little hilarious, but again Miss Dempster turns things neatly her way.

Alfred Lunt, who played all winter in New York in "The Guardsman," is the young juvenile. He is good looking and pleasantly foolish in his lovemaking. Glenn Anders, of "They Knew What They Wanted," another New York success, has nothing much to do in a small part.

All this is working up to W. C. Fields. Usually, when an actor is cast as a disreputable but lovable old character, he seems to see the necessity of vindicating himself to his audience, to show, somehow, that he really is a perfectly good sort all along. This is not true of Mr. Fields. He knows that being a little gentleman isn't always the secret of success, and he is a bad egg from start to finish. I won't tell you what happens to him at the end because that would be telling the point of a good joke. He is just plain ornery, and I can think of nothing pleasanter than his constant company. I wonder when some astute director will cast him as The King in "Huckleberry Finn?"

Oh, yes, about this D. W. Griffith. He does know his details. The rich people in this picture are as usual, which means that they are perfectly terrible. Mr. Griffith...
in Review

film productions of the month.

Benson

seems to know the back door better than the front. But then maybe that is the test of a great man. Chesterton says that the greatest glory of Dickens was that he could not describe a gentleman.

Made in Germany.

"Siegfried," the new German Ufa production, is another one you can't afford to miss. Whether you can take your German mythology or leave it, this is a beautiful story done just about perfectly.

As a rule, anything bordering on the unreal is apt to be too remote to have much warmth, and a dragon slain by a brave young hero won't make or break an evening. But these German pictures seem to be touched by some sort of magic themselves. I'd like to know how they do it.

"Siegfried" is the story of the last pagan. His is the struggle between the mythological gods and the Christian belief. During the first half of the picture this charmed hero fights his way to the court of King Gunther. He kills dragons, dwarfs, and queer, half-imagined creatures with his magic sword, wins an invisible cap, and batoes in a dragon's blood so that he will be invulnerable. Pure legendary things these are, gorgeously done and technically perfect.

Then suddenly things seem more civilized. There is a Christian church and a Christian woman, Kriemhild, sister of King Gunther, and this half god and half man who has conquered the unreal world goes down to defeat by purely human means. This is the way it should be, of course, but I hate to see the magic wear thin.

There is no need in telling the story. It is a beautiful, heroic legend, faithfully and sometimes excitingly told. I thought it especially interesting to see the way each scene was photographed, not so much for its action as for the picture it made. There was almost always a definite design made toward the foreground, while the action took place beyond it.

"Siegfried" is another flawless production from out of town, and will be welcomed everywhere.

For the Tired Business Girl.

I must confess that I went to see Douglas Fairbanks in "Don Q" in a mean, suspicious frame of mind. I was still remembering him in "The Thief of Bagdad," and the thought of a none-too-magic Fairbanks making believe he was just a raggle-taggle gypsy, oh!—or ouch!—was fresh in my mind. And this from one who followed him from theater to theater when he used to play on the stage in such things as "The Show Shop," and who spent her allowance on cut-rate tickets for Saturday matinées. To be sure, this was before he got to practicing with dumb-bells, if you know what I mean. I am sorry now that I doubted him. I went to see "Don Q" on a hot, summer night. The theater was packed with tired, cross people; people tired of subways, their jobs, and familiar faces. I felt the same way. If I had seen one dear old, well-known face in the crowd, I would have smashed it with the first usher I could lay hands on.

And all at once there were pleasant Spanish tunes, a pleasant Spanish Fairbanks, and a pleasantly preposterous story, and the biting and snarling grew fainter and finally vanished.

In "Don Q," Fairbanks is all that any romantic little boy ever dreams of being. He is the sort of hero you yourself are when you imagine things to put yourself to sleep at night. He is unbelievably romantic, and I think he is wonderful. He is the son of the dashing Zorro, whom you may remember. The audience, I saw, remembered very vividly. Every time any reference was made to Zorro, they burst into wild applause, and when a bit of the old picture was shown, it was like waving the American flag at a political rally.

Don Q has a whip, a smile, and a swagger. He is in Spain. There is a queen, an archduke, a beautiful girl, serenades, duels, and magnolia blossoms. If you want more, you are grasping. The whole picture is a lavish display of all that is lovely and romantic, with Fairbanks furnishing the thrills.

Mary Astor is the quiet recipient of Mr. Fairbanks' enthusiastic lovemaking. Warner Oland corners the acting honors as a weak and willing archduke, and Donald Crisp, who directed the picture, appeared in the rôle of a not-unattractive villain.

"Don Q" will make you feel that the life you lead is about as exciting as an old bedroom slipper.

To be Treated with Respect.

The best picture I saw last month, aside from the special releases, was "Siege," a Universal-Jewel picture. The story is by Samuel Hopkins Adams, and it has been directed by Sven Gade. It came as a complete surprise to me, because I had heard nothing much in its favor, and no fireworks were being sent up to call any one's attention to it.
Aunt Augusta, the head of the Ruyland family, is a bitter, narrow old despot. She rules her family and an iron foundry in much the same manner, until a favorite nephew marries. The girl he marries is perfectly all right, according to modern standards, but she is not New England, and she is not what Aunt Augusta thinks a wife should be.

Most situations of this kind in pictures are badly mangled. Modern young women turn to flappers before the camera, and proud, embittered old women turn to harridans. But something else has happened to "Siege." Mary Alden has made Aunt Augusta poignantly heartrending as a woman who has been thwarted and disappointed by life, and Virginia Valli has combined good sense with modern clothes.

Marc McDermott gives one of the best performances I have ever seen on the screen as the mute, sensitive old bachelor whose life has run as evenly as a normal temperature. But then he is a great favorite of mine, and I always think he is good.

The climax of this picture is simply the breaking of a great many nerves and emotions that have been stretched beyond the point of elasticity.

Eugene O'Brien is the young man who marries. He is an innocent bystander throughout.

Hearts and Flowers.

In "Drusilla with a Million," Mary Carr is again an old lady with a mother's heart. Personally, I am an old-fashioned girl who likes to believe that sweet old ladies still exist, so this is all right with me.

This time she is a sweet-faced drudge in an old ladies' home. Every one is pretty mean to her until she is left a million dollars by a distant relative. If what happens after that doesn't prove for all, I don't know my Harold Bell Wright.

There are foundling babies, lots of them, tender-hearted butlers, society people, so we are told, who are as mean as anything, and two misguided young folk who love one another. Mary Carr is pathetic and humorous at the proper times. I like her. She is especially good when she manages a little light comedy.

Kenneth Harlan is the rich young man who is disinherited, and Priscilla Bonner is the poor little waif who marries him. She plays the part of one of those well-meaning, helpless girls who manage their affairs so badly that there would be no plot without them.

"Drusilla with a Million" ought to do the same by Associated Arts,' who produced it. After all, it is a comfort to see a sweet old thing like Mary Carr after looking in every cabaret in town for grandma every night. Just a bit of old-fashioned whimsy, this is.

In "I'll Show You the Town," Reginald Denny gets one of his rare chances to prove how amusing he can be.

More Modern Stuff.

"Are Parents People?" Alice Duer Miller's story, asks a question and answers it amusingly.

Florence Vidor, Adolphe Menjou, and Betty Bronson in the cast don't hurt things any. Here are three intelligent people directed by Mal St. Claire, who also thinks in a straight line. The result is one of the few good pictures of married life, a modern child, and all the turmoil that naturally follows.

Betty Bronson makes good the promise she gave in "Peter Pan," and Mr. St. Claire proves that he can do six-reel pictures as well as the two-reel comedies that he has forsaken.

Bad Pictures from Good Books.

I think I have seen one of the world's worst pictures, which I am mentioning principally in defense of the book whose name it bears. The picture is called "Faint Perfume," and it is adapted from the book of that title by Zona Gale. I can't imagine what they were thinking of when they did it, if they thought at all. When the enormity of what they have done dawns on the members of the cast, there ought to be several riots.

The browbeaten old Grandfather of the book has gone in for sentiment and low-comedy pants. He alternates them. There is a kiddie in it. He is looked upon by the company, so I am told, as a second Jackie Coogan. What is the penalty for infanticide?

I am too fond of some of the members of the cast to drag them into this. It was obviously no doing of theirs.

Another terrible picture is "The White Monkey," with Barbara La Marr—"in the title role," should be added. This time I wasn't so angry, partly because I thought the book pretty cheap stuff for Galsworthy to turn out, in the first place, and partly because I think Miss La Marr one of the cleverest little comedienne of her day, if she has one.

As Fleur Forsyte, Miss La Marr has reached heights of hilarity that I didn't dream could exist. I recall with particular relish her scene in bed. George Marion, as the aristocratic old Soames Forsyte, was good as an English cabby.

The only thing they didn't have in it was a real monkey. It was a big disappointment to me.

Anne Sedgwick's "Little French Girl" didn't fare quite so badly. Herbert Brenon, who directed it, at least tried to stick to the story, but he has made the result a painstaking and uninspired picture.

The only brilliant spot in it is contributed by Alice Joyce. She is beautiful as the little French girl's mother, and she has caught some of her spirit.
Fun with Reginald Denny.

Now that those unpleasantries are over, I'll give the sunshine of my smile to Reginald Denny. As an ardent admirer who believes in him no matter how many bad pictures he may make, I am glad to be able to say that his new one, "I'll Show You the Town," is almost as amusing as he is.

Elmer Davis wrote the story, and it's a nice one. Alec Denpree is a serious-minded young professor who wants to be left alone to write a book. If he had been left alone, there might have been a bad book and no picture. The interrupters are Neely Edwards, Lilyan Tashman, Marian Nixon, and Cissy Fitzgerald.

It seems too bad that as engaging a young man as Reginald Denny has so few chances to prove that he is no mean actor. Harry A. Pollard, who knows what humor is, directed it.

Something Else to Count on.

Thomas Meighan is another person who doesn't seem to get such a very good break with his pictures of late. For this reason I can't quite decide whether "Old Home Week" is a good picture or whether it just isn't a bad one.

George Ade, after playing a series of bad jokes on Mr. Meighan, has evidently decided to be a good boy, and he has turned out the story of "Old Home Week" to prove he means it.

It is an honest, unexaggerated picture of a small Florida town, with the enterprising boosters busy boosting. In fact, it was so honest and aboveboard that I found myself wondering at times just why the home life of an oil promoter had to be exposed at all.

Here's the plot: Tom Clark has left the old homestead but he has not made good. He feels the call of Old Home Week, and on returning home is taken for a successful oil man. Shortly afterward every one discovers that all he knows about oil he learned at a gasoline station, and an unsuccessful one at that. Everything ends beautifully when he saves the town's investors from ruin by outwitting the city crooks who have been selling them bogus oil stocks.

Lila Lee is in the picture, looking very much prettier than she ever did before, and Larry Wheat, as the partner and friend, is a cheerful addition.

Thomas Meighan plays in an even, steady tempo guaranteed to keep his fans cool during the hot spell.

In "Any Woman" Alice Terry tries to prove that a working girl has a hard time to convince her employers of her intelligence if she is pretty. She didn't carry the message home to me. Her employers didn't play fair, and they couldn't seem to realize that she loved the poor young man the most. I didn't either.

When Miss Terry makes love her thoughts seem elsewhere; on ice-cream cones, on organdie collars and cuffs, on a nice, cool salad for dinner; but never, never for a minute on the willing young man.

The young people in this picture make money on a soft drink, bless their hearts!

Not that it matters, but "Tracked in the Snow Country," a Warner Brothers picture, is the story of a

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.


"Grass"—Paramount. A rare and beautiful picture of the tribes of Persia. Set in the grassy plains. Actually filmed in Persia, it has gorgeous scenery.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is magnificent as the clown of the Andreyev stage play, produced by Victor Savastrom. A picture of rare power.

"Iron Horse, The"—Fox. Stirring historical drama of 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 poor relations in Germany, centered around a Polish refugee family. Carol Dempster is surprisingly fine in the leading role.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.


"Last Laugh, The"—Universal. A German film of revolutionary technique. Simple character study, with a subtle signal understandable and appealing by Emil Jannings.

"My Son"—First National. Nazimova does her best acting in years as a Portuguese mother of the Maine coast, while Jack Pickford also gives a touching performance as her son.


"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterization.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.


"Barriers Burned Away"—Associated Exhibitors. Old-time melodrama dealing with the great Chicago fire.

"Charmer, The"—Paramount. Pola Negri has some good moments as the Spanish dancer, being made into a Broadway falterer, and Robert Frazer is an attractive leading man, but on the whole it is just an average movie.

"Confessions of a Queen"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry in another stately rôle, with Lewis Stone playing the king in his usual perfect form.

"Crowded Hour, The"—Paramount. The story of a girl who went to war to be near her lover and stayed to be spiritually revolutionized. Bebe Daniels plays her with sincerity and animation.

"Dancers, The"—Fox. An excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Alma Rubens and George O'Brien giving fine performances.

"Declasse"—First National From the Zoe Akins stage play. Corinne Griffith appears as the lovely English aristocrat hounded by scandal.

"Dick Turpin"—Fox. Tom Mix as the buchevous 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 Christian life.


"Friendly Fragment"—Producers Distribution. Weber and Fields in a screen version of their stage tactics of fighting and making up. Rather entertaining comedy.

"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 Stromheim 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 attractive color 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 farce on how to get a husband. Constance Talmadge and Anthony Moreno are the principals.

"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.


"Master 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.

"My Wife and I"—Warner. A cheap story made into excellent entertainment through the acting of Constance Bennett, Irene Rich, and Huntley Gordon.


"New Toys"—Inspiration. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, properly enough, play the couple.

"Night Club, The"—Raymond Griffith in an exasperatingly funny comedy about a bridegroom deserted at the altar. Louise Fazenda and Vera Reynolds help the humor considerably.

"Night of Romance, Her"—First National. Constance Talmadge's best picture in some years. Ronald Colman adds much to the fun.

"Pampered Youth"—Vita graph. Booth Tarkington's "The Magnificent Ambersons" excellently done. Alice Calhoun plays the girl charmingly.

"Percy"—Associated Exhibitors. Charles Ray back in his old forte of the bashful boy painfully growing into a man.

"Paul Flesch"—Metro-Goldwyn. A clever, rollicking burlesque of a melodramatic plot. Eleanor Boardman and Harrison Ford are excellent as Spaniards, while Pat O'Malley is the plumber who complicates their romance.

"Quo Vadis"—First National. Emil Jannings appears as Nero in this new Italian version of the famous story.

"Romola"—Metro-Goldwyn. Genuinely fascinating Italian story, 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.

"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.

"Shock Punch, The"—Paramount. One of those high and dizzy affairs, with Richard Dix skipping around on the tall girders. Thoroughly enjoyable.
The Happy Ending

How a young girl's adoration of Norma Talmadge did not suffer disillusionment years later when she met her personally.

By Dorothy Manners

It might be well in the very beginning to delineate certain actions and reactions in detail so that you may enjoy this happy ending just as I did. And in accomplishing this, it will be necessary for me to talk about myself for a few paragraphs, but I shall make that part of the story as brief as I possibly can.

We will start during very impressionable years, when with a mouth swollen with chocolate creams and a lap full of French verbs, the author sat in the darkened recesses of the local Odeon and watched a lady who wasn't a mortal lady at all, but a stardust shadow of April moods, flit across the silver sheet in "The Safety Curtain," "Poppy," and "De Luxe Annie." She was like all of Rupert Brooke's minor-key poetry — intangible — a pattern in light and shadow. To me she was the beginning and end of charm. She was Norma Talmadge.

This deep admiration of mine took on something of a personal tinge for I remember, at night, after calling down innumerable benedictions on the heads of my various relatives, I always ended with a respectfully phrased hint that I be blessed with a mouth as beautiful as Norma's. I was ever a covetous one — always picking out other people's good features and putting in petitions that they be visited on me.

But as time went on the girl grew older and came to Hollywood to get into the movies. One day, on advice of an agent, I presented the body at the casting office of the newly established Talmadge productions and asked for a job — and got it.

And now we are getting to that part I wanted to tell you about.

That ballroom set with its gilt and glass and glitter that cost so much that even Hollywood was intrigued, was peopled with the brocaded ladies and satin-breeched gentlemen who had been coached by Maurice until they were letter and foot perfect in a dainty minuet. Everything was ready and waiting for the lovely star, and when she appeared on the outskirts of the set, the usually noisy extras became rather quiet, and watched, and waited, almost respectfully, for Norma was new to the Coast and every one was curious and some were even a little idolatrous. The whisper went around that Miss Talmadge was coming.

Across the mirrored floors of that set she came slowly, and looked neither to the right nor to the left, but straight ahead, and in Michael Arlen's stunning style — "she seemed a cool one, that lady, and there was a vague indifference about her, in her carriage, in the way she carried herself." She was gowned in the luxurious fluffs and feathers of La Duchesse de Langeais. Heavy cream pearls encircled her throat and around her dark head was a sparkling diamond tiara. Over in a corner of the set stood a luxurious portable dressing-room that was cushioned and padded and sweet scented, and this lady walked straight to it and closed the door after herself.

Now, what I mean to get over in all this, is that Norma looked as though she didn't care whether school kept or not and I was disappointed and a little hurt. I checked it up to experience and let it go at that.

Three years have passed since then and among other things I have learned that preconceived impressions and illusions are stupid. About any one. About celebrities in particular. On thinking back on that situation I don't know exactly what I expected Norma to do — throw bouquets at us, I suppose. Or patronize us with effusive bows and smiles that are as inane as they are insincere. Perhaps, too, it is something of an ordeal for even one as poised and assured as Miss Talmadge to be subjected to the review of fifteen hundred pairs of critical eyes. I am beginning to think that. For I have met a new Norma. Not the illusionary creature I had thought she would be nor the aloof lady of that ballroom impression, but Norma as she is without any preconceived notions or prejudices of mine.

She is, more than any other stellar lady I have met, the most natural in manner. This is not a characteristic of all of the daughters of the spotlight, a great many of whom carry their histrionic tricks into social contact and languish or exult over you according to their respective types and moods — especially if there is anything to be gained by it. But Norma remains, well, herself — let interviews stand or fall where they may.

To be perfectly frank, this one nearly fell. I made an appointment two weeks in advance to see Norma and when the day and hour came she was not to be

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Fall Frocks and Frills

How motion-picture players are meeting the always-difficult problem of the between-seasons costume.

By Betty Brown

With the ending of vacation days and the consequent return to the city, clothes are usually uppermost in the mind of the average woman, whether she return to work, school, or just plain living.

Summer clothes are generally faded and dowdy looking by the time Labor Day gives its official sanction to the ending of our holiday, and even when this is not the case the first tang of the exhilarating fall weather makes one wish for a smart new coat, suit, jersey two-piece suit, or a silk ensemble.

In the days of our mothers the “between-seasons” costume was a thing unheard of. When the styles of a coming season had not yet received the full stamp of approval from the powers that be, then one simply wore one’s present season’s clothes until winter styles were settled, no matter how fully they may have seen their day.

But now the problem of between-seasons clothes is met in a sensible fashion. No one wishes to blossom forth in winter furs and velvets when the thermometer hovers in the upper register, no matter if the month does belong in the fall category. So clothes especially designed for this transitional period are now worn by every one who wishes to be in the mode or to possess that righteous feeling of being well dressed, which, they say, even religion cannot impart.

The styles sketched on this and the opposite page are those chosen by various screen stars to meet the need of the first fall days, and it is such garments as these that bridge the trying period between summer and winter seasons.

The two-piece frock at the top of the page is worn by Marion Davies and would be an adorable little dress for the schoolgirl, although it need by no means be confined to her. It is of copen-blue silk faille, with a novel throw scarf which encircles the neck and is drawn through slits in the belt of the blouse. The border on the scarf matches the striped-flannel banding at the bottom of the blouse. A front view of this frock appears...
on the smaller figure.

The fact that the ensemble suit is with us to stay seems exemplified by the smart black-and-white combination worn by Anna Q. Nilsson. This coat is of the ever-popular bengaline, with lining and dress of heavy crape embroidered in black.

Equally appropriate for sports or motoring is the novel cape and vest on the figure just below. This was also chosen by Marion Davies, and will be, I predict, a popular model for the outdoor girl this fall, as it combines freedom from constricting coat sleeves with the warmth necessary for chilly days.

In the fall, more than at any other season, the tailored suit comes into its own, and this fact must surely have been realized by Betty Compson when she chose the smart and modest little suit shown at the bottom of the opposite page. This is worn by Miss Compson in her latest Paramount production, "Paths to Paradise." It is of pale-gray kasha cloth, and its trim box coat and straight skirt are bound with silk braid of the same color. A tie and "hanky" of black and white printed silk and a smart black felt hat complete the sort of tailored costume without which one's fall wardrobe would be incomplete.

However occupied with outdoor costumes our favorites may have been, evening gowns have not been forgotten, as witness the two sketched here. Florence Vidor wears the one at the left in her latest picture, "Grounds for Divorce." It is of gray chiffon velvet and boasts a circular tunic bordered with a wide band of chinchilla fur, while a velvet streamer falls from one shoulder.

The gown at the right is one of rich simplicity, and is both designed and worn by Gloria Swanson. It is of crape georgette in an apricot shade and has Persian embroidery in silver cords. The lining of the gown is of silver cloth, the hosiery is silver metal, and the slippers silver brocade.

Another creation designed by this talented star is the afternoon frock shown on the opposite page. It is of brown crêpe georgette with inserts and flounces of French lace. With it is worn a coat of the same material, shoes of plain brown satin, and flesh-colored hosiery. The brown hat for the frock has a large brim, its under side of velvet and the top of crêpe georgette set off by a carnation of gold leather.

While it is almost too soon to be able to say with any degree of certainty just what the most dominant points of the fall fashions will be, we may still be fairly certain of a few rules which we may safely go by in planning our forthcoming wardrobe. [Continued on page 111]
Among Those

Brief sketches of some of the most

A Villain Gone Wrong

AFTER six years of heroism, during which he failed to win more than lukewarm approval, turning villain proved the torch needed to light up Walter McGrail's immediate vicinity. For, as the nasty husband in "The Bad Man," he started off on a new path, making crooked war on the sappy heroes whom he had played and is now pursuing his new calling in "Havoc," the war play of which Fox is making a special.

Like so many of the screen's men, he dallied around, working at this and that, before Fate threw him into the theatrical world. He was an embryonic artist, salesman for a tobacco firm, and worked at various other things, and on the stage appeared in vaudeville and in comic opera.

To Edwin Carewe he owes his change of type. Carewe announced that he was an excellent villain gone wrong, that he could be so bad that he would be good. This belief was rewarded when the actor before mentioned in the reviews merely as "adequate" began to be praised.

A Kiss Won a Contract

If Louis Natheaux ever writes the memories of his life, he will have about four "high lights" to record as occurring before the year 1925. The list will be about as follows:

1. He was born in Danville, Illinois.
2. He sang in a Chatauqua play.
3. He went on the stump for "Uncle Joe" Cannon.
4. He kissed Lillian Rich so nicely that Cecil De Mille put him under contract to appear in pictures.

Mr. De Mille says there is an art in kissing—for screen effect—which can be developed to a fine point of technique or which can be butchered. This gentle, soulful, caressing, token of affection too often is made to appear like a display of strength. Natheaux kissed the bride so nicely in that picture, "The Golden Bed," that De Mille grabbed him with one hand and thrust a contract at him with the other. Natheaux will appear in stock and likely will find the work to his liking. That is, if De Mille will give him a real opportunity.

However, he had other ability as well and it impressed the picture makers. Natheaux did a turn in vaudeville before singing in the Chatauqua play, "Josephus," and before making speeches for "Uncle Joe." Then he moved West to Portland, and while there decided to take a flyer in pictures.

She Knows What She Wants

HER tiny stature is belied by the vim with which Duane Thompson goes in for athletics. Her repertoire appears to include all the sports. She is firmly convinced that Red Oak, Iowa, will some day be famous as her birthplace; though with her family she moved to San Francisco, where she went to school.

Studies were irksome, and she preferred to dance. At fifteen she became a solo dancer at a hotel, earning her first money, thirty dollars a week—for two weeks. Then a very angry little girl reported at home that she had been fired. They said she was a flop because she could not smile while she danced.

In the chorus of a revue she learned the trick smile and danced her blithe way over a vaudeville circuit and into the movies. Eighteen one-reel comedies were made in quick succession, and her subsequent work opposite Walter Hiers led to an engagement as leading lady to Charles Ray in "Some Punks," though in between there were weeks when she didn't work, and she might have cried if she hadn't been so whopping mad.

At present her most overwhelming desire is "to go the round of all the studios and make faces at every doorman."
NOT CLASSIFIED

WHEN Olive Borden eventually succeeded in turning her big, brown eyes upon the casting directors so languidly, they said, "Aha, another Barbara La Marr." But after a second look they reconsidered, and cast her as a sweet heroine.

Her best acting so far has been as the gypsy girl in "The Happy Warrior.

Within a year this nineteen-year-old has emerged from the obscurity of the comedy ranks into casts headed by well-established stars.

Her childhood history follows the beaten path: birth in the languorous Southland where her type of brunette charm flowers best, convent and school athletics, such as tennis and basketball.

Her first year in Hollywood was rather a pathetic one. She and her mother brought with them the customary dreams and ambitions, which met only rebuffs. The weary rounds of the studios failed to produce enough work to keep them going, so with her savings Mrs. Borden opened a confectionery shop. It failed, the mother became ill, and Olive faced a drab outlook with considerable pluck. Her persistence won her extra work and several comedy contracts, followed by leads in independent productions.

A REAL PRINCE AT LAST

HOLLYWOOD has had so much nobility, both real and synthetic, swarming around during the last few years that titles have grown to be rather a bore. Therefore, the arrival of Prince Youca Troubetzkoy, signed by Carl Laemmle to appear in Universal pictures because of his capable work in the French studios, might have occasioned little comment had it not developed that the prince was a native son.

Chance elected that he be born in Los Angeles twenty years ago when his parents were touring the world. His childhood was spent at the Russian court, whence his family fled to Nice during the revolution. Dancing on the French stage occupied him until he won a movie contest—apparently they have them over there too—and then he played in a number of French films.

A fifteen-minute interview with Laemmle resulted in the five-year contract which has brought him back to the city of his birth. He speaks English, Russian, and French well and German and Italian imperfectly.

His humility is expressed in his belief that he will never develop into a leading man or hero, though he hopes in time to become sufficiently skillful to play the worldly gentleman of the Menjou type.

WILLIAM BOYD JOINS DE MILLE

WILLIAM BOYD, worker in the oil fields at Tulsa, Oklahoma, sat at the base of a derrick. All about him were those tall, wooden towers, oil besmeared, with a long, rocking arm in each, laboriously pumping black, gooey liquid.

"I'm not getting anywhere," Boyd ruminated.

He made an audit of his visible assets and hunted the railway station. He had just about enough money to get to California. He took the next train.

When Boyd reached the town of Orange in California, he saw from the window an orange packing plant in operation. Right there his ticket expired so far as he was concerned. The railroad lost a passenger and William Boyd got a job pushing a little truck.

He got raised—to a big truck.

But he did his work well, made friends rapidly, and presently got a job as a salesman. Life took on a brighter aspect. When the motion-picture bug hit him, he applied for extra work and his pleasing appearance, engaging smile and geniality got him engagements. Cecil De Mille gave him a bit in "Why Change Your Wife?" and in subsequent productions. De Mille liked him and liked his acting. When De Mille began organizing his own stock company recently, he engaged Boyd.
Farina’s Sister

Doesn’t know exactly what it’s all about—
isn’t specially interested except that her big brother Farina does funny things in “Our Gang” comedies and she wants to do whatever her big brother does. A little bit temperamental is “Jenny,” a little bit skittish, but at the age of fifteen months she has made her third appearance in plays. Twice she had to be carried in because she was too small to walk. Now, however, with fairly steady locomotion, she has completed a rôle in “Official Officers,” under the direction of Bob McGowan on the Hal Roach lot. And if you think she can’t act, see “Official Officers” and watch her roll her eyes.

You probably will see her acting in many of those funny “Our Gang” comedies from now on, as she is slated to become a regular member.

Bebe Daniels Told Him to Become an Actor

Included among the screen players who have risen quickly from bits to featured rôles, is Lawrence Gray.

He was born in San Francisco, July 27, 1900. After attending the San Francisco public schools, he went to Hollywood and became a production superintendent at the Paramount studio. Bebe Daniels and other friends told him he ought to be acting, but he hesitated to try it.

After working in the Paramount studio in Hollywood for two years, Gray went to New York. As there were no positions open in the work with which he was familiar, he appeared as an extra in “His Children’s Children.” Returning to Hollywood he did bits in other pictures. His work attracted attention and he was given an important rôle in “The Dressmaker from Paris.” Paramount officials were so favorably impressed by his performance in that picture that they placed him under a long-term contract and selected him to play opposite Betty Bronson in “Are Parents People?” His future as an actor is bright.

Better Late Than Never

For a number of years Gertrude Astor’s golden-blond loveliness has ornamented the screen. Recently she has had to characterize rather hard-boiled women, and in so doing has struck the flint of interest to a degree that she is much in demand, for it takes trained skill to play sophisticated women of the world. Her work in Pola Negri’s “The Charmer,” in Warner Brothers’ “The Wife Who Wasn’t Wanted,” in which she limned adroitly a comedy siren, and in “Kings of Turf,” for Fox, has particularly pleased the producers, so that now tardy recognition is her reward.

Though her first public bow was made at the ripe old age of five, she has no theatrical traditions back of her, for the child did not act, but puffed away bravely on a sliding trombone every bit as large as herself. Touring with a band, she learned to play every horn instrument.

She has been associated with practically every star, and every producer.
Another Arrival from Texas

The point almost has been reached where, as a newcomer achieves success on the screen, you are inclined to ask:
“What part of Texas is she from?”

The Lone-star State has given many stars to filmdom and each year seems to offer more. Now comes Kathleen Collins of San Antonio, just placed under contract by Hal Roach and made a member of his sextette of screen beauties. Miss Collins won the Thomas H. Ince national beauty contest a little less than two years ago and was given roles of some importance in several of his productions. She then played leads in eighteen Western features with Guinn “Big Boy” Williams and was with him in the recent production, “Black Cyclone,” starring Rex, the king of wild horses. Now she is a permanent bit of talent at the Hal Roach lot and will be seen in comedy roles, principally with Glenn Tryon.

Miss Collins was born in San Antonio, educated there in the city schools and in Bon Avon academy.

A Nine-year Quarrel

Strange friendships develop oftentimes at motion-picture studios. For example, the case of Noah Young, strong man playing heavies at the Hal Roach lot, and Sammy Brooks, diminutive comedian. For nine years these two have fought it out together. Sammy, not enough over four feet to make it worth mentioning, has called Noah, six feet four, all the disrespectful names he ever knew and even acquired choice selections from the Greek, Scandinavian and Sioux to use on special occasions. He has offered to fight the “heavy” at any spot on the globe, Marquis of Queensburg, or bare fists. The big man just grins at him.

Let a bunch of rough outsiders, extras, come in for a day’s work, however, and get to jostling little Sammy about unnecessarily, and there comes the form of a two-hundred-and-ten pound giant slowly wading in to stop by the little fellow’s side. Then the jostlings end. Noah and Sammy are the closest friends.

Most every one who has seen Roach comedies will recall Noah because of his tremendous physique. He has developed in nine years from a supporting character player to a capable actor and has appeared in more than three hundred roles. Sammy Brooks has been in literally more than a thousand make-ups, sometimes in just a flash as a clown or court jester, sometimes in important parts for contrast with other players. He was a vaudeville comedian before joining Roach.

They Almost Called Him “Doc” Arlen

RICHARD ARLEN, recently placed under contract by Paramount, advances a brand-new reason for his entry into the world of cinema.

Arlen insists that if the recent World War had not broken out, there is every reason to believe he would at the present time be known to dental surgery friends as “Doc.” He is a Southerner, was educated at a preparatory school in St. Paul, Minnesota, and entered the University of Pennsylvania to prepare himself for dentistry as a profession. But the war came screaming into his life and he joined the Royal Flying Corps. He saw action and plenty of it.

When the struggle was ended, Arlen had lost all interest in dentistry and went to South America to engage in the oil business. While there, a motion-picture company on location interested him. He became acquainted with the director and some of the players and the acting bug bit him. After the company left, he decided to follow and went to Hollywood, where he joined the vast throng knocking at the casting-office doors day after day. He was successful in getting several small parts, most of which were eliminated from the pictures in the final cutting, but even that failed to break his spirit. Eventually, he was cast for parts that remained in and his personality began to come to the attention of directors. His work in Paramount’s “In the Name of Love,” won him recognition. Jesse L. Lasky offered him a contract and his days of worry ended.
Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford
in "The Triumph of Their Love."

By Don Ryan

Drawings by K. R. Chamberlain

The love of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford is, in a sense, a vindication of Hollywood, just as the love of Abelard and Heloise was vindication of the dark terrors of medievalism, and the love of Dante and Beatrice was vindication of the starved inhibitions of chivalry. The love of Douglas and Mary may well go down in history among the great loves such as these because it represents, as did these, a triumph of the human heart in those who are highly placed above their fellows.

In our democratic America, Douglas and Mary fill for a great many persons, that place which in the imagination of every would-be democrat is reserved for a king and a queen. As a nation we bow to oddly assorted royalty. Babe Ruth, proclaimed by the newspapers the "King of Swat," H. L. Mencken, despot of the printed word, who receives the homage of a portion of us who never go to baseball games; but Douglas and Mary for these millions of subjects who delight in paying homage to the movie stars.

On the throne of a new kind of kingdom, they reign—a kingdom that owes its existence to the wholesale manufacture of celluloid and the recent invention of a camera shutter that can move faster than the human eyelid. In this kingdom without traditions, surface-fed, shallow, superficial—their love represents the triumph of the real.

In a society where custom prescribes the sacrifice of every human joy to the maw of ambition, Douglas and Mary renounced ambition for the sake of joy. That their worshipful subjects refused to accept the sacrifice makes of their love a greater triumph. It represents the triumph of beauty, the triumph of an atomic urge or, what will you?

Never before has the story been told and perhaps it will never be told again. This telling is authenticated by those who sat elbow-to-elbow with the cinema royalty in the royal closet and urged in the name of expediency the renunciation they refused.

In the late 'nineties a yellow-haired girl, born of theatrical parentage and christened Gladys Mary Smith, made her stage début as the child in "The Fatal Marriage." The ten-twenty-thirty repertoire companies which flourished then have since been replaced as cheap entertainment by the medium which this little girl was fated to adorn.

About the same time a dark-haired youth named Douglas Fairbanks, was matriculating as a freshman at Harvard. He may have seen Mary Pickford, the child actress, from the gallery where the Harvard lower classmen assembled to present the touring repertoire companies with what we in America call "the razz-berry."

Mary Pickford was a quick-witted, pretty child, with Irish-blue eyes and curls that made her just the type for repertoire. The humble beginnings of motion-picture production found her an ingenue working for five dollars a day for the Biograph company. This was in 1909.

Some of these early ventures, "Mender of Nets," "Lena and the Geese"—romantic episodes of the early Griffith periods—were dug out recently and shown before the Writers' Club of Hollywood. So rapid has been the progress of movie making that to modern films they bore about the relation which a Chaldean tile covered with cuneiform inscriptions would have to the latest edition of Harold Bell Wright, bound in cloth, calf, or morocco.

The Fairbanks boy did not go to work in the movies at five dollars a day. His entry was delayed until the year 1916. College had been abandoned after the first year. Douglas Fairbanks had become a matinée idol. As a matinée idol he wooed and won Beth Sully, daughter of Dan Sully, who had cornered the cotton market. But like many another matinée idol, at the
It is possible that Doug, while a freshman at Harvard, may have seen Mary on the stage.

Hard-headed efficiency experts have shown Mary the financial wisdom of adhering to the type in which she attained her popularity.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

date of his entrance into pictures he was dead broke and owed Frank Case of the Algonquin Hotel a board bill.

It is worthy of notice as pointing the fallibility of such a good guesser as David Wark Griffith that Fairbanks was adjudged a lemon by this eminent producer. Douglas Fairbanks and De Wolfe Hopper were placed under contract at the same time. Griffith saw the first screen effort of each. He thought Hopper was a prize and that Fairbanks was terrible. He even suggested breaking the latter's contract.

But the irrepressible Douglas went to work—for the old Fine Arts-Triangle—at one thousand dollars a week. His first picture was "The Lamb." He was an instantaneous hit. Hopper flopped, as they elegantly put it in the domain of the cinema.

In the same year Sid Grauman, shrewdest of the retail cinema showmen, advertised Mary Pickford at his San Francisco theater as "America's Sweetheart." That slogan enshrined her definitely in the heart of America.

They met that fateful year. It was at a party in New York. The movies were taking place with the legitimate drama and movie actors were celebrities now—no longer the ignoble merrie dancers of the carnival, anonymous on the billboards that advertised the early Biograph films.

Mary and her husband Owen Moore were not getting along very well together.

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, mother of the original child actress with the yellow curls, like many another mother, never consented to relinquish her grip upon the child. Mrs. Smith, the bulky Irish mother, character actress, keeper of a theatrical boarding house, widdy-woman accustomed to exchange fisticuffs with a stubborn fate for the privilege of bringing up her offspring, clumped into the new era of prosperity with the heavy-footed tread of a traffic policeman. Her dominance had always been distasteful to her daughter's husband. Owen Moore, himself a two-fisted Irish lad, was not one to submit.

There was little in common now between the popular Douglas Fairbanks, deliberately maintaining himself at the top of this new profession of movie acting, and the daughter of the cotton king, who had borne him a son and then resigned herself to home making. There was a vast affinity between the two stars performers of opposite sex, both at the meridian of movie greatness.

What promise—what dazzling illumination—the future held in dreams. As when King Louis of France designed to unite two great dominions by wedding his son to the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy. With the vast difference that here would be no distaste upon the part of the principal parties to the union. Indeed no. The movie favorites would have been glad to wed.

Yet only in dreams was there indulgence in this thought. Only to the strain of "it might have been." There could be no union by marriage of the two vast cinema estates possessed by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. Both were already married. And the American public, while seemingly indifferent to the private conduct of its stage celebrities, took a strange, puritanical interest in every move made by its movie hierarchs.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were definitely in love. Rumblings and dire groanings shook the studios. Apprehension like a cloud hung over those who were interested in keeping these two godly sources of revenue unspotted before the world.

Mary was making the picture, "M'liss." The company was isolated on Mt. Lowe. Here in the cloud-topped quiet of the California mountain the actors worked by day. At night the tavern was the scene of repeated councils, arguments, pleadings, appeals to reason, prayers and prostrations.

"If you go to Fairbanks you are lost!" Thus in her ears friends and retainers constantly dimmed the chorus.

"The public won't stand it!" Thus they howled their dismal nocturne.

In the midst of the din Mary considered the abstract proposition: Has any one the right to live her own life in the face of convention? And on the snowy top of Mt. Lowe she made her decision.

The New Willard Hotel turned a carnival face to the bulging eyes of Washington that spring of 1918. This nation was at war with Germany and the Central Powers. Red caps, gold braid, nickel spurs—those trappings of military pomp for which we Americans pretend a lofty scorn, were for the time being sacrosanct.

Foreign ambassadors, foreign delegates, foreign officers, swarmed the
streets in brilliant plumage. Under the escalloped canopy of the capital's best hotel they passed in glittering array. The hurrying army of paper workers, clerks, stenographers and heads of petty bureaus of war activities, had grown accustomed. They hardly paid the tribute of a glance to a new kind of war plume.

But on a day when two civilians—nonofficials—a man and a woman in street garb—dodged laughing, under the hotel canopy, a mass of tossing arms and round, moon faces testified to the greatness of the American movie.

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford were in Washington to launch their respective Liberty Loan speaking tours. Two ambassadorial suites were at their disposal in the Willard. And here, in the softly lighted, heavy-carpeted ease of the luxurious hotel, they resigned themselves to the inevitable.

"I love you—nothing else matters."

Pouting lips that had spoken this title line before were earnest now. Eyes accustomed to open in virgin wonder before the observing eye of the camera were candid in their avowal now. The golden head that was wont to fall in girlish abandon upon the shoulder of the honest hero, now sought its accustomed resting place in real surrender.

It was a bravely selfish thing which Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks did in the New Willard Hotel. They were the two most popular actors in motion pictures, which meant the two most popular persons in America, which meant the two most popular beings in the world. They expected to pay the price in ruin; decrement of fame, loss of money—of the fortune which each was piling up. And they decided to lose these things rather than to lose each other. At this date, in the spring of 1918, they were resolved if necessary to give up everything and retire from pictures. They had already picked out South America as their refuge.

Mary took train for Baltimore. Doug's tour led him to New York. In Philadelphia they met. Charlie Chaplin, the third outstanding figure of the films, who had been about the nation's business in the same fashion, and who was also a close friend of the couple, joined them there. It was the triumvirate of moviedom assembled in the cradle of American liberty—as the newspapers of that date respectfully noted. Patriotism boiled over at the big meeting in which the movie stars spoke for the Liberty Loan. Thousands of dollars poured into the government coffers at their urging.

A few days later Mary was being photographed and interviewed in New York. And there in New York was the daughter of the cotton king, whose husband, the famous Douglas Fairbanks, had just taken train for the West Coast without so much as seeing his lawful wife. The long ears of the newspapers heard and the rumor was published to the world.

When interviewed on the westbound train at Detroit and elsewhere Fairbanks refused to speak. And Mary only smiled sadly. But there were no denials.

"They're through," said moviedom and sat back, resigned to watch from shelter the storm that was to sweep Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks from the face of the earth.

But the two divorces were engineered with an amazingly small amount of publicity. Perhaps it was fortunate for the pair that the papers were filled with the German advance in the summer of 1918.

Some women's clubs passed resolutions declaring that their members would never go to see another Mary Pickford picture, nor would they permit their children to see one. We may wonder how many of them have kept those resolutions.

Despite these and some other protests, the storm refused to grow in fury. Instead it seemed to be calming down and it had hardly reached the proportions of a gale. Gradually, without jar, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks slipped back into their gilded niches in the national hall of fame.

Continued on page 110
Hollywood High Lights

Rambling through the reel of news events in the western picture colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

The day of the masculine screen star may now be fittingly celebrated. The question of gender has seldom, if ever before, affected materially the contest for Thespianic plumes and laurels, but the current season promises a new order. Led by that romantic prince, John Barrymore, the heroes of the films are apparently about to enter more strenuously than ever into the cinema tournament.

Already, Jack Gilbert has been assaulting the high battlements of popularity with his daring, dashing, exuberant personality. Ramon Novarro and Ronald Colman, in more thoughtful and dignified ways, have won a victor’s province. George O’Brien is a modern Man of Destiny, whose full sway has perhaps only been faintly felt as yet.

We find also a new dominance for such menacing and heavy-accoutred knights as Lon Chaney and Lowell Sherman, villains by trade, who are nowadays cast as stars of at least moderate sympathy. Richard Dix, Monte Blue, Rod La Rocque, and Reginald Denny are among the princes whose effective and still very youthful talents may also entitle them to new coronets of favor.

To top all this, there is a superlative amusement to be derived from that clever and increasing troupe of jesters of which Harold Lloyd is the ace, and which comprises also Syd Chaplin, Harry Langdon, Douglas MacLean, and Buster Keaton. With the demand for comedy at its very peak and summit there is no telling to what lengths they may carry the advantage mere men now seems to possess in the movies.

The Languishing Queens.

There is no doubt whatsoever that, of late, famed feminine idols have shown some signs of languishing. Even Gloria Swanson’s vogue is in danger of abating unless she soon succeeds to better pictures. “Madame Sans-Gene” has done nothing to enhance her position. She has really not had a flourishing response from her public since “Manhandled.”

For Norma Talmadge much may be predicted with “Graustark.” It is to be hoped that her progress thereafter may be continuous, and there is reason to believe that she has bettered her prestige considerably since “The Lady.”

Mary Pickford may achieve a surprise sortie with “Little Annie Rooney,” and, in any case, she is to appear oftener. Pola Negri has suffered the most consistently from ill-fated stories, but she is still a potential empress. Much depends, also, on what Lillian Gish may accomplish with her production of “La Boheme,” and as Marguerite in “Faust,” this being listed among her subsequent features.

To be sure, Norma Shearer, among the newer comers, is still a veritable champion, but she is most successful, as a rule, when sharing featured prominence in a film with a Chaney or a Gilbert. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, nevertheless, have plans for starring her.

Most venturesome and interesting, to our way of thinking, have been those girls who have lately displayed zestful talents as comedienne. Colleen Moore in “Sally.” Constance Talmadge in “Her Night of Romance,” Marion Davies in “Zander the Great,” Gloria when she is cutting capers, Marie Prevost in Ernst Lubitsch’s “Kiss Me Again,” and now too, possibly, Eleanor Boardman, are very successful in providing the gayer sort of entertainment.

It would appear, therefore, that the fair and famous will have to learn to make the world laugh, if they desire to retain their rightful heritage. Cost what this may in the disturbing of beauty or face powder.

Comedian and Fashion Model.

The comedy influence is widespread throughout the studios. The majority of producers are virtually sold to the theory that nothing is quite as regularly remunerative on the screen nowadays as humor.

They are almost always on the lookout for laughter-provoking ability, even among the very best known players.

Lew Cody, it seems, is the latest “discovery.” Lew has been a heavy, he vamp, hero, and everything else, but Hobart Henley, the director, is now convinced that his one really outstanding and much-neglected talent is as a comedian. Consequently, he is going to change Lew into a funster.

This transformation will probably not go so far as putting Lew into a slapstick film, but you may as well watch for some fireworks when he does make his new début in “Exchange of Wives.” It might be just as well to add right here that Lew’s mirthful talent in productions like “Husbands and Lovers” has not been altogether negligible.

Cody has also been selected to demonstrate the fashions originated by Erte. He has been cast for “Paris” in which the French designer is to supervise both mascu-
line and feminine styles. Little Pauline Starke is the envy of the studios, since she has been chosen for the leading feminine role. Pauline, you know, has never been what might be termed a sartorial high priestess before. Perhaps her selection is due to a newly detected resemblance to Gloria Swanson.

**Tearle Graves Tragedy.**

While others may yearn for comedy, Conway Tearle, in quite his accustomed manner, has decided to be somewhat different. The part that he has particularly desired to play this season is in "The Viennese Medley," and if, as is indicated, the original ending of the story is to some extent adhered to, the picture will approach tragedy.

Tearle's friends are hardly able to recognize him since he went into the production. Instead of the fine crop of hair which has been one of his distinguishing marks of handsomeness, his head is now shaved close. It is the first big sacrifice that he has lately made in the cause of art, and it may, perhaps, mean a new turning point in his career, away from merely straight playing.

**Mix Wakes Up the Town.**

Tom Mix's well-known faculty for coming home with the band playing was carried out in even more perfect detail than usual on his return from Europe. He was met by a reception committee that included the mayor of Los Angeles, who, after all, still only comes out on certain state occasions of the movies. There was also a festival of cowboy yells and a clatter of horse's hoofs to signalize Mix's arrival at the station.

Nothing that Mix offered for popular inspection on this particular occasion, even including the traditional white gloves and abundance of jewelry, drew quite as much attention as the magnificent spare tire which adorned his commodious and ultraelaborate roadster. This was, by all odds, the novelty among his latest possessions.

Nobody in the world, perhaps, but Tom Mix would ever think of incasing a spare tire in an elegantly hand-tooled, gold-trimmed morocco-leather cover. Between examining this and the hectically exaggerated initials on the car, to say nothing of Mix's own personal attire, which was more flamboyant than ordinarily, as a result of his trip to Paris, the onlookers enjoyed more fun than they would at a circus.

**Lucky "Pretty Ladies."**

To show proof, perhaps, that Mix is quite as versatile in his professional life as in his selection of personal adornments, somebody recently made up a list of the various leading women that he has had during his past sixty pictures.

It may astonish even some fans to know that on this list of names were included those of Colleen Moore, Pauline Starke, Lillian Rich, Alice Calhoun, and others who now occupy starring or featured prominence. No girl's career in pictures is complete unless she has done one lead for this most famous and highly paid of stars.

Little Ann Pennington, the "Follies" dancer, evidently took a tip from this, because she signed up for his very first film after he arrived from abroad. It is the first, too, that she has played in out on the Coast, with the exception of a bit in the "Follies" sequences of "Pretty Ladies." Later on she will be seen in a big comedy part with Julian Eltinge in "Madame Lucy."

**Inspiration for Movie Fiction.**

All the stars in Hollywood have probably been hoping that somebody would make plans to kidnap them, ever since Mary Pickford won front-page publicity for a series of days on account of a plot which was formulated to tie her off to some lonely place, after the very best medieval manner, and hold her for ransom. The great trouble is that, contrary to precedent, the story was all too true. It will be difficult, though, to make the more skeptical believe this, because it sounds too much like a good scenario.

Nevertheless, we may probably look forward now to a new flood of thriller film fiction dealing with the perils of the movie heroine at the mercy of thugs and bandits in the woolly, woolly wilds of Hollywood.

**That Eternal Question.**

Elza: "Ed-win, what would you do if ever I were captured by bandits?"

Edwin: "Ahem! What did you say that you thought would be the next item for the High Lights?"

**Meighan Shifts.**

It is ages and ages since Tommy Meighan and Norma Talmadge have appeared together on the screen, but from all accounts they are to be reunited in a feature made shortly after the first of the year, called "My Woman." Meighan has left Paramount for a contract with Joseph M. Schenek and the United Artists. The reported price for his services, under this new agreement, is ten thousand dollars a week. He has been receiving approximately five thousand dollars under his contract with Famous Players.

The change may be a good thing for Meighan, as he has suffered some loss of favor lately, owing to the poor quality of his stories, and possibly also to lack of suitable direction.

Adolphe Menjou, it may be briefly mentioned, has returned to the Paramount fold, happy in the prospect of soon doing an elaborate picture called "The King." Since his recent squabble with the Lasky organization, his temperament, as well as honor, have apparently been satisfied.

**Another Conflict.**

Meanwhile, there has been more or less of a hubbub in the colony, because three different companies got the idea of making a Western story of the pony express about the same time. One of these is a serial, which seemingly has the right of way because partly completed before the others started. Famous Players-Lasky have selected another title for the big Western epic which James Cruze is directing, and Universal is, temporarily at least, calling theirs "The Pony Express."

This—as Raymond Griffith, the psychoanalytic expert, might adduce—should doubtless be adequate proof that there are really great minds in the movies—for what is that the proverb makers used to say about their traveling in the same channels?
The Usual Chimes.

Lest we overlook the brides and grooms of recent date entirely, it might be well to mention that we saw Claire Windsor lately, and she told us that she and Bert Lytell hope in the future to spend a great deal of time traveling. They have decided, as a consequence, not to build their home on Bert's lot in Beverly Hills. Instead, they are living in a very bright little bungalow closer to Hollywood.

Bert and Claire were very lavishly entertained by Mexican officials, following their wedding. After the ceremony in Juarez, they made a trip to the capital of the southern republic.

We really feel that Bert and Claire deserve a handsome gold medal for being one of the most faithful of engaged couples in the film colony, and they appear now to be among the very happiest of the married folk.

Another bride of the season is Jacqueline Logan, who was recently married to a very wealthy Texas businessman, Ralph James Gillespie. Jackie has several times been reported engaged, but when it came to her actual marriage she didn't take any special time off for such formalities, which probably goes to prove that she understands the element of suspense and surprise quite as a good film actress should.

But the very latest Hollywood newlyweds are the diminutive Viola Dana and the towering Leif Flynn. This romance started several years ago, but appeared to be all off for a time. However, when Viola returned from picture-making in the East a short while ago the couple decided, apparently, that then was the time to celebrate their nuptials.

More Stage Talent.

All the bouquets that we have saved up lately we will have to offer to Carmel Myers and Eleanor Boardman for their newly proved stage talents. They were quite the hit of the show in a program of playlets recently presented in Hollywood.

Miss Myers astonished us with the suave charm of her acting as Helen of Troy in a burlesque. Wearing a blond wig and the white, flowing classical robes, somewhat similar to her costume in "Ben-Hur," she looked even more alluring than usual.

Miss Boardman, for her part, evidenced a piquant sense of humor and a very girlish presence, as one of the principals in a clever Rupert Hughes comedy sketch.

Among the others who made hits during the evening were Tom Moore, Vera Lewis, Patsy Ruth Miller, and Joan Lowell. Miss Lowell, who is a girl of remarkable history, secured a nice film engagement following the productions. She is the daughter of a sea captain and all her childhood was spent aboard the vessels that he commanded. She has only played in pictures a few times, never seeming to enjoy much good fortune. She was among the girls mentioned for the part of Luana, when there was talk of producing "The Bird of Paradise."

Theda Confesses.

All the secrets of Theda Bara's past life are to be told at last. Theda is going to have her say by means of a book of confessions, and it will be published about the same time that "The Unchastened Woman," in which she is now playing, is released. So, if you have any belated curiosity to know the facts about the once-mysterious siren, you may purchase the volume. Nor are we paid for thus advertising her literary efforts. Our advice is quite gratis.

"The Unchastened Woman" will bring about a strange reunion. The cast numbers George Walsh, Wyndham Standing, Eileen Percy, Gladys Brockwell, and Harry Northrup. During Miss Barn's famous reign with the Fox organization a few years ago, Walsh and Miss Brockwell were also headline attractions in their releases. No more interesting side light on the changes that have taken place in fames and reputations could be imagined than that they should be all together now.

Mary Has the Wanderlust.

Take a trip to Louisiana if you want to see Mary Pickford in person! The reason being that she has considered filming some of the exterior scenes for her next production there.

It is the first time in some years that Mary has even contemplated doing any locationing away from home, and if the family tradition is followed you may be sure that Doug will accompany her. As a matter of fact, he has contemplated doing some work on "The Black Pirate" in that particular locality.

To this date, Doug and Mary have never been separated since their marriage. That is one of the reasons why he missed the New York opening of "Don Q., Son of Zorro." Both he and Mary expected to be present, but because she could not complete work on "Little Annie Rooney" they both gave up the trip.

The title of the new Pickford film is "Scrapes," but it is not a war picture. It will bear a certain resemblance to "Daddy Long Legs," as the story is partly laid in an orphanage.

Eleanor Waves Her Wand Again.

Conrad Nagel wearing a mustache and Eleanor Boardman with a blond wig will be the two novelties of Elmer Glyn's "The Only Thing." Elmer has a penchant for altering the personalities of players, and from glimpses of her present picture we would say that she had achieved a very happy effect. Miss Boardman is going to look particularly lovely. The settings and costumes remind very much of "His Hour."

Barrymore a Whaler.

Readers of Picture-Play Magazine will doubtless recall that in the last issue of the magazine John Barrymore expressed great admiration for "Down to the Sea in Ships," produced two or three seasons ago by Elmer Clifton. He said it was the one picture above all others in which he would have liked to play.

The sequel to this statement may now be written. Barrymore's first production for Warner Brothers is called "The Sea Beast," and it has the locale of New Bedford, Connecticut. It also deals with the whaling industry.

[Continued on page 100]
The Making of "The Wanderer"

Only a few miles from Hollywood the Old Testament story of The Prodigal Son is being filmed.

By William H. McKegg

BEHOLD a peoples' mirrored past!

The mist of a thousand years is wiped from the crystal of to-day.

There is an incessant rush and roar of human voices.

The bray of the ass and the groan of the tired drayman rise over the market square. Bazaars on either side, leading into twisted byways—with shops full of wares and fraudulent keepers—swarm with donkeys, camels, strange vehicles, natives in flowing robes, and shiny-flanked Nubians.

A dusty maiden lowers her bucket down a well. Near by, a traveler bends before his fire to turn the hissing meat cooking over it. His baggage camels, disposed on the ground, are eating grain and from time to time utter loud yelping sounds. The other beasts respond and the noise echoes up the hills. The almost deafening volubility of the crafty bargainers adds to the general tumult.

A whistle blows.


The young girl hoists her bucket from the well. Sighing with relief she limps to a shady spot, turning tired but ambitious eyes on Inglewood. For this location, where the Biblical spectacle, "The Wanderer," is being made, is but a short distance from the village by that name, which itself is but a few miles from Hollywood.

According to Famous Players' location experts, this small California town bears a remarkable resemblance to the Holy Land. With the great variety of locations which California offers—deserts, mountains, snowy wastes, and wide ranches—even South Sea islands just off its coast—it is not surprising that it can produce a place that resembles Palestine, especially when to the natural background is added reproductions of ancient dwellings, and peopled with players in appropriate costume and make-up.

As the camera begins to grind once more, long-horned oxen yoked to an ancient-looking plow are being driven by their master across a field, turning up the rough ground; another worker follows and scatters seed. One man works a balancing apparatus—a long pole with a rock on one end and a pail on the other—with which water is carried from the irrigating canal. Another toiler manipulates a water wheel by which he lifts the water to higher levels for pouring on the earth.

The entire scene looks like an illustration in the Bible, as indeed it should, for "The Wanderer" tells the story of the Prodigal Son.

The first part of the picture shows the life of a Hebrew family in Biblical times. The husband is master of the home. The women must be submissive. Their most exciting diversion commences and stops at embroidery work. The cloth, according to its size, is stretched across a wooden hoop so that two people can work at it together.

Food is served on a long wooden table. Fish, dates, nuts, figs, onions, bread, and wine invariably make up each meal. The heavy stone-flagged floor of the eating room leads through open archways into the courtyard where doves flutter about in the sunlight pecking at stray seeds blown across from the barns.

The Boy, in adolescent youth, becomes restless and discontented.

One day, to the crash of cymbals, tinklings of bells, and the trill of tambourines, a gayly decked caravan crosses the countryside. A score of slaves and attendants, ruled by an over-steward, reveal the fact that the traveler is of high standing.

The entourage passes The Boy's place. He sees Tisha, the dancer, for the first time.

The peace and gentleness of his home become unbearable. To lie on the green hillside watching flocks of pigeon, snipe, plover, and crane fly overhead, while the snow-white sheep grazed in the meadows, used to appeal to his poetical fancy; but now, since seeing the exotic dancer, these things seem commonplace and servile.

Blind to his mother's sorrow, his sweetheart's grief, hating the monotonous life of the farm, The Boy finally persuades his father to let him go to the city. The strong boxes, kept in the house, are opened. Sufficient money is given him to start him well off in life.

Astride an ass, the chief traveling vehicle of the middle-class, the wanderer sees the countryside of Palestine:

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The story on the opposite page tells something of the research and location difficulties which Famous Players-Lasky experienced in trying to make "The Wanderer" as faithful as possible to the life of biblical times. The picture above shows Kathlyn Williams as the Wanderer's mother, and Kathryn Hill, as his sweetheart, in a courtyard typical of the day. At the left, Greta Nissen as the dancer who lures the boy from home, is shown in all the luxurious splendor of a favored courtesan's apartment.
Long, rough wooden tables were used by all middle-class families of biblical times and homes had numerous open archways.

Buster Collier, shown at the left, who plays the title rôle in "The Wanderer," is dressed in the short tunic worn by farmer boys of his day. Tyrone Power, playing his father, affects the plain severity in keeping with his austere character as a man of God.
This scene showing the Wanderer's return was filmed in a section near Hollywood remarkable in its resemblance to scenes in the Holy Land.

A black wig and the simple, plain robes worn by the middle-class Israelites transform Kathlyn Williams into the patient, sorely tried Jewish mother you see above. Kathryn Hill, at the right, is robed in the simple, modest costume worn by young middle-class Israelite girls of the time.
Since Cecil De Mille became his own producer, much wonder and excitement have attended the signing of players for his permanent stock company. Each new player handed a contract was given envious glances by less fortunate candidates.

What De Mille Offers

Photographs by
William Davis Pearsall

The girls picked by De Mille have been particularly envied, for every one knows what training under his magic wand does for a player's appearance and reputation. The girls on this page all have contracts and are already at work in the De Mille studios.

Vera Reynolds, above, and Lilian Rich, at the right, have appeared in De Mille pictures before. Jetta Goudal, in the upper left-hand corner, has played several prominent screen rôles, while Sally Rand, in the upper right-hand corner, and Majel Coleman, at the left, are newcomers.
An Amazing Marquise

The dignity of becoming the wife of a marquis is not going to have any effect on Gloria Swanson's screen roles, apparently, for in "The Coast of Folly" she plays a part that promises to be one of her most dashing madcap accomplishments.

"The Coast of Folly" is a story of society intrigue in which the wealthy heroine is almost made the innocent tool of another woman's revenge on her husband. Fashionable and glamorous Palm Beach forms the background of the story.

Gloria Swanson is a continual and refreshing surprise. In "The Coast of Folly" she appears for a short time in the little-girl outfit you see above with farcical results. But during most of the picture she plays the strikingly vivacious young girl you see in the other photographs on this page.
"The Tower of Lies"

The picture which Victor Seastrom is making from Selma Lagerlöf's novel, "The Emperor of Portugallia," is the strange, somber story of a poor old Swedish farmer whose mind gives way when he learns that his daughter has gone astray. Thereafter, he imagines himself the Emperor of Portugallia and his daughter the empress. Lon Chaney, who worked under Seastrom in "He Who Gets Slapped," has another splendid chance for powerful characterization in the role of the farmer. Claire McDowell, who appears in these pictures with Mr. Chaney, plays the part of his wife.
Another Notch

The many and elaborate episodes of "Ben-Hur" are being completed by degrees. The scenes represented on this page have just been finished, and there remains to be filmed only the great chariot race sequence. Carmel Myers and Francis X. Bushman appear in the picture at the top of the page; Betty Bronson, playing the Madonna, is shown in the oval, while below is one of the striking scenes among the galley slaves during the sinking of a Roman ship.
Within the next year or two Dorothy Mackaill will be among the first three ladies of the screen, thinks Emma-Lindsay Squier. You will find further interesting impressions of her in the story on the opposite page.
Dinner with Dorothy

At which the interviewer discovers the reasons for Miss Mackail's success and makes some predictions about her further glory.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

picture if you will the lobby of the Hotel Netherlands in New York. Fifty gorgeously gowned young women sitting attentively waiting for a director, who, it is rumored, is going to choose one of the applicants for the part of the young blind girl in "Mighty Like a Rose." The long room is heavy with the fragrance of many perfumes. There is a glint of jewelry—false and real—and a tumult of eager colors. Each applicant is dressed in her "Sunday best.

Then picture in the midst of all this obvious finery a frail young girl in black with a shabby little round hat pressed down over pale-gold hair, big, gray eyes and a crimson mouth set in a white oval face. Not a jewel, not even the delicate shimmer of a silk stocking.

The director enters and his eye sweeps appraisingly around that circle of eager, overdressed beauties. To choose from among them would be like trying to select the most enchanting single flower in a garden of a thousand roses. Inevitably his eye falls upon the one girl who is in such startling contrast to the others.

The director approaches her, speaks rather hesitatingly, "Are you applying for the part in this picture? What's your name?"

She answers very simply, "I am Dorothy Mackail."

The name at that time meant nothing to the director—or to any one. True, this young girl, so recently come from England, had appeared in the chorus of the "Follies." She had left the ranks of the glorified American girls to make one picture in Hollywood, but it was with a small company and an independent release, so that her work had been given no opportunity to attract attention. She had decided to come back to New York and start again in the right way. "The right way," as she conceived it, would be in a part that she loved and which would serve as a definite stepping stone to the higher altitudes of fame.

Hence the scene in the lobby of the Netherlands Hotel. Dorothy Mackail had other clothes, but she knew the value of contrast. The director talked to her. He was intrigued by that mysterious compelling something that is the keynote of her personality. But he still hesitated.

"It's too big a part to trust to an unknown actress," he demurred. "Besides, this little blind girl has to play a violin. Can you do that?"

"Not now, but I'll learn," Dorothy Mackail told him.

He laughed at her assurance. "We will begin working on the picture inside of five weeks," he said. "You can't learn to play a violin in that time."

"Yes, I can," she answered quietly, convincingly.

Without promising anything he allowed her to take the violin home with her. She got an instructor that same day and started work. She practiced day and night; and there were times when her slender funds went for violin lessons instead of meals. But it didn't matter. She had made up her mind to have that part.

"I figured I wouldn't starve to death," Dorothy told me, "and I could make up for not eating—when I got the part."

The hardest thing was the cold, fruitless period of waiting. The director never once called her up or gave her any intimation that he was considering her for the little blind girl. She called him up twice; once to tell him, "I have learned to play the violin," and once to say, "I have been spending my afternoons at a school for the blind. I know how a blind girl acts and feels."

The day came when the director called her and said they would give her a camera test. Even then he was very noncommittal and held out no hope that she would be given the rôle. The test scene was an extremely emotional one. The young blind girl leaves the home that had meant so much to her and goes friendless and alone out into the world, which to her is a vast darkness.

Dorothy Mackail told me about it one night when we were at dinner—the two of us—in her rooms at the Algonquin Hotel.

"At first I was frightened—thoroughly, horribly frightened. All those people were watching me with cold, hostile eyes—or so it seemed to me. Then I remembered how a young girl at the blind school had looked—a young girl whom I had watched day after day, trying to feel her personality and get her viewpoint on life. I forgot myself. I went whole-heartedly into the character I was creating. They told me to cry, and I sobbed so hard that the tears kept on streaming down my face even when the camera stopped. When I finished the directors and stage hands were looking at me curiously, without saying a word. I thought I had failed. But the director said curtly, "Report to-morrow. What's your salary?" And so I got the part."

There you have the secret of Dorothy Mackail's success. She gets what she goes after by reason of persistence, patience and an unconquerable determination to master details. Not many girls would have gone to the expense of learning to play the violin on the slim chance of being chosen from a group of fifty. I asked her how she would have felt if the director had not chosen her after all. But she looked at me steadily with her wide, gray eyes, and said quietly, "But I knew that I'd get it. I knew it."

When I first saw Dorothy Mackail on the screen, in "The Man Who Came Back," she had long, yellow hair that was unique and distinctive. Now the long, yellow tresses are gone; laid as a sacrifice on the altar of "Chickie," film version of a serialized story that had been running in the daily newspapers. It has changed her, of course. It makes her look less aristocratic, but more youthful. Dorothy does not regret it now, although it was at first, she admits, a struggle to give it up.

"I wanted the part of Chickie," she said frankly, "but they wouldn't take me without my having bobbed hair. There was a short argument between my hair and me, and I won out. Off it came."

That is Dorothy again. She lets nothing interfere when once she has made up her mind concerning what she wants. Heaven help the moon if Dorothy decided she was going to have it!

I was outspoken in my contempt for the trashy story in which, I feared, Dorothy Mackail's superior talents would be submerged. But she did not altogether agree with me.
At Home,

To the favored few who know well, the invitation to "drop in

"You'll find her in the garden," is the butler's almost inevitable reply when you ask for the little lady of the big house at almost any of the popular motion-picture players' homes in California. For once the adventure of building and furnishing a home is over, they who spend so much of their time in stuffy studios seek the out of doors. And California gardens respond generously to even amateurs' efforts, and flowers in profusion reward the horticulturist who has only occasional hours to give to them.

At the top of this page is shown Robert Vignola's picturesque home, which stands on the highest knoll of Hollywood.

"But you should see my garden," he insists, when people exclaim over his charming home. For the rose gardens that surround his house are his particular pride.

At the left, Corinne Griffith was caught by the camera just as she was clipping some amaryllis—at least, it must be something with a prettier name than daisies, for one can hardly associate them with the orchidaceous Miss Griffith.
Informal

California's motion-picture players any time" finds them like this.

The day of pretentious homes and formal gardens is past, for the most part, among California's motion-picture players and the slogan "Be yourself" is most enthusiastically expressed in the homes which are so completely characteristic of individual taste.

Typical of his quiet dignity and simple tastes is Ernest Torrence's comfortable English manor house out at the very end of Hollywood Boulevard, where the hills rise in stately benediction. When he was on the stage and Mrs. Torrence was enduring with him the discomforts of touring, they often planned a little house that would some day be theirs—a little house like the country homes they had seen in England. And this is the little house of their dreams, a reality at last.

Some day soon, as befits a star of her importance, Colleen Moore intends to have a swimming pool in her back yard, but just now she is content with a little lily pond where glittering goldfish disport themselves. There "Dinty," "The Wall Flower," "So Big," "Sally," and others named for her starring roles flit about unconcerned with their importance as monuments to her success.
Pauline Garon has bought a home in Beverly Hills, and though a few decorative shrubs at present constitute her garden she has planted seeds and has hopes. As most things turn out well for little Pauline, by the time this appears she will probably have a flourishing garden.

Conrad Nagel heard somewhere "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," so—union rules to the contrary—he took a shovel in hand and began digging a hole at the side of his new home in Beverly Hills, a hole that will some day grow to be a swimming pool. Now he is willing to admit that perhaps laborers do work pretty hard for their money.

When Marion Davies left New York to make a picture in California, she declared that she would soon return, but the comforts of outdoor life won her over. She bought a home in Beverly Hills, and now she disdains returning to the walled-in life of the big city.
Writing letters is always a bore to Helene Chadwick, but it is not nearly so wearisome when she takes her desk out on the side porch and glances over the domain her picture profits have brought her.

The man with the hoe, the man with the hose, the man with the home, are all characteristic titles for Creighton Hale, for even before he left New York for California he always had a little house, completely surrounded by gardens of his own making.

Palms may whine and moan in the wind at night, and brush one’s neck with clammy fingers in the rain, but they are decorative, so Patsy Ruth Miller insists on having them.
The Second Generation Again

Helene and Dolores Costello, daughters of the old-time idol, Maurice Costello, enter the ranks of the screen "followers in father's footsteps."

By Peggy Handley

There will be no Hollywood heartaches for Helene and Dolores Costello! For these two girls, daughters of Maurice Costello, the first matinee idol of the screen, arrived in Hollywood recently, each with a long-term contract in her shapely hand. All the credit should not go to their father. They have worked hard and did not attempt to slide in on his name and reputation.

It all happened very suddenly. It seems a bit hazy even now, when they are comfortably ensconced in their Hollywood bungalow and already at work at the Warner studio on "Bobbed Hair."

Helene and Dolores Costello, not yet out of their teens, were dancing in Chicago in George White's "Scandals." The stage was to be their forte. With the coming of summer, they would return to New York, enjoy a few weeks' rest, resume their dancing studies, and prepare for another season on the road, or perhaps they might be chosen for a Broadway production.

A Warner Brothers representative saw them one evening and noticed the individual beauty of these two girls. He thought they would screen well and that a few months under the supervision of capable directors would teach them the rudiments of camera work. Their name meant nothing to him.

He did not dream that they had practically been brought up in a motion-picture studio—and one now owned by Warner Brothers, too—and that they had heard in their home the tune of cameras, lights, scripts, stills, locations, et cetera.

Telegrams flew across the continent and a few days later they boarded a westbound train for the Coast, with memories of tearful good-bys at the theater.

Two thousand miles away from Hollywood they had found the magic spring that opens the gate to Hollywood and fame. And they weren't looking for it!

Theatergoers will remember the Costello girls when they were little more than babies, playing in Vitagraph productions in which their father was starred. Sometimes their mother was seen on the screen, too. Her name was Georgia Maurice, but she did not seek a career. Her place was molding the careers of her children, but she earnestly hoped that some day, if the motion picture was not just a passing fancy, her two daughters would find a place on the screen and carry on the work of their father.

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Old Friends Talk of Alice Terry

And express diverse opinions as to whether or not she has been changed by her success from the happy-go-lucky girl of her extra days.

By Dorothy Manners

TO say that Alice hasn't changed is absurd!" said one of the girls. "Of course she has changed. She would be sort of a moron if she hadn't. Just think of what has happened to Alice in material of her advance from extra to star parts. She has traveled—New York, London, Paris—and in addition she has been in a position to meet the most interesting and charming people those places afford. She has seen and observed. In the last four or five years of her life Alice has been acquiring the sort of education that couldn't be got in years of schooling."

The foregoing was more than an explanation of Alice Terry—it was a defense. A character woman with vivid yellow hair and a cerise smile had made her way over to where several of us were chatting behind the camera lines and informed us with a depreciating wave of her handkerchief that "Alluce" was getting upstage. According to her grievance she had thrust herself onto Alice's set through an entrance conspicuously marked "Keep out, please," and all "Alluce" had done was to wave and nod to her. "She might have at least invited me in," complained the colorful blonde. "I knew her when she was an extra girl."

Of all sad words of tongue or pen, among the saddest are these—I knew her when. Yet they enjoy tremendous vogue in Hollywood, the whole town being divided into two camps—those who discovered Valentino and those who knew Alice Terry when she was an extra girl. Any one who didn't know Alice when—might as well be dead when the girls get together for a sociable little chin. The accusation of the vivid blonde wasn't the first time I had heard Alice indicted for bad memory and near-sightedness, but I put little stock in it.

In the first place, extras are not all boor companions. It is not a sorority order. Among the extras as among the stars there are circles within circles. When I first started in on the Lasky lot no one around the place ritzed me with the same degree of frigidity as a red-haired girl who was then the "queen" of the extras. She worked in all the pictures. She had a speaking acquaintance with most of the stars. She often lunched with them and went on their parties. The only thing she had in common with the rest of us was her salary check. She was blue blooded and we were riffraff, and she never let us forget it. You stood more of a chance of making a chum of Gloria Swanson than of this young lady. Also there were about twelve other girls who were a little coterie to themselves. Not that they were intentionally aloof, but they had worked in many pictures together. They knew each other well. They reminisced over mutual experiences. They were congenial and sufficient unto themselves. Another group consisted of four or five elderly women who were grande dames by day and housewives by night. These were usually matrons who worked in pictures for the extra money to be picked up and they brought sewing to while away the time while they gossiped over recipes and style books. It was seldom that these groups intermingled except for a casual "Hello" or "Good-by.

However, let any one of them advance herself professionally or artistically, and immediately the others become her best friends and severest critics.

I was curious about Alice Terry for I had never known her personally, she being well on the upgrade when I started, but I am eccentricaly interested in any one's reactions to success. Especially the sudden, overbalancing, heady success of the movies. Interviewing for the first time is hardly conducive to deep character analysis and the idle gossip of the sets is apt to be improvised without regard to facts—that is the reason I was glad to hear her old friend, Clara Morris, tell me something of Mrs. Rex Ingram, née Alice Tery, née Alice Taaffe. In the days of Alice's extra work she and Clara had been inseparable companions. They roomed together on location trips. They shared the same dressing room at the studio. In the evenings when they were not doing night work they went to picture shows.

"Alice and I would go to some neighborhood show," Clara said, "and then I'd take her home. Alice was

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The Romance of Universal City

In ten years it has developed from a group of shacks into the largest and most complete motion-picture studio in the world.

When the Universal company celebrated its tenth anniversary recently, another page was completed in the history of the motion-picture industry which was begun by the erection of a small collection of primitive studio buildings huddled beneath the California hills. Universal City, as it looked in 1915, is shown in the picture at the bottom of the page.

The large picture, an airplane view, is the latest one taken of Universal City. The six hundred acres which now make up the lot are dotted with sights which make it one of the most fascinating places in the world. Practically every part of the earth is represented there.

In the rear of the picture, just below the farthest hill, may be seen the arched structure of the cathedral constructed for “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” with surrounding French settings. Just to the right of it, in the same group, are the Monte Carlo Casino and the Café de Paris, which Von Stroheim built for “Foolish Wives.” Under the little hill in the center of the picture the ground is tunnelled into catacombs, which were used in “Phantom of the Opera.”

On the slope of another hill is a quaint little Canadian village; in still another section is a small town in Indiana. Dotted here and there are streets and houses representing towns in Vienna, London, China, India, Algeria. A South Seas jungle is here too, as well as New York streets that imitate both the Bowery and the quiet residential parts. A portion of South America, with a bull ring, colors another part of the lot.

The complete two-story set showing the home of the Count in “Foolish Wives” is still standing.

Among the group of large buildings in the center of the picture are the five inclosed stages where interior shots are made, as well as six open ones. The administration buildings and offices are also in this section. The street running through Universal City in the foreground of the picture is Cahuenga Boulevard,

Continued on page 104
My Dear—*

Well, here I am still abroad! I've arranged to go home several times, but always at the last minute something too good to miss came up and I had to have my luggage dragged off the steamer and start in making another picture.

Just now we are in Palestine, doing scenes for "Jacob's Well," the novel by Benoit which is so tremendously popular in France. We took the boat to Alexandria from France, then went on to Cairo. I was awfully disappointed at sight of the "beautiful and mysterious" port of Alexandria. To me it seemed very simple and very unlike the heralded and exotic place Alexandria is supposed to be.

But Cairo! Ah, that was the glory of glories!

After Cairo we went to Jerusalem. My chief impression of that place is of a city of walls. We worked in narrow little streets which to us in America would seem the tiniest alleys. And such a time we had with the curious Arabs! They had never seen or scarcely heard of a motion-picture camera, and would keep running up to stare into the lens or just to stand and look us over. Just as we had got our cameras set up, the scene rehearsed, the reflectors placed, and the shadows just right for lighting the scene, a caravan of donkeys laden with merchandise would ramble through the stone alley, and we would have to string ourselves up along the wall to give the donkeys room to get through.

We have wandered all over old Jerusalem, and I have simply been living in a daze at seeing the actual places so familiar in biblical history, but which I never expected to see in reality. Working in such a location is a rare privilege, and, although I am terribly homesick for Hollywood, this is a glorious experience that I wouldn't miss for anything.

Among the points of interest which we have photographed for the picture is the Wall of Lamentation, where hundreds of Jews gather every day at four thirty to chant and pray, kissing the wall at intervals. It is a most impressive sight. We also photographed David's Tower, Jericho Gate, Herod's Gate, and the Garden of Gethsemane. Though I have traveled a great deal of late, and seen many wonderful sights, these, I am sure, will always seem to be the most wonderful.

*This letter, written by Miss Blythe to a personal friend in New York, was given to us, with permission to reproduce it for the interest it would have for our fans.—Edton.
The Real Thing

Evelyn Brent impresses one with her honesty and genuineness.

By Constance Palmer Littlefield

THERE is a directness, a sincerity and lack of pose about Evelyn Brent that puts to scorn all the hypocrisies of this silly world. For one thing, when she talks, she looks her vis-à-vis directly in the eye. No sham, no foolishness, no archness about her. When she laughs, it is because she wants to—and the laugh is apt to be short and rather abrupt. That laugh is almost a gentle, rather tired jeer at the easily discerned foibles of others.

Somewhere, somehow, Evelyn Brent has seen deep into the heart of things—and while she has found there in that inner bright cavern much of the goodness of human nature, she has seen too in that clear, white light a great deal that is not so admirable.

And that keen brain, too, has taught her that bitterness can only muddy what good there is left, and better the short abrupt laugh than no laugh at all!

Beautiful, of course, with the added inner beauty of soul—poised, with the happy faculty of deep interest in others, she gives the impression of whole-heartedness so gratifying to her listener.

My interview with her was a very direct affair—a sort of “Well—that’s that.” I had come to talk with her about her work, herself, her views of things in general, and that’s just what I got.

Her charming British accent led me to believe she was English-born.
Honestly, Florida was her birthplace and the British
cast of speech comes from several years spent in Eng-
land during the formative period of her life.

"I started to work when I was fourteen in the old
World Studios in New York. I was put in stock doing
all kinds of things—good experience, probably, but ter-
ribly tiresome and disheartening for such an ambitious
young person. Of course, there wasn't much money
in it, and an awful lot of work.

"Then the World Film Company broke up, as a
result of the film-patent war, and I played around in
other studios, not getting much chance. Life seemed
to be mostly getting up in the morning and traveling
from Brooklyn to Fort Lee and then back again at
night.

"But I was doing a little better—getting bits and
small parts—maids and what-not—and I managed to
save some money.

"The war was just over then and I had a great de-
sire to go abroad. I was thoroughly tired of every-
thing here and longed to see new things.

"But getting passports was next to impossible and
it was months before I could manage it—and that only
by pulling every wire I knew. Finally, the all-important
matter of a chaperon was arranged and we went.

"I spent some time in London—got an engagement
on the stage, and then went to Paris for a glorious
holiday. I spent all my money—but it was worth it!

"Then I came back to London and got a job in
pictures almost immediately and from then on every-
thing was wonderful.

"When I returned to New York, I married Bernie—
and that was a very important step in my life.

"As you know, Douglas Fairbanks brought me from
New York to the Coast to play his leading woman in
"The Thief of Bagdad," but it took such a long time
for the production to get started that I asked him to
release me from my contract so that I could get back
on the screen. It is very dangerous for an actor or
actress to stay in seclusion too long! It takes a lot
of fame to live that down.

"You see, I have a very good adviser in my hus-
band. We always talk things over very fully and I
abide by his decisions."

"Bernie" is B. P. Fineman, general manager of
F. B. O. He is a very astute young man, and it is
not to be wondered at that his wife listens carefully
to his very good advice.

The combination is ideal, for Miss Brent is now
under contract to F. B. O., where she is doing six
pictures during this, her first year, and eight during
her next. If you figure it out, you will see that she
works very, very hard.

About two months ago she had a very serious acci-
dent which would have resulted in death had it not
been for the presence of mind of her maid Helen. The
handle of the hot-water faucet in her shower broke
as she was turning it and the jagged edge cut the main
artery in her wrist.

The maid rushed in at her shriek and by grasping
Miss Brent's arm tightly, she pinched the artery shut.
Then there were frantic efforts to reach Bernie and
a doctor by telephone, with the poor victim more dead
than alive from loss of blood.

She is not an overly strong girl and a quart of blood
is more precious to her than it would be to a great,
strapping creature radiating vim and vigor. Now she
is resting, and reveling in a diet of juicy beefsteaks,
cream and eggs, and is gradually getting back the
strength she lost.

"What is the most important thing in your life?" I
shot at her suddenly, in a low, despicable hope that
her weakened state would allow her to confess her
innermost heart to me.

She looked at me quickly with startled eyes, then
slowly, firmly, she closed the door between us that she
had held open so candidly before.

"Well—that's rather a hard question."

She arose from her chair and moved over to a table
and fingered the books there. I could see the struggle
in her mind. I hoped deeply that she would not an-
swer my question untruthfully—or truthfully. I hoped
fervently that she wouldn't let me see into her own
heart and so permit me to put into print a revelation
which, after all, should not be made.

She turned around and looked me in the eye and I
felt like a worm.

"I don't know," she said flatly.

I breathed a deep sigh of relief. When all is said
and done, it's nobody's particular business what the
greatest thing in a woman's life is, and Evelyn had
not fallen short of my belief in her. And I may add
that I am very proud to say that I know her well
enough to call her by her first name and she calls
me by mine and that she didn't know I wrote for the
public prints up until the moment I have in sight
to do this story with her. And I have a very real and
very deep liking for her—and that's that.

"It wouldn't be honest of me to put either my hus-
band or my career first in my life. I couldn't give
up either one and be happy. I don't believe that a
woman—if she has creative talent—should give up
her career when she marries. Before she and her hus-
band are married, they should decide this question and
so avoid any arguments on the subject afterwards.

"But a career such a woman should and must have.
It keeps her alive—awake—vital. As I told you, I have
worked since I was fourteen and if that work were
taken away from me now I would be miserable.

"Of course, I could adjust myself, as thousands of
women have done before me, but I simply could not
be happy. When one has worked very hard and has
attained a certain public position, through what was
often great hardship and difficulty, it is too much to
ask that she be satisfied and happy in the narrow con-
fines of home life.

"I suppose men will want to wring my neck for
saying that, but women are becoming more and more
free to develop their minds—and so their careers—
than they ever have been before. Men don't like it
and fight it continually, but more and more we are
overcoming the age-old prejudice that makes them want
to sit us on a fine cushion to sew a fine seam, while
they do the hustling to buy the strawberries and cream
which they ordain, generously enough, shall be our
diet.

"This is my belief, and I'm tired now. I've worked
hard—hard—for months, and I feel weak and not very
well from my accident. One would naturally think
that—feeling as I do today—I would want to crawl
into a corner and pull the covers over me, mean-
while vigorously bemoaning the fact that work was
ever invented for women! But the fact is that I'm
ready to go back to the studio Monday and begin an-
other picture. So it isn't just excess physical vitality
that makes me want to work—it's something entirely
different from that. It's a sort of mental triumph
and an expanding and developing of the soul."

Do you wonder that I like Evelyn Brent? She is
so genuine, so real, she looks facts so squarely in
the face, that it is a pleasure and a revelation to talk
with her.

She will go far, that girl—how I love to prophesy!—
Continued on page 106.
The Greater Movie Season

Eleanor Boardman also appears to be evidencing a flair. Add to these the following salient developments:

The probable continued advent of many newcomers in feature pictures. No fences up, it would seem, to real talent these days, because there is still a shortage of players.

The revival of the star system, with certain variations.

The increasing use of color photography.

The custom of featuring and starring players who have not as yet established their screen reputation. This is a very healthy sign in the industry, and is to be noted in productions like "The Goose Woman," with Louise Dresser, and "Stella Dallas," with Belle Bennett, and the brand-new recruit, Lois Moran, as well as "Lightnin'," with Jay Hunt, an unknown character.

And that's not forgetting the apparent determination of producers to make Zane Grey more and more popular, nor the fact that there are now at least six or seven big active concerns in the business—it's not the game any more—of picture making that are going to be slicing at each other's throats in all probability in their fever of competition.

Here is a selection of films that may be recommended to the attention of picturegoers during the ensuing season:

"Graustark," starring Norma Talmadge.

"Ben-Hur," if it is ever completed.


"The Wanderer," a biblical narrative with William Collier, Jr., Greta Nissen, Wallace Beery, and others in exceptionally pictorial surroundings.

"Lightnin'," another novelty of "The Lost World" type."

On Sober Reflection

Continued from page 55

Travel Notes.

It is rumored that Jackie Coogan, who is nearly eleven years old, is planning a trip to Florida. Perhaps he intends to search for Ponce de Leon's fountain of perpetual youth.

Europe gave Rudolph Valentino a beard. Let's keep Baby Peggy at home.

Reason Enough.

"Why don't you show some of those short features that all the fans are clamoring for?" inquired a fan of a small picture-palace manager who prided himself on the splendor of his entertainment.

"Quite impossible," replied the manager. "My singers and ballet dancers object to short subjects because they don't give them enough of a rest between performances."

Kleig Kracks.

Moral for the producers of super-spectacles—the bigger they are, the harder they fall.

Silent drama—a term invented by those who go to the movies to gossip all evening.

Scenario—something that often makes the original writer make a scene.

Speaking of Hollywood romances: Love is the exhilarating swoop from the top of the skyscraper; matrimony is the dull thud at the bottom.
How They Pick Those Beautiful Locations

This picture shows Fred Harris, manager of the Lasky location department, looking over photographs of some stately mansions which are available for use in screen productions. You probably will recognize some of them, as they are used in pictures regularly. The film company pays the owners a rental for the use of the property, and the money is turned over to charity.
The Happy Ending

Buchowitzki, who was directing the picture. Of this latter she told me an amusing story. The little Russian is very superstitious. He hates the date of the thirteenth, like the plague. He won't begin a picture on Saturday. At the beginning of "Graustark" he brought a little pig to the studio and wanted every one to kiss it. It seems this quaint little custom is a forerunner of phenomenal good fortune. Some of them kissed the pig and some of them didn't.

I spoke of "The Lady." I was moved to enthrone it. Norma said: "Oh, yes. But I am not going to do any more like it for a time, anyway. Not that I don't like to do characterization—I love it. For myself, if I had to choose, it would be characterizations and costume pictures, always. But what can we do? We must play to the box office. Pictures that I have wanted to do and have chosen for myself, for one, 'The Passion Flower,' have not been successful. When I first saw that as a stage play I said, 'I want to do that. It is marvelous in its story psychology.' But what is the answer? One critic wrote, 'If you must go in for art don't fall in love with your mother's hushband.' You see, the whole point of the thing was lost. As for 'Secrets,' in several places in Europe where we saw it they didn't seem to know what it was all about. 'The Lady' is fast on the heels of 'Secrets.' Too fast, I believe. In contrast to those, take the fate of 'The Only Woman.' That awful thing was a huge box-office hit. When Eugene O'Brien and I saw it we said, 'Oh, heavens! did we really make such a thing as this?' So for a while I am going to do modern things. I think they want to see me in gowns, in style. She indicated the chic wisteria ensemble. She speaks sanely of her career as she speaks of everything else. Careers other than her own are analyzed in oracular wisdom. For other personalities she has the kindest words. And while we are on the subject, they have the kindest words for her.

Norma Talmadge has never isolated herself from the people of her profession. She has friends from every walk of life, from the social and artistic worlds, but none more sincere in their praise and admiration than the women of Hollywood.

Ethel Grey Terry once told me, "Norma is the most charming and delightful woman I know. To know her is to love her. I don't know of any one I had rather sit down and talk with. She understands so perfectly."

"In my next picture," Norma went on after they had shot the scene and she returned to her chair, "I am going to play a Spanish girl. But it won't be in costume. The story is too vague to outline but it will have the Spanish motif. Fred Niblo will direct it. I have several more pictures to make on my first National contract and then I take up the banner with United Artists. The contract with them is for six pictures to be made leisurely. About two a year, I think. That will cover about four years of time. After that a long vacation for me. I am going to retire and roam over the world."

I silently doubted that. At the end of four years Norma Talmadge will be at the zenith of a ripe career. She will command new phases, new moods, too potent to be dismissed even for the luxurious pleasure of roaming the world.

Besides our talk was just transient thoughts of many things—whims, prejudices, enthusiasms. Just surface chatter. But as Norma, gay in her chic wisteria ensemble, talked on I was glad that I stayed. The Michael Arlen lady fades—the two-hour wait dwindles into insignificance. I am glad to have met her—as she is. It makes for a happy ending.

The Making of "The Wanderer"

Continued from page 74
small villages; mud huts; squalid byways. Nude Ethiopians, working at shadufs, in the fields. Deggars exploring alms.

Then the city.

From bucolic simplicity he now revels in pagan luxury. His rustic clothes give place to the richly jeweled robes of the patrician; his money—so carefully guarded at home—he now flings about like rose petals at the feet of Tisha, the dancer.

Her palace radiates the voluptuous allure of a courtesan's establishment. Silken draperies, hanging veils of black and gold, billowy cushions and scented fountains sprinkling saffron water down marble steps into basins of jasper and onyx. Olive-skinned slave girls, moving with languorous gestures, massage their young mistress as she indolently reclines on her perfumed bed. A eunuch listlessly waves a peacock fan over the dancer's head. A blue spiral of incense soars to the malachite ceiling. All the sensuous appeal of old Greek paganism put to most telling effects to arouse the sensual.

Simple meals give way to feasts. Animals and fowls, cooked whole, are served with the choicest dressings. Every dish is worthy of the most exacting epicurean. The oldest wines are drunk. The repast ends in a drunken orgy.

The Boy's fascination for the dancer burns up with his money in one consuming flame. He returns home and wallows in the filth of the pigsty, seeking self-atonement before begging forgiveness of his family,
No matter what the critics may say, the children—of all ages—who love Mary Pickford in her "little girl" roles, are going to like "Little Annie Rooney." Perhaps it will not be as artistic as "Rosita" or "Dorothy Vernon," but, as these pictures indicate, it is going to reach the hearts of the youngsters.
Old Friends Talk of Alice Terry

Continued from page 89

rather leery of going down her street alone—so I'd take her to her door and see her in. I was a great escort. Did everything but tip my hat.'

I asked Clara if Alice had changed since then. If they still saw one another. In a nutshell, if Alice had acquired a high-hat and a white-glove approach?

"Of course not," Clara scoffed. "Alice is just the same to her old friends. Right after she got back from Europe the last time, she hadn't been in town but a few days when she called me up and invited me to lunch with her at the studio. I spent the day out there watching them make scenes and talking over old times with Alice. Of course, I don't see as much of Alice as I used to. In the first place I'm still—well, a working girl. I still have to look for the old job. Alice will call up and say, "Come on over and let's go somewhere," but I often have to refuse. Each day I frivol away just so much money lost and of course Alice doesn't have to think of those things now. Just the other day when Alice was finishing that picture she made over at United I passed her dressing room on the way to the set and she insisted that I come in. I told her we had been called and I couldn't stay but Alice said, 'Oh, let them wait—they'll never miss you—don't go back for a while.' When I told her I just had to she cried, 'For heaven's sake—well, wait until I get dressed and I'll walk over with you.' That's Alice," Clara summed up. "You can't call that upstage and forget us can you?" I couldn't say that I could.

Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor is another who is strong in Alice's support. "I think a great many people misunderstand Alice," she told me. "They think that quiet, calm manner of hers is meant as aloofness when really it is nothing of the sort. Alice is naturally of a calm disposition. Often when I have been with her I've been rattled about something and I would look at Alice and she would be as calm as the summer sea. It isn't indifference, either—it's just Alice. When Malcolm was just getting started out here Alice was well on the road to fame but she was never too busy to do some little kindness for us. Before we had our car she used to take Joan and me for long drives to the beaches. I'll never forget it."

And so while Hollywood reviews her past, discusses her present and prophesies her future—the beautifully drowsy Alice goes her calm way to fresh laurels—the freshest being "Mare Nostrum" under her husband's direction. Behind her in Hollywood, she leaves those who "knew her" to the chatter of their opinions. I wonder if Alice feels the same way as George Cohan, who said, "Say what you like—just mention my name!"

Hollywood High Lights.

A historic importance, à la "Covered Wagon," is to be given this Barrymore film. The period of the story is 1840. The film will appear on the screen as an epical tale of adventure, and a very emphatic departure from anything that the star has previously done. You may be sure, however, that with his presence it will have a high romantic interest.

And lest we should overlook a very important item—the heroine of "The Sea Beast" is to be played by wistful little Priscilla Bonner, who recently appeared so successfully in "Drusilla with a Million." We need hardly mention that all the girls look at her with that "Oh-you-lucky-person" gaze as she passes them with sparkling and thrilled eyes these days on the boulevard.

Our Biennial Riddle.

When Gloria comes West, Pola goes East.

When Pola comes West, Gloria goes East.

What's the answer?

Who but John Gilbert?

It might have been predicted from the very first moment that "La Bohème" was thought of as a story for Lilian Gish that Jack Gilbert would play the part of Rudolpho.

In recalling the popular opera, you may remember that not only was Rudolpho a very romantic lover, but also that he exhibited a high degree of spunk in the sordid battles and squabbles that he had with the heroine. Which seems to fit Jack quite to a T, as somebody in our acquaintance remarked.

Gilbert's presence in the picture is also just another good reason for heralding the very probable popularity of Miss Gish's new feature.

Evening the Score.

We haven't always been so elated over the pictures in which Ronald Colman has played, in spite of the fact that every one of his performances has possessed a fascination quite independent of such mundane and moviesque matters as plots, situations, motivations, & cetera. We now feel, though, that he has two exceptionally fine chances to display his personal magnetism and his talent.

The names of the pictures will be worth jotting down in your memo book. One is, of course, "Stella Dallas," and the other, "The Dark Angel."

Meanwhile, you will probably have an excellent opportunity to refresh yourself with the clever and light side of his ability as an actor in Constance Talmadge's "Her Sister from Paris."

The Circus Maximus.

Not since Betty Blythe was seen in "The Queen of Sheba" has there been such a rumble of chariots, thumping of hoofs, and jangling of beads, as there will be with the filming of the final scenes for "Ben-Hur." The great Circus Maximus, the second that has been built, by the way, for the spectacle, will shortly be under construction, and it promises to be one of the most prodigious settings ever seen in Hollywood. In this, the chariot races will, of course, be staged.

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company abandoned all intentions of returning to Europe to make this elaborate episode. Probably one half the ultimate version will disclose shots taken abroad.

"Ben-Hur" has, by several millions, been the most costly undertaking yet indulged in by the movies, but if it lives up to expectations even in a very general way, it will likely bring in a tremendous amount of money—possibly even sufficient to pay out.

More Honeymoovers.

Hollywood is just about to welcome home another pair of honeymoovers, and everybody is saying "I told you so," now that Bill Russell and Helen Ferguson have finally got married. They have been among the most devoted of filmland's couples over a long period of years, and have been reported engaged at regular intervals, although Helen would never quite make a full admission of her intention to marry. Evidently, though, Bill's faithfulness has finally won out.

Bill paid a pretty tribute to Helen just before their marriage by naming his brand-new yacht after her. The Helena it is called. For their honeymoon trip they went on about a three or four weeks' cruise.
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This new Street & Smith publication is wholesome, informative and thrilling—a thoroughly engrossing true magazine for all lovers of Western tales.
A LYTTEL LOVER.—Of course you may call me by my first name—only I'll tell you my name doesn't really Oracle. You see my parents didn't know, when they christened me, that I was going to turn out like this. The reason Beet-Lytel's Headdress hasn't been found of late at the bottom of The Oracle is that he doesn't give his home address and he moves about so from one studio to another. Malcolme MacGregor has played recently in "Smouldering Fires," "The Happy Warrior," "Alias Mary Flynn," and "Headlines." Wilfred Lytell plays on the stage more than in films. Even if you do not know the manager of your local theater, you might leave a note for him at the box office, addressed to "The Manager," asking him to book the picture you wish to see. Since the theater is a First National house, and the picture was made by that company, your request would be quite apropos. Most theater managers are glad to have their customers express their wishes in regard to films they wish to see.

WORRIED.—As to why Ernest Torrence must always be the villain, I suppose it's because he didn't stop growing in time. You see, the villain, otherwise known as the "heavy," must answer that description, and you couldn't say—George Hackathorne in a role like that, now, could you? I don't really know what has become of E. K. Lincoln, nor why he no longer plays in pictures. Perhaps he just got tired of working, or maybe he went into the real-estate business—which is the favorite occupation for the retired business man of the screen. Even screen stars sometimes like to stop working.

A SANDLAPPER.—So you wish John Roche would shave off his mustache? Why don't you go up a petition among his fans asking him to do so; or send him a safety razor by way of a gentle hint? John was born in Penn Yan, New York, and grew up in Rochester. He was on the stage for ten years in stock companies and musical comedies before playing in pictures. He has been in movies three or four years. He has blue eyes and lufzel eyes; he doesn't give his age, and I have never heard whether he is married or not.

LEON MORRIS, JR.—I can see you're a good business man by the kind of letter you write, straight to the point. Carol Halloway was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts; she hasn't played in any pictures for quite a while, nor has Hedda Nova. Yes, Hedda is Mrs. Paul C. Hurst. A number of "Follies" girls appeared in "Enemies of Women," probably including Jessie Reed. I don't think Jessie was ever married to Luther Reed, the scenario writer. As you may know, he has been the husband of Naomi Childers for four or five years. Victor Varconi was born in Hungary.

DOODLES.—I had a dog once named Doodles; but he got hydrophobia. I'm glad to know that isn't your real name. I'm sorry, but I have no idea what Lenora Braziel does for the motion-picture industry, as she does not seem to be listed among the scenario or subtitle writers.

VIRGINIA GRAHAM.—If you can tell whether a screen star is really engaged or not, you're smarter than I am. Lillian Gish and George Jean Nathan have us all guessing; they say they are not engaged. Ricardo Cortez says he was born in Alsace-Lorraine. He was formerly a shipping broker before beginning his screen career.

I WANT A FIGHT.—You probably would have, if you came out publicly with all the libelous stories that you made up out of the stars that you made in your letter to me. However, it's all right; I can keep a secret. I see that there are several stars that you do have perfect shape for you to attempt. Betty Compton is five feet two inches, and so is Dorothy Devore. Florence Vidor is five feet four inches. So you're not as vulgar as some of the others.

ARISTARCHUS THE SECOND.—I should think one Aristarchus in a family would be enough, without having a second! That doesn't sound very Spanish to me—at least, not like either of the two Spanish words I know. Helene Chadwick is divorced from Billy Wellman. Johnnie Walker is the husband of Renee Parker. Madeline Hurlock is five feet three and a half inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and is in her early twenties.

R. S. V. P.—So you're just brimming over with questions? Well, I'm glad you let them fall on me. I must have something to write about, filling up these pages! I think you're wrong to blame either the husband or the wife when a couple decide to separate. It frequently means that they're just incompatible, though they're both very nice persons. Madge Evans is sixteen; I don't think she has played in anything since "Classmates." Harrison Ford is married to Beatrice Prentice. I don't know just how long Lloyd Hughes and Gloria Hope have been married—probably about four or five years.

PRETTY POLLY.—So you think my name is too long? Well, we're good friends, aren't we? So why not, instead of calling me Oracle, just call me Or? Besides, in French, that means "pure gold"—or gold, anyhow. The reason you do not hear more of Pearl White these days is that she has been living in Paris for three or four years, playing occasionally in revues or pictures over there. She seems definitely to have retired from films in America. Yes, Nazimova still has her husband, Charles Bryant, although they are not living together. Nazimova went abroad at the end of April to remain in Paris for several years. Charles Bryant plays on the stage now and then, but his chief occupation is that of play broker. I'm sorry, I have no way of obtaining a list of magazines in which interviews with Pauline Frederick appeared. In order to find this out, you would have to write each picture magazine individually and ask if they have any back numbers with interviews of Miss Frederick. PICTURE-PLAY had a story on her in the November, 1924, issue. You might possibly get a copy of that number by writing to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

CHARLEY'S AUNT.—Yes, indeed, I remember "The Girl from the Windy City," and I'm glad to see you've blown in again. I don't think your questions are "dumb" at all. Besides, "questions is questions," and with all this space to fill, I'm not particular. Claire Windsor recently married Bert Lytell. She was divorced a few years ago from Billy Boweson. Eileen Percy is appearing regularly in pictures; her current one is "Fine Clothes," the film version of "Fashions for Men." Dorothy Sebastian is working hard these days. After finishing her role in "Winds of Chance," she was immediately cast for a part in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter"—both First National pictures.

B. L. L. A SAILOR.—And what do you sail on, the briny deep, or only the bath-tub? Betty Blythe is making pictures abroad at present, but you can doubtless reach her in care of her agent—address at foot of The Oracle. Betty was born in Los Angeles in 1893. If you have tried to obtain this information before and always failed, let this be a lesson to you—always write to The Oracle.
Dinner with Dorothy
Continued from page 83

“'Yes, it is the bunk,” she admitted, “but then, so are most stories— and so is life,”’ she added with a humorous quirk of her flexible red lips. “Do you know why Chickie appeals to so many people? It is because she represents a type of girl to be seen every day, everywhere. She is the pretty daughter of commonplace people, without money, without advantages. She works for a living and makes just enough to get by. The real Chickies in life don't get much romance or many thrills. That is why they follow the daily adventures of the fiction Chickie with such keen delight. They see themselves in her, they live her love affairs, they thrill with her madcap escapades. The story is pretty trashy, yes. But I like Chickie. I like her because she is real.”

Have I described Dorothy Mackaill to you? I am afraid not. It is an easy, yet a difficult task. It sounds very trite to say that she has naturally yellow, softly waving bobbed hair; big, gray eyes and a transparent skin, that makes her mouth startlingly red in contrast. She is slight of build, with that fragility in which there is no hint of thinness. But the remarkable thing about her is her ability to make you see and live the scene she is describing. She can become another person—another personality— in the twinkling of an eye. She is that rarest of all things thespian, a natural, perfect, actress.

I told her how I admired her difficult work in “The Man Who Came Back.”

“Do you know why it seemed so real?” she asked, “It was because so much of the picture depicted my own life. I have been a cabaret girl. I have known hunger and thirst, unhappiness in love. I know the sorrow of having my own brother pass me on the street without speaking to me. I have never been in an opium den. But I knew a girl intimately who was an opium addict. I only had to remember her gaunt, pallid face, and that dull far-away look in her eyes.”

I spoke of the scene where the young husband lashes her with a cruel whip.

“And maybe you think he didn’t beat me!” she shrugged. “He was supposed to hit a bench behind me. But he got excited, and the whip slipped every other time. That was all right, I hardly felt it. It was only afterward that I realized I was all welts.”

Dorothy Mackaill is an English

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The Romance of Universal City

Continued from page 90

which goes down to Hollywood, about four miles away. At the left of the picture, bordered by trees and shrubbery, may be seen the river which cuts through Universal City, and on the banks of which all sorts of sets are built. The menagerie is at the foot of the small center hill. The chicken ranch, and the ranches where the serials and Westerns are made, are spread out in the rear, toward the distant hills.
The Second Generation Again
Continued from page 88

Helene was little and cuddly and had blond, curly hair.

Dolores was the more serious of the two, with her straight blond hair framing her piquant little face. They both resembled their famous father.

They have not changed, except to mature. Helene's hair has grown darker—she looks rather Spanish now—but Dolores is still the serious-faced little girl. Dolores, by the way, was chosen by James Montgomery Flagg to pose for the illustrations for "The Skyrocket," which Peggy Joyce is now making in films.

Genuine affection exists between the sisters. There is apparently no striving to outdo one another.

As I was leaving, Dolores spoke up, "Oh, and don't forget. Helene writes poetry."

"And what do you do?" I asked. Dolores thought a moment but could not find an answer.

"Why," interrupted Helene, "she makes everybody happy!"

A real scarlet blush covered the face of Dolores. She was embarrassed.

This incident tells more of the natures of these two sisters than reams of adjectives could ever convey. It seems quite probable that they may go far in their chosen profession, for they have youth, beauty, and ability.

A Unique Figure in Pictures
Continued from page 25

Her chum is her secretary. And, by the way, Mildred was an Alice fan. When she came to Los Angeles, Alice took her into her own home. Mildred works as stenographer in an insurance office in the daytime and evenings helps Alice with her mail. Alice and her mother wouldn't think of going to the theater without taking Mildred along.

"And I would never have had her if I hadn't answered my fan mail myself," Alice reminds.

For a while after her arrival in California, things went rather well. Though the Vitagraph pictures have seldom showed in the big theaters of the largest cities, they had better representation throughout the country in general and in the small towns and in the neighborhood theaters Alice was regularly seen on the screen and loved.

A couple of years ago Vitagraph entered a period during which several stars under their banner were kept inactive for long stretches and, in theatrical parlance, almost "killed" before they succeeded in getting out of their contracts and into more lucrative and ambitious fields.

De Mille wanted Alice in his pictures, had big plans for her; but she could not obtain her release.

"I thought that very unfair, as they weren't doing all they had agreed to with me. When the star system flopped, I willingly accepted roles in all-star casts. I tried to cooperate in every way. But they had poor stories that gave me few opportunities, and very little exploitation. My salary was small. So, naturally, I was hurt that they wouldn't let me get out when I had a good chance. Think what De Mille might have done for me!"

"But they had been loyal to me. At one time, when funds were low, they had let off everybody on the lot except the cashier—Heaven only knows what they kept him for—the bookkeeper, who was trying to straighten out the tangled affairs, the night watchman and—me. They carried me at a time when it was actually a strain on them. So I felt it only right to show my appreciation, later, by sticking to them."

Recently she was loaned to Fox for a lead. Then, when Warner Brothers took over the Vitagraph interests, they signed Alice Calhoun on a year's contract. She is playing opposite Sydney Chaplin in "The Man On the Box," and after that will be featured in other Warner productions.

I expect the coming year will do a great deal for Alice. Of her ability, I admit I cannot hazard an opinion, for like most Angelinos I have seen too little of her work to judge her merits. I have heard her criticized as lacking versatility and variety in her emotional range. But the fans are the final judges. And a great many of the fans love Alice.

She believes that she now has a splendid opportunity.

"I would love to play under Lubitsch's direction. I have no silly notions of stardom any longer. All I want," she says with an undeniable sincerity, "is a fighting chance in a featured cast. My name should be worth something to them. I haven't any particular ideas about roles—anything that isn't helplessly impossible."

I am rather optimistic about her future now. She has had seven years!
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It has a double action. Freckles are gently dissolved away, and at the same time your skin is whitened. Guaranteed to remove freckles, or money refunded. At druggists and department stores, 50c and $1.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

Learn what your type needs to look best. Let us tell you how your purchases can get you a bottle of perfume free. Send for free booklet today.

The Stillman Co., 11 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

The Real Thing

Continued from page 92

There is about Evelyn Brent a silken, sleek quality and a capacity for intense emotional reaction that can only make one recognize her power as one of our future great dramatic actresses.

She wants to go back on the stage, she says, and here, too, she would have opportunity to do as fine—if not finer work—than she has done or perhaps will do on the screen. She would have the added opportunity of the use of her lovely voice—deep, compelling, vibrant. It would draw as much response from any audience as would her warm, dark beauty.

Surely the gods have been good to Evelyn Brent—and we can only say to her, "Here's success to the real thing!"
Over the Teacups
Continued from page 47

started over there the other day with the same idea. And when we got there such a mob was waiting in line that we never got near Lila. But if you like crowds just go right on.

"Crowds can do nothing to me that wasn't done at the opening of 'Don Q' the other night." Fanny sighed at the memory. "How Mary Astor ever survived the pushing, stampeding mob, I don't know. Being the only member of the cast who was in town, she was naturally the center of attraction. And she looked particularly lovely, so she couldn't possibly slip by unnoticed.

"And speaking of Mary Astor," Fanny was suddenly seized with a bright idea, "she and Ben Lyon are making scenes for 'The Face that Thrills' out at some race track. Why not go out and watch them work? It is such a pleasant occupation for a warm day.

And since I could think of no valid objection, we started for there. But who should we meet at the door but George Hackathorne, just returned to New York. And so, why should we go further?

A Letter from Location
Continued from page 91

It is so intensely hot in this part of the world at present that it is necessary for us to be called at four o'clock in the morning, put on the grease paint, leave the hotel at five thirty, work until eleven o'clock, then come home and retire until four o'clock, starting out again and working until a.m. Then severe heat is too terrible, and the light so strong that our eyes cannot open for the close-ups.

Motoring from Jerusalem to Haifa, we passed through Samaria, Nazareth, and the Lake of Galilee. We photographed all these places, and I have been wandering round so many old ruins that I almost feel like one myself.

In Haifa we were working in regions both old and new, the new being the-great Jewish movement of settlements in Palestine. Such fertile country and such glorious beauty I have never seen. We do a lot of motoring between villages, and sometimes we go so far across country that it is impossible to take an auto. So we load the cameras, luggage, and players onto a caravan of camels and start forth on a two or three-day camping trip.

Our hotel, the Carmel House, is on a very high point overlooking the

Your Beauty
In the Morning

Is your complexion parched, aged and dead appearing? Do you see signs of wrinkles and flabbiness slowly creeping into the smooth, firm skin you once knew?

Then it's time to pause and think—to realize something must be done NOW to bring back the fresh, vivacious appearance of youth. No matter what you are now doing for your skin and complexion it evidently is not bringing results. Let—

Gouraud's ORIENTAL CREAM

"Beauty's Master Couch"

show you the way to a new beauty. A skin and complexion that will be soft, fresh and lovely twenty-four hours of the day. A radiant, fascinating appearance which seems imbued with the life and fire of eternal youth. Gouraud's Oriental Cream exerts an exceptional antiseptic action. Blemishes and complexion ills are effectively concealed while being relieved. Wrinkles and flabbiness generally yield to its astringent properties. Made in White, Flesh and Rachel, also in compacts.

Send 50c. for a special assortment of Gouraud's Toilet Preparations or 10c. for trial size of Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Ferd. T. Hopkins & Son, 430 Lafayette Street, New York City

Will You Wear This Suit?
Show it to your friends and neighbors as a sample of our fine quality, hand-tailored, All-Wool Suits, guaranteed to wear at amazing low price of $25.50. Take your orders, lady or gent, for your own profit and send orders to us.

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$3.00 to $5.00 an hour in spare time, $35 to $65 a week for full time.

We supply handsome Scotch Line Outfit, large size samples and all latest styles at low Factory price. Positively best selling outfit ever furnished salesman. Write for yours at once, pick out and get started making the Big Money right away. Address Dept. 128.

JAMES OLIVER, Inc., 868 W. Adams St., Chicago
Write name and address below and mail at once. 118
Looking on with an Extra Girl

Continued from page 58

All in all, we were as vile a looking crew as might be found—Eleanor Boardman, as the heroine, the only one to become untidy prettily. Through all the rough work—and it really was violent—Eleanor had been an awfully good sport, never grumbling and always interested in every one in her quiet way. And always so lovely that it was a relief to turn from contemplation of our ragged, bloodied selves to her cool beauty.

The days began to pass swiftly—up with the birds, to the studio, work, work, home, bed. With personal pride we watched the picture growing—through the tribunal where the peasantry tried us, our last moments—shot on cold, black nights—as we were dragged down to the barge that was to sink with us, and back to life again in shady afternoon gowns and hats for the garden party.

Despite the fact that the less-amiable assistant took time to explain to us in detail how lazy and ungrateful we had been, the last day of our work was spent in regret—regret that it was the last. The prospect of work in a less-titled company quite offended us; and as for working by the day instead of "on salary"—It was, in fact, a melancholy afternoon.

When we were finally dismissed, instead of charging off with our customary fervor, we went individually to Madame Glyn to bid her good-bye and dilate upon the pleasure of the engagement. It seemed the thing to do, somehow, and Madame was every inch the perfect hostess as she paused before the camera to receive our adieux.

The charming Madame whose name we revere after two weeks of her fiery, driving direction—which means that most undeniably she has real magnetism and charm.

He Made a Fortune While on Location

Continued from page 22

but from surrounding towns, to watch the making of the film. The Ocala Banner printed an extra Meighan edition. A local minister preached a sermon eulogizing the movies as a great factor for good, and urged his flock to patronize and encourage good pictures. Soon, everybody in Florida was aware, through the publicity on "Old Home Week," that there was such a town as Ocala.

Thomas Meighan was still the film idol.

The metamorphosis into Thomas Meighan, business man extraordinary, really began one evening, when, after removing his make-up, Meighan motored to a beautiful spot called Silver Springs on the outskirts of Ocala.

"I no sooner saw it than I was captivated by its natural beauty," he explained to me. "I found a big pool—almost a lake, in fact—of clear, transparent water. I am told that it is the largest natural spring in the world. It has a flow of twenty-two million gallons of water an hour—more than enough to supply the entire city of New York with crystal-clear water. Why, the water was so clear that through the glass bottom of a boat in which we rowed we could see turtles, alligators, and fishes sixty feet below us!"

"The lovely setting surrounding Silver Springs impressed me as one of the most beautiful locations I had ever seen and my thought was: Why haven't they told the world about this, instead of about Miami, Palm Beach, Orlando, and those other places?"

"Tom paused for a moment, looked reflective, and then smiled a shrewd smile, "Was that how you became a real-estate man?" I asked.

"Well, that was what sold Ocala to me," he said. "But how it really happened was this way. George R. Sims, a neighbor of mine in Great Neck, Long Island, who has a palatial winter residence at Newport Ritchie, Florida, motored up to Ocala to pay us a visit. Incidentally, Mr. Sims is a big real-estate operator."

"After dinner I went for a drive about Ocala with Mr. Sims, and showed him Silver Springs. I told him that he and the other real-estate
men in Florida were missing a large bet. He agreed.

"Then we discussed the matter further along these lines. And Mr. Sims returned to Newport Ritchie and I went right ahead making the picture. However, the beauties of Ocala appeared to have impressed Mr. Sims strongly, too, because every week Mr. Sims ran into town, stayed a day or two, and then returned to Newport Ritchie."

Here Tom stopped and said to one of his associates, Emmett Crozier: "You'd better tell the rest of the story."

"He's modest about it," said Crozier, who is a scenario writer by trade.

"Well," said Crozier, taking up the narrative of big business, "Tom was invited up to Jacksonville to have dinner with Governor Martin of Florida. It developed during the conversation that the governor was a native of Ocala and expressed astonishment to him that Ocala was not better known. He began to sell Ocala to the governor, who knew every corner in it from his boyhood days. He hinted at the governor that he was contemplating making some investments in land there. He also confided this purpose to Charles Greiner, a close friend, who is manager of the Seminole Hotel, in Jacksonville. Both Governor Martin and Mr. Greiner asked Tom to tip them off if he bought any property. He agreed to do so.

"He was still Tom Meighan, movie star, however, until the day we had packed all the film equipment and were leaving Ocala. Then he told me quietly that he had bought fourteen large parcels of property in Ocala, that he was convinced of its wonderful possibilities as an investment, and added the further information that he stood committed to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars!

"It seems that the casual visits of his friend, Sims, had not been without result!"

Of course, public announcement of Mr. Meighan's investment spread through Florida like wildfire. Anybody who has visited Florida recently will understand. All roads leading to the little town were black with motorists bearing hustling real estate agents. The boom was on. Several big syndicates were organized, and they began to buy up all the available land.

The Ocala Banner began to print column after column of real-estate transfers.

Mr. Meighan now occupied what the military tacticians would call a strategic position. Brazenly, as he held title to fourteen of the choicest bits of ground in the town. All that he had to do was to entertain offers. They were soon forthcoming, but Mr. Meighan was not able to be in Florida to receive them. So his brother Jim, who is a New York real-estate man, spent a few weeks in the tropical State, and when he returned to New York it became known that Tommy had reaped his fortune.

No doubt it will be a big surprise to the Meighan fans to read of how this "big brother" of the screen, who seems like anything but a shrewd money-making type of person, turned so bold and clever a land deal. But, after all, it is, in a way, characteristic of him. That sudden initiative, that sudden expansion of his operations, are characteristic of an imaginative, a far-seeing man. And Tommy has done a piece of far-sightedness in Ocala. He has made, and carried it out with only twenty-four hours in which to make the arrangements. It was the same splendid judgment he showed when he procured the pictures rights to "The Miracle Man," and fought to have it produced as it should be, with the result that it established not only his own reputation, but that of several other persons.

But Meighan is not given to doing such things solely for the sake of his own gain, and never for sensation, and his sudden successful plunge as the booster of Ocala isn't likely to turn him into a land speculator, eager to pile up money for its own sake.

What he will do with his profits I don't know. No one does except Tommy Meighan. But I have heard — not from him — but from others who know, that a good many persons, especially orphan children, have been the happier because Tommy Meighan has been able to make money in the past, and I can't help thinking that when he first saw the vision of the money that might be made in that little Florida town, he had at the same time a vision of some sad children's faces that might be made to smile through his efforts, while on location.

Just see the lovely bathing maid!
Just note how thinly she's arrayed!
There is no use to raise a yell
The movie folks will screen her well.
She could afford to forgive!

Her vivid freshness still glowed at the end of the long hot drive. So her toiness was her own! She had been a brute to suspect her radiusness. She blushed at this new PERT victory. Its youthful bloom would only fade at the touch of cold cream or soap, for it is waterproof. Yet her moistened finger had instantly spread its fluidly greaseless base.

She had heightened the healthy warmth of cream Pert by using Pert compact Rouge! When used without cream Pert it is applied before powdering to make it waterproof. Pert cream Rouge may be had in light and dark orange and in rose. Pert compact Rouge comes in blush tint and in rose. And there is a Pert waterproof Lipstick to match. Rouge or Lipstick, 75c each. U.S. and Canada.

Mail 12c today for a sample of Pert cream Rouge. Another 12c brings a sample of WINX, said to be darker.

ROSS COMPANY
247 West 17th Street
New York

Pert Rouge

The Secret of a Skin that’s Always Young

Known to millions of beautiful women, stars and film stars. It is Semi-Pray’s, the “Always Young” complexion enricher, that manipulates oil glands and stimulates the factors which cannot be put up in jars. A super-size-cleansing cream, skin food and base for powder—completely greaseless! Guaranteed safe, pure, reliable. Endorsed by film and stage queens, movie stars, and film producers. Saves the touch of the beautician. Also available in trial cake, with beauty booklets, free. Semi-Pray makes handsome Christmas gifts. 30c per cake. 60c per two cakes, Grand Flash, flash. Just say SEMI-PRAY.

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Each book contains 50 perfect little name cards, size 1¼ x 1¼, in genuine leather case. Choice of black, tan, green or red. A perfect name card, none in Old English type. Price complete 50c. Send stamps, cash or money order. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Agnes W. Altland.

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Clear-Tone

The Wonder-Working Lotion

Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for quickly and permanently removing PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS, ACNE

Erupions on the face or body, enlarged pores, oily or shiny skin. Endorsed by druggists, physicians, skin specialists, barbers, and every 100,000 Men and Women

Test cases, who succeeded with Clear-Tone after failing with everything else. Write today for my Free booklet, “A Clear-Tone Skin,” telling how I cured myself after being afflicted 15 years.

E. S. GIVENS, 237 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Advertising Section

Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

Continued from page 70

Why did the public refuse to turn thumbs down on them?

Various circumstances no doubt contributed. The couple were engaged in war work and at that date patriotism was powerful shibboleth. Again there was nothing to outrage our Victorian ideals in the reports of the Pickford-Fairbanks scandal. Their quiet retirement into a secluded and peaceful home life after their marriage was another factor.

But the most likely reason for their swift restoration to popular favor is that given by an old retainer of the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, one who had been with Mary through the storm period.

“How did they get away with it?” he echoed. “Why, because they just kept on making darn good pictures.”

And so they reign to-day, this celluloid king and queen, who defied their subjects and were not required to pay with their heads. The two most magnificent realms of the cinema are united in reality as in the dreams of the two who said to each other:

“I love you—nothing else matters.”

Both Douglas and Mary have a craving amounting to a passion for cultural improvement. Both have made remarkable progress in self-education. Time that other successful movie stars have devoted to jejune dissipations has been utilized for reading, study of languages, and contact with every lettered person whom they could cultivate—a genus somewhat rare in Hollywood and environs. They could mingle in the best society in Los Angeles, which means the society of successful bankers and their wives, successful manufacturers and their wives, successful real estate speculators and their wives, but they never go.

Douglas, who, it will be remembered, had at least one year of Harvard has succeeded in taking on a cultured finish that shows no surface cracks. Fairbanks can best be described as a man who thinks he thinks. Always alert for information on general topics, he has acquired a store far larger than that of the average professional American.

He is a sensible fellow, in no way deceived about himself. He passed through the period when he believed that all Doug Fairbanks had to do was to walk into a picture in order to score with his following. He tried this careless attitude and failed. Instantly recovering, he set himself to work, assiduously repairing the damage. He successfully staged his come-back and he has never made the same mistake again.

The amazing liberties taken with historical facts in Fairbanks pictures are not due to ignorance or carelessness. The lapses are intentional. Fairbanks takes liberties as Shakespeare took liberties.

Mary Pickford will probably retire soon. Deliberately she will take her place in limbo, having made one gesture of revolt against an inevitable situation and failed with it.

To-day she is in this position—torn between a desire to show the world that she is an actress capable of a great dramatic rôle and the necessity for performing the juvenile stunts that have made her what she is—“America’s Sweetheart.”

But a complication is added. She cannot continue much longer to perform the cute kid tricks. Because—horrible dictum!—she has done them all! More “Poor Little Rich Girls” or “Rebecca of Sunnyside Farm” or “Little Annie Rooney’s” would only be repetitions.

“Madame Butterfly” is her favorite story, and in 1916 she played the rôle in a picture with a hint of the mature actress which she longs to be. She hopes to do it again. If she does it probably will be Mary Pickford’s last picture.

Once she was key to the great adventure. It was in the winter of 1922. Ernst Lubitsch, the German director who had performed so well abroad, had been invited by American dollars to perform less well in our strangely limited field of artistic motion-picture production. He had been retained by the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. He had been engaged to make “Faust.”

Mary vowed to make “Faust” with absolute fidelity to Goethe, and no exaggeration of the part of Marguerite. She was going to back her gesture of revolt with half a million dollars. Win or lose!

But did she? Alas, no. Like the princess who announced her intention of going wading in the brook, like the poor little rich girl who ingenuously told her mother she was faring forth with Sallie Lutz to collect mementoes from the garbage pits—America’s Sweetheart was turned back from the great purpose of her career.

A covey of expediency experts descended upon her. They wept. They waited. Figuratively they fingered each separate curl and declined its value at the box office in absolute
Arabic numerals. No one personality could bear that tide of righteous indignation—not Mary at any rate. She capitulated. She recanted. She consented to do "Rosita" with curls and another ideal was shattered against the Gibraltar of our national taste in screen art.

In a Hollywood adaptation of an English country house, surrounded by sixteen acres of shrubbery and lawns, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks have isolated themselves from their world. "Pickfair," they call the estate in Beverly Hills. In the drawing room of the mansion they stood upon a recent day regarding with rueful eyes a great canvas which had just been uncared for, gift of some admiring student of art.

It was a "hand-painted picture" representing a pastoral scene; shepherd and sheep disposed about a landscape mottled with oleraceous trees and threaded by a nacreous brook flowing with vinegar. The sheep resembled great grubs and the shepherd, in tartan clad, was a dead ringer for the ferocious Australian aborigine pictured on side-show banners. It was a picture that would strike awe to any beholder.

"What in the world shall we do with it?" asked Mary, awfully.
"Well," pronounced Doug, slipping an arm playfully around her, "we'll have to hang it somewhere. It's from one of our fans."

It was only said in jest, but it was a reminder that even at home this royal pair are not free from the difficult job of constantly trying to please the public.

Douglas is now forty-two and still coming strong. Mary is ten years younger but past her peak. They are rich. They are happy in each other. Their careers have been a revelation of this strange land, America, where fame and fortune wait upon the most whimsical causes. A king whose leap to royalty has been as spectacular as the rope-climbing tricks of the mischievous Thief of Bagdad; a queen risen from the ashes of Cinderella herself.

Whatever the future has for them, however they have failed in the quest of their own secret desires in the past, they have given to themselves and to posterity one great achievement—one supreme defiance—one sweet emollient: the triumph of their love.

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The Odd-job Man
Continued from page 96

dent. This luxurious miniature Pullman was dispatched to the home of a certain small-part actor, where fortunately he was found. Hurriedly dressing his evening clothes into a suitcase and, jumping into the auto, he pulled down the blinds, and by the time the car drove up to the entrance of the studio he was ready to step out, fully attired in his evening clothes. Quick work! But there were waiting three temperamental stars, to say nothing of extras, assistants, officials, et cetera, all of whom were getting fidgety and irritable and all unconsciously blaming the late arrival for the long delay.

It must not be assumed that the odd-job man gets all his engagements on the jump. No, indeed. He takes a regular engagement when he can get one. But between whiles, known as he is to be a reliable, all-round actor, without having climbed to the stary heights of popular fame, he is available for important if minor roles. And it may be taken for granted by fans who see pictures that every part, however trivial, is being played by an experienced actor or actress whose life is entirely absorbed by their hopes, aims, and ambitions, and whose art means as much to them as that of the greatest screen star. Once the glamour has faded and the interest waned, it would be far better for the screen actor to go out and buy a peanut stand and become a merchant prince—at five cents the bag.

Fall Frock and Frills
Continued from page 63

Skirts will continue short, which, I feel sure, most of us will regard as a blessing, as it is by now a well-established fact that nothing so contributes to the youthful silhouette as the moderately short skirt. Those worn this fall will continue to have fullness added by tucks, plaits, or godets; we notice, however, that this fullness is now entirely in the back rather than in the front as heretofore.

The normal waistline is still making its fight for supremacy, and is in many cases succeeding with the most gratifying results. For it really is more becoming to all but young, slim figures, and the graceful long, tight sleeve, frequently with lace frills which almost hide the hand, will reign supreme.
I know how to stop Gray Hair

It's a sure way, and an easy one. And absolutely safe. This I will prove with a free trial bottle if you'll fill out and mail me the coupon.

By return mail I will send you my special patented free trial outlist, with full directions for testing on a single lock. Then you will know, positively, that no one need have gray hair—at any age!

Combining Does It

My hair color restorer is very easily applied, simply by combing it through the hair. No skill or outside aid required. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. It leaves your hair soft, smooth and fluffy.

No streaking or discoloration, no artificial "dried" look. No interference with shampoing, nothing to wash or rinse. The restored color is perfectly even and natural in all lights.

Fill it out carefully, stating accurately the natural color of your hair. If possible enclose a lock in your letter.

By return mail, postage prepaid, you will receive a patented free trial outfit. This is an offer which is truly, absolutely free.

When you know what Mary T. Goldman's is and what it will do, you will be anxious to try it on yourself. Then get a half-sized bottle from your druggist or direct from me.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
Over 10,000,000 Bottles Sold

[advertising section]

Breaking through the Mist

Continued from page 34

midst of it one of the heads of a Los Angeles fur store walked up to her. "Miss Boardman, as a favor to us, will you wear an emerald-fox wrap to the opening this evening?" he asked. "It has just been received and we would consider it a great favor if you would wear it; and it wouldn't put you under any obligation."

The request was casual enough; it has been put to film people a countless number of times by enterprising merchants, because of the advertising value involved. And at first Eleanor nodded acquiescence; her wide eyes danced in anticipation. At the call of her director she scurried to the set and went through the ensuing important scene with new vivacity.

But at its conclusion she came running to the group again.

"What do you think, man?" she asked. She couldn't find him. And, in a moment, she dispatched a prop boy with a message that she had made other arrangements and wouldn't be able to wear the cape that evening.

"I'm not making money enough to afford one of those capes and there's a lot of people who know it," she explained. "Consequently, they would either think I was very extravagant or they'd question the source of my money. No, sir; I'll get along with my old Spanish shawl—at least I know that's paid for!"

Delightfully volatile, a moment later she had switched to an entirely new subject:

"Do you think I could write? I've tried it several times, but when I read my things over the next day the stuff seems so silly that I throw it all away."

"Age doesn't count in writing, does it? If I could only do something like that, or if I only had a voice, I could branch out when I get too old to play girl parts. I'm afraid to send anything to an editor, though, for he'd think I was simply trying to capitalize on my name, or else they'd say my press agent was writing them for me.

"But I've got to do something! I'm just stagnating this way; giving all my energy and not developing myself at all!"

Eleanor's trail in the film world has had its high spots of interest, for she was one of those mushrooms fostered by the publicity department of a large studio. Several years ago, in casting about for a stint which would bring into prominence the name of Goldwyn, there was launched a campaign which was dubbed "The New Names and Faces Contest."

After considerable flurry and more talk an unknown boy and girl were chosen as "screen types"—and were each given a year's contract with the studio. They were William Haines and Eleanor Boardman. And for six months or so afterward that was all that was heard of them.

"They told me I was too tall," she said. "I thought so, too, but while I was out here and they had to keep me for the term of the contract I wasn't going to lose any opportunity to make good on that one chance, because I knew I'd never get it again."

So, around the studio, day after day, she haunted the sets. For hours at a time she would watch the filmed action; one could see a studious gleam in her pretty eyes. She was learning a lot.

And when the sets went into executive session, mayhap she would be the one to give a friendly peep-hole in a canvas wall, or sitting on top of an adjoining platform.

The matron of the dressing rooms could also have told of hours upon hours spent before a mirror by this seemingly friendless girl, in which grease paints learned to mix themselves into strange evanescences.

And after each attempt at make-up or a new hairdress she'd run to the still photographers and have a plate made. They called her a pest; and didn't print half the plates. But, even so, they flooded the publicity department with her pictures, with the result that when magazines or newspapers wanted a picture in a hurry it was invariably Eleanor's which was sent.

No one seemed to know exactly what she was doing; yet all the while the girl was bolstering up her dwindling hopes with the thought that some one of the officials had meant what they said when they agreed to use her in pictures for a year.

One day there came an abandonment of hesitancy; she had a hot and stormy interview with those higher up. The result? Almost immediately she was cast in one of Marshall Neilan's productions—a small part only. Yet she made good. And, in "Vanity Fair," which went into production immediately afterward, she was scheduled as second lead. Then it was that company officials learned they had been overlooking something; her success since then is common comment.

And even to her last sentence she was typically Eleanor:

"If I write something will you help me pick out a nom de plume so I can send it in?"
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Agents and Help Wanted

WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 225, St. Louis, Mo.


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 and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 170, East Orange, N. J.


AGENTS, our new Household Cleaning Device washes and dries windows, sweeps, cleans walls, scrubs, mops. Costs less than broom. Over half profit. Write Harper Brush Works, 201 3rd Street, Fairfield, Iowa.

I'LL PROVE TO YOU that you can make $90 a week taking orders for Jennings Guaranteed Hosey. I furnish complete equipment and offer you an Essex Coach without cost. Write now, The Frank B. Jennings Co., Dept. M-222, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS: $11.50 daily in advance (send for sworn proof) Introducing New Insured Hosey. 57 styles, 40 colors, guaranteed seven months. Full line now ready. No capital or experience required. You simply take orders. We deliver and collect (or you can deliver, suit yourself) Credit given. Pay You Daily, monthly bonus besides. We furnish samples. Spare time will do. Macochee Textile Company, Station 4569, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS—WRITE FOR FREE SAMPLES. Sell Madison "Better-Made" Shirts for large Manufacturer direct to wearers. No capital or experience required. Many earn $100 weekly and bonus. Madison Mfgs., 508 Broadway, New York.

Agents and Help Wanted—Continued

BIG MONEY—fast sales: everyone buys gold initials for their auto; sell $1.50, profit $1.14; ten orders daily easy. Samples, information free. World Monogram Company, Dept. 12, Newark, N. J.

AGENTS: Do you want the biggest money-making proposition ever offered? See my display ad elsewhere in this magazine. Walter send coupon at once to James Oliver, Inc., 814 West Adams Street, Dept. 138, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED TO ADVERTISE our exclusive samples given to consumers; 90¢ an hour; write for full particulars. American Products Co., 2307 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

$150 MONTH. Men 18 up. Railway Mail Clerks. 25 coached. Free, write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. 62, Rochester, N. Y.

Help Wanted—Male

ALL Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 65 willing to accept Government positions $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Ormston, 308, St. Louis, Mo. Immediately.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-28 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.


$115-$400 MONTHLY paid—By. Station—Office positions. Free passes, Experience unnecessary. Write Baker, Supt., 49, St. Louis, Mo.

Stammering


Agents and Help Wanted—Continued

Business Opportunity

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The New Theda Bara
Continued from page 17

things which before had been, she
says, dimly in the background of her
illusion and which inactivity forced
her to meet upon a closer acquaint-
ance—of all of these influences you
must have made some changes, as
she claims, in her character.

Her wedding was a quiet one, in
a Connecticut orchard under a peach
tree; and, because it was quite
casually and suddenly decided upon,
her had no bouquet; wherefore the
dignified, solemn Mr. Brabin had to
pluck daisies from a field near by
for "the worst woman of the screen" to
daintily in her hand while the minister
read the service. She tells the
story of that wedding with such
droll humor—and the grave Mr.
Brabin finds some pressing duty in
another room while she relates it.

Though there may have been times
of friction, their marriage seems to
be upon the ground of intellectual
companionship and fine friendship
which endures. Their tastes are iden-
tical, covering a rather catholic range
of music, art and literature.
They attend the theater and social
affairs in a pleasant, unhurried way.
They belong to the intimate circle
which surrounds Norma Talmadge.
Miss Bara's sister, Lola, is Norma's
almost constant companion. They
are, in short, a cultured, well-bred
couple.

Her gorgeous sense of humor most
interests me, probably because it is
so unexpected according to my pre-
conceived notions of her.

She comes into the long, tastefully
furnished drawing-room, a striking
figure of medium height whose dig-
nified carriage gives an illusion of
stature. A definite impression of
color. A gown of rose hue. Dark
hair loosely coiled, framing a pale
face not beautiful but arresting, with
its high cheek bones, its deeply set
eyes, its odd-shaped, sensuous mouth.
She pauses. It is a very effective
entrance. She graciously greets you.
There is a distinct vibration about
her, of an unusual personality.

She talks, quite casually, of mu-
 sic, of the books that answer one's
transient moods, of psychology. Her
voice is well modulated, the tone of
a cultured woman. You wonder how
much of her manner is pose; you
prefer to believe, because it charms
you, that it has its basis in sincerity.

And then of a sudden, when the
conversation turns upon her sirenic
career, a veil is torn away. The
bubbling of that infectious humor,
I believe, does the trick.

You have been conscious, beneath
her surface and ambiguous pleasant-
ness, of a shrewd appraisal. Ap-
parently deciding that she likes you,
or perhaps that this will be the best
method of attack, she becomes in a
winking instant very human.

Do I unjustly accuse her of a de-
liberate effort to impinge your in-
terest by a means which she calcu-
lates will kindle the flirt of your
liking? I have seen her shut up
like a clam and be courteous but
quite coldly indefinite, even when
with those whose admiration might
be of value.

So the new manner may be genu-
ine. And yet, I have in the back
of my brain those tales she told me
herself, with such engaging candor,
of those cleverly arranged interviews
in which she spoke a language of
psychology, of Hindu philosophy, of
reincarnations and queer religions,
designed to convey a certain atmos-
pheric effect. Could this, too, be an effort, along another line,
in keeping with a new personality
which she hopes to define?

Frankly, I don't know what to
think about it. I want to believe the
woman sincere, and if she hadn't had
the audacity to admit her previous
subterfuges, I would . . . but . . .
well, there it is, and here am I, on
the fence.

At any rate, the humor that crops
out enlivens her conversation, and is
doubly diverting in Theda Bara.

She related amusing incidents con-
cerning famous personages whom she
has known intimately, those little
human interest bits that have no place
in a motion-picture star's interview.

She admitted relishing the annoy-
ance which her return will give to
those critics who never wasted an
opportunity to take a crack at her.

To the editors of the newspapers
that published rumors of her death
two years ago she wrote, in her
flourishing, unique hand, "Theda
Bara's face may be duplicated by a
double's but I challenge anybody to
write a hand like this." The letters
were proof that the original and only
Theda was still alive and kicking.

Not without apprehension does
she consider her return. She believes
that she has popular appeal, and is
eager, in her energetic, fearless way,
to test it, but there is the memory
of some rather awful pictures which
she must live down.

"My final pictures for Fox were
rightful," she admits. "But, re-
member, please, that I made forty
pictures in four years and a half.
Quality and quantity are seldom
wins on the best of relations. I
want to make but a very few films

Advertising Section
each year, if I succeed in defining the modern woman who, as I see her, is a combination of wife and vamp."

Theda Bara is a clever show woman. She sold herself to the public as a vamp, when she saw that the flame of that symbol had been kindled by a fortuitous and unexpected success in one picture.

Now, equally as shrewdly, she is starting a campaign to sell herself in a new metier.

Will she succeed? Her name might still be made a box-office magnet, for public curiosity is not dead. And she has, besides a forceful personality, an undoubted mental capability. I rather think that a few months from now will see Theda Bara reestablished.

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 59

pretty good dog and several bad shots. Rin-tin-tin is the dog and David Butler and Mitchell Lewis are the bad shots. Annie Oakley isn't in the cast. There's gold in the hills and a brutal killing. Rin-tin-tin is suspected of murder in the first degree, and during the next five reels is shot at unsuccessfully. Joan Hardy is the little gal in furs, and there is an Indian in it named Wah Wah who is the plot spelled backward.

Tom Mix and "Tony" are in a picture called "The Rainbow Trail." I call him "Tony" but the quotation marks are not my own. After seeing this picture, I want to say "Tom Mix" and Tony.

It is just another Western picture with dancing gals and such names as Nas Ta Bega in the cast. Zane Grey wrote the novel and this is the photodramatic version of it, whatever that may mean. Anyway, it's what the program says.

It is a long, dull, photodramatic whatnot, anyway.

And speaking of animals, there were a couple of horses named "Black Cyclone" and "Lady," but perhaps you have heard that one. Rex is the other name for "Black Cyclone," and if you can believe all you hear, he has killed one man, and kicked up a few others.

This is the story of the home life of a horse, and I was disappointed in it. The children will like it, however, and the horses in it are better actors than the humans.

Zoologically speaking, this has been a big month. But after all, it is vacation time for children, and any number of Black Cyclones, Rin-tin-tins, and Tonys are far better for them than one White Monkey.
One night he shuddered to the local story of a drunken negro who had pursued a white girl; and the chilling terror of that night later thrilled in scenes in "The Birth of a Nation" that shook Mac Marsh from freckled girlhood into screen immortality, if such there be.

His sister, Mattie, read and re-read for him his favorites, the great love stories of the ages. The dreamy boy in denim, with a conqueror's imagination, feasted upon these treasures of faithful hearts. He pictured these heroines apart from the neighbor girls he knew, something distant, shadowy, sublime, something less than angels, something beyond the flesh.

And when he looked the first time upon the motion-picture screen in later years, he saw there the shadow-land in which his dream heroines might live again. Always you find something of this dream girl in every Griffith heroine, the gentle, faithful, ideal of the little boy in Kentucky, who spoke poetry to her as he went through the woods in the twilight bringing home the cows from the pasture.

When an ill-omen comes hissing from the box offices, scolding against sentiment in his heroines, the Scotch that is in Griffith will roll down his silk stockings, wave her hair, indeed style her to the rising ripple of the moment's fad, but she is the same girl—sister to all those heroines of youthful dreams, Little Nell, Virginia, Marguerite, Ophelia, Ruth, and all those sweethearts of the masters old. Sometimes she is blonde, and the long-ago dreams open like a fan into the screen personality that is Lillian Gish. Again she is dark, and the world knows her as Carol Dempster, vital, buoyant, and fascinating. A strange girl, this Griffith heroine! She is the sweetheart's song at twilight, the lover's moon, the evening star, all spun into young womanhood, virgin shy, yet passionate as a puckered mouth, and practical in the progress of mating as a schatten's guide.

These Griffith heroines have fruiting the greatest moments in all screen literature; have made the smug and the callous tremble with sympathy and glow with tears.

And this Griffith heroine is one definite and undeniable influence that changed the standard of womanly beauty in this country from the Oriental preference of opulent bust and matronly hips to the slender stature that is universally a favorite to-day. The exact date of the change in public taste is the time when the Griffith heroine made her first appearance in the films.

The little Kentucky dreamer has done more to erase sensuality from the appearance of the American woman than a hundred years of preaching or a thousand edicts from the fashion makers.

So the things that are Griffith include the imaginative genius of the boy who has never grown up; the deft, perfected skill of a patient and ever-working craftsman, so expert in technique that for sheer devilry in fingering his magic, he distilled suspense from potatoes; these, and the showmanship of a successful and experienced ruler of audiences, who understands their wayward traits and frank simplifications.

These make up the institution that is Griffith: the force that has become the big bull elephant of the films, now back with the herd again.

What will he do?

Once he wrote a subtitle. It was in "Hearts of the World." It said: "If you can't get what you want, then want what you can get."

---

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**The Girl Friend Makes Good**

Continued from page 43

York for only the second time? My deepest memory is that of wilting in photographers' studios for hours at a time. It was during that awful heat wave, you'll remember.

"Yes," said Kathleen lugubriously, "I'm afraid my last 'location trip' was rather a bust. But I'm still hoping to be able to get to New York and stay there long enough to see some of it."

Kathleen came into films by way of the oft-trod path of small bits and parts. Then came a big chance in the ill-fated "Rubaiyat," wherein she was co-fretted with Ramon Navarro. After that came featured roles with Fox, principally in support of the virile Tom Mix—and then Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and "Ben-Hur." She is related in some way or other to Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star Spangled Banner"—or was it "America?" On thinking it over, it is S. C. Fitzgerald. Wonder what relation that makes Kathleen to the papa of flappers? Anyway, the girl friend is making good.
“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.

“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.

“Thundering Herd, The”—Paramount. A thrilling Western, with some wonderful scenes of buffalo stampedes. Noah Beery, Lois Wilson, and Jack Holt support the buffalo.


“Wizard of Oz, The”—Chadwick. Not very much like Frank Baum’s whimsical 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.

“Zander the Great”—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in some delightful comedy as a freckled orphan in pigtails.

**RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.**

“As a Man Desires”—First National. An improbable South Seas tale, in which Milton Sills and Viola Dana do their best.


“Cafe in Cairo, A”—Producers Distributing. Priscilla 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 saving wife than an expensive girl friend.

“Chickie”—First National. Dorothy Mackaill’s performance seems too good for this cheap story of a poor but beautiful working girl and her romantic experiences.

“Cloud Rider, The”—F. B. O. Not much on plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

“Crackerjack”—First National. If you like Johnny Hines, you’ll find this one of his best comedies.

“Deadwood Coach, The”—Fox. Typical 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.


“East of Suez”—Paramount. Pola Negri a wicked excursion into Oriental melodrama.

“Enticement”—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl who thought all men were noble.

“Eve’s Lover”—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.

“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 a good looking 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 men.

“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 bad boy, goes good 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.

“Inex 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.

“Kiss in the Dark, A”—Paramount. Hardly enough to make a picture out of. Dorothy Mackaill is in her usual man-about-town characterization.

“Lady of the Night”—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer slips a little as a Bowery girl.


“Man and Maid”—Metro-Goldwyn. More Eliza 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 role of a hero.
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They Were All Against Him


"One-way Street, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty with 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 roles.

"Open Trail, The"—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

"Raffles"—Universal. House Peters is not dashing enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.

"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.

"Redeeming Sin, The"—Vitaphone. Nazimova and Lou Tellegen in one of those apocalyptic things.

"Roaring Adventure"—Universal. Over the Western plains with Jack Hoxie.

"Roughneck, The"—Fox. Continuing the adventures of attractive George O'Brien.

"Sackcloth and Scarlet"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another sacrificing big-sister plot, with a slightly new twist. Allee Terry is de-Craigmyle, as good as the mother, and Dorothy Sebastian plays the sister who causes all the trouble.

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Price, 75 Cents Each

The Marvel Cook Book

By Georgette MacMillan

Price, 15 Cents

"She Wolves"—Fox. Alma Rubens as a romantic wife who gets her fingers burned when she looks for adventure outside marriage. Jack Mulhall plays her husband.

"So This is Marriage"—Metro-Goldwyn. The Biblical flashback again, by which Lew Cody points out to Eleanor Boardman the error of her ways.

"Sporting Venus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save this hackneyed plot based on misunderstandings from being unbearable; Lew Cody is in it, too.

"Swan, The"—Paramount. The Molinar stage play cruelly mangled. You might bear it if you haven't seen the original play.

"Talker, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker's misguided words seriously.

"Tongues of Flame"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan winning through those terrible barriers he always knocks over so easily.

"Tops of the World"—Paramount. Ethel M. Dell'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.

"Wings of Youth"—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Earle is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

and marquis and princess and all the wonderful titles in the world combined—making, in short, the greatest of them all—"Gloria Swanson—American Movie Star!"

Orange Villa, Daytona, Fla.

Louise Williams Writes from Paris.

Just like the movie stars, I'm writing you a letter from location. Coming to Paris in pursuit of fashion material is all very well, but I never could stand it for very long if it weren't for American movies. "Home is where the movies are" for me from now on.

Imagine what it means to feel as if you'd left the world behind—just always do when I arrive here—and to feel just a bit homesick for it, and then have this sort of thing happen to you: I was walking in the Bois on Sunday morning, along with all the rest of Paris, looking at the manikins from the smart modistes' shops, and watching the people, and just ahead, outside a charming Frenchman's "Le Porte du Dauphine," a crowd suddenly gathered. It was the kind of crowd that means just one thing—that a famous movie star is present.

I made record speed crossing the boulevard. So did every one else. I couldn't see over the surrounding heads for a few moments, but I heard an impressive whisper: "Oui! c'est le chapeau!" It didn't need another exclamation, "C'est Tom Mees!" to tell me who was the cause of the commotion. It was Tom indeed—white sombrero, white riding togs scolloped in brown like a little girl's flannel Petticoat, and all Tony was with him, of course, and they were posing for the news reel camera.

And, oh! what a nice face Tom has. I look like a crowd among the gendarmes, with the French girls, and implored him to autograph the back of my white glove or my handkerchief, as they were doing. Paris went mad over Tom, who appeared at one of the big music halls, and the place was jammed. Wherever he went, crowds pursued him. They simply adore him over here, and I'm glad they do!

They're crazy about Buster Keaton's pictures, too. When I arrived two of the big theaters were showing "Buster Keaton's Day," and where "Hospitality" was billed Natalie Talmadge was as much featured in the posters as he was.

I went to Montmartre I saw Chaplin in "The Pilgrim"—and it seemed so funny to have him called by his name for him, "Chariot," in the subtitles. The name he has in pictures never means anything. I have never seen a sign-maid pictures. "The Death of Siegfried," in eight reels, is hardly tempting.

My Tom Mix experience was paralleled by one with Mae Murray. I was dining at a hotel in Nice, and a young prince who was traveling incognito had just remarked that he'd give anything in the world to see a movie star in the flesh. I glanced up toward the door at that moment, and then remarked, as casually as I could: "All right—there's Mae Murray."

Mae was looking about sixteen. She wore a little white hat of soft straw, one of those they make in Fiesole, that were...
so smart in Florida last winter, and a white coat, trimmed with fur. She dined with Rex Ingram who had been working hard and showed it, and Howard Strickling.

She told me she'd been rushing about so in Paris that she got none of the rest she had come ever for, and had thought she'd get some in Nice. But everybody recognized her everywhere, and she simply couldn't escape the public.

I had rather a sad echo of the past while in a tiny little town in Italy. I had been dining with some friends who have a villa there, and arrived at the station in time to see Marion just pulling out. They have a charming way of giving you merely approximate train times over here.

So we all went to the movies, and saw an old, old picture featuring Olive Thomas. I'd have walked out unhappily if it hadn't been that Ray Griffith was also in it—the same Ray Griffith, only a trifle stouter, it seemed to me. I thought I detected traces of the delightful, satirical humor that marks his performances nowadays, but it was rather a jolt to see the difference in him then and now.

In Florence I stayed at the hotel Lillian Gish liked so much, a beautiful old palace. She is a great favorite in Florence, of course. The first thing I saw on arriving was a huge poster announcing "The White Sister—Lillian Gish in the lavas of Vesuvius." Not even our best exploitation men at home ever thought of that.

Dorothy was present on other posters near by, advertising "Fury" under a different title, and featuring her equally with Dick Barrows.

There's one other thing about movies that has come to me very vividly lately. I went out to Versailles soon after I reached Paris, and seeing it peopled as it was in its glory was the easiest thing in the world, because of the movies. The right costumes, the right life and color, were there. History's never been revivified more successfully than such pictures as Pola Negri's "Passion" and Gloria Swanson's "Madame Sans Gene."

Here's hoping we have more pictures like that!

Louise Williams.

Paris, France.

Let Ralph Graves Do Serious Work.

Oh! doesn't anybody realize that Ralph Graves is not a comedian? His acting in "Dream Street" was wonderful. He seemed to put his whole heart and soul into it. All Ralph needs is self-confidence—if some fans would only encourage him to do something serious of the Griffith type, for he has real talent as well as looks.

M. C.
California.

A Fan Makes a Discovery.

About five years ago I saw a little one or two-reel picture that told the story of the making of a great painting. "The Bashful Suitor," it was called. It was adorable—a little Dutch story—and I've never forgotten it. Soon after I saw another—something about a protege of Rembrandt's. Mary Astor was the leading lady. But the thing that I remember particularly was that the boy was the "Bashful Suitor" himself. It was not until months or so afterward that I learned that he was Leon Pierre Gendron, a Frenchman. By that time he had disappeared from the screen, and couldn't be found anywhere. The great hungry mob called The Public doesn't like those artistic little two reelers and never did—they'd rather see a slapstick comedy any day. But I never gave up hoping that I would see him again.

Then, at last—but let me quote just a
Men called him a “dumb brute”; he was the butt of the camps, this great giant of a man. But when something happened to waken that intelligence, then—read yourself about

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UNWELCOME SETTLERS, James Roberts

UNSEEN ACRES..........Harry Gochenour

THE COYOTE.............James Roberts

Few lines from my diary last summer alt.
I had seen “Three Women”: “He’s wonderful! I’m crazy about him! I’m so proud of him—he’s my discovery, you know.... He didn’t have much to do, but he did it well and looked perfectly adroable besides. He’s awfully good looking, and has the most beautiful mouth I ever saw on a boy. It curls up even when he talks, let alone when he laughs. The girls will go crazy over him; soon, I predict. I'm fairly bursting with pride for him. Adorable!”

He’s so young and boyish and clean cut and fine, he deserves the best. And that's not counting that he’s a good actor and as handsome as any matinee idol. And dance! Girls, did you notice how he danced in "Three Women"? None of your two-fers, apart, hand-on-your-shoulder, hopping around that most all leading men do. And don’t mistake me. It wasn’t rough stuff, either. He led his partner with his arm around her waist, and didn’t look as if the poor girl danced better with half the floor between them. It was dandy—new, good looking, graceful, peppy—like Valentino and John Patrick mixed up. Girls, did you notice?

I can’t praise him too much. He's one of the finest going. Pierre Gendron will get there. Watch him!

BETTY PEARSON.

209 North Fiftieth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Betty Ruth is Right.

Where do people get this stuff about the public making picture stars, as if it were something disgraceful? I rather reckon the public also made President Coolidge and Henry Ford. If people didn’t buy flivers where would Ford’s millions be? But do we expect Ford to hold open house for every curiosity seeker that comes to Detroit? Scarcely. Then why expect it from a picture star who sells entertainment—and probably gives more than value received?

And where does the writer whose letter appeared in a recent issue of What the Fans Think get the idea that Doug and Mary know to foreign titles? Certainly they entertain visiting foreigners—but aren’t they likewise entertained in Europe? Sounds like a man I knew who used to make fun of nobility, and then get up at daybreak to catch a glimpse of Lord Mounbatten’s private car as it went through town on the Limited.

What does this writer want Mary to do, anyway? Throw the gates of Pickfair open and invite the public to use it for a municipal camping ground? Mary practically supports a Los Angeles orphanage, isn’t that paying the public back with a vengeance? Why should Mary employ the professional cordiality of a politician to a lot of sensation-seeking dumb-bells when she’s worked for her money, and given value received? What makes the writer think she’s as good as Mary? Did she ever meet her, talk to her personally? People who are really superior don’t find it necessary to worry over other people’s “superiority.”

I think Betty Ruth Somebody-or-other has the right of it. Very few of us will ever know the screen stars personally. As long as they fill our ideals on the screen what else matters? If I choose to idealize Doug, whose business is it but mine? If I choose to hero worship Tom Mix because at forty-five he has a physique that I wish I could equal at twenty-five—well, why not? By all means, Betty Ruth, idealize the screen stars—for you’ll find darn few people worth idealizing anywhere else!

C. C. SANDSON.

2336 Franklin Street, Denver, Colo.
Information Please

In PENZBROOK—i believe that means "the thinker" or something of the sort, but you didn't think quite hard enough to realize that, writing me from London when you did, you couldn't expect an answer in the next five days don't you think? I can see you are a thinker, though, from your comments about the screen stars. I agree with you that Pola Negri is a great ac-

TALL TIMBER.—If you really want me to mention Johny Ralston on this page, you had better be right—about her. She was born in South Pittsburgh, Kentucky, about eighteen years ago. She is about five feet four inches tall, and has brown hair and hazel eyes. She isn't mar-

COSETTE.—So you always had a cool head through all the Valentinio pictures, until you saw Charles Mack in "America?" Per-

DOUG'S DIGGER.—I didn't know Doug had a digger; now that he has one, what does he do with it? Doug was born in Denver, May 23, 1883; he was educated at a military academy, Smith's Iron Works, and at Harvard. He used to play on the stage. Now that "Don Q, Son of Zorro," is finished, he is making The Black Pirate. I think he will send you his autographed photo if you write him at the address at the end of The Oracle.

A MOVIE MANIAC.—They blame so many things on the movies—even maniacs! Charles Emmett Mack played the brother in "America." D. W. Griffith discovered him a few years ago, whom he used for a while in the stage, in "The Kat," a play which he wrote himself. Perhaps I will write him in care of that theater, the letter will be forwarded to him. He is now making a picture in Europe. says he is married to a star, and wants you to write him.

MARY JO.—You want Ramon Novarro to get married so some of "this raving about him will cease." I'm afraid you'll have to give Ramon a better reason than that for getting married! My favorite was born in Colorado Springs—the town, not the springs—but she doesn't say just when. She is Mrs. Eddie Sutherland. Bessie Love was Eddie's girl in "Charm." She is a little older than he, but not much, and when they got married I didn't know her exact age, but she isn't much over twenty, and she is not married. Mary Brian is sixteen, is five feet tall and has brown hair and eyes.

STEVE KONECNY.—You're quite right, it is too long a hike from Amsterdam, New York, to Cuba even if it is the shortest way. Way, particular just to talk to you. Just think after all that walking, you might get here after I'd had a late night or something and come out of it. I didn't see another new screen "find," whom Samuel Goldwyn brought from abroad. Her name is Vilma Banky, and she comes from Hungary. Pola Negri completed "The Charmer" before the film for Europe, and is back again working on a new picture. Tom Mix and Gloria Swanson are said to be the highest-salaried stars in pictures now.

K. F. YON L.—I can promise you not to get heart failure upon seeing your handwriting. My heart has had to stand for many things worse than that. Ben Lyon answers his own fan mail; Richard Dix's sister, Josephine, answers all of his. I think George Hackathorne answers his own. Babe London first got into pictures in comedy roles with Charlie Chaplin.

TISH.—All right, I shall try to do better than the other Answer Man you wrote to. Hans Langeral, who timer for "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer" might as well try to do better. Kenneth McKenna is a stage actor, so I have no detailed description of him—"Little Miss Muffet and the Spider," his last picture, was his only screen work. However, I have seen him frequently and can give you an approximate description of his appearance. He is about six feet tall and a brun-

BUBBY.—Yes, you do print beautifully; the next time the printers go on strike, perhaps we can engage you to print the magazine, though it might be somewhat of a job to do all that by hand. It's too bad you are "coo-coo" about Ricardo Cortez. I don't think he likes coo-coo girls. Ricard doesn't give his exact birth date, but gives his birthplace as Alsace-Lorraine. His pictures include "Children of Jazz," "Mary of the Movies," "Lady of the Docks," "Three on a String," "Golden Fleece," "Pony Express" and "Not So Long Ago," in which he plays with Betty Bronson. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago and is in her thirties.

LUCILE T.—I can't decide whether you want your entire name published in this column or not. So you think Ben Lyon is a saint? It's all right to like him, and all that, but really, I don't think he'd even think of this. Ben was made to think of small roles —"Hollywood," "The Gentleman from America," "A Society Scandal," "The Swan," "Argentine Love." The big roles are going to Marjorie, "Pony Express," "Chicago." Ben was great in "My Man Godfrey." The only real drawback is that perhaps you have that you have to stay with him. Let's see—Ben Lyon is supposed to be a better shot, just as he is real good at it. Where's your head? "Pony Express" is a real good picture, and Ben was better in it than he was in "Chicago." He's a better shot in his fan mail, and I think he's better in his acting, and in his playing with Betty Bronson in "Pony Express." You're very right, and I think you should go to him and talk about it. He'll be pleased, and possibly he'll do a better job of it next time. You've got to be the best, or you'll be forgotten.

EDNA BOOTHWAY.—I'm glad to see that Virginia Valli is a big fan of your column. We like to please. The girl sitting opposite Anna May Wong on page 33 of the May issue looks very much like Vera Reynolds. She is a star in "Pony Express," and is better in her new roles than she was in "Duo Tommi" and "The Night Club." She has been in pictures two years or three years—I'm sorry I have no other facts. Let's get you a better picture, and I'll bring it you next time.

A. SULLIVAN.—I was born in Worcester, Massa-

INFORMATION PLEASE.—But you weren't

Steve Konecny.
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?

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UNSEEN ACRES.——-Harry Golden

BULL HUNTER———-David Manning

THE COYOTE——-James Roberts

ROVIN’ REDDEN———-James Roberts

GEMS OF PROMISE——Ewart Linton

CHICHESTER HOUSE PUBLISHERS

76-78 SEVENTH AVE. NEW YORK, N. Y.

RAMON NOTARIO’S ADMIRER.—That applies to all the fans who read these pages. Ramon took time off from “Ben-Hur” to play in a picture glorifying the American navy, with many of the scenes taken at Annapolis. It is called “Midshipman Sterling,” and Harriet Hammond plays opposite him.

KNOW IT ALL.—There still seems to be a few things left for you to ask. Jetta Goudal is no longer with Famous Players, as there was some dispute about her contract. She has joined Cecil De Mille’s stock company, and is playing opposite Rod La Rocque in “The Coming of Amos.” She also plays opposite Joseph Schildkraut in “The Road to Yesterday.”

Addresses of Players

John Gilbert, Lon Chaney, Norma Shearer, Alice Terry, Bruce Cooper, Constance Talmadge, Eleanor Boardman, Sally O’Neil, Helen O’Hanlon, Libby Dwyer, Lilian Gish, Mae Busch, Blanche Sweet, Pauline Starke, Claire Windsor, Paullette Duval, Claire McDowell, and Marie Bean, at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Thomas Meighan, Bebe Daniels, Neil Hamilton, Joan Dempster, and Diana Base, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City, New York.

Gloria Swanson, at 522 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Beatrice Joy, Vera Reynolds, Edward Burns, Jetta Goudal, Rod La Rocque, Jocelyn Lee, Majel Coleman, and Sally Rand, at the Cecil De Mille Studios, Culver City, California.

Alma Rubens, George O’Brien, Edmund Lowe, Tom Mix, Earle Foxe, Charles Jones, and Mabel Hulin, at the Fox Studios, West gate Avenue, Hollywood, California.


Ruth Roland, at 3825 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante, Marian Nixon, Mary Philbin, Norman Kerry, Hoot Gibson, Nina Romano, Josie Sedgwick, Art Acord, Jack Hoxie, Virginia Valli, Pat O’Malley, Olive Henshaw, Lolo Todd, Mary McAllister, and Louise Lorraine, at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Richard Harrington and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.


Daisy Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Wilton Place, Hollywood, California.

Walter Hiers, Bobby Vernon, and Vera Steedman, at the Christie Studios, 6101 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.


Marjorie Daw, at 6737 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Steadman Hackathorne and Betty Blythe, care of Hal Roach, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey, care of Associated Exhibitors, 33 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.


Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Milton Sills, Ben Lyon, Mary Astor, Hobart Bosworth, Myrtle Stedman, Doris Kenyon, and John Bowers, at the Biograph Studios, 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York City.

Evelyn Brent, George O’Hara, Fred Thompson, Maurice Fitz, and Albert Vaughan, at the F. B. O. Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, at 905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
THAT'S the way he signed himself, in mocking defiance of the law, this rollicking, cussing, fascinating son of a gun whose adventures you follow in a Western story after your own heart,

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By JAMES FELLOM

IT'S a star among stars, a headliner in the famous list of Chelsea House books, and it belongs on your reading table.

Stop off to-night on your way home and ask your dealer for "The Rider of the Mohave." Only take this tip—if you have an important engagement this evening don't start the book. You will find it such a breath-taking, interest-absorbing yarn that once you've started you will have to follow through to the beautiful ending.

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It is specifically guaranteed to impart to gray, streaked or faded hair all its former harmonious beauty of lustre, of silken texture and shade. Its use cannot be detected. It is guaranteed permanent: its coloring will withstand any condition or treatment that Nature's will—brushing, rubbing, shampooing, sunshine, salt water, perspiration, Turkish and Russian baths, permanent waving, marceling and curling.

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SEND NO MONEY. Merely drop a card to Inecto, Inc., asking for Beauty Analysis Chart, M 23—which will enable you to select unerringly the shade precisely suited to you.
"You're fired," said his father,
"I'll go to work," said the boy—
and that's the start of as good a book as you have read in many moons.

"When Stuart Came to Sitkum"

By A. M. CHISHOLM

Price, $2.00

is a rattling Western story by one of the leading fiction writers of this country.

When you sit down with this book you will have the fascination of watching brains, brawn and courage at work against heavy odds—and you forget the monotonies of everyday life, caught up in the thrill of this masterly story.

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Marcel Your Hair at Home with this MARVELOUS WAVING CAP

New Invention Will Pay for Itself in a Few Days and End Forever the “High Cost of Upkeep” for Bobbed Hair

HOLLYWOOD is responsible for this idea, which has brought beautiful hair to thousands of women.

Motion picture stars were among the first to succumb to the craze for bobbed hair. Soon they found the “cost of upkeep” simply amazing. Betty Compson figured her expenses for hair dressing and marcelling at about $15 a week. Estelle Taylor’s was about the same. An ingenious inventor heard of their troubles and set himself to thinking. If these film stars, who were fabulously rich, found it a burden to keep their “bobs” marcelled, what about the millions of women and girls in moderate circumstances who were just as anxious to keep their style? Couldn’t something be done to relieve them of the burden?

Solves Marcelling Problem

After trying scores of devices and discarding them as impractical, the persevering inventor finally hit upon this marvelous Waving Cap, which has solved the problem for nearly 40,000 women—and which will solve the problem for YOU.

The McGowan Waving Cap is a simple device that applies the principle of the curling iron to produce the wave you want, using a specially prepared, safe and harmless curling liquid in place of water and heat. A glance at the picture above will tell you how the Waving Cap works. An elastic headband holds five rubberized strands in place. The hair, after being slightly moistened with a delightful curling fluid, is pulled out with the fingers or an orange stick, the elastic strands holding the hair in little waves. As the hair dries in this position the waves become “set,” and when the Waving Cap is removed after 15 minutes you have as pretty a marcel as you ever saw. And at a cost of about one cent!

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Think what a saving this means. With this inexpensive but efficient Waving Outil you can be independent of the beauty parlors and save all the money that would ordinarily go towards keeping your marcelled hair. Instead of spending $1 to $1.50, plus the usual tip, every week or two you can marcel wave your hair at home practically without any cost at all. In 15 minutes your hair is dry—and you have the most beautiful marcel you ever saw.

You can put in the waves in any way you prefer—running from front to back, as shown in the illustrations, or running from side to side. It is the easiest thing in the world to arrange the Waving Cap so it will give you just the kind of marcel you want.

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If you are familiar with the price of other marcelling devices you would expect this one to cost at least $5 or $10. In fact, when Mr. McGowan first showed his invention to his friends many of them advised him to sell it for that price, because it is easily worth it. But Mr. McGowan wants every girl and woman to get the benefit of his ingenious invention, so he has put the price within reach of all—$2.87 for the entire outfit. This includes a large steel bottle of his Curling Liquid as well as the newly invented Waving Cap.

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You don’t even have to pay for this wonderful wavy outfit in advance; nor do you have to risk a cent. All you do is sign and mail the coupon. In a few days your postman will bring your Waving Cap and Curling Liquid and then you pay him $2.87, plus a few cents postage. You’ll be delighted the first time you try your new-found beauty aid, and your greatest joy will come after you have used it a few times and begin to see your hair getting trained the way you find it most becoming.

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Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, enclose $3 with your order and the McGowan Curling Outil will be sent postpaid.
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Personalities of Paramount

LOIS WILSON
Some stars are neither stunning blondes, nor gorgeous vamps, but simply—themselves! and they attract millions. Lois Wilson, heroine of The Covered Wagon, and star in The Thundering Herd, North of 36 and other Paramount Pictures creates affection everywhere. Her latest pictures are James Cruze’s Welcome Home and Zane Grey’s The Vanishing American.

JACK HOLT
When Jack Holt swings on to the screen with tightened belt swift action seems ready on sea, in forest or desert. His outstanding Paramount successes are Call of the North, While Satan Sleeps, North of 36 and The Light of Western Stars. Jack Holt’s first new season Paramount Picture is “Wild Horse Mesa.”

ERNEST TORRENCE
Fans had a wonderful time picking out the bits they liked best in The Covered Wagon, and oh, how they joyed in Ernest Torrence! What expressiveness! Don’t miss him in Peter Pan (as Hook the Pirate), The Fighting Coward, North of 36 and Heritage of the Desert. He will be seen in Night Life of New York and The Wanderer.

NOAH BEERY
Perfectly equipped by nature is Noah Beery to play the rough-diamond types of unquenchable courage. Paramount fans easily remember him in Wanderer of the Wasteland, The Fighting Coward, and Heritage of the Desert. He may be seen this season in The Light of Western Stars.

How Paramount Improves the Screen Art

In all forms of art there is a method of approach, a scheme of attack, that is sufficiently sagacious to be recognized as basic technique.

Not a rule of thumb, but a method of enriching any meaning or value.

This is a high-brow subject, but when an industry’s business is art the subject must be mastered and expanded season by season.

Paramount’s production standard is based on a hard-won technique that makes every Paramount Picture a delight to millions.

Nothing less than this would have made world - leadership with trade - marked photoplays possible.

The tradition that Commerce and Art cannot pull together has dissolved in the strong potion of Paramount.

There are deep emotions with men and women that complete the electric circuit of Paramount’s popularity, and it is this warm affinity of the art of Paramount with the real life of people that is the foundation of Paramount’s technique and success.

“If it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in town!”
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Answers to questions by our readers.

THE MOTION PICTURE OF THE FUTURE

TWENTY-FIVE years ago any one who would have
hazarded a forecast describing the marvels of our mod-
ern movie palaces would have been set down as a vision-
ary fool. But what will picture shows be twenty-five years
from now? Are we any more ready to accept a prophesy to-
day that may appear quite as visionary and improbable?

You will have an opportunity to decide that question when
you read the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. In that
issue will appear an article by a French writer and scientist,
Eugene Clement D’Art, who has been conferring with the men
who are working in the laboratories of the East along lines
which he believes will eventually lead to motion-picture exhibitions as far advanced from those
of to-day as those of to-day have advanced from the first movies ever shown.

He paints a fascinating picture of the wonders of the future which cannot help but grip
your imagination, whether or not you believe it will all come true.

Another article, in the same issue, which is of equal interest—of particular interest to any
one who has ever given much thought to the problems of marriage, is Dorothy Manners’ ac-
count of a talk she had with Mrs. Malcolm MacGregor. It is a story of how Mrs. MacGregor
and Malcolm weathered together the long hard period when he was struggling for recognition
—not an easy experience for a girl used to a life of gayety;
but one common to most young married couples.

Rudolph Valentino, who has been somewhat aloof from the
public for a time, has been induced to tell our readers something
about his attitude toward the success he has attained,
and to try to show wherein the real Rudolph Valentino differs
from the one that appears on the screen. You will have a
better understanding of the point of view—not only of Valen-
tino, but of every other very successful star—after reading it.

These three stories alone should induce you to get the next
issue of PICTURE-PLAY without fail. But beside these there
will be nearly thirty other interviews and articles. We hope that none of our readers will fail to
procure a copy.
Natalie Mae Gregory, Wilmington, Delaware.

Mellin’s Food

Mellin’s Food and milk is just the diet a baby needs to thrive and develop, as Nature intended.

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 Company, 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think


I HAVE lived in Hollywood since my childhood. Hollywood is just a fairyland of little bungalows—doll houses—and big mansions—castles—all in their adorable settings of shady trees, pretty gardens, and beautiful surroundings.

The dolls that live in this fairyland? Just plain families of fapper sisters, scrapping boys, loving mothers, and indulgent fathers. The stars? Just lovely, fascinating people. Extras are usually good-natured, easy-going girls and boys who would give you their last cent if you needed it. There are a few would-be movie players—usually from some hick town—who think they must "paint the town," and they are generally ignored. But it really thrills your heart to see the little kindesses of some of them that are so often overlooked by hard-boiled critics.

Mabel Normand, for instance, who on hot days sent the unimportant members of the office force cases of ice-cold ginger ale. Marie Prevost slyly laid a pair of silk stockings on the desks of the same sort of workers about two days before Christmas. Ben Turpin's crossed eyes pecking over a large pile of boxes of candy for each member of the office. I know of these cases and many more that I have seen myself, and that is why it just tears my very heart to hear some rube or hick tear them to pieces with vulgar slander that decent minds wouldn't even think of.

Hollywood, California.

Babette Vander.

A Suggestion for John Gilbert

Every day I am falling more in love with John Gilbert. I can't keep him out of my mind. He is perfectly marvelous with that wonderful hair and eyes. I hope he never gets married again because marriage would kill him; he is too full of life.

651 Greenup Street.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Anne Curtis.

The Movies in a College Town.

A little over nine months ago I entered Indiana University—fresh and green. And I was homesick.

Quite terrified by the hugeness and strangeness of the place, I turned to my only means of solace—the movies. Completely immersed in gloomy thoughts, and accompanied by another homesick friend, I went to see "The Sea Hawk." That vivid, pulsating, dashed drama made us forget how lonesome we were. I shall always be a little grateful to that picture and every one connected with it, because of that. Later, I had occasion to notice something else—the reason for this letter—the attitude of college students toward the movies.

There is a different atmosphere in an audience made up of college students from that of the average crowd. I have noticed that, by comparison, there is something flat, settled, middle-aged about the average audience, whereas one composed almost entirely of students is young, fun-loving, gay, and far from "the ties that bind." The air is vibrant with a feeling of youth and freedom, and unconsciously one responds to it. The spirit of informality is irresistible.

The theaters in Bloomington are good, the shows are the best, the managers cater to the students, and the students pack the theaters every night. They aren't rowdy, but they carry their enthusiasm in with them, and it is quick to overflow. They love to laugh, and they do frequently, for their laughter is easily provoked. They are quick to sense the intelligent, the fine, and the poor, the overdrawn, and the mediocre. Their mirth at the latter is proof of that even though it is sometimes a little cruel.

Constance Talmadge's "Her Night of Romance" was a huge success. The audience was in a constant state of chuckles. Rudolph Valentino's torrid love scenes in "The Sainted Devil" were received with enthusiasm. The "ha-haing" of the males in the audience was something shameful. But the scenes were overdrawn, so I presume they got what they deserved.

I didn't see "Charley's Aunt" at night, but the side-shaking must have been something terrible. But at plays of a more serious nature, such as "Secrets," the manner of the students is respectful; their conduct leaves nothing to be desired.

However, there is the other side of the picture. My brother is a student in a college where the town is small and the theaters poor. The pictures, he says, at one of the theaters, are mostly of the Western variety. The fellows have a great time. They sit down in the front row, cheer the hero, hiss the villain, and howl with glee at the thrilling adventures and narrow escapes of the players. At the other theater the shows are better, and I venture to say their actions aren't quite so demonstrative.

Of course, there was the night at Indiana when the freshmen, freed from the rule of the upper classmen, stormed the theaters and generally wreaked havoc. But it was all in such good fun, and the obliging organist, ignoring the picture, told the Freshies to sing everything he played, and when he started the University song every one stood up and sang. Goodness knows what happened to the picture! But on the whole, given a good theater and a fine play, I am sure the attitude of the college audience would pass muster anywhere.

Peru, Indiana.

Alice Clifton.

Continued on page 10
ERICH VON STROHEIM'S Production

THE MERRY WIDOW

Revealing the spice of Viennese life and love,
a subject at which he alone is master

A SENSATIONAL production from the world-famous stage success. Ravishing Mae Murray and John Gilbert, the Screen's Great Lover, bring a new dash and magic to the gayety, the pathos, the tense, gripping drama of this superb masterpiece. And only a Von Stroheim could re-create, in so masterly a fashion, the swirl and glamor of Vienna's mad night life.

Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer made the adaptation and scenario from the famous dramatic operetta by Franz Lehar, Victor Leon and Leo Stein, as produced upon the stage by Henry W. Savage.

"The Merry Widow" is a

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

Picture
**What the Fans Think**

**Continued from page 8**

**Concerning Animal Stars.**

There have been so many pictures lately featuring animals that it looks as though some fans have been crying for them. Our reviewer, judging from his perusal of the Picture-Play magazine, says, "Well, we can sit through animal comedies and try to be amused, but—deliver me from horse dramas!"

This does not mean that we do not like animals. On the contrary, I love them. But I do not care to see them as movie stars. Of course they may be used in pictures, but they should not star them and go so far as to have an all-animal cast—which is simply foolish. To me that's only wasting film. I suppose that soon we may expect to see these animals without a body! Not quite, but something like it, and I think that's about as far as one should go in the animal picture.

**Milton Sills—Missionary.**

Recently Milton Sills appeared in Ottawa for the first time. What a remarkable personality! During the luncheon banquet tendered him in the Château Laurier Hotel by Mr. Mackenzie King, Prime Minister of Canada, Mr. Sills was called upon to speak. It was a compliment indeed to Mr. Sills to be received so wonderfully by "the first gentleman of the Dominion." We were surprised in one respect, for we had expected to see the influence of a motion-picture star to "this wonderful Hollywood of ours, its cleanliness, its holiness," but, no, he talked on the motion-picture industry as a whole, its tremendous power for propaganda, for educational purposes.

The influence for good of a man like Mr. Sills is tremendous. If, among us, there are some who still believe all of Hollywood, by the time they had said farewell to Mr. Sills, they had a much brighter opinion of the movie colony, as well as of Hamilton, Ontario. It was held at 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

**Don't Believe Everything in the Papers.**

For the benefit of "A Disillusioned Fan," who wrote an article in "What the Fans Think" in the August issue of Picture-Play Magazine, I should like to add her or his error. The review mentioned in the paper was a feature by a motion-picture star to "this wonderful Hollywood of ours, its cleanliness, its holiness," but, no, he talked on the motion-picture industry as a whole, its tremendous power for propaganda, for educational purposes.

As for Lilian Gish not being able to name a member of the cabinet, is that such a crime? Even though we read such a thing, how do we know it is true?

And who could believe such a tale of Gloria Swanson? I am sure I cannot. Gloria so seldom disapproves of a farewell party given to Paia Negri! Never! That was probably only a bit of sensationalism. L. A. McCarré.

**Dayton, Ohio.**

**Friendship Across the Sea.**

I wonder if other fans feel as grateful as I do to see Picture-Play for bringing about friendships across the sea? I feel more than grateful to it, as it has made me some very stanch friends—and new friends seem to widen one's outlook.

May Picture-Play be successful for many years to come. It is the best movie magazine one can buy. Doesn't every one agree with (a) PALMERS PATONS, "NEWY", Hale, Cheshire, England.

**A New Attitude Toward the Stars.**

There's good in every actor—that I've found out by humiliating experience. Not so long ago, I wouldn't have walked across the street to see George Hackathorne. I just didn't like him—he, so I thought at the time, was a rotten actor—that is, until a few days ago.

On this last trip saw him in "Capitall Punishment," and I will admit that I came out of the theater thoroughly ashamed of myself for thinking such horrid things about him. Such a splendid, soul-stirring acting as he did in that picture deserves reward of the highest kind, and believe me he will get it, because he got that never-say-die spirit.

Hereafter, I shall try to forget the stars, and the things that I don't like as well as those that I do like. It's more than likely I will have to give up a lot of my pet ideas.

GARDNER, MAss.

**St. Louis and "The Last Laugh."**

Concerning "The Last Laugh," it seems very pertinent to me who is really going to have the last laugh about it.

It is reported that New York, Los Angeles, and Chicago have admired this picture during the May festival. Connoisseurs of two continents have pronounced it a masterpiece of the cinema. They call it a paragon of fastidious direction, marvelous acting, and effect. Besides its expressiveness, and its dramatic power.

The central actor is Emil Jannings, famous for his splendid characterization of Henry V in "Henry V" and Nero in "Quo Vadis." The new German picture camera has been put to novel use with a view toward perfect acting continuity. All who watch "The Last Laugh" confirm the tensest and the foreboding that suggest that every word uttered by Von Stroheim is true. He says, "The public is not given a chance to see what it wants. The exhibitors and producers decide for them." Those words sum up perfectly the situation as far as the intelligent moviegoers are concerned. The intelligent moviegoers are the identical Von Stroheim has for Von as his colleagues in picture work. I would like Von Stroheim to know that by a large number of persons he is under-estimated and his efforts are not appreciated. This is not his fault, but his own, and he should feel how right he is in so much he says and does. I hope that "Greed" would be shown in the two nights' length—an elaborate experiment could have been tried—if the arrangement had kept some away it would have doubled the attendance of others.

I am perfectly sure that the exhibitors and producers do not really know what the public wants. They only know that the public is long suffering and stands for an awfully long time. Besides, I, for one, can't find any adult of intelligence who adores slapstick comedies or who is enthusiastic about their weekly show. Sometimes I wish that we could miss the comedy of the week for the pleasure of seeing the wonder result of Tolstoy's brains and patience.

There has been a book of film shown in New Zealand recently which no one wanted, judging by the expressions of disapproval heard in the vestibules after the screening.

Cleo Weal.

215 Adelaide Road, Wellington, New Zealand.

Continued on page 114
Men! Here’s a Contract

I Guarantee to Give You New Hair in 30 Days or my Treatment Won’t Cost You One Cent

Alfred Merke
Founder of Merke Institute
Fifth Avenue N.Y.

NEW HAIR in 30 Days
Or Absolutely No Cost

Save Yourself From Baldness. Stop Falling Hair. Here is Your Contract—Grow New Hair in 30 Days Or This Trial Won’t Cost You One Cent.

By ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York.

That’s clear, isn’t it? I make no conditions. No matter how fast your hair is falling out, no matter how much of it is gone—this offer stands. I don’t care what treatments you’ve tried without results. Scalp foods, massages, tonics—here is a new scientific system that will give you a new head of hair—or I pay the whole cost of the treatment myself.

How am I able to make this amazing offer? The answer is simple. The Merke System of hair growth is founded upon a very recent scientific discovery. I have found during many years of research and experience in the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York, that in most cases of baldness the hair roots are NOT dead. They are merely dormant—asleep!

It is an absolute waste of time—a shameful waste of money—to try to penetrate to these dormant roots with oils, massages and tonics, which merely treat the surface skin. You wouldn’t expect to make a tree grow by rubbing "growing fluid" on the bark—you’d get at the roots.

And that is just what my scientific system does. It penetrates below the surface of the scalp. It stimulates the dormant roots. It wakens them. The tiny capillaries begin to pump nature’s own nourishment into them. Hair begins to grow again. It takes on body and color. No artificial hairfoods—no rubbing. And here’s the wonderful thing about this system. It is simple. You can use it at home—in any home that has electricity—easily—without the slightest discomfort.

Here’s Proof!

"The condition of my hair was very bad. After six weeks treatment with the Thermocap my head was covered with short hair and it was no longer dull and lifeless. I kept up the treatment and in return I have as good a head of hair as any one could wish."

Clarence Teseus, 153 South Cedar St., Galesburg, Ill.

"I used the Cap for 30 days when to my great surprise I could see a new coat of hair coming and now my hair is as near as good as it was when it first started to come out." J. C. Reznor, 176 West Street, Englewood, N. J.

"Your Thermocap has done a wonderful thing in bringing back my hair where all other things had failed. The top of my head is now entirely covered with hair after using the Thermocap for about two months and new hair seems to be coming in all the time." Harry A. Brown, 51 Hampton Place, Utica, N. Y.

Thousands of men and women have been treated successfully at the Merke Institute. Hundreds daily are getting amazing results with this easier, less expensive "at home" system of hair growth. Now, I do not say that all cases of baldness are curable. There are some that nothing in the world can help. Yet so many men and women write in daily about the wonderful results that I gladly make this offer. Here is your contract—try this remarkable treatment for 30 days. Then if you’re not simply delighted with the new growth of hair—write me at once. Say that my system hasn’t done all I claimed for it—and I’ll see that the 30 day trial doesn’t cost you one cent.

Free Booklet Tells All

There’s no room here to tell you all about your hair—and about the amazing contract I offer you. But I will be glad to tell you all if you are interested. It’s free—absolutely without any obligations. Just mail the coupon and I will send you, without cost, a wonderfully interesting booklet that describes in detail the system that is proving a boon to thousands in this and other countries. Mail this coupon and the booklet will reach you by return mail. Allied Merke Institutes, Inc., Dept. 3510, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Allied Merke Institutes, Inc.,
Dept. 3510, 512 Fifth Ave., New York

Please send me—without any obligation—a copy of your booklet, "The New Way to Grow Hair," describing the Merke System.

Name
Address
City
State
Richard Barthelmess in
"Shore Leave"

If you liked "Classmates" you'll surely enjoy "Shore Leave." The swank of the parade ground is replaced by the swirl of the sea. The Sam Brown belt becomes a sailor's bow. You see Dick as a roving gob—a happy-go-lucky sort of salt, happiest when he's broke. With Uncle Sam's Navy as a background and a story of infinite charm and humor you'll roll with laughter at this picture. And you'll find heart interest even as Dorothy Mackaill, the little New England dressmaker, finds her wandering lover. John S. Robertson directed this production for Inspiration Pictures, Inc., from Hubert Osborne's stage play produced by David Belasco.

"The Half Way Girl"

From the captain's log:

July 15, 19—
A terrific explosion sent the S. S. Mandalay to the bottom. No list of casualties is available.

Behind the spectacular climax is a story of electric emotions. You get the lure of the Far East, of which Kipling wrote so realistically. The story is the ever poignant one of the girl who fights to retain her soul in a land where women aren't supposed to have any.

You get the splendor of action in the names of the cast. Doris Kenyon, Lloyd Hughes and Hobart Bosworth are featured. John Francis Dillon directed under Earl Hudson's supervision. The story is an original by E. Lloyd Sheldon.
Norma Talmadge in a modernized "Graustark"

If proof were needed, here it is. The fact that so superb an artist as Norma Talmadge has selected a modernized "Graustark" for her latest picture, is evidence of the perpetual popularity of George Barr McCutcheon's novel.

Romance—action—thrills abound in the love quest of the adventurous American who follows the mystery girl of his choice back to her homeland where she stands revealed as a princess. With Eugene O'Brien as the lover and under the hand of the skilled foreign director, Dimitri Buchowetzki, "Graustark," the picture, will be as unforgettable as the book. Produced by Joseph M. Schenck.

Pictures

Milton Sills in "The Knockout"

In the ring or out, the world cheers a fighter. In Milton Sills' starring picture, "The Knockout," you'll live the life of a champion. First in the north woods, where brawn meets brawn. Then in the classic city arena of a championship bout. And one person only can floor the champ for a count—a tiny, wistful girl who has his number.

Gorgeous atmospheric scenes of the north, secured through the co-operation of the Canadian government, enhance the story. Little Lorna Duveen, a screen newcomer, plays opposite the star. Lambert Hillyer directed under Earl Hudson's supervision. The film is from M. D. Crawford's story, "The Comeback."
IN THE BEST THEATRES YOU WILL FIND FOX PICTURES

George O'Brien in
THE FIGHTING HEART

JOHN FORD, who made "The Iron Horse," directed this picture from Larry Evans' "Once to Every Man" - the story of a young country boy's resolution in conflict with the Gay White Way. Clean-cut George O'Brien has the star role, supported by Billie Dove, J. Farrell MacDonald and other skilled players.

LAZYBONES

HERE, hard on the heels of its long successful run on the New York stage, comes Owen Davis' play, picturized by Frances Marion, and directed by Frank Borzage (director of "Humoresque.") Lazybones, the lovable idling villager, is delightfully portrayed by Charles (Buck) Jones, and the waif who grows up to be Kit is charming Madge Bellamy. Leslie Fenton, Zasu Pitts and Jane Novak are in the big cast.

HAVOC

A Drama of War-dazed Women

SCENES laid in a London nerve-racked and fun-mad, and on the French front, bring us a faithful picture of the havoc wrought by the world war on the souls of women, and in turn by them on men! A tremendous production - with an exceptional cast, including George O'Brien, Madge Bellamy, Margaret Livingston, Leslie Fenton, Walter McGrail, Eulalie Jensen - directed by Rowland V. Lee, who staged "As No Man Has Loved."

Fox Film Corporation.
POLA NEGRI is at present working on "Flower of the Night," a story written especially for her by Joseph Hergesheimer. It is a romantic tale, laid in a California setting. Prince Youcca Troubetzkoy is her leading man.
From the Sawdust

The early circus training of a number of present-day screen

By Dorothy

Then some of the purchasers pulled the corks and began drinking. Suddenly a greaser let out a wild, demoniacal yell, threw his hat in the air, and went "loco," or "cuckoo," or whatever it is you do when you drink doped liquor. Another followed. And another. Pretty soon a half dozen were throwing fits and the mob went wild. The doctor and his assistant started running down the street followed by a maddened throng which hurled stones, bottles, and sticks.

"You see," Harry Langdon said, as he came over to my side, after the scene was finished, "I was out with a medicine show once and while the Doctor and I weren't chased away, it was because we always left before something broke among the 'towners.'"

He tossed one of the handsomely labeled bottles over on the wagon and sat down.

"These awkward predicaments seem like tragedies when they are happening," the comedian continued. "But they are funny to the onlooker. You know, I was a circus clown a number of years ago. And from my experiences I drew a lot of things which went over big as gags in pictures. There isn't a heap of difference between being a circus clown and a picture comedian. Along in the early 1900s, I read an ad in The Clipper saying the Great Hamburger Shows wanted a clown and I wired for the job. Got it, too. Told me to report at Springfield, Missouri, and wired me transportation. I had a goose I called Bob, which would follow me about like a dog. Bob and I started clowning with the Hamburger Shows. I played a trombone.

"Quack! quack!" would go Bob and 'rack-rack!' would go my horn as we circled the ring in the tent.

"Then they gave me a pig that would follow along. And Bob and the pig and I would give a sort of wandering concert, the pig grunting, Bob quacking, and I tooting the trombone. It was a scream, too.

"Do you know, that very act right now, even though the duck and pig could not be heard, would bring a laugh if shown in pictures?

"My salary was one dollar a day. But they might just as well have added the clause—'Try and get it!' I sold songs at the 'grand concert'

THE CIRCUS IS COMING! Remember the date!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST SHOWS

The Most Wonderful Aggregation of Talent Ever Gathered Beneath a Canopied Top. Absolutely the Most Stupendous Production Heretofore Attempted in All the U. S. A.

SEE Renee Adoree, the most sensational bareback rider of the sawdust ring.

SEE Pat O'Malley, marvelous tight-rope walker. He traverses a slack wire on his knees.

SEE Bonomo, "The World's Strongest Human," the modern Apollo Belvedere. He picks up horses with his hands.

SEE Richard Talmadge, acrobat supreme in daredevil feats, with his brothers.

SEE Tom Mix in his spectacular bronco-busting and steer bulldogging act. Absolutely the most thrilling thing ever shown.

SEE Buck Jones, Jack Hoxie, Hoot Gibson, Ray Thompson, and Odille Osborne in the Wild West Rodeo.

SEE Harry Langdon and Clarence Burton, the most underpaid clowns on earth.

TWO PERFORMANCES ONLY, 2 o'clock and 7:45. DON'T MISS IT!
Ring to the Studios

favorites had a great deal to do with their success in pictures.

Wooldridge

following the show, knew the pickpockets by sight and was invited to join the gang.

"I guess I wasn't much good as a clown, though. They fired me and I ate my act. I mean I ate 'Bob.' I only clowned two seasons. They 'promoted' me to the job of wardrobe boy before I left."

We began running over the list of circus people who have gained eminence in motion-picture work and before we quit, had made up an afternoon's entertainment which might be given entirely by nationally known characters of the screen. On the opposite page is the copy for the flaming, flamboyant posters we proposed putting up.

Wouldn't that draw a packed house anywhere in the States?

In motion pictures there are a lot of men who are old troupers of the circus. Clowns, acrobats, bareback riders, strong men, tight-wire walkers, and the like. Pat O'Malley jumped directly from a tight-wire act into pictures through the aid of a hypnotist and a discerning director. O'Malley sat in an audience while one of the old-time hokum disseminators was exhibiting his wares.

"Now," he said, "I want some one to come forward and let me demonstrate my wonderful power of hypnotism. You will not be hurt. Any one! Step forward, please!"

"Here, boy," he said, pointing to Pat, "you come up here!"

"Please, mister," the youth protested, "don't hypnotize me!"

But the lad got it, right in the eye or the head or wherever it is that hypnotism strikes.

"Now," continued the professor, "I am going to have this young man walk a tight wire. We must have absolute quiet in the house, as this is a dangerous feat."

Pat walked the wire. The audience did not know he was a professional. The hokum got by.

When Pat O'Malley was a kid he became circus struck and on a rope, the ends of which were fastened to door knobs at his home in Forest City, Pennsylvania, he learned to do his stuff. When he was eight years old he got a job walking a wire with a local stock company, playing kid parts, carrying the drum in the street parade and distributing bills. All up and down the Lackawanna Valley the company went—Scranton, Wilkes-Barre, and so on. Then followed years of troupimg with carnival and circus companies all over the country—rough, hard years of which he is reluctant to speak. When he was twenty years old he worked in "The Alien" for the Kalem Company. Robert Vignola, widely known director, and Alice Hollister played leads in this one-reeler.

O'Malley went to work for the old Edison company in 1914 and was the featured player in "The King of the Wire." Marshall Neilan saw him in that picture and sent for him to play the lead in "Go and Get It!" a story necessitating stunt feats.

Thus the circus lost its tight-wire walker and the screen got an actor. O'Malley is now much in demand and has played leading roles in many pictures. He married Lillian Wilkes, a vaudeville actress, and their two little girls, Eileen and Sheila, are being taught many of the stunts their dad used to do in the circus.

Down in Bliss, Oklahoma, the foreman of the 101 Ranch listened to its owners, the Miller brothers, talk of starting a show. The famous Buffalo Bill company had passed into other hands, its popularity had departed, and the world seemed to be waiting for another.

"I'd like to be the arena manager of such an outfit," Tom Mix, the foreman, surmised.

"You can help us plan the show," Jack Miller replied.

They got down to business. It did not take Mix long to get away from the stilted acts familiar to exhibitions of that kind. A plainsman and understanding the West, Tom arranged an entertainment which

Continued on page 111
On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

That Old War-time News Reel.
(To be sung slowly and solemnly to the immortal strains of "The Old Family Toothbrush")

H OW dear to our hearts was the old war-time news reel.
When, straight from the front, 'twas presented to view:
The transports, the trenches, the hand-to-hand fighting,
Returning Yank heroes on Fifth Avenue.

Alas...now that news reel, that worn-out old news reel,
For war scenes in features is plundered by stealth—
That tattered old news reel, that "rainy" old news reel,
That outworn old news reel long laid on the shelf.

Just think—if old news reels from Civil War battles,
From Rome's conflagration, the puncture of Tyre
Had survived—they'd be chlorinating the modern day "specials."
To flicker and flutter and stir up our ire;

Ah, woe for the fans of the year 1990
If cinema practice continues itself—
They'll still get that news reel, that chipped-up old news reel,
That worn-out old news reel that belongs on the shelf.

Of course it would have been a wonderful thing for posterity if the news-reel photographers could have gotten such scenes as that of Lincoln delivering his Gettysburg address. But—
The probabilities are that economical producers would have "pepped up" the countless two, three, and four-reel pictures of "the blue and the gray" which preceded the World War with such scenes, if they were available. Perhaps it's just as well they weren't.

S O S

Some one has said there are only seven plots in the world, but he never said anything about titles being limited to the same number. That was a tradition that was established in the studios. How many scores of times—even hundreds of times—have we seen movie titles involving such words as "love," "flirt," "hearts," "siren," "thief," "Paradise," "soul," "sale," "gold," "greed," "scarlet," "passion," "desire," "evil," "folly." Whatever allure these words once had must have been dulled long ago by endless repetition.

Occasionally, in spite of the utmost vigilance of producers, a strange, compelling actually original title finds its way from the stage to the screen, unmarred by the adapter. Such are "The Beggar on Horseback," "The Goose Hangs High," and "Lightnin'". But we still have with us so many titles of the stripe of "Lying Wives," "The Redeeming Sin," "Steele of the Royal Mounted," and "The Heart of a Siren," that it appears that titles are still just about where they were in 1910.

All for Her Art.

"Clara de Valera will not forget," wrote the press agent for an eager public, "that her climb to stardom was a hard and stony one. Well she remembers the early days of her struggles when her weekly pay check of one hundred dollars was all she had."

"Gee!", sympathetically murmured the eighteen-dollar-a-week typist, "that must have been something fierce."

Let There Be Light.

A friend of the popular star was watching her make up for her big scene.

"Why are you putting that radium preparation on your lips?" she asked.

"Because we're filming 'A Kiss in the Dark.'"

A Real Relic.

"I suppose," remarked the collector of antiques, "that this rare old pie plate was used in some royal kitchen?"

"It's more valuable than that," the dealer assured him. "It held the first custard pie thrown at Charlie Chaplin."

That Baleful Movie Influence.

Every time a bad boy is caught shooting holes in the family cow or setting fire to an ammunition factory somebody rises to lay the innocent childish prank to the sinister influence of the movies. As the movies make such a convenient scapegoat for the Katzenjammer an-
tics of children, perhaps, when the grown-up public awakes to its opportunities, it, too, will "get away with murder." The following bits indicate what things may be like some gladsome day:

(Scene—a highway.)

Traffic Cop: Say, who d'you think y'are, drivin' fifty miles an hour down a crowded street? Tryin' to bump off somebody? You'll get yours from the judge.

Driver: But, officer, listen to reason. I was just following the example of the movie heroes. They think nothing of driving eighty miles an hour when they have to get somewhere in a hurry.

Traffic Cop: That's so. What we need is more rigid censorship to keep poor fellows like you from being led astray. Sorry to have stopped you. Give my regards to the wife and kids.

(A domestic scene.)

Wife: Henry!
Henry (meekly): Yes'm.
Wife: I saw you kissing the maid. Don't try to deny it.
Henry (bursting into tears): How was I to know it was wrong? Didn't I see Valentino kiss a girl, he wasn't married to?
Wife: Oh, my poor husband! It's that wicked movie influence. I shall never let my Henry go to the movies again.

Here, There, and Everywhere.

It is a lucky thing for the film industry that the disastrous Santa Barbara earthquake did not center in Hollywood. However, if it had, the camera men would have been right on the job getting pictures of the destruction and probably we should have had any number of film dramas built around the earthquake.

It is easy to understand why the earthquake did not damage Hollywood. As if any sort of a shock could upset that community! George Fitzmaurice, the director, says that sooner or later films will be shown in trains and trolley cars in this country. Appropriate subjects for the first showing would be "The Iron Horse" and the Pullman farce, "Excuse Me."

Our idea of carrying coal to Newcastle would be showing a scenic on a transcontinental railroad.

In a recent comic bull fight in France, the "toreadors" dressed in fantastic costumes, one impersonating Charlie Chaplin. To have made the performance thoroughly convincing, he should have spent most of the time outside of the arena, looking on.

British producers, with government aid, are contemplating the erection of a gigantic national studio where all the big productions may be staged. If American producers tried assembling all their eminent film stars on one floor they might have to engage seconds and referees.

A Hollywood studio bears a sign saying "Newcomers need not apply." Joshua made the sun stand still, but keeping picture aspirants away from Hollywood is a somewhat more difficult matter.

A soap-box orator has found a sure way to collect a crowd. He carries a sign bearing the inscription, "Casting to-day."

News Notes from Morton's Home Town.

Since Morton made a name for himself in Hollywood everybody's going there.

Great excitement was caused hereabouts when the Jinx Pictures Corporation chose our town as the best place to film "The Worst Place on Earth." The Boosters' Club is putting up a big billboard telling visitors "You are now entering 'The Worst Town on Earth.'" That's enterprise, say we.

Lem Higgins, who runs the Little Gem Theater evenings after he closes his hardware store, is out to show the big city theater men they can't put anything over on him in the line of fancy programs. Lem has hired four graduates of Miss Perkins' School of Elocution to entertain the citizens while he changes the reels.

"The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" came to town last week and caused quite a flutter among the fair sex. This fellow Valentino looks like a comer, say all. Francis X. Bushman is losing his popularity with the matinée girls.

Jim Biggers, our genial postmaster, says that already Miss Estelle Pugh is corresponding with Valentino. The latest is that Rudy has sent her his photograph. Estelle, why don't you invite your new beau down here on his vacation?

Johnny Hunsicker, our popular windmill salesman, just returned from a business trip to Hollywood. While there he met a real movie actress. She had the part of The Spirit of Gingerbread in a Cecil De Mille picture.

Laura Bugbee, who writes poems for The Weekly Argus, read in an advertisement that the movie companies are searching desperately for original screen plays. She has written six already. When they are accepted she will go to Hollywood to show the directors how to produce them.

Luke Wiggins is getting to be quite a skeptic. The other night at the Little Gem Theater he saw Buster Keaton dive out of a five-story window and land on his head on the pavement. Luke says they can't fool him—that scene was faked.

Simplicity Itself.

To make a dog register emotion before the camera, all that is necessary is to dangle a stuffed cat or some other object before his eyes. As the cat draws nearer, the dog registers eagerness, determination, hate, and as the cat draws away, he registers disappointment, chagrin, resignation (mark "X" opposite your choice).

If a dog can be made to register emotion by this ruse, perhaps a similar device might succeed in bringing astonishing mobility of expression to those of our handsome actors and actresses whose countenances are now well-nigh immovable.

Suppose, in a big scene in which an envious star is featured, the director shouts: "Gloria Swanson!" Instantly her rivals face registers jealousy, scorn, rage, or what have you? In another scene the director mentions another rival star with the comment that she is losing her grip on the public. Instantly her face would show joy, triumph!
A Clown in the Big Show

"Make 'em laugh" has been Johnny Hines' one aim in life, and how well he has succeeded can be learned by listening in at any theater where his latest is playing.

By Barbara Little

No one ever comes out of a Johnny Hines picture saying "That lucky stiff; he doesn't have to work for his money." Rather they are appalled at the amount of sheer nervous energy he puts into the making of every scene. A dynamo is a sluggard in comparison.

Other comedians may put a tremendous amount of effort behind some sly, insinuating bit of action but in Johnny Hines' pictures the effort is right there on the screen.

It is inevitable that any screen comedian who has attained the rank of one of those million-dollar contracts—and Hines has recently signed a long and lucrative one with First National—should be compared with Lloyd and Chaplin. So we might just as well get over that right now.

All of these years that critics have been raving over the art of Charles Chaplin and the ingenuity of Harold Lloyd, this wiry young man with a smile that won't come off has been quietly plugging away at making people forget their troubles.

Chaplin is like a surgeon; he probes the very depths of humanity's hurts and in exposing them makes them funny. One man's tragedy becomes the world's comedy.

Harold Lloyd is a crafty inventor who builds up laugh on laugh around human foibles and human pretenses.

But Johnny Hines, the persistent young comedian who has gained wide recognition at the box-office even while discussions of the art of the foregoing were raging, has the technique of a cheer leader. By sheer nervous energy he attracts your attention to what he is doing.

The laughs that Chaplin gets come from the heart; Lloyd's from the head. But Johnny Hines' tumultuous response from an audience is what is known in the elegant film trade as "bally laughs."

His comedy is about as subtle and insinuating as a sixteen-sheet poster in red and yellow. But which is seen and remarked about more in the course of a day—the aforementioned poster or some satirical sketch in a humorous weekly?

Johnny Hines is as distinctively American as a jazz band in which all the players play five instruments, do a song and dance, and finish with a war whoop. His business is clowning, and he never forgets it. His motto seems to be "Rush in where others would if they dared."

Perhaps you have seen Johnny Hines at the opening of a theater, on one of his personal appearance tours, or working out on location. He is always among those present when an exhibitor wants to put over a big show. Probably there is no other player in the profession who has been so generous with his talent. And because he had a long career in vaudeville and on the stage he knows how to hold an audience. He dances as well as—if not better than—the best of performers on the variety stage, and somehow in the midst of all his responsibilities and labors he never tires of thinking up new jokes and springing them on any one who happens to be around.

Johnny Hines is one of those hard-working individuals who gets to the studio before nine and stays there, working continuously until eight or nine at night. Watching him during the making of a street scene for "The Live Wire," his next picture, I was amazed to find him doing a little bit of everything. There were some thirty or forty extras in the scene, but Hines knew exactly what he wanted every one of them to be doing. In quick succession he improvised business for a Jewish pawnshop owner, a Chinaman scuttling down the street, a barber loitering outside his shop, some people waiting in line at a theater, and a group of children dancing around a hurdy-gurdy. After playing all their parts for them—and he snaps into a characterization with the quick precision of a vaudeville villain who has only a minute or two to put his act across—he wandered off to one side and taught his young niece the Charleston until the call came for him to go into the scene.

His brother, Charles Hines, directs his pictures, but Johnny Hines seems to direct the director. Likewise he advises in the casting of the principals, and offers first aid to the scenario writer in the way of improvising gags.

"Come right in; there's no thrill like shaking hands with a familiar face," is a characteristic salutation from the dynamic young man. He sings as he goes about his labors. "I took my girl out canoeing and had to paddle her back" was one selection the day I met him, and one that is perhaps typical.

"That expression is taken from the Hebraic," he will remark with exaggerated gusto, "and you know how hard it is to take anything from the Hebraic."

Johnny Hines is always playing for laughs—and getting them. He is about as quiet and reflective as a live wire, and incidentally, "The Live Wire" is the very apt name of his next picture.

It was in the "Torchy" comedies that Johnny Hines first won screen fame. Before that he had made a few pictures for the old World Film Corporation, had played heavies on the stage, including the second lead in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and had a long career as musical-

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A New Director Appears

By Don Ryan

The sheeplike proclivity of movie producers to follow each other in flocks would account for the immediate phenomenon of a Hollywood infested by military haircuts, rigid mustachios, and monocles glinting fiercely under the brilliant sun of Southern California.

When the first ten reels of "The Merry Widow" were shown—un-cut—to a selected audience of exhibitors in New York and were received with unbounded enthusiasm, the producers immediately busied themselves on assorted versions of a story in which slender gentlemen of Continental appearance could wear spiffy uniforms. So it is easy to understand why First National Pictures is spending a million to make "The Viennese Medley" its most glittering offering of the year.

But why, in the name of all the safe-and-sane precedents of the overcautious producers, was this million-dollar picture—invoking in its making the careers of two such favored stars as Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle—intrusted to the tender mercies of a director who has never made a picture?

Kurt Rehfeld is the man. It is highly improbable the reader has ever heard his name. A stocky, one-legged German, with a stubby blond mustache and a quick temper more than counterbalanced by a melting smile. There is not even a one-reel comedy to his official credit! Yet he is directing "The Viennese Medley" with a method, a carefulness, and above all, an imagination, that is going to make this movie of prewar and postwar Vienna one of the biggest successes of the screen—unless. I say unless—unless his style is cramped by the little studio god of production.

Behind the selection of Rehfeld is a story. June Mathis, head of the scenario department of First National, was given the job of supervising "The Viennese Medley." And it was Miss Mathis who chose Rehfeld to direct her picture.

Now you may remember that June Mathis wrote the screen story of "The Four Horsemen," the picture which, incidentally, made Rudolph Valentino, Rex Ingram directed this picture. The name of Kurt Rehfeld did not appear in it. But if you were to inquire of Miss Mathis to-day she would tell you that in her opinion Rehfeld, assistant to Ingram, was responsible for many splendid bits in this epic picture of the war. So we see that Miss Mathis was not acting blindly when she gave the former assistant a tremendous opportunity to make good or flop.

Thus it fell out that one fine morning last July the brand-new director found himself sitting at a mahogany desk on which a sign blazoned his name in letters of gold. On the other side of the desk sat Conway Tearle, his new leading man.

Rehfeld glanced at the script and cleared his throat.

"Mr. Tearle, you are to play Count Max von Hartig, scion of an aristocratic Austrian family, officer in a crack regiment."

He looked at Tearle and cleared his throat again.

"Of course, Mr. Tearle—of course it will be necessary for you to begin growing your mustache right away."

"What!" exclaimed the actor.

"Your mustache," Rehfeld mumbled. "You know—the Austrian army regulations said that any man who wore his emperor's uniform must have a mustache."

"But—good heavens, Mr. Rehfeld! Think of the audience. They've never seen me with a mustache. They wouldn't stand for it. Confound it! I'd like to please—but I'm hanged if I'll become a beaver for this picture!"

Then Rehfeld showed himself a diplomat. He smiled.

"Let me think it over," he said, blandly.

That night he racked his brain. For, be it known, this Rehfeld is a realist. To violate the truth is to him the greatest sin. But he was not powerful enough in his new position to run counter to the wishes of a star as popular with the box-office as Conway Tearle.
Now Rehfled, like all able-bodied men of the Central Empires, had served his time in the army. Suddenly he remembered the Eighth Dragoons. The colonel of the Eighth had unfortunately lost a part of his upper lip in an encounter. He couldn't wear a mustache. Rehfled remembered that a special order had been issued permitting this colonel and his officers to go with smoothly shaven chops.

So Tearle, designed for an infantry officer in the script, became instead an officer of the Eighth Dragoons. It was only necessary to make a few dozen new uniforms for him. And the movies have plenty of money to spend on uniforms.

The incident illustrates what Rehfled has learned in America in the last ten years. As he told me:

"I learned by being first a stubborn fool. But the things that happened took all the conceit out of me."

This realist is painfully honest. He told me his life—blandly, openly, concealing nothing in a past that is not embroidered with silk floss.

In contrast to the postwar swarms of Teutons in Hollywood, Rehfled makes no pretensions to noble blood. He comes of a rich bourgeois family. In the army his grade was Fizefeldwebel, the equivalent of a top sergeant. On his left forearm he bears a jagged scar made by an assagai spear in one of the African campaigns. On the "Medley" set there are enough of his titled countrymen, former officers, working as atmosphere, to organize a Liederkranz. Such is America—the land of topsy-turvy.

Idle son of a rich manufacturer, Rehfled came to America at the age of thirty-five. He spent the six thousand dollars he brought with him in New York and New Orleans. And in San Francisco the few dollars he kept in the bottom of his trunk to pay for a cable that would bring more money from his father were stolen.

Dead broke, he shipped with a gang of laborers bound for a railway-construction camp in the northern part of the State. The greenhorn must have presented a strange appearance to the others, scum of the San Francisco waterfront, for he was dressed in a fashionable corduroy shooting jacket with knee breeches, wore an Alpine hat with a feather in it, and carried as a bedding roll—a pink silk coverlet.

In the rough life of the construction camp he had fistic duels with rival German émigrés, Swedes, Scotchmen, and other nationals, gradually fighting his way up from the lowly position of dishwasher, through those of wood chopper and tunnel mugger to that of river driver.

A painful accident—Rehfled sat on a rusty nail—sent him back to San Francisco, where, after recovery, he got a job as baritone in the chorus of a fly-by-night opera company. The troupe went broke in Los Angeles. Rehfled married one of the girls in the chorus. They pooled their resources, netting a total of eighteen dollars, and started out to hunt for work. The wife found it first—a job as telephone operator. A few days later the husband got a job as extra man with Christy Cabanne at three dollars a day, the most money he had ever earned in his life.

Under the tutelage of D. W. Griffith the coming director of a million-dollar movie was thoroughly grounded in this game, art, profession, or business, as it is variously called. At last he had worked himself up to a point where he was given a contract in stock at forty dollars a week.

He was to go to work on a Monday. On the Saturday before his career as stock actor was to begin, Rehfled fell under a Pacific Electric car at Venice, California, and his right leg was cut off at the knee. The fate that had pursued him grinned triumphantly. But a handful of bills—the hard-won money of teammates in the struggle for existence in Hollywood—tided him over the period of convalescence. A few months later, with a cork leg strapped to his
A New Director Appears

knee, he was back with Griffith as military expert in "Hearts of the World."

In the years that followed Rehfeld underwent all the vicissitudes of those who till in the lower strata of the most uncertain profession in the modern world. He was wardrobe man, research man, assistant director, at last, production manager. He was treated at various times with generosity, injustice, appreciation, and contempt.

When he came back from the trip abroad with Ingram the heads of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization promised enthusiastically to "take care of him."

"Mr. Rehfeld," beamed Marcus Loew, "you are the first manager to come back from making a picture with fifteen thousand dollars under instead of fifteen thousand dollars over the estimate."

But for some reason the promised job failed to materialize. In fact, when Miss Mathis called Rehfeld to direct the "Medley," he had not earned a cent for eleven months and was using only the back door of his bungalow. The front was besieged with bill collectors.

"The Viennese Medley" will enable him to pay his bills. Not much more. For Rehfeld is receiving a ridiculously low salary considering the work on which he is engaged. But if he makes a successful picture, he can, after its release, demand a figure that would thrill a grand-opera prima donna. In fact, I am convinced that Kurt Rehfeld, uninterfered with, will produce a picture that will fix the future, not only of himself, but of all those connected with him in this enterprise. The danger that menaces him is that expressed in the old proverb: Too many cooks spoil the broth.

In Anna Q. Nilsson and Conway Tearle, the director of "The Viennese Medley" has two popular, sophisticated performers—troupers in the old sense—and in this respect good material.

Tearle, in my opinion, is not the type for the count. He makes a very excellent American business man on the screen, but he cannot be expected to carry himself as an Austrian army officer. However, I do not think that American audiences will give a hang if their idol walks across the room with an unmilitary roll of the shoulders that would make the blood of a Prussian drillmaster boil with rage.

The thing I like about Tearle is his consistent refusal to yield to vanity—consuming evil of the acting profession. There are too many persons in the movies who believe what their own press agents write about them. Tearle does not. He laughs about it.

He comes of an ancient and honorable line of stage actors, and he got into the movies when he was playing with Ethel Barrymore. Ethel was going to make a picture. She was canny enough to know that a movie leading man, cognizant of the tricks of his trade, might steal it away from her. So she took Tearle onto the lot as her support.

Ethel Barrymore flopped—terribly. Tearle, a handsome fellow who photographed well, went over big. He has been in the movies ever since.

"Why did I ask him, as we sat in the studio restaurant on the United lot. "Do the pictures satisfy your artistic yearnings more than the legitimate drama?"

And I winked. "Go on and kid me," replied Tearle, impaling a fragment of shrimp. "You know why I stay in the movies. I get three times as much as I could make on the stage."

We had just come from the set on which actor and actress had been engaged in one of those scenes that titillate the minds of adolescent gogglegaters.

"That was an easy scene," commented Tearle. "I used my No. 12 expression all the way through. I call it my No. 12. It's really only my No. 2. I only have three, you know. But when the director sings out a high number it makes the Iowa visitors standing around marvel."

"Director: Now Tearle, your No. 42. Ah—Throw in a little of No. 28, please. Fine—ah! A touch of 32 now!"

"'Lan' sakes!" they think, 'that actor's got thirty-two expressions!""

Of course this was just fooling. But it expressed something of what Tearle thinks about the realities of cinema acting.

He does not believe that pictures will be better until some fresh intelligence is admitted.

"They've come to a stone wall," he said. "The limit of pictures has been reached because the limit of the intelligence of producers has been reached. They have the money, they are in control and they don't want any new ideas—any fresh intelligence."

"The other day," said Tearle, "I suggested Tolstoy's 'Resurrection' to a movie producer. He told me the boom on costume stuff was over. When I tried to explain that the costumes were modern Russian he said, 'How much money are you worth?'

"'Nothing,' I replied. 'I'm just an actor."

"'Well, I've made thirty million dollars in pictures. Do you think you can tell me how to run my business?'"

Equally practical, but possessing in addition a great deal more of what we call temperament for lack of a better name, is Anna Q. Nilsson, who plays opposite

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The Day of the Comedian

The recent featuring of comedies is the reason for our publishing, in this issue, personality stories on three comedians, Johnny Hines, Leon Errol, and W. C. Fields, in whom you will doubtless be interested this season.

Johnny Hines is not new to the screen, but until now his pictures have not had as wide distribution as they will have from now on, and many fans will see him for the first time this winter.

Leon Errol has made his screen début in "Sally," but has not yet made his second appearance, while W. C. Fields has, at this writing, been seen by only a few movie audiences.

By the end of another year each of these players will be well known to every motion-picture fan.

A Jazz Theater

One day a few weeks ago, Doctor Hugo Riesenfeld, who is the impresario of the Kintlo, Rivoli, and Criterion Theaters in New York, was startled to find that eight big Broadway motion-picture houses were opening their program with the "William Tell" overture. He hurried back to his music library, determined to throw out of his programs not only the "William Tell" overture but all other numbers of which the public had had an overdose. To his horror, he found that a few compositions had been repeated over and over in the picture theater programs, and that it was impossible to find any others of sufficient popular appeal and of the right length to replace them. So, he decided to change entirely the type of program he was offering. As an experiment he made the Rivoli a jazz theater. The symphony orchestra was replaced by Ben Bernie's jazz band, far-famed through the radio and phonograph records, and all-jazz programs supplanted the old familiar ones.

The overwhelming success of this innovation from the very start attests its popularity. The Rivoli Theater has been enjoying such success as no picture house has ever known during the hot summer season.

Wanted—Beautiful Girls

All through Hollywood and all up and down Broadway Hal Roach has been looking for two or three beautiful girls whom he could put under contract to work in his comedies at seventy-five or one hundred dollars a week. After weeks of interviewing applicants, he had not signed up a single player, which seems strange in view of the fact that there are thousands of girls eager to get a chance in the movies. "They don't seem to realize," Mr. Roach told The Observer plaintively, "that their best chance lies in comedy. Girls trying to break into the movies will go out and hang around the De Mille lot for weeks on the chance of working in a mob scene. It never seems to occur to them that by working with us in small casts they will have a real chance to be seen. A girl in our comedies plays leading roles almost from the first, and if she is any good she will be snapped up by dramatic producers who have seen her work. That is why I am always on the lookout for new talent. The girls who have worked in my pictures get ambitious to play heavy dramatics and go to the other studios. I have had to give Kathryn Grant one thousand dollars a week to keep her."

The chief criticism that Mr. Roach and his lieutenants had to make about the dozens of girls who applied for jobs with him was that they were "hard finished." They were chorus-girl types, too polished, too artificial in their manner. Their make-up conformed too strictly to the fashionable pattern, their coiffures were too obviously the result of painstaking work by some hairdresser, and their manner was too studied to be beguiling.

At a time when almost every motion-picture producer is joining in the chorus led by the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce urging girls not to come to Hollywood, and telling them that the movie field is so overcrowded that there isn't a chance for a beginner to break in, it is heartening to know that Hal Roach is on the lookout for talent. At the Roach studio an inexperienced girl, if she is beautiful and natural, can get a hearing.

But she should bear this in mind. Mr. Roach is hard to please. He admits that if all the most prominent players in the screen were to walk into his office and apply for jobs there are only a few to whom he would give jobs. One of the few is Norma Shearer, whom as a matter of fact he did try to sign up a few years ago.

Young, beautiful, slender, natural in manner—all these things the next leading lady for Roach comedies must be. This is the biggest chance that has come the way of beginners in a long, long time.

Troubles of an Independent Producer

Robert Kane, who is going to produce pictures independently, to be released by First National, told a good story at a dinner party recently to illustrate the troubles of the independent producer.

A great golf player died and went to heaven, but before he entered the gates he inquired about the golf courses there. Finding that there were none, and learning that down below there was an excellent course, he chose to go to hell. There he found a splendid course, uncrowded, and with well-trained caddies in attendance. All conditions for a great game seemed perfect. He walked up to the tee, took his club in his hand, glanced delightedly out over the fairway, and then turned to the caddy to ask for his ball.

"That's the hell of it," remarked the caddy, "there are no balls."

And that is the drawback of the independent producer. He has capital, studios, stories, and even directors—but he has no players. Practically all the good ones are under contract to the big companies.
Laziness Made Him What He Is To-day

W. C. Fields of the Ziegfeld "Follies," long one of Broadway's most expert laugh getters, has come into the movies and if the work isn't too hard, he will stay.

By Barbara Little

It was thirty years ago that W. C. Fields made the great discovery that has been his guide and inspiration, that has made him happy and prosperous, switched the thoughts of his fellow men from beautiful or sinful (vote for one) "Follies" girls and resulted in camera shots that will be heard around the world.

It was just this: that a vaudevillian can sleep until noon.

Having found, early in his teens, this secret of a happy life it is to be presumed that he took a good rest before beginning his preparations for the career that has made him what he is to-day. If you don't know what he is to-day then you have a surprise in store for you when you see D. W. Griffith's "Sally of the Sawdust." But more than likely you have an uncle or a cousin or a brother who has gone to the Ziegfeld "Follies" to feast his eyes on the luscious chorus girls and come home inarticulately attempting to describe amid snickers and guffaws this droll fellow.

W. C. Fields is unique and indescribable, but that doesn't keep me or any one else from trying to tell you what he is like.

But let us go back to the time when as a lad in Philadelphia he found the one career to which he could dedicate himself whole-heartedly.

A study of successful vaudevillians convinced him that juggling was his game. Acrobatics, obviously, would not appeal to him; neither would hoofing. Nature had not provided him with the voice of a two-a-day Caruso nor the paternal instincts of an animal trainer. So after a few months of practice at throwing things in the air—anything that came handy—he embarked on his career with a burlesque show, from which he graduated into vaudeville. And like all the best vaudevillians he was rewarded after some twenty-five years of service with a season on Broadway in a revue—Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies," to be exact. Now, five years later, he is still there and has been all this time except for a year's excursion in "Poppy," with Madge Kennedy.

It was back stage at the "Follies" that I met him, in a large dressing room just off the first landing of the staircase, where chorus girls continually rush up and down in a subwaylike hurry to get to the stage and do their stuff, and get back to their dressing rooms to change to the next outfit. But he sat with kindly indifference with his back to the door, only crooking his head ever so slightly to reply to a salutation of "Hello, Pop!" or to ask of the passers-by, "What's on now?"

Every once in a while he would get up ponderously, shed his toweling bathrobe and put on a coat, casually slap on a mustache and depart for the stage where he would be hailed by a shout of laughter. Then he would come back with the air of a shopkeeper who had just waited on a customer and continue his narrative of juggling from Passaic to Pernambuco, from Africa to Ashtabula.

Only once did he play the comic backstage. Explaining that there was no view of the performance to be had from the wings, he asked if I would like to step out in the balcony to see some of his act. Then with careful directions, he sent me right to the door of the men's dressing room.

That was once when he didn't get a laugh for his efforts.

There is an uncanny grace about W. C. Field's movements; that is one of the funniest things about him. His placid, comfortable frame, his slightly befuddled manner—the air of a man who would like to appear pompous if he knew just how to do what he was about to start doing—and his air of genial pride when he succeeds in catching the objects he has hurled in the air as though he knew all along that he was good, set him apart from all other comedians.

He needs no tricky music cue to warn you that he is going to be funny; no jokes to convince you that he is. In fact, he doesn't need any lines at all, and unless the stage director insists, he doesn't use them. Lines must be remembered, and why bother?

"I stopped using lines early in the game," he explained to me casually as he flipped cigarette ashes over Mr. Ziegfeld's "No Smoking" sign. "As soon as I found out I had to get engagements abroad for the summer. In those days the theaters over here almost all closed for a few months, and the foreign agents were looking for acts that could be taken over. So I cut out the jokes I had

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Motherhood and a Career

Irene Rich, mother and motion-picture star, says that some women are ambitious for careers because of vanity, while with others—as in her case—the career has been a necessity. But she occasionally wonders if she has filled the rôle of motherhood with success.

By Myrtle Gebhart

It is all very well for those women who have husbands or other means of support to propound the theory of sacrificing careers for motherhood. Naturally, if there is a choice, motherhood should claim a woman’s primary attention. But when it is up to the mother to get out and hustle, this pretty moralizing won’t fill little empty tummies.

Irene Rich was cuddling her eight-year-old Jane, who had a sore ankle. Jane was pretending the ankle was sprained or broken or something so she would get extra hugs.

The brown eyes set so serenely in the sweet, characterful face glanced about the tastefully furnished living room. A homy, comfortable place, with deep chairs and lounges that you want to snuggle into or sprawl all over; rose-shaded lamps, shelves book stocked; a girl’s sweater dangling from a hook. In one corner, listening on the radio, a gray-haired but young-faced grandmother. And, close to Irene Rich, her two daughters.

"It amuses me when some women make so much fuss about choosing between motherhood and a career," she smiled. "They think their problem so dreadfully important, but what they call an overwhelming desire for self-expression is, in many cases, just vanity. The women who have to do both buckle down and haven’t any time for shouting.

"I’ve had a pretty hard fight, but it has been well worth while. There have been many times when motherhood and my career have clashed, and both have had to make concessions. I have even had to ask little sacrifices of my children, and they have never failed me. Frances, particularly, has realized what I have had to do and has always backed me up like a loyal soldier."

When Jane had gone off to bed and Frances had settled in a corner with her studies, Irene unfolded for me the pages of her past. Phrased simply and minus heroics though they were, they disclosed the
pluck of a young woman to provide for her children.

"We had always had things before, so when poverty struck us of a sudden it was not easy to bear," she began. "However, one can do without a lot of things when one has to.

"I had always been very active. When Frances was a baby, I used to hook her basket on my bobsled—we lived up North—and take the steepest hills. When she was two we went to Honolulu. I would carry her out on my back, put her on a raft and leave her there while I had my swim. From her very babyhood she has been a resourceful, self-reliant mite, superbly unafraid, seeming to realize that I depended upon her in lots of ways to look after herself and to help me. She has been a godsend to me.

"Frances was eight and Jane a year old when I was left with the two children and my mother to care for. Though I had never earned a penny, I was full of vitality and willingness to work and knew that somehow I should manage. I tried the real-estate business for a while at home, and then came to Los Angeles. Friends had suggested that I might get into the movies.

"I never felt that I had any great art to give them, but simply that they would give me a livelihood.

"During the first year of dependable extra work we seldom knew where the next meal was coming from. I was fortunate in having mother to look after the children—otherwise I would probably have had to put them, at least temporarily, in some home. We pretended that she was mother and I the father of the family, and made up little games about it. Frances used to say:

"'Daddy Irene, you make our living until I grow up—then you can take a vacation and I’ll be daddy.'

"What mother wouldn’t work for a child like that?

"On days when I had no call, I would combine my trek around the studios with the children’s airing. Pushing Jane’s carriage, with Frances by my side, I would walk from one studio to another to ask if there would be work for me next day. That gave mother a rest from the kiddies and a chance to do the housework without being bothered.

"I’ll never forget our first Christmas out here. I had worked steadily for a few weeks and had a bit in the bank. Frances wouldn’t tell me what she wanted. She just clamped that firm little mouth shut and insisted, ‘Not a single thing’—and I couldn’t pry it out of her. But I noticed the longing in her eyes one day when she was looking at bicycles in a store and realized that she wanted one. Besides, she needed it to ride to school, as she had to go quite a distance.

"She would not let me get her a bicycle until I convinced her, by telling her a fib about our financial state, that we could afford it. And what a happy, excited bunch we were, when we all went up to the bank and drew out the money. We got it in quarters, and brought them home and spread out the silver on the floor. It looked so much—all those quarters!

"We made friends, mostly outside the industry, who were so lovely to us. One very charming woman, whom I met when the company was taking scenes in the garden of her home, became one of my best friends, though at that time I was only an extra nobody in the movies. She used to bundle the whole tribe of us—mother, the two kiddies and myself—into her car.
and take us to the beach on Sunday afternoons. Those were our pleasure excursions.

"Dustin Farnum gave me my first lead and helped me obtain good roles with Bill Farnum and other stars. After that, it was easier financially. I eventually paid for our home and then, blissful day!—bought our first car; a flivver.

"When I began to get ahead we had more comfort, but although at time my children had to learn to make concessions to my career," Irene pointed out a situation that so seldom is admitted by actresses who are mothers, most of whom insist that the children always receive first consideration.

"They understood that it meant bread and butter. I had to deprive them of my attention and company—many a time they planned little excursions which had to be given up because of my work, and invariably they tried to hide their disappointment from me.

"I was often unable to attend their little plays and parties at school. I was only a figurehead who never showed up, while the mothers of the other children were always there. I would be working and thinking of them every minute. 'Now,' I would say to myself, 'Frances is reciting so-and-so.' I would live in my imagination every moment of their plays or excursions. Once Frances was cast as Ophelia in a Shakespearean performance, given by the drama class. I had determined to attend it and we had made such preparations. She was going to present so grandly this mother of hers whom the children wondered about. That afternoon I was told that I must come back to the studio for night scenes. For a moment I was so disappointed that I was almost on the point of pitching career and future out the window, but my common sense saved me from any rash retort. I did not remove my make-up, and at dinner I saw the light fade from Frances' eyes and her face set the way it does when she is thinking or fighting something out in her own mind. Finally she said:

"'Well, let's have the bad news. Have to work?' When I admitted that I did and couldn't attend the play, she consoled me, instead of comforting her.

"They were so proud of me, and that helped a lot. They would rave over me to their kiddie friends and the whole family would troop to see the pictures in which I appeared. It gave me a glorious feeling that, in their eyes at least, I was perfect."

"And that pride is even greater to-day. Though the daughters of many prominent motion-picture people attend her school—Cecilia De Mille, Margaret De Mille and others—Frances is often envied because her mother is Irene Rich, and that makes her mighty happy."

"You see in the fifteen-year-old Frances a different type of girl from the average of her age. Tall and straight, short blond hair pushed back from a high forehead, level eyes, resolute jaw, firm little mouth from which words issue very precisely in a slightly husky voice—she is, at first glance, unusual. She has a capable, definite way about her.

"Jane is still pretty much of a baby—whom Frances humors and reprimands in maternal fashion.

"Sometimes I think Frances must be the mother and I the daughter," Irene mused. "Of course, I was married so very young, and she had tests in her childhood that developed her resourcefulness. I am glad, though, that everything has happened as it has—I am still young enough to play around with her and be more like a sister than a mother to her.

"We're going to have great fun abroad this summer, the whole bunch of us. I plan to leave them over there for a few months of travel and study, but I shall have to hurry back and get on the job. That will be another occasion," she laughed, but threading the merry tone was a wistfulness, "when motherhood will have to step aside for Miss Career!"

"Don't let any mother who has to support her children tell you all that about never permitting work to interfere with motherhood's duties. When you are carrying their bread and butter, work must come first."

"So many times I've felt pulled two ways, so bewildered that I could not think and so simply followed my instincts blindly. I guess God just gives mothers the right instinct, to feel that a certain way is best."

"Have I failed or succeeded as a mother? That is, in the final analysis, much more important than the question of success in my work. And yet, in my case, the former to an extent is dependent upon the latter. If I hadn't made good in my work, to put it quite bluntly, we would have starved. So I can say with pardonable pride that success in my career has enabled me to give my children health and educational advantages."

"Has my work prevented my giving them other things not equally important but essential to their development? I would like to say nobly that I have fulfilled my obligations in every way, but I know that I have had to neglect some of them. I haven't been able to give the children as much time and personal care as mothers who have no interests outside the home."

"When Jane was a little tot, my mother and Frances would take care of her and I would undress her and put her to bed in the evening. Once she looked up at me, a smile spreading over her round, baby face, and said, 'I got free muvvers!'"

"It hurt for a moment that she should think of her grandmother and her sister as mothers. But when she hugged me tightly and added, 'I know which I love best!' I knew that I always would come first in her heart."

"Often I've tried to direct an inner searchlight on myself and my problems, to see if I were really doing what I should for my children. I have taught them that my work is their best friend. I know of several instances where the mothers have complained of their work for taking them away, and so the children have hated it."

"Division of energies prevents your giving your very best to either undertaking. Sometimes worry over the children—when they haven't been well—has shown in the poor quality of my work. Again, the demands of my career have had priority. I know there have been times when the children felt shut out because they could not share one side of my life. I have not permitted them to hang around the studio and only allow them occasional visits now that they are getting old enough to understand acting better. Then they wanted me with them more than I could be."

"Sometimes when they would tell me about being over to some youngster's house and watching her mother bake cakes and cookies, I could see in their eyes a wish that I would stay at home in a pink-and-white apron and make cookies.

"I couldn't hear their lessons many nights because I would be so tired and would have to go straight to bed. My practical little Frances would say, 'Shucks, we don't want you to bother with our poky old lessons.' She would hear Jane's and, if she couldn't wrestle with her own alone, would ask her grandmother's help."

"Perhaps I have made mistakes and taken the wrong course when I stood at a crossroads, with the sign

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A Girl Who Goes Her Own Way

May McAvoy has decided that, for her, freedom to choose the roles she wants means more than money or stardom.

By Caroline Bell

FORECASTING the orbits of our stellar lights is one of Hollywood's favorite indoor sports. Over mahogany desks men speak around their cigars, shrewdly timing the shine of a glamorous star; the luncheon chatter of smartly gowned women is pointed with comments on the inevitable waning of certain personalities. So-and-so is slipping; this one has something new, possible of cultivation, and so on. Most actors present definite traits upon which rather accurate prediction may be based.

“And what of May McAvoy?” somebody asks, and a silence falls.

“Well, with May it's hard to tell,” one will eventually try to put into words Hollywood's feeling of exasperation toward May. She is generally accredited with that talent which borders upon genius. Occasionally her work glows with that rare spark; one feels annoyed that so seldom does she attain the full measure of her capabilities. But she is admitted to be very difficult to handle, and doubly hard to present are her peculiar qualities.

“For one thing, she won't run true to form. Temperamental. Has opinions and ideas of her own about things. Won't play a part unless she thinks it suitable to her. Shrugs aside contracts that any other girl would grab in a twinkle.

“Besides, where does May belong in pictures? She has a little bit of several things, and yet she is not distinctly any one.”

May's unwillingness to conform to rules is familiar in studio circles and is one of the two reasons responsible for her peculiar ups and downs. She disagreed with Paramount over the stories bought for her. She refused to bob her hair to play the flapper heroine of De Mille's "Adam's Rib." The part did not appeal to her. Two weeks later she took a notion to bob.

She bought back her unexpired contract from Paramount that she might have freedom in choosing her roles. Recently she turned down a long contract at a weekly salary of five thousand dollars, tendered by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

"It is not temperament in the sense of wanting to show off," she one day explained more fully the reasons that I knew lay back of her attitude. "I don't want to quarrel constantly, though, being Irish, I do get rebellious spells. It is simply that I know what is best for me. Trying to go with the crowd very nearly put me out.

"The best opportunity at Paramount, of the sort for which I am fitted, was hardly more than a bit, in 'Kick In.' One scene, where I came laughing down the stairs after my sweetheart had died, to put the detectives off the trail, brought me more praise than anything I have ever done.

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OVER THE

FANNY the Fan sings a many of her favorite film

By The

She found to her horror in Paris that people were expected to have four or five fittings for a single dress. What a waste of time! She hurried right back to Madame Frances. You know, Frances always engages a model who is exactly the size of any customer who buys a lot of clothes. Then the customer doesn't have to stand for any fittings at all. Colleen was so thrilled at this great, American custom that she ordered clothes with a lavish hand quite as though she had never seen Paris.

"You know, I was a little worried about Colleen just before she returned. I thought Europe had changed her. She cabled me that she was bringing home a lapdog named Baby. I was afraid that it might be one of those awful Italian greyhounds about the size of a rat so I pleaded with all the officials of the port of New York to let me go down on the cutter and board the boat at quarantine, thinking I could throw the offending animal overboard. And when I boarded the Berengaria and Colleen rushed to meet me, what should I see but the sweetest, hugest St. Bernard you ever saw. That's her idea of a lapdog.

"It looked for a while as though Colleen would have to adopt the butcher on the boat because the dog was so fond of him, but we finally induced them to part. Then the dog had to be sent to a kennel because the hotel wouldn't take him in and Colleen spent all her spare time ordering ice and electric fans and things like that to take to the dog.

"Of course, Colleen didn't do any of the things abroad that any one else would do. Cafés, race tracks, and all that sort of thing were simply nonexistent so far as she was concerned. She went over primarily to see the queen's doll house and kiss the Blarney stone. She accomplished the latter all right—and you'll admit it takes a lot of nerve for a girl who has almost broken her neck to hang by her heels down a high precipice just to pay her respects to an old Irish custom. But the queen's doll house wasn't on exhibition any more so she had to console herself by going all through Paris and Switzerland buying marvelous miniature furniture and books for her own doll's house.

"She offered a prize of five thousand dollars in London to the girl who wrote the most interesting letter telling her ambitions. When she read the letters she almost dissolved in tears, they were so pathetic. The girl who won was blind, came of an awfully poor family, and wanted some day to be a musician and give lessons to poor girls like herself who couldn't afford to pay for

WELL, that's settled at last," Fanny remarked authoritatively, as she slumped down in a chair in her best imitation of Bebe Daniels and waited for me to ask, "What is?"

"Somebody is always asking what the first requirement of a film star is or what sort of training she ought to have. Now I know. I'll offer my advice free just for to-day, and then, who knows, I may start a correspondence school.

"Any film star ought to have experience as a professional shopper," she went on. "I've survived shopping trips with Corinne Griffith, Virginia Valli, Carmelita Geraghty, and Colleen Moore and really what those girls buy in a day would stock a good-sized department store.

"Colleen Moore shopping here?" I asked incredulously. "But what did she do abroad?"

"Remembered apparently that she was one-hundred-per-cent American," Fanny retorted curtly. "Of course, her customs declaration showed about four trunkfuls of clothes, but that didn't stop her when she got here.

CONSTANCE BENNETT, one of the most beautiful and smartest gowned girls now in New York, is going abroad shortly.

PHOTO BY HENRY WATKINS

Constance Bennett, one of the most beautiful and smartest gowned girls now in New York, is going abroad shortly.
Teacups

sad song of farewell as stars forsake New York

Bystander

them. When Colleen led her out on the stage of the theater where the award was to be made she was so choked with emotion she couldn't speak so she and the girl just clung to each other and cried, and the audience cried and——

"A fine time was had by all," I helped her out. "I suppose you wish that you could have been there."

"Colleen made a lot of scenes in London for 'We Moderns,' her next picture. Trafalgar Square, the House of Lords, Buckingham Palace, and a lot of places every one wants to see were used as backgrounds. One day, as she was coming home from work, traffic was stopped at the gates of Buckingham Palace and she saw the queen just starting out for her afternoon drive. Of course, she was thrilled to death. She says that the reports of the queen's dowdy hats have been grossly exaggerated. She insists that the queen is charming looking. Oh, yes—and she saw Queen Marie of Roumania at the theater one night in Paris.

"And that reminds me——" she began.

"Don't let it remind you of any one but Colleen," I insisted. "There are a lot more things I want to know. Did she bring home any new fads?"

"Of course." Fanny looked at me as though I were not quite bright.

"The most interesting one is that she doesn't wear a particle of make-up. You have no idea how startling and smart it looks. The other one may cause a lot of trouble if news of it gets around. It's the latest fad in Paris to have your features painted on white silk handkerchiefs. Some artist gave a lot of them to Colleen, and I suppose now fans will be asking for them instead of ordinary photographs.

"Colleen signed a new contract with First National soon after she landed here. Of course, she got a big advance in salary, her pictures have been so popular. And her husband, John McCormick, is going to supervise her productions in the future. That's what she wanted most. He knows picture production so thoroughly she knows she can rely on his judgment.

"The executives of First National gave a dinner party for her the night before she left for California. Of course, they all made speeches lauding her to the skies, and one and all they praised her for being the same unassuming girl she was when she started in pictures. Over and over the phrase recurred that she 'had kept her feet on the ground.' At about the tenth repetition of this noble sentiment she leaned over and remarked that they were so tired she couldn't get 'em off if she wanted to."

"Carmelita Geraghty and Virginia Vállí passed Colleen in midocean and sent her a radio gloat because they were going to Germany to make a picture. Carmelita was so thrilled over going abroad that for two days before sailing she was walking around in a daze. She went into a hosiery store and casually asked for felt sport hats and didn't show the slightest surprise when the saleslady showed her jeweled garters.

"I don't know what effect the Paris styles will have on Virginia. She isn't daring enough to wear some of the styles here. She had to buy an ankle bracelet to wear in the Thomas Meighan picture she made just before she left and she hated to go into a store to ask for it so she got Corinne Griffith to go with her. Corinne bought one and wore it all the time, but Virginia never appeared with hers.

"Constance Bennett is going abroad as soon as she finishes her next picture, but why she goes I can't see. She's the most beautiful and smartest gowned girl to be seen anywhere in New York now that Corinne is gone.
"Don't you know any good news?" I asked despondently.

"Wonderful!" Fanny gasped. "At last Blanche Sweet is coming East to make a picture. And Gloria Swanson is coming home. And maybe Alice Joyce will come back when she finishes 'Stella Dallas.'"

"By the way, when 'Headlines' is released all the newspaper women in the country ought to give Alice a vote of thanks. She plays a girl reporter and she doesn't wear mannish clothes or carry a notebook or cower in front of the city editor. It is much the most interesting picture she has made since her comeback. She looks glorious and if you don't cry over some of her scenes you aren't human."

"Maybe not," I admitted, "I'd rather laugh."

"You're just as bad as the rest of the public," Fanny burst out excitedly. "You don't want to give these girls a chance to do serious acting. I suppose you'd even rather see Dorothy Gish play comedy."

"I would," I insisted stubbornly.

"Oh, well," Fanny sighed, as though the case were hopeless. "Fortunately Dorothy can do that without half trying. In Dick Barthelmess' next picture she has a chance to be both funny and sad."

"And that reminds me—Dorothy made a lot of film tests for that picture so as to get her make-up and costumes just right. Through some mistake they got mixed in with tests of girls who were trying out for parts. C. C. Burr, producer of the Johnny Hines pictures, took a look at them when they were looking for a leading woman. Most of the tests were terrible, but he got all enthusiastic over one of them. Of course, it was Dorothy's."

"Do you know who reminds me a lot of Dorothy? Little Violet de Barros—only you mustn't call her that any more. She has changed her name to Mary Milnor. She has been using the new name for just three months and she has gone further than she went with the old one in three years. Maybe it is numerology that helped her; maybe it's just luck. Anyway she has a big part in 'Play Ball,' the picture written by John McGraw, and she had the fun the other day of being married right on the home plate out at the Polo Grounds."

"Of course, it was about the hottest day that New York had ever known and everything wilted, including the bridal veil. As luck would have it every one has been making the most strenuous scenes these hot days. Bebe Daniels had to scrub decks on an ocean liner for two days. Hope Hampton has been making Christmas scenes. She had the bright idea one hot day last week of giving a Christmas party and inviting every one to the studio. At the last minute she simply couldn't bear

I always hate to catch a glimpse of Constance Bennett at the end of a hot, tired day. She always looks so crisp and smart and as though it didn't take any effort on her part to look beautiful.

"The next one to go is Nita Naldi. She is going to make Ibarra's 'Queen Califia' in Spain under the direction of John Robertson. Even Bebe Daniels is forsaking us after all her promises to stay in New York. She is going to make 'Martinique' in California. As I recall it on the stage, the leading rôle was one of those exotic native girls.

"Bebe is taking about ten trunkfuls of new clothes with her. I am afraid she won't be as popular as she used to be when she was dressed by home talent just like the rest of the Hollywood girls."
to have a nice big evergreen tree cut down for the ceremonies so she just had them decorate an old-fashioned hall tree. No one had any wraps to hang on it anyway, so what did it matter?

"Her press-agent wanted everything to be informal so when Hope's beautiful new blue limousine went down to the ferry to meet the guests he hung on it a sign reading: 'This bus goes to Hope Hampton's party.'

"Everything about the party was a great success except that Hope had to leave at eight o'clock so as to go home and get her beauty sleep."

"And I know some others it wouldn't harm," I contributed gayly, but what's the use of trying to correct Fanny's ways at this late date? Fanny was staring across the room intently.

"The prettiest girl you ever saw," she began, and I joined her in staring at a petite blonde with big blue eyes, "has been here getting some marvelous gowns designed by Charles Le Mairre. She is going back West to appear in some more Universal pictures."

"You might tell me her name," I suggested.

"Oh, don't you know? It's Margaret Quimby. She used to be in the Music Box Revue and then she danced at the El Fey Club. Just because she is great at doing the Charleston they plan to put her in dancing roles, but any time they want a Wild-West heroine they can just use her. She hadn't been out at Universal more than a week or two when the cowboys had made a great stunt rider of her. After all, what is more daring than the Charleston?"

There won't be a good answer to that until some one starts a new dance craze, so I didn't attempt to answer. But just wait until you see Aileen Pringle in "Dance Madness." I have an idea that the answer will be there.

Fanny seemed to read my thoughts.

"Had a letter from Aileen the other day," she remarked, "and there doesn't seem to be any hope of her coming to New York for a picture. She's unhappy over it, too, because her two best friends, Gloria Swanson and Dorothy Mackaill, are both on their way East. Gloria's going to make 'Stage Struck' here and Dorothy is going to play 'The Savage.' Perhaps you can imagine her as a savage, but I can't. Speaking of Gloria—do you remember when Harold Seton played with her in 'Zaza'?

When he isn't summering in Newport and writing about society there or writing about pictures for PICTURE PLAY or writing verses or acting on the stage, he lends an air of aristocracy to movies. But I'm afraid he's deserting pictures for a while. He has signed with David Belasco to play in support of E. H. Sothern on the stage next season.

"In a way it is selfish for players to go on the stage where only New Yorkers see them. James Kirkwood and Lila Lee are going to continue on the stage, you know. Of course, Mr. Kirkwood is making a picture with Griffith now, but in the fall he and Lila will be too busy playing 'Poe' to think of anything else. At least, that will take Lila out of 'The Bride Retires' and that's something. But I don't suppose that 'Poe' will be just a nice, wholesome play for the whole family."

"And since when has this craze for wholesomeness hit you?" I asked in some alarm. "And why?"

"Because lately"—and she smiled confidentially—"the nice plays have been interesting and the wicked ones dull."

But figuring that just one very dull, wholesome picture might bring her back to normal I hurried her away to see "Rugged Waters."
Soft Music, Please

No fanfare of trumpets or loud-voiced ballyhoo is needed in introducing Virginia Valli. She comes, you see, and are conquered.

By Helen Klumph

Of all the girls in motion pictures the one who seems to be having the best time out of it all is Virginia Valli. Her struggles for success (incandescent chuckles of laughter from Virginia as she reads that) have not made her world-weary or disillusioned; fame has not brought her any difference about going out in public where people are wont to stare unduly at celebrities, for Virginia is that lucky person whose photograph is known to thousands but whose real self is ignored in a crowd. Virginia hasn't even that dogged concentration on her own work and aims that makes everything else seem unimportant. Her mental mirror is tilted aslant so that it catches life's parade rather than her own reflection.

Complete absorption in one's own work marks the great artist, you may argue. It also, and more often I insist, merely makes egomaniacs. And even at the risk of never being considered as a great artist (more laughter from Virginia—quite raucous and unladylike this time) I daresay Virginia would prefer to retain her sense of her own unimportance. It makes her such a good company. And you will admit that being overwhelmingly popular in this life has its advantages over being considered great by posterity.

"Well," I can almost hear Virginia saying with a characteristic burst of glee, although she never really did say it, "if I thought I was so good, life would be pretty dull because I wouldn't be keen about seeing anyone else."

And Virginia's life is just one enthusiasm after another, one that Virginia has no illusions.

She was jubilant over having seen a performance of "The Green Hat" in Chicago while en route to New York, where I saw her.

"It was just gorgeous," she told me, "and when the final curtain went down I was under its spell. Then a man I used to know came along and said, 'Well, Virginia, how does it feel to be a famous picture star?' I could have murdered him for bringing me back from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Talk of "The Green Hat" brought us inevitably to the subject of Alice Joyce, for she is the one who will probably play it on the screen. Alice is Virginia Valli's current enthusiasm. She was her favorite star years ago before Virginia went into pictures and now that she knows her she likes her even better. Even as this interview progressed we were walking down Fifth Avenue to the hairdresser's where Alice gets her hair cut—her bob has long been the envy and despair of most of the girls who see her—and that afternoon, not having to work, she was going to see Alice in "The Little French Girl."

At the hairdresser's we chortled "Such is fame!" in girlish glee as the stolid attendant addressed her as "Miss Kelly," "Miss Fuller," and any other name that came handy. And Virginia did not even sob out that her eyeshades were all her own and perfectly natural when she was requested to wash the mascara off them so that it wouldn't run in her eyes. She seems to have no pet vanities.

But "Guidebook to People Meeting Motion-Picture Stars" (Adv.), which hasn't been written and probably never will be, one of the first rules will be always to condone with the star over the dreadful, unworthy vehiciles that her company has given her. It is an easy aid to conversation, and almost invariably inspires the star to confide her troubles to you. But don't try it with Virginia.

"Once I complained about the stories Universal was giving me," Virginia told me, "and they politely asked me if I had any to suggest. Of course, I hadn't. Say" and here her voice ripples with laughter—"if I knew anything about stories I wouldn't be in pictures. I'd be writing. And then how high hat I'd be!"

"Not on what a writer earns," I reproved her.

"Oh, yes. Money wouldn't matter then. It wouldn't be the accepted standard of success."

As you see, Virginia has her illusions.

Virginia is a Universal star but she loves to go a-visiting at the other studios, and Universal lets her do it every now and then. She made a First National picture called "The Lady Who Lied," just after finishing "Siege" at the Universal old homestead, and then to her great joy she was sent to New York to play opposite Thomas Meighan in "The Man Who Found Himself."

"It's a good thing I get sent here once in a while. I don't realize what a hick I am until I get here and have nothing suitable to wear in New York. Out home we wear such comfortable things, sports clothes and light dresses, but here you don't feel as though you could go out on the street without a wrap of some sort on. And it is so intolerably hot. I want to go back to California where the nights are cool and where people don't sit up in cabarets and night clubs talking until all hours of the morning.

"But clothes! Wait until you see what I wear in this picture. Famous Players have had Gilbert Clark move his whole dressmaking establishment over to the studio. So now he not only makes lovely clothes, he tells us how to wear them."

Virginia still gets a great thrill out of seeing her name in electric lights even though she has been a star for some time. Opportunity, the Piccadilly Theater was running "The Price of Pleasure" when she arrived in town, so when she had nothing else to do she could walk down Broadway seeing her name emblazoned in lights. Fortunately, too, the critics had all liked her work so they could have met her without any constraint, but Virginia is diffident about meeting people upon whom she feels she ought to make a good impression for the sake of business. One has to meet her through the medium of friends, as I was fortunate enough to, if one is ever to penetrate beyond a polite, rather aloof shell.

She has learned a lot about acting in pictures in the last two years, but she has not yet learned to act like a personage in real life. Let us hope she never will. Virginia is such a good audience.

In parting, she didn't ask me to see her next picture and tell her what I really thought of it; she didn't murmur, "I'll hope in the future to live up to all the nice things you have said about me." or any of the other airy pleasantries that players who have just been interviewed are wont to indulge in. Characteristically she remarked, "Do you know Nita Naldi? She's just great. I'll get her to have luncheon with us some day next week."

So you can just mark Virginia down on your records as a charming star on the screen, and good company off. If I knew of a nicer compliment I would pay it to her.
THERE is nothing spectacular about Virginia Valli, but she has a girlish, unaffected charm that wins you immediately, as Helen Klumph shows in the story on the opposite page.
AILEEN PRINGLE abandons some of her impressive dignity in her latest picture, "The Mystic," and appears in the colorful and somewhat hoydenish rôle of a fake traveling mystic.
PATSY RUTH MILLER is still young and carefree enough to feel that tragedy must be awfully interesting. So, failing the real thing, she wears this expression suggestive of hidden sorrows.
THOUGH she has always had a delicate rhythm of movement, delightful to watch, it wasn't until her last two pictures that Carol Dempster convinced everyone that she was an unusually fine actress, too.
IT doesn't look as though Claire Windsor would be able to take her European honeymoon with Bert Lytell very soon, for the hard-working Claire has been farmed out again to an independent company.
AFTER a single modern splurge Marion Davies went back to the costume story again in her latest production, "Lights of Old New York," based on the stage play, "Merry Wives of Gotham."
HER travels over, Julanne Johnston is now in Hollywood working on her first American-made picture since "The Thief of Bagdad." You will see her shortly in "The Big Parade."
THE screen vogue of Ben Lyon upset all the preconceived formulas for male popularity. Helen Klumph explains why it was bound to happen in the story on the opposite page.
Ben Lyon has the boyish characteristics of the average young American. He is shown here trying to inveigle Anna Q. Nilsson into the ocean at Santa Monica beach.

The Face That Thrills

What does it matter that the pictures Ben Lyon has played in have not been particularly good? Theater managers demand him and fans by the thousand write to him weekly.

By Helen Klumph

WELL,” said Ben Lyon, squaring his shoulders and striving to appear philosophical as he read the reviews of “So Big,” one and all of which agreed that his performance was terrible, “it doesn’t look as though I’d have much chance of becoming the finest actor on the screen. But no one can wrest from me the title of being the worst. That’s something.”

The air of nonchalant bravado with which he said that was the most obvious bit of acting Ben Lyon ever did. It made him seem quite likable, that boyish “I don’t care,” when obviously he did care awfully.

It was some months after that meeting that I sent word to Ben that I wanted to see him and Ben obligingly suggested that the Japanese gardens at the Ritz-Carlton was a nice place to go for tea. But by the time we met there the idea had occurred to Ben that I had an ulterior motive in wanting to see him—that I was going to interview him or something like that.

“Now don’t go and try to write a story about me,” he urged with apparent sincerity. “It’s an awful job. There isn’t a single outstanding fact in my whole life. I’ve never been very rich or very poor; I’ve never fought against adversity or been favored with a break of wonderful luck; I’ve never been kidnapped or shanghaied or even carried a message to Garcia. Nobody scorned or repressed me until I squared my shoulders and challenged the world to keep me down. You see, there’s nothing to it. I’m just an average man. Born in Pennsylvania, educated like almost anybody, no strange hobbies or original ideas. That doesn’t make a front-page story.”

“Maybe it does,” I insisted. “It might be encouraging to other average young men to know that they, too, might rise to getting a thousand mash notes every week. Anyway, your public wants to know what you’re like.”

“My public,” he jeered. “Now I’ll tell one.”

Ben Lyon is tall and thin and rather sleek and has a jaunty, nonchalant air that is seldom seen outside of clothing advertisements. He looks absurdly young for one with such bodily poise.

And he has that confiding, ingenuous manner that is so devastating to young girls and old ladies.

It would take a Leyendecker and a Tarkington to do him justice. He is the little boy who has gone to the big city and acquired a manner of sophistication without the sophistication itself. A young boulevardier, no more earnest or studious or introspective than the leader of your college glee club, out for a good time—and finding it.

“I’m going to have a great time to-morrow,” he told me proudly. “I’m going to announce the fights up in Boston. They’re for the benefit of the sanitarium up at
Saranac. The mayor's going to be there and Christy Mathewson." There was considerable awe in his tone. Young America's idols are his idols. You wouldn't have to familiarize yourself with obscure Continental philosophers or even the works of George Jean Nathan in order to converse with Ben.

And, he isn't in the least blasé about personages in pictures.

"I've known Norma Shearer nearly seven years," he told me with a proud air of "I knew her when." She is a great girl. A lot of people out in Hollywood don't understand her because she keeps to herself so much and doesn't accept invitations to parties. She has always been like that, though. She is naturally very quiet. But instead of accepting that fact, lots of people think she is snobbish.

"The girl I love to work with in a picture is Colleen Moore. She is such a marvelous trouper that she makes the work of every one with her easy. The only time I ever cried real tears over anything was a scene I did with her in 'So Big.' We used to have great times when we were working together. We'd make up stories and act them out for our own amusement. She enters so whole-heartedly into anything like that, you're hypnotized for the moment into thinking the things are really happening.

"I'd love to make a picture with Corinne Griffith."

And then we both raved. Corinne affects the people who know her best that way.

It might have been the young hero of "Seventeen" speaking—a callow youth longing for the moon, not an actor whom the star in question would be only too glad to have in her cast. Incidentally, Ben played "Seventeen" on the road for two years and the lead in "Mary the Third" throughout its Broadway run. Either he fits the parts perfectly or the roles affected him in his formative years.

"It will be nice to be starred but if I can't have good pictures that will get me into the best theaters, I'd rather go back to playing in support of Gloria."

Again, an air of romantic longing.

When Gloria married the Marquis de la Falaise de la Condray, Ben was one of the troupe of her adorers who did not send her mere conventional congratulations.

"Please advise," he cabled. "Always thought a marquee was something out in front of a theater."

One never hears tales of Ben's fiery temperamental or freakish interests. Passing comment on him usually begins, "Ben pulled a good one the other day."

I am not quite sure that the things he says really are clever, but they seem amusing when he says them. There is a humorous twist to his mouth and a beguiling twinkle in his eye as he talks.

Ben's tremendous vogue upset all the dope of the motion-picture seers for this past year. They had decided that there were three types of box-office knock-outs among the juveniles; the romantic, sloe-eyed Spaniard; the he-man of the great open spaces, and the wholesome, powerfully sincere young man—the type of which Dick Barthelmess is the sole representative. And then along came Ben. Neither foreign, athletic, nor particularly simple or wholesome. He has had no one striking success and yet he has built up tremendous popularity. His one bit of luck was playing in "Flaming Youth."

It was the astute Samuel Goldwyn who introduced Ben Lyon to pictures in the first "Potash and Perlmutter." First National gave him a long contract as soon as they saw his work in that, and he has been playing in their pictures ever since, except for brief excursions to Lasky's when he played opposite Pola Negri and Gloria Swanson.

His next picture will be "The Face that Thrills," an automobile-racing picture. But I am sure that girls will change it to "The Face that Thrills."

His last picture was "Winds of Chance," which took him out into the wilds of western Canada.

"Frank Lloyd gave me a great idea. At least, I hope it turns out to be a great idea. He told me to smile all through the picture, take things light-heartedly. Maybe you think that isn't a change. Why I've been going through my pictures scowling and frowning and acting all harrowed as though life was real and earnest and I was such a prig I just couldn't bear it. Probably I've mugged all over the place.

"Now I suppose I'll go to the other extreme and act so carefree I'll look as though I had nothing to do with the plot. Oh, well—the critics will tell me the worst. They always do."

I don't know who will ride in the car with Ben in his picture, but if it were I, you could have my chance for the asking. As he drove me home from the Ritz through the maelstrom of New York's late afternoon traffic he showed a blissful disregard for onrushing trucks that was titanic. Neither his flow of conversation nor his car stopped for traffic officers. And he played the accelerator with a jazz rhythm.

"Come on up to the studio some day," he suggested. "Maybe you'll like my fighting better than my acting. We've imported a coming champion lightweight from the Coast. He's playing in the picture and boxing with me every day."

"Just call me up when you can come. I'll send my car for you. I'll send my chauffeur," he added, apparently noting my misgivings. "I have a chauffeur," he continued, "and a valet, a secretary, a chef, and a trainer. Just one man but different caps."

I have a feeling that deep down in his heart Ben believes he is getting away with murder. Perhaps he is.

But, anyway, the girls love it.

MORE COMEDIES!

BY EDITH JONES PIERCE

Our radio is on the blink,
The phonograph still squeaks;
Old "lizzie's" tires are ragged and
The radiator leaks.

Though rent is due, and bills are, too,
I'm one who still contends
The world's all bright and sunny if
You've got some movie friends!

There's Harold Lloyd, and Doug McLean,
And Langdon's awful nice;
I wouldn't do without 'em—not
For any sort of price.

To grin when most you want to cuss,
On this your luck depends;
And so I say, life's brighter if
You've got some movie friends!
A Mature Cinderella

By Katherine Lipke

The tale of Cinderella is simply a fairy story to the children of the world, but its note of reality is brought home quite frequently to those of us who have seen the chimney corner become the ballroom overnight, fully equipped with a prince and a glass slipper. All of which easily brings the subject around to Louise Dresser, who is now busily engaged in balancing the glass slipper on the end of her toe after two years of discouragement in film chimney corners.

To many of the film fans the appearance of Louise Dresser in the dramatic-featured rôle of “The Goose Woman,” soon to be released by Universal, means just a new find in the screen world. But to those who have known and loved the stage for years and have laughed at season after season of comedies, Louise Dresser means a great deal. In New York her name is as well known and loved as the hand-clasp of a friend and many have wondered during the last two years just where she has been and why “the best song feeder on Broadway” was introducing no more songs, nor feeding comedy lines to any of the popular comedians.

Now Louise has been neither in China, nor Europe, nor yet again in hiding. She has been in Hollywood trying to make a place for herself in pictures. However, she soon discovered that she was completely buried, as far as fame went, as if she had gone into an intended seclusion. Pauline Frederick persuaded her to enter pictures and she appeared several times with her. The thought of being able to live here with her mother, whom she adores, and still have a career, made her enthusiastic about remaining in the films. But alas, for long weary months the films did not seem to be enthusiastic about her.

She appeared in one or two interesting rôles—one in “The City That Never Sleeps” and another in “To the Ladies”—and each time she graced them with distinction. However, many months went by when she didn’t even get a chance to do anything. Directors praised her acting and having praised it settled back and did nothing.

Finally, just as she was busy shouting “They shall not pass!” to a lot of discouragement imps and was in the act of packing her trunks to go back to New York, Clarence Brown chose her for the featured lead in “The Goose Woman.” Voilà! As soon as the heads of Universal saw the picture in a projection room, they rushed Louise into an office and signed her up on a three-year contract, which stipulates that she will play only featured leads.
So it would seem that Louise Dresser's career as a picture personage is just in its first flush of youth. She is apparently on the receiving end of success, and the strange thing is that it has come through an amazingly real portrayal of dirt and the sudden dregs of womanhood.

The picture, as is probably known, deals with a former grand-opera singer who, through the loss of her lover, sinks into drunken decay. Her hatred for her son and her love of notoriety lead her to weave a story of a murder which practically condemns him. And most of the film takes place on the filthy goose farm where the woman lives.

Louise Dresser loved the rôle and she threw herself into it with a fervor which made the disreputable woman seem shudderingly real. I saw her out on the old farm one day and I give you my word, I felt much the same horror that former friends of the Goose Woman must have experienced at her drunken state. Although the camera was not grinding and it was lunch time on the set, the atmosphere was terrifically real. And the fact that Louise wore no make-up added to the impression.

Her clothes were an accumulation of all the old rags in Hollywood, and discrepancies were repaired by large and flourishing safety pins. Her hair was straggling, her finger nails torn and dirty. And on her feet were ragged shoes.

Behind this costume Louise herself put the fervor of characterization which evidently pierced the screen, for not once in the whole picture was there a retake. And, though it had been planned to have a glimpse of her operatic career inserted for realism, Clarence Brown found he did not need to, for the whole story of her dramatic past was visualized in the face of Louise as she told her story to the son.

Louise Dresser hasn't seen the picture yet herself. She did not go into the projection room and she refuses to catch one glimpse of it until the release. Superstition? Perhaps. At any rate, she is sitting tight, praying that the public will like it and—she is keeping up her singing.

That is the key note of Louise Dresser, I feel. The rest of the film folk may shout enthusiastically about her film recognition—her future success—but Louise, with set mouth, goes on doing vocal exercises to keep her voice in trim—just in case the picture and those which follow it are not successful.

No sitting back on the thought of the nice things to be. Absolutely not! She has known too often the swift turning of the wheel of circumstance from failure to success and back again, to take anything for granted.

A radiant person—Louise Dresser. There is that thrill of energy and magnetism about her which made her so successful with Lew Fields, with George Cohan, with De Wolfe Hopper, and caused such a popular riot in "Potash and Perlmutter." She looks warm and softly sweet, but the glint of stern determination and fight glimmers through all the softness and the blue eyes meet yours with a challenge of power.

Louise has fought her way about since a youngster, when she did nine shows a day in a cheap music hall in tights—just a scared kid away from her mother for the first time. The fight started then and it hasn't ended yet.

And, as she looks around at the girls of today who have had things smoothed over for them and made easy, she is doubly glad that she was thrown on her own when a small girl to struggle for, to fight for, and to find the ideas and ideals which have made for her happiness and a measure of contentment.

The glass slipper is balancing gayly from the extreme end of her toe at present, and we who know and love Louise Dresser are hoping that it will fit securely on her foot—and wear well.
Growing Up with the Stars

The younger motion-picture fans are fortunate in being able to watch, year by year, the child players of their own ages develop into more mature actors and actresses.

By Harold Seton

There are many pleasures consciously enjoyed by the film fans, such as seeing old favorites in new productions and witnessing the progress of the newcomers. But a pleasure that the younger generation is unconsciously enjoying is that of—growing up with the stars!

The boys and girls who nowadays delight in the films exploiting Jackie Coogan, Baby Peggy and Ben Alexander may, unless the Fates decreed otherwise, grow up with these young Thespians, and gain a special satisfaction in so doing, experiencing something akin to the bond in common with schoolmates and college chums.

The advancement of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will be observed with such interest, just as Buster Collier has already been seen emerging from roles of boyhood to those of young manhood. Lila Lee, who now plays heroines, and is shown as a wife and a mother, is remembered in girlish characterizations.

We film fans are a sentimental lot, as is shown by our letters to the editor, expressing our admiration and affection for this star or that, and our rushing loyalty to their defense when caustic criticisms have been made. So the younger generation, brought up on “Our Gang,” will still take a sympathetic interest in the “gangsters” when the respective members are portraying adult roles.

An older generation will realize the truth of my contention in recalling their pleasure in now witnessing performances participated in by actors and actresses they have watched through fifteen, twenty, twenty-five and thirty years. Patrons of the spoken drama applaud Wallace Ed-

“Little” Ben Alexander is now a husky juvenile, and is being starred in two-reel pictures.

Virginia Lee Corbin grew from this into one of the smartest and busiest ingenues in pictures.

Wesley Barry, the “freckled kid,” is now big enough to play a naval cadet in “The Midshipman,” Ramon Novaro’s newest picture.

dinger, a star of the legitimate stage, with particular pride if they remember him as a boy in “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” Those who like vaudeville shows wax reminiscent when viewing Eva Tanguay, for she too played Lord Fauntleroy.

Elsie Janis, now a star of international popularity, is recalled as Little Elsie, and Laura Hope Crews, a well-known leading lady, starred as Editha in “Editha’s Burglar” while still a tiny tot. The highly esteemed Julia Marlowe toured, when a child, with a juvenile “Pinafore” company, starting as a sailor boy in the Gilbert & Sullivan opera.

The great Mrs. Fiske, one of the foremost actresses in America, began her stage career at the age of three, when she played the Duke of York in Shakespeare’s drama “Richard III;,” and the illustrious Maude Adams, who later created the role of Peter Pan, was carried on the stage as an infant of nine months, in “The Lost Child.”

During the lifetime of the late Wallace Reid, that delightful actor had no more enthusiastic followers among the film fans than those who had noted his progress through the years, and could remember him as a child actor in various productions, beginning with “Slaves of Gold,” in 1896, when Wally was only five years of age.

When Richard Barthelmess starred in “New Toys,” old playgoers were interested in noting that the mother role was enacted by Bijou Fernandez, who is remembered as a child actress. Furthermore, her mother, the late Mrs. E. L. Fernandez, was a well-known theatrical agent a generation ago, specializing in the placing of children with productions.

We, who have been film fans for ten or

Continued on page 110
Among Those

A COMING STAR

WITHOUT even a test for photographic qualities and knowing absolutely nothing of movies, Robert Ames was signed by Cecil De Mille on a five-year contract. It is not De Mille's customary policy to take such chances, but perhaps his trained eye saw in Ames undoubted picture possibilities.

Ames came West to star in "Kelly's Vacation" and was seen by De Mille, and tendered the contract.

"I had no thought of going into pictures," he said, "My life had been wrapped up in the theater. I don't suppose I've seen more than twenty-five movies. To be frank, the money interested me, but now that I'm getting familiar with the work it strikes me that there is a lot more to this so-called new art than I thought before."

Ames has a jovial Irish face and might pass for Tom Moore. He started in stock while still in school. He played in "The Squaw Man" and other old favorites and, season after season, was seen in "The Great Divide," "Come Out of the Kitchen," and other Henry Miller plays. Later he was Ethel Barrymore's leading man in "Decoisse," Francine Larrimore's in "Nice People," a rôle in which he was followed by Rod La Rocque, and was with Otis Skinner in "Pietro."

During his road tours he became quite a popular matinee idol over the country and De Mille predicts that in a year or so he will be equally a favorite with movie audiences.

SUCCEEDING TO THE SOCIAL THRONE

FOR the first time, an actress has chosen her own successor. From the grave, practically, comes the dictum which has given to Frona Hale the dais occupied with such gracious and dignified charm by the late Kate Lester.

Mrs. Hale is of Miss Lester's type, regal, white-haired, patrician. Robes of velvet, ropes of pearls, diamond tiaras—these accompany the cool scorn with which she rules the screen drawing-room.

For years she and Miss Lester had been very close friends, and many pointers on the art of acting their particular type of characterization had been passed on to the lesser-known actress by the one without a peer in playing grande dames. Often they appeared together, usually with Mrs. Hale cast as a friend of the queenly matron.

Two weeks before her death Miss Lester made a prophetic remark, though at the time it was tinged with humor. Arranging an ornament for Mrs. Hale, she said laughingly to the group about the studio set, "Isn't she a dead ringer for me? If anything ever happens to me, you make them give her my place."

And after the tragedy that snuffed out Kate Lester's life, people remembered Frona Hale, these words were recalled and she was given several of Miss Lester's rôles.

FROM CONVENT TO "SCANDALS"

If Jocelyn Lee hadn't possessed red hair and green eyes and been so utterly bewitching that people stopped to stare at her, she likely would be a nun to-day instead of a motion-picture actress in Cecil De Mille's stock company. She had made all plans to take the veil but from somewhere came the siren call of the footlights and she went directly from a convent into the George White "Scandals."

It was a long jump, a radical jump, but her success in the "Scandals" was so marked that she found easy entrance into Ziegfeld's "Follies" in 1922-23. The shadow drama beckoned and she traveled to the West Coast to work in a Paul Bern picture. De Mille drafted her for "The Golden Bed" and also to appear in "The Dressmaker from Paris."

Quiet, thoughtful, evidencing the training she received in her convent days, Jocelyn Lee takes her cinema work seriously and declares the shadow stage has won her forever from the glamour of the footlights. At any rate, she is under a long-time contract with De Mille.
Present  
most interesting persons in pictures.

A CHARMING ENTANGLER

DOROTHY CUMMING is cast as the troublesome charmer in nearly all her screen roles. Her appearance makes this almost inevitable, for she is dark and Junoesque. Her tawny eyes have that dangerous look, and about her personality there is the necessary aura of allure.

But Miss Cumming does not care about being a vampire. "I think that a small blonde is the real vampire type," she told me. "I am much too big. I don't think I fit the role at all. But even though I feel that way I play the parts when they are offered to me because I like to see how much I can put into them myself to make them more human."

Though Dorothy Cumming played on the stage for years before going into pictures, she is very frank in saying that she prefers the screen. She does go back on the stage once in a while, and that's why you don't see her so often. Her latest role is one in Gloria Swanson's "The Coast of Folly."

For being kept busy is something that Dorothy Cumming must have. She is one of those energetic persons who feels that she is dawdling terribly if she isn't working every minute. Between mothering her two children—she is the wife of Frank Elliott, a screen actor recently turned assistant director—writing political and news notes for her home newspapers in Australia, acting on the stage and screen, and writing a play, she is a fairly busy young woman.

THE FOREIGN AMERICAN

THEY call the fascinating Rita Carina "the foreign American" because, though her parents brought her from Greece, where she was born, to America, when she was four, she retains a suggestion of that distinction so peculiar to foreign women. And her life to a degree matches those things at which her strange eyes hint, for it has had its elements of excitement. For a time she was interpreter for the immigration bureau at Boston, and was Greek translator for President Coolidge, while he was Governor of Massachusetts. Later, in the military intelligence department, she assisted in gathering information regarding Bolshevik activities. Posing as a sympathizer, she attended Bolshevik meetings. Once she was recognized and made a dash for safety with a pack of irate Reds at her heels. During this time she led a double life, as it were, doing this secret, dangerous work in the daytime, and dancing in the evenings. Twice she won prizes in beauty contests.

Her stage debut was made with Ed Wynn, in "The Perfect Fool." From this musical comedy she went to the El Fey, Broadway's favorite night club, as solo dancer.

While in New York De Mille saw her and asked her to come to his table. Interested in her personality and in her unusual career, he talked with her, aranged for tests, and gave her a long-term contract.

Her temperament is of the quiet, tense kind, touched with melancholy; her black eyes always seem to be smoldering with turbulent thoughts. She is cool and aloof, but under this calm one can sense a vague restlessness.

REVERSING THE USUAL ORDER

EVERY well-read fan knows that being an actor is the usual training for becoming a director. It gives the director a player's viewpoint. But Charley Chase, Hal Roach's star of two-reel comedies in the character of Johnny Jump, has another story to tell. He left vaudeville a few years ago to become a general all-round man, actor, assistant, gag man, and everything else, to learn to be a director. Then he went to Roach's in that position and eventually supervised all the comedies made there except those of Harold Lloyd. A little more than a year ago, he went back to acting in one-reelers, was promoted to two-reelers, and is now one of the Roach comedy mainstays.

"I find," he says, "that I can work with a director better than the average actor, because I know his end of it. I resumed acting because there is more money, more advancement, and more certainty of success in it than to continue as a director."
Just "Puffy" Himself

AD to the list of famous last words—"He's the Charlie Chaplin of Europe!" Say it in the presence of Charles H. Puffy, Universal Pictures comedian, and he will recite all the English words he knows in rapid succession—a sort of cataract of sounds and phrases, to make you understand he isn't. He's Charles Puffy from Budapest, Hungary, where his father is a professor in the Budapest University and where he, himself, was educated. He isn't any Charlie Chaplin of Europe, not by a jugful. He's just "Puffy" and he spent sixteen years on the speaking stage in Europe to establish his reputation as an individual, and he does not wish to be regarded as a second edition of any one else, no matter how famous that one may be.

When Carl Laemmle, president of Universal Pictures, was negotiating for "The Last Laugh" in Berlin, he saw some of Puffy's work. The Hungarian comedian had put in about five years in pictures over there and about ten months in this country. His rôle in "Rose of Paris" with Mary Philbin will be recalled by many. Mr. Laemmle was so impressed by Puffy that he annexed him to Universal's staff for a period of five years and he has completed a half dozen or more comedies. Among them are "City Bound," "Nearly Rich," "Rolling Stone," "Unwelcome," "Oh, Nurse!" and "Nicely Rewarded." There is a humor about him reminiscent of and some of the mannerisms of Chaplin. But understand you, they're his own; not copied!

A Dependable Actor

Though Theodor von Eltz was born in Connecticut, he might, if he wished, claim the title of baron. His uncle was master of ceremonies at the court of the late Franz Josef. But Theodor had no interest in titles. He wanted to become an actor. After a year of minor roles in New York productions, he tried the movies. Then came the war and he served as lieutenant with the A. E. F. Five years ago he settled upon screen acting as his profession and had rather hard sledding, as there were spells of activity which almost shook his confirmed optimism. The date of his first baby's birth is doubly significant for him, as it marked his call from Lasky to play the villain in "The Woman with Four Faces," his first really good opportunity. He is now classed as one of the most dependable actors in featured casts, and is always working at some studio.

Von Eltz is a practical, sensible fellow, rather inclined to shyness. Tennis is his only sport, much of his spare time being spent in the study of French and German. The "French evenings" at his home, during which conversation is carried on in that language, are very attractive. His wife was a Hollywood high-school girl.

And, by the way, have you noticed how strongly he resembles Richard Dix? He admires Dix tremendously, and considers him one of the screen's finest, both as man and as actor.

A Frank Admission

WHY am I returning to the screen?" Clara Horton wrinkled her nose, squinted her eyes reflectively, and whispered, "Listen, I'll tell you—because I want the money."

Not customary, that admission, from an actress. Usually they return because art calls, or the directors beg them, or public loyalty makes them reconsider, or for some other reason which, were they candid, really cloaks the explanation that fluffy, blond Clara frankly expresses.

"That's a plain fact, so why not admit it?"

"I had been on the screen since my childhood, and was tired of all the make-believe. I wanted to live a real, ordinary life. I married, got that reality, and for a while was content with just a domestic life. Then I began to grow vaguely dissatisfied when I saw all the things I could do with the money I could make, not only for myself, but also for others. As there were no objections at home, I have come back, though in doing so I do not wish to lose the realities of life which marriage has brought me."

Since completing her rôle in Victor Schertzinger's "The Wheel," she is enthusiastically preparing for her next appearance.
The Magazine-cover Girl

The face that you have seen upon the covers of many magazines, admiring no doubt its lovely contours, is taking on an identity, now that Josephine Norman is acting in the movies.

"The skin that you love to touch," with the added attractions of soft, brown hair and big, black eyes, won her countless calls to pose for such noted artists as Ben Ali Hagggin, Ivan Olinsky, Howard Chandler Christy, and Neysa McMein. She also smiled from hundreds of billboards, advertising the merits of a popular soap. Perhaps you will recall some of the pictures of her you have seen when she appears before you on the screen.

The first six years of her life were spent in Vienna, Austria, whence her family emigrated to America. Her early education was in the public schools of New York City. While still in her teens her talent with oils won her a scholarship in the National Academy of Design.

She studied there for two years, and has the distinction of being one of the few girls who ever refused an opportunity to join the "Follies." Modeling and giving riding instruction, with her art work, occupied her until pictures presented their attractions. Small roles in a number of films preceded the De Mille contract which she recently signed.

Jingling up the ladder

Jingle bell, jingle bell!" they shout around the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio offices, and a long, lean, lanky youth, whose face is always a frozen, unsmiling mask, responds with surprising alacrity. And thereby refutes the old theory that office boys are invariably bored with and supercilious toward their jobs.

"Jingles" Keaton, whose first name of Harry is never used, is Buster's young brother; and has family glory to live up to beside an earnest ambition of his own.

As a younger, he replaced Buster in the vaudeville act with their father and mother.

When Jingles elected to learn the movie business, he refused Buster's proffered influence and started as office boy, for he had ideas of his own about working his way up the ladder.

He says the work of office boy gives him the best opportunity to learn the details of film production and to decide for which branch of the work he is best fitted, as he "circulates" through all departments daily.

A Pioneer Comes Back

The name of Paul Nicholson may not mean a great deal to you. But for those who are interested in statistics, it is that of the first known actor of training to appear before the camera. And now, after having started it all, and then retired from the scene for over twenty years, Paul Nicholson has returned to pictures and will, no doubt, continue in them as long as satisfactory parts are offered him.

It was back in 1897, when the old Biograph-Mutoscope Company in New York decided to film story episodes in place of the merely moving objects that had been done up to that time, that Paul Nicholson made his first screen appearance. He was a young stage favorite whom the Biograph company thought it would be a good idea to get to bolster up their untrained acting crew.

After a summer of strenuous day and night work, things in the legitimate stage world picked up again and he left pictures to be starred in stage comedies. Between production engagements, he was partner in a well-known vaudeville act with "The talkative Miss Norton."

It was while he was in California last summer for a rest that Paul Nicholson was induced to enter pictures again. He looks like a screen heavy, but has always played comedy roles.
I

LOVE October! No other month of the twelve can compare with it, in my opinion. The air has the tang of coming winter; once more I can shop or go to the theater in comfort. My friends have at last straggled back to town after even the most prolonged of vacations, and I can once more gather with my familiars over tea or luncheon table and after an exhilarating hour of gossip pick up my best "girl friend" and depart for an afternoon at the nearest movie theater, where, with refreshing frankness, we comment, favorably or otherwise, on each and every costume worn in the picture of our choosing.

Of course, we are interested in the picture itself, and we really do not go just to see pretty clothes, but our choice is apt to fall upon those pictures where smart costumes are most likely to appear—and I hardly think we are alone in that preference, are we?

At the present time, when the greater part of the feminine world is busily planning its winter wardrobe, an occasional visit to any of the newer productions is of real value to any girl, but especially to the one who lives at a distance from the great style centers of our world. The costumes worn by most of our screen stars are usually authentic models of the approaching season, and are invariably designed and made by masters of the couturier's art.

Evening frocks engage our first attention at this time, for no one likes to appear at the first evening affair of the season in other than the newest fall mode, for it is only when we take out our last season's evening frocks that we can see what a vast difference there is in the present silhouette from that of former seasons.

The two evening frocks sketched on this page are of entirely different types, yet equally smart and in accordance with the mode. The first is worn by Esther Ralston, who seems to have made the short, fluffy type of evening gown practically her own, and indeed nothing could be more becoming to her blond beauty than gowns of this style. This one is of flesh-colored satin and chiffon, the tight bodice being of the satin and the short circular skirt entirely of the chiffon. Bands of pearl and rhinestone—embroidered lace follow a straight line from shoulder to hem, and a chiffon scarf caught at the shoulder with a cluster of pearl flowers falls to the edge of the graceful skirt. Miss Ralston wears this dainty gown in "The Trouble with Wives."

A gown of a particularly "vampish" style is the one at the top of the group on this page, worn by Constance Talmadge in "Her Sister from Paris." It is of heavy white satin, with silver embroidery which suggests the embroidery used on the robes of Egyptian
Fall Styles

offer many chic able this season.

Brown

princesses of ancient times. The lines of the dress are extremely simple, showing the slightly fitted waist which seems to have come to spend the winter, and the popular panel taps finish the short skirt. The costumes worn by Miss Talmadge in this picture are so smart that I would like to show you every one of them but lack of space preventing I will have to be content with the dainty evening coat and dinner dress which complete the group on this page. The coat illustrated is of heavy crape in two colors, gold embroidered and edged with a broad band of fox fur. while the dinner dress at its right consists of a foundation of heavy black satin with yoke and sleeves of filmy black lace. Of this lace also are the flounces and trailing draperies of the skirt, while an enormous blush rose, pearl incrusted and with falling petals, adorns the top of the flounce; a pearl ornament also completes the corsage.

But evening frocks are not the only things we see to interest us as the changing panorama of the screen unrolls before us. It is really quite necessary that we turn our minds to street clothes, for so smart are some worn in the newest films that it is impossible to pass them by.

For the matter of that, even the street clothes seen nowadays are testive enough for any one, and strong hearted indeed would be she who could turn away from the smart coat shown on this page which is worn by Norma Shearer. It is of natural crinmer fur, trimmed with white-fox bandings, and it only takes one glance to see that it is cut on the newest lines, tight fitting at the waist and with the full skirt which is featured on almost all the coats for winter. Similar lines appear on the afternoon coat shown in this group, worn by Ethel Grey Terry in First National's new production "Joseph Grier and His Daughter." This coat is one particularly suited to the more matronly figure. It is of heavy brocade in black and gray, with broad bandings of monkey fur, which, by the way, shows a fresh access of popularity this season and has the graceful bouffant sleeve which is seen on so many of the new models.

An afternoon costume reminiscent of the Russian blouse style is also shown; the dress is of the popular one-piece style, of heavy crape, while the coat, matching in color, is of entirely different material—a rough silk weave. The collar and broad band at the bottom of the coat are of black velvet and an amusing touch is given by the zigzag trimming of bone buttons. This is also one of Miss Talmadge's gowns.

Just a word about the array of shoes sketched at the bottom of the page. Most of these are shown in the Continued on page 112.
**The Screen**

Comment and criticisms

By Sally

Caricatures by

Dorothy Mackaill and Richard Barthelmess are the principal attractions in "Shore Leave."

THE pictures I have seen during the last month have been a little like the foam on an ice-cream soda, cool and pleasant, but gone before you can swallow it. I, for one, have been just as well pleased. Problem play and hot summer nights shouldn't go hand in hand. The summer may be responsible for the problems, but winter is undoubtedly the time to do the solving.

One picture is worth taking seriously. It is "Shore Leave," starring Richard Barthelmess, and directed by John Robertson. When I first heard that it was to be a picture about a sailor, I felt that Mr. Barthelmess should have waited a decent interval between "Classmates" and West Point and "Shore Leave" and sailors, leaving practically nothing left in reserve but the marines and aviators.

However, it is not a story of battleships and our flag; it is the story of a gob and a village dressmaker. Richard Barthelmess is the gob, and Dorothy Mackaill is the dressmaker. It is also the story of two great goofs. To John Robertson who directed it, must go the great honor of filming a simple picture simply.

He knows there is no heavy hand needed, and he has let his absent-minded hero and his one-track heroine wander about in a pleasant daze, just as Belasco did on the stage.

In a small town by the sea lives a dressmaker with a nautical turn of mind. Her father had been a sea captain, and her mother was an expert elephant trainer for P. T. Barnum. The only two things she has left from all this glory is a schooner stuck in the mud somewhere, and a diamond pendant which P. T. Barnum had given to the little girl having the best-trained elephant at the end of the fiscal year.

Richard Barthelmess as a Mr. Smith on shore leave drops by one night for dinner. He doesn't do much but eat, but there is enough salt air clinging to him to turn the head and freshen the heart of the dressmaker.

The pendant is sold to salvage the ship, and a great search is started for a Mr. Smith, U. S. Navy, to command it. Mr. Smith is found but it takes a good bit of maneuvering to get him to "live off a rich woman."

Quite recently Mr. Barthelmess has found out that he can be a comedian. He is terribly funny in "Shore Leave." No one could be a bigger goof, and that is high praise indeed.

Almost all the action in the picture is between Mr. Barthelmess and Miss Mackaill. They are alone before the camera at least three fourths of the time without one tiresome moment, which speaks well for both the acting and directing. What I mean is, it's a great picture.

**Fun and Football.**

There isn't much use saying anything about this new picture of Harold Lloyd's, "The Freshman." Almost every one of his pictures is ushered in with the comment, "better than the last," and it is almost always true.

This time he is a poor but ambitious football player and a hero by accident. If football could be made as funny as he makes it, it would be the world's favorite sport and they would play it on a stage. The football game, which is the climax of the picture, made a preview audience of New Jersey exhibitors cheer themselves hoarse.

Not having that sort of mind, I won't tell the jokes.
and spoil them for every one. It won’t hurt much to say that the picture has a beautiful ending. The ball is just over the line and the line is firmly embedded on Harold Lloyd’s face. He gets the job.

Even if you play indoor tennis, you will like this picture. What more can I say?

**Jazz and More Jazz.**

Usually when a picture bears a name like “Night Life in New York,” I get all ready to see scenes in cabarets the size of circus tents, filled with people in their very fullest dress, wearing paper caps, throwing confetti at one another, and dancing on tables.

I doubt very much if dancing on the tables takes place anywhere in New York any more. Those old memories must be put away in lavender. Sliding quietly under may still happen now and then, but one of Singer’s midgets couldn’t get on any table that I have ever crowded with an elbow.

“Night Life in New York,” however, is an authentic enough version of night clubs, electric lights, traffic, and other jams. “Texas’” Guinan and her El Fev Club get a large part of the film.

The story is amusing. A restless Iowan comes to New York because things are too dull at home. He falls in love with a telephone operator, gets too much gayety, and goes home happy.

Rod La Rocque makes a very good “sap from the West.” I always knew he had it in him. Dorothy Gish is pert and pretty as the telephone operator. Ernest Torrence, Helen Lee Worthing, Arthur Housman, and George Hackathorne are all fine.

This picture ought to keep the young folks out of the home, nights. The fun of night life is all in it, and you won’t have to worry about what name to give the desk sergeant in the morning.

“Pretty-Ladies” also manages to jazz things up a bit for the folks back home. This picture, as far as I can make out, was made to glorify Flo Ziegfeld and his “Follies.”

The story itself isn’t much and shows that all that glitters is not gold. It shows a lot of other things, too.

The entire “Follies” works its way in. There is Ann Pennington and her famous knees, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, Gallagher and Shean, our old friend Frances White, and Lilyan Tashman.

Zasu Pitts is the only pretty lady who isn’t pretty, so naturally she has to be pathetic. In the end she marries the theater drummer, and you are asked to believe that she finds happiness that way. Happiness and a drummer in a small apartment! Even drummers must practice, I presume.

This is the first time I have seen Zasu Pitts since I saw her in “Greed.” She gives a good performance. Tom Moore is the perfectly splendid young drummer.

There is a large and well-known cast, including Norma Shearer, Conrad Nagel, Helen D’Algy, Dorothy Seastron, and many more.

Monta Bell is the director. Metro-Goldwyn evidently told him to go ahead and send the bill to papa. Even then I bet they were surprised when the first of the month came round.

**Some Jolly Crooks.**

Raymond Griffith is getting so good that something should be done about it. Hardly a month goes by that he doesn’t make one of the best comedies I have ever seen. At least that’s what I think every time I see him.

This time the picture is about some pleasant crooks. At first they try to outwit one another, and then they join hands and decide to steal a diamond pendant.

Two detectives are their unwilling aids, and the theft is prolonged pleasantly throughout the picture. In the end they reform, but not seriously.

All Mr. Griffith’s pictures are so nicely timed. The comedy is set at a certain pace and holds to it, and “Paths to Paradise” is no exception.

Betty Compson is the lady crook. I don’t quite see why her name should be in the same type on the program as Mr. Griffith’s.

**Richard Dix and an Automobile.**

This is the first automobile picture I have seen in quite a while, and it is a good one. It is called “The Lucky Devil,” and it ought to be perfect entertainment for all Richard Dix fans. There is a lot of Mr. Dix in it. Mind you, I’m not complaining. I’m giving the picture a kind word.

He is a young department-store salesman who wins a racing car in a raffle. He starts off for the big open spaces and at the very first tourist camp loses his heart to a young lady in a Ford. The young lady has an aunt, and she and several other things complicate matters.

At the end there is an exciting road race that looked
more like a steeplechase to me, and Mr. Dix gets the money and the gal.

The picture is called "The Lucky Devil" because the car is a hoodoo. I believe that's why they did it.

Esther Ralston is the girl. I think she is unusually pretty and pleasant. Anthony Jowatt had a small part. He is to be with Gloria Swanson in "The Coast of Folly."

Mr. Dix does inconsequential things with ease and grace. This is the second picture of his that I have liked. Edna May Oliver gives the best performance of the picture as the aunt. She really acts as though she might be somebody's aunt. I know, because I was an aunt myself, once.

Found—Greta Nissen.

As a picture, "Lost—a Wife" is only worth comment because it brings the lovely Greta Nissen to the screen. This beautiful young blonde made a spectacular début in the stage version of "Beggar on Horseback" in New York. At the time I thought she was the loveliest thing I had ever seen, and she remains lovely even in a William de Mille picture.

At times she is so overdressed as to be hardly distinguishable. You know how the De Milles are. They either over or under decorate.

I don't know whether she can act or not. There are too many what nots about, but she shouldn't have to.

The picture was adapted from the French comedy "Banco." It has been adapted quite faithfully if I may use the word in relation to this picture. There is a divorced husband who hides in the room of his former wife and who spoils the honeymoon for her and incidentally for her aged count.

Mr. de Mille has honestly tried to make it all in fun, and if you like bedroom comedies, this isn't a bad one. Adolphe Menjou behaves discreetly as the husband.

Italian Olive Oil.

Just why a literary classic is supposed to make a good picture is something that I haven't been able to decide. The best books make poor pictures, and I earnestly hope that no one wastes another penny of his money proving that I am wrong.

"Cyrano de Bergerac," the Edmund Rostand classic, has been made into a dull picture by an Italian company. It is a "natural-color" picture and not unskillfully done, but it is frightfully stupid. I don't quite know why. The story isn't bad, and there are times when the picture is really beautiful. The subtitles are taken in large chunks from the book. They are long and tedious.

Pierre Magnier, a French cinema actor, gives a really fine, intelligent performance as Cyrano. He is one of the few good French cinema actors who has slipped passed Ellis Island. It is not easy to hold your own in a rôle made famous by Mansfield and Hampden, especially when you are assisted by a very mediocre cast.

An Old-fashioned Thriller.

If a picture comes to your theater called "The Limited Mail" go and take the children. It won't hurt them and you will have a rollicking time.

It's about a couple of engineers with hearts of gold. When they aren't wrecking trains they are slapping one another on the back, or tossing a kiddie in the air. Sometimes they do all three things at once. That's when it's fun.

Monte Blue is the Casey Jones of the picture. He has two other names. They are Bob Smobson, and Bob Wilson. There was a little trouble at home, I believe, before he became an engineer. He has a dear friend who sorts mail on a mail train. His name is Jim Fowler. You can see that he is a perfect prince. He is a widower, and the kiddie belongs to him. But pshaw! it's just like one big family in the boarding house where they all live, and whoever reaches the kiddie first can toss him. After a while Bob and Jim fall in love with the same girl, and it becomes necessary to wreck three trains before everything is right again.

Every time they wrecked a train, the little boy got himself in a position to be saved, too. It was practically always a question of his life or hundreds of lives.

Well, anyway, Monte Blue persevered until he got everybody on a train, and then he had a big final wreck, and the coast was what you might call clear.

Jack Huff was the child. Vera Reynolds was the girl. I don't think she'd better take her work too seriously.

There is a lovable old tramp, Willard Louis, and a
The Screen in Review

The Rest of Them.

Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi are in a picture about sin called “The Lady Who Lied.” Lewis Stone is the explorer. He finds Virginia Valli just after she has married some one else, so the only thing to do is to hop out on a desert with Miss Valli and a camel. That’s all there is to it.

Nita Naldi is put in to show that Lewis Stone really is fascinating to women.

“The White Desert” has a fine landslide, and a good snowstorm, but the story is rather old and frost bitten.

Claire Windsor is the railroad president’s daughter. She passes up the pleasures of society to stay with her father and several hundred other men in a camp in the mountains. She finally gets one of them, the only other possibility being to die in the blizzard.

There is a race with starvation and a sick baby, and a renegade pudder. I bet you don’t know what that is. Pat O’Malley was the great light-hearted Irishman.

“One Year to Live” has an imposing cast and lets it go at that.

Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Mackaill, Sam de Grasse, Rosemary Theby, and Antonio Moreno are the names that attract. The scenes are lovely and the gowns are elaborate.

“Smooth as Satin” is a picturization of Bayard Veil-

TOM MOORE and ZAZA PITTS have leading roles in “Pretty Ladies.”

ler’s play, “The Chatterbox.” It is impossible but it is amusing. In fact it is more amusing than exciting, and I have a vague idea that it was meant to thrill a little.

If you really believe it, it will make you lose your faith in crooks. I have never seen such a blundering, incompetent lot of them in my life. I’d hate to trust them with my money. They might lose it.

Evelyn Brent is the bright spot of the picture.


This time he is fighting the liquor traffic in New York, which is a little bit like sweeping the bottom of the ocean clear. He is intrepid enough to try anyway, only to find that if he makes the arrest, he will bring shame and trouble to the girl he loves. Love triumphs over duty, and O’Malley flinches as he tells his captain the protecting lie.

It is a picture about a great heart, but it is pretty well done.

“The Sporting Chance” has a race horse and Lou Tellegen in it. They don’t seem to get along together.

The race itself is thrilling and amazingly photographed. The story is about a hero who will win the right girl if he wins the race. Dorothy Phillips returns to the screen as lovely as ever.

Matt Moore is in a fairly amusing picture, “How Baxter Butted In.” The audience seemed to think it funnier than I did.

Mr. Moore is a clerk in the advertising department of a daily newspaper. He works some of the time and dreams the rest of the time. For a while it looks as though everything would end tragically for him. The girl he loves has lunch with his boss, and he has to support his widowed sister-in-law and her children.

In the end he has a chance to be the hero of his dreams. It is a story of petty trials and victories handled ingeniously by a clever director.

There is a very nice scene in it. Baxter falls into a daydream in a restaurant while he is eating a bowl of milk and crackers. This dissolves into a raft in a stormy sea, on which one sees Baxter, the girl he loves,

Continued on page 94
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beggar on Horseback"—Paramount. James Cruze let loose on the fantastic stage play. Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the Zorro type of rôle, plays a smooth, charming bandit, better than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Grass"—Paramount. A rare and beautiful picture of the tribes of Persia and their travels to the grassy plains of the Actaeon in Persia, it has gorgeous scenery.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is magnificent as the clown of the Andreyev stage play, partly for Scourc. A picture of rare power.

"Iron Horse, The"—Fox. Stirring historical drama, showing the building of the transcontinental railroad. George O'Brien in the hero.

"Isn't Life Wonderful?"—United Artists. D. W. Griffith's simple but powerful story of alter-war conditions in Germany, centered around a Polish refugee family. Carol Dempster is surprisingly fine in the leading rôle.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernest Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.


"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest of the most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus lovelorn and W. C. Fields' scene with his racket but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Slege"—Universal. A simple picture of New England prejudices, re- marked for its clever and inventive direction by Svend Gode and the poignant, human performances of Mary Alden, Marc McDermott, and Virginie Leonti.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture. It wouldn't have been possible.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful and amusing picture of married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolph Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.


"Barriers Burned Away"—Associated Exhibitors. Old-time melodrama dealing with the great Chicago fire.

"Black Cyclone"—Pathé. An unusual picture featuring Rex, the horse, in which the human actors are merely incidental.

"Charmer, The"—Paramount. Pola Negri has some good moments as the Spanish dancer being made into a Broadway favorite, and Robert Frazer is an attractive leading man, but on the whole it is just an average movie.

"Confessions of a Queen"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another stately rôle, with Lewis Stone playing the king in his usual perfect form.

"Crowded Hour, The"—Paramount. The story of a girl who went to war to be near her lover and stayed to be spiritually rejuvenated. Bebe Daniels plays her with sincerity and animation.

"Dancers, The"—Fox. An excellent adaptation of the stage play, with Alva Burt and George O'Brien giving fine performances.

"Declasse"—First National. From the Zoe Akins stage play. Corinne Griffith appears as the lovely English aristocrat bound by scandal.


"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 Christian life.


"Friendly Enemies"—Producers Distributing. Weber and Fields in a screen version of their stage tactics of lighting and making up. Rather entertaining comedy.

"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.

"His Supreme Moment"—First National. Romantic love scenes between Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman, and some attractive color photography make this worth seeing.

"I Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the chances Reginald Denny has had to show his flair for comedy. He plays an absent-minded professor whom no one will leave alone.

"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 farce on how to get a husband. Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno arc the principals.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Madame Sans Gêne"—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 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.

"My Wife and I"—Warner. A cheap story made into excellent entertainment through the acting of Constance Bennett, Irene Rich, and Huntley Gordon.

"New Lives For Old"—Paramount. Both Colman as a beautiful French dancer involved in intrigue.

"New Toys"—Inspiration. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, properly enough, play the principals.

"Night Club, The"—Raymond Griffith in an excruciatingly funny comedy about a bridegroom deserted at the altar. Louise Fazenda and Vera Reynolds help the humor considerably.

"Night of Romance, Her"—First National. Constance Talmadge's best picture in a long while. Ronald Colman adds much to the fun.

"Old Home Week"—Paramount. Better than the average. Thomas Meighan picture of the small-town pattern. Lila Lee is unusually pretty as the girl.

"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 comedy of a melodramatic plot. Eleanor Boardman and Harrison Ford are excellent as Spaniards, while Pat O'Malley is the plumber who complicates their romance.

"Quo Vadis"—First National. Emil Jannings appears as Nero in this new Italian version of the famous story.

Continued on page 118
A dog team is the most effective means of exploiting a picture in Canada. This one, oddly enough, is drawing a billboard advertising a South Sea Island picture.

What Canada Thinks of Our Movies

Some observations made on a trip across the Dominion that show the attitude of its inhabitants toward American players and toward our so-called Canadian pictures.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

I once read a schoolboy’s essay on Canada. It was a masterpiece of brevity, and incorporated in it what most grown-ups would say, if they were suddenly asked for their idea of our northern cousin across the border.

“Canada is quite a large and dog teams. It is inhabited by furs and trappers, and by Mounted Police. They always get their man.”

Such modern inventions as the daily newspapers, railroads, and telegraphs, have not served to dispel the prevalent idea that Canada’s population is divided into three parts: Rough French Canadians, who wear checked woolly shirts and say “By gar!”; lissome French-Canadian girls with red sashes and tiger-cat tempers, who keep amazingly marcelled in an electricity-less wilderness, and stalwart Mounted Police, with small waists and long eyelashes, whose occupation consists in making love to the aforesaid lissome tiger-cat—and in always getting their man.

I wonder if the half of the world that knows not how the other half lives has ever stopped to think how our Canadian brothers react to our American celluloid versions of the northern land. I can perhaps give you an adequate comparison by asking you to imagine that motion pictures are made in Calgary instead of Hollywood, and that dozens and dozens of films are sent down across the border and exhibited in American motion-picture theaters, all purporting to be true pictures of American life. And suppose these films, without exception, were of the wild-West vintage; a cowboy in woolly “chaps” for a hero; a snarling Mexican in a two-gallon sombrero for a villain; and a remarkably ringleted young woman for a heroine, who in spite of living a life in the great alkali spaces, manages to keep her nails pointed and permanently polished. Would we be insulted, ironically amused, or would we simply pity the ignorance of those distant cousins, who so successfully showed us America—as it is not?

Well, that’s the way the Canadians feel about most of our movies that deal with Canadian life. They are quite charitable about it on the whole, but they do long for a picture that will really represent Canada as it is. Any one who would write an epic of the romance and glory of Canada would have the whole-souled cooperation of every loyal Canadian.

Our insistent, and not always accurate, use of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police is not the only thing our northern cousins dislike about American motion pictures. They have the conservative English attitude concerning publicity for motion-picture stars. You will probably recall that Mary Pickford is a Canadian girl, and that Toronto is her birthplace. Mary went back to visit her home town about a year ago. She found the house where she had lived in her early childhood, and called on some of the neighbors. Figure for yourself what would have happened if “our Mary” had been born in Detroit and had gone back to visit the old homestead. The mayor would have been down to meet the train with the police force, the fire brigade, and the Rotary Club. The schools would have declared a holiday and the newspapers would have devoted special editions to telling how Mary looked and

When Mary Pickford visited Toronto not long ago she searched out this house where she had spent part of her childhood.
what she said, and in reminding Detroit how honored the city was to have filmland’s queen in their midst.

But what happened in Toronto? Mary’s arrival caused hardly a ripple in the dignified march of events. The papers carried half column articles about her stay in the city, sandwiched in between parliamentary notes from England and debates on the “leftenant” governor’s latest policies. One wildly radical paper that publishes photographs and tells about murder news gave Mary two pages, but it was much criticized for doing so. Echoes of the criticism were still going strong when I was in Toronto. Not that Toronto isn’t proud of being Mary’s home town. It is— in a dignified, genteel sort of way. But it is not Toronto’s newspaper policy to “play up” professional people. If Sarah Bernhardt had appeared in Toronto they might have sent a reporter to the theater to interview her. I say they might. I think myself it is rather doubtful.

When I left Toronto last March, it was to cross Canada from east to west, via the Canadian Pacific. I could not help thinking, as we sped along in perfect, luxurious comfort, that a country so full of diversified beauties, deserved better treatment from scenarists than the focusing of the attention on only one phase of Canada’s life. There were great forests, silent, austere, with cloven moose tracks in the snow. There were wide plains, and glorious jagged mountains. Towns with quaint names suggesting history and romance—“Qu’ Appelle” (Who Calls), “Lost Woman,” and “Medicine Hat.” Why is it, I wondered, that Hollywood has not probed these possibilities?

My next stop on the homeward bound trail was Winnipeg. There was plenty of snow there and the temperature was twenty degrees below zero. Here at last I saw in reality the huge fur caps that I had so often seen on the salt-covered lots in Hollywood with the temperature up near the boiling point. I was also thrilled to get an actual “close-up” of a Mounted Police. Alas for our celluloid ideas of these man-keeping heroes! He wasn’t handsome; his waist wasn’t small; his eyelashes were not long, and he looked just as red-nosed and cold as any other human being who is doomed, in zero weather, to wear a short coat ending jauntily at the hips. I wanted to stop him and ask him if he always got his man. But inquisitive Americans are not looked upon with any particular favor in Canada. I contented myself with the thrill I got out of seeing him.

I got another life-sized thrill when I saw a team of husky dogs come dashing down the snow-covered street, their tails up and their heads busily turning from side to side, taking in the sights as eagerly as so many country cousins arriving in the big city. But alas again for romance! The sled which they pulled, and which was driven by a tall Icelander completely enveloped in furs, was bearing a huge billboard advertising a South Sea Island motion picture! A curious paradox that—the snow-covered streets—the husky dogs—and the lurid picture of two half-naked castaways (“Sinners in Heaven”) sitting on a tropical beach with coconut palms for a background.

I called on the manager of the theater where the picture was being shown.

“Oh, yes,” he said, in answer to my question, “we find exploitation by means of dog teams our best drawing card. We have tried ponies, calliopes, and bands, but I find that the dog team attracts the most people.
What Canada Thinks of Our Movies

There is always a crowd around them when the huskies lie down in the entrance of the theater. People are not used to them, you see.”

I later repeated this conversation to a dear old lady down in California.

“Not used to them!” she echoed incredulously. “Why, I thought they did all their traveling with dog teams!”

It was in Winnipeg that I noticed the extensive advertising of D. W. Griffith’s “America.” It struck me as being a most peculiar type of picture to exhibit to an admittedly pro-English public. I was curious to know how it had been received and whether or not it had been shown in its entirety. So I called upon the manager of the theater and asked him some questions about it.

He was Canadian born, but with the American viewpoint—as I found was the case with most Canadians.

“Well, this is the second week it has run, and we are doing a big business on it,” he told me. “You see, Winnipeg has about thirty thousand Americans and they will support it for one week because it is so thoroughly an American picture. The Canadian and British portions of the population will support it for another week—for the same reason. Naturally, the English don’t like it. I have had a great many letters telling how inaccurate it was. The board of censors cut out three and a half reels—the reels which show the Indians and British massacring the colonists. They particularly resented the idea of the Indians being the allies of the British. And after the opening of the picture there were several sharp letters in the newspapers revising the battle of Lexington and telling what a traitor George Washington was.”

In Calgary, the Canadian Pacific’s next stop, a most charming theater manager gave me an idea as to the favorites of the Canadian motion-picture public. Harold Lloyd is Canada’s best and biggest hit. They have a wholesome respect for Tom Mix, whose Mounted Police pictures are accurate as to detail. The gentleman told me with a great deal of pride that Tom Mix had come up to Regina, the headquarters of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, and had secured the cooperation of the officials in making his picture. He laughed good-naturedly when I spoke of the errors that had been committed by the Hollywood versions of the great open spaces.

“Yes,” he said, “most of them are terrible. Fortunately, we have a sense of humor.”

My last stop before reentering the States was at Vancouver. And strangely enough I found the British attitude more prevalent here than in any of the other Canadian cities I have visited. The manager of the Capitol Theater was an American, who has been extremely successful despite the fact that he never quite knows how a picture is going to react on the public.

“I used to play up De Mille pictures until I found that the public simply did not take to them. They are crazy about comedies—I am running ‘Little Miss Bluebeard’ now and am cleaning up on it. Bebe Daniels is a great favorite in Canada.”

“What about Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks?” I asked.

He shook his head regretfully.

“Not so good,” he answered. “Mary Pickford has never been the favorite in Canada that she is down in the States, and as for Fairbanks, my patrons don’t like him at all. I can’t figure out any reason for it unless it is because he is so aggressively and enthusiastically American. ‘The Thief of Bagdad’ was almost a failure, and it was only because of tremendous exploitation that ‘Robin Hood’ went over big. Even then it was criticized as not being in accordance with history. ‘Robin Hood’ means a good deal to English people, you know. They don’t like to see such a favorite character made into a musical-comedy figure. On the first sight the picture was shown I was very much interested in getting the opinions of the audience. I was circling around in the foyer while the people were coming out, and I heard a typical English voice draw out scathingly, ‘The picture is most inaccurate.’ Robin Hood was only five feet foal, and not athletic!’ ”

I mentioned “The Alaskan,” which I had understood was made in British Columbia, not far from Vancouver. The manager looked disgusted.

“If you want to make people mad up here, just say ‘The Alaskan’ to them. A good many persons claim that the book was inaccurate in the first place, and when Herbert Brennon came up here and said they were going to film the story, we all thought that the atmosphere at least would be correct. Instead of that, what did he turn out? Plains Indians in fringed buckskin dresses galloping around on horseback; cloth tepees, which the northwestern Indians never used; and, although the original story is concerned with a herd of reindeer, there wasn’t a reindeer in the picture!”

I brought up the mooted question of the great open spaces and the Mounted Police.

“Of course, that’s a sore point in Canada,” he said, smiling. “Now an American audience sees nothing sacred in the person of a policeman. He is just an officer of the law; some one to be tricked as often as possible, and the more he is made ridiculous in the movies, the better the people like it. But in Canada the Mounted Police is a sacred institution. The people resent having lib-

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Looking On with an Extra Girl

She thrills to the experience of working with the magnetic Valentino in "Cobra," and gets an informal, surprising impression of Marion Davies in "Lights of Old New York."

By Margaret Reid

THERE have been conflicting rumors wandering about, but the predominant theme—especially as witness the trite letters to the editor of Novarr and Cortez fans—seems to be that Valentino is more or less forgotten. The surviving loyal voices are drowned in the hysteria of a new coronation—or maybe it is just the hysteria of the burial given the dear departed.

It is rather a pity that the general public can only present laurels in Indian fashion. A Julio, a Gallardo—and dewy wreaths are hung on the revered brow. A pause, a wait, a new meteor—and instead of a fresh order to the florist, the garlands are snatched from the old to drape the new. It seems inevitable that the rise of a new star be the signal for disparaging criticisms of the discarded idol.

Gritzsko, the Arab, the Spaniard—unique and fascinating—but admit it without ignoring the primal Gallardo, the gay and dreaming Julio. Shame—that your memories are so feeble that the fire of those portrayals is forgotten! You'd never place Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle. And silly, silly—to suppose that a personality of the Valentino quality cannot come back after an absence, just as forcibly as Barrymore does every few years, with long lapses between appearances.

Two years is a long time in the baby industry and sleek-haired idols are plentiful in Hollywood—yet for the local flappers the luster on their memory of Valentino was as bright when he returned as when he left in a maze of legal disputes and troubles. And don't forget that he came back married, at that! For even if you "didn't like that type" you couldn't possibly forget the smoldering, sullen-eyed young man whose rare smile flashed like white-hot lightning. One side said he wasn't a very pleasant young man, hinted at moods, arrogance, reticence—in Hollywood where a reticent actor is immediately suspected of the worst, whatever that interesting degree may indicate. But even this side admitted his unescapable magnetism and the occasional outcroppings of boyishness that were so appealing. And the other side—sank cooing beyond coherence.

I remember the first time I saw him, shortly after I came to Hollywood—the Fallen City meaning to me, at that time, just so much Valentino, Frederick, Pickford, and Valentino. He was driving down the boulevard in his incredibly battered old Fiat—two splendid police dogs gracing the rear seat. He looked very self-contained, dignified, and not too happy. A man of the world, I palpitated, of slightly disconcerting gravity.

The last time I saw him before he went away was on a black, starry, scented California night. Walking down a particularly dark block of the boulevard, a white-flannelled, dark-coated figure approached at a swinging gait. He was singing softly, in a rich voice, some happy little foreign melody. The flash of a street light between palm branches showed Rudolph's famous face.

"He's such a boy," said my mother, feelingly.

Two years—to quote some great mind—passed, and I was crossing the street in front of Lasky's, hurrying to be "on the set at eight thirty." A special-built, cherry-colored coupé hummed round the corner and honked caution at me. As is my way in traffic—of which I stand in mortal fear—I turned with a horrible glare. Oh, my! the tricks the fates do play on us—I can only hope that the almost saccharine expression I hastily summoned was discernible as I yielded the right of way. For behind the beard at the wheel was Mr. Valentino.

If you remember, the idea for the picture which was to feature the beard was finally discarded—after quite some time and many arguments pro and con. Then at last "Cobra" was decided upon—and the extra ladies took up the pursuit of Rudolph in real earnestness. Don't mistake me—the intentions were almost spiritually respectful, the one desire being an opportunity to gaze undisturbed at the volubly discussed, criticized, lauded features.

It became known that there would be a café scene in the production, and with the people who rushed to the studio applying for a job they could have filmed another "Greatest Spectacle Ever Shown." There was grief and wailing in Hollywood that night, after the required fifty were weeded out. But not, as may be perceived, among the fifty. And—probably because as a child I told the truth and washed behind my ears—Provence saw to it that I wasn't weeping.

There was an unaccustomed air of expectancy the morning we started work. The cherry coupé and the gleaming Hispano-Suiza outside the dressing-room hulagow were subtly exciting. Like any one else we like our heroes with trimmings—Rudy having been nearly the only one with sufficient class to bowl over the hometown gals while still in his prespecial-built days. And now that he was so lavishly decorated we frankly expected great things of him.

Even the set was glamorous—a sweeping café in tones of silver and black—by Menzies, the young man who erected Bagdad for Doug. Through vaulting arches were vistas of onyxlike floors, broad silver steps and strange, secret arabesques on black walls. It might have been an eastern palace—just after the overture—when the stage is cleared for the entrance of the prince. It couldn't have been better; there were endless possibilities—yet, before we realized it Mr. Valentino was standing by the camera, conferring with Joseph Hanna, the director. That lovely chance to appear suddenly at the head of the silver staircase, light a cigarette, and descend slowly was ignored. Rudy confines his acting to the screen.

How did he look? But, my dears, that's so easy. Unlike most performers the camera gives him nothing and takes nothing away. The same faultless evening clothes, black hair, olive face, sloe eyes, and the familiar quick smile. The last is perhaps less wicked, viewed actually—more spontaneous and boyish. He laughs often now—and he seems younger for having lost that somber, introspective look.

We had heard, of course, the indignant reports of his attitude during "Beaucaire"—tales of cloistered privacies and regal hauteur. We were shown none of that. Admittedly, Rudy doesn't make game pets of all the monstrosities but neither does he try to steal any of De Mille's stuff. With his seeming dislike of the sensational I can't imagine him reaching either extreme. The reserve that is like a shell about him gives a false impression of aloofness. It is dignity—but not offensively withdrawn. It is, instead, most attractive for its naturalness, and makes his moods of friendly, youthful animation the more potent.

As a job, it was much like other jobs in café scenes.
Looking On with an Extra Girl

Sitting cynically over glasses of imitation champagne, dancing, animating, and turning with interest as the principals enter, Joseph Henabery proved to have a beautiful disposition—he was more like a tall, lean, benignant professor than a director. He was trustingly patient through the numerous inevitable stupidities—apparently with a childlike faith that everything would come out all right. He worked with evident enjoyment—going carefully over each scene to get everything possible out of it—but not taking it hard.

The entrance of Nita Naldi was a thing of great interest. We had read, of course, of her great weight-reducing act and were curious to see how she would differ from the Nita who left Hollywood a year ago. Now, don't be alarmed—you won't find a brunette Claire Windsor when you look for Nita now. She is still much like a Zulaoga lady come to life. But she is very noticeably slimmer and most becomingly so. The change has done something to make her odd beauty finer and less "hit-von-in-the-eye." And her arms and hands are perhaps the most perfectly modeled in pictures.

Have you noticed them?

With Miss Naldi was one of the loveliest ladies ever seen off a W. T. Benda cover. You know that weird sweetness, that sensuous delicacy he gives his pictures? It might have been his original model who stood beside Miss Naldi, with clear gray eyes, chiseled features, and sleek brown coils over her ears. For most of us it was the initial glimpse of Natacha Rambova Valentino. Anything less beautiful would have called forth catty sympathy for Rudolph, anything less charming and gracious would have invited antagonism. As it was, Mrs. Valentino's severest audience was enchanted. You know how enchanted when it was gravely admitted that there could be no more worthy and fitting mistress for the famous blue house on Whitely Heights.

But to return to our hero. Rudy at work was a very serious person, and an untiring. There was one scene in which another man had a bit of business—an unskilful youth who toiled painfully through many takes and retakes. Although it was past lunch time neither Henabery nor Valentino showed any impatience. Rudy, on the contrary, passed it off as nothing at all and went through each take, not only pleasantly, but helping the other man in big little ways known only to the profession. Temperamental? It is more than likely that some resentful pseudo-Valentino unleashed many of those rumbles that drifted from the "Beaucaire" sets.

Between shots it was a boyish Rudolph who chatted on the side lines with Casson Ferguson—back in pictures after an illness and a trip abroad—and Gertrude Olmstead, a pretty little foil for Naldi in her blond wig. Now he would sit by Nita where she read quietly, and they would laugh and joke like a pair of good pals. Or now he was arm in arm with the beautiful Natacha—off to look at some new set.

In one of the last scenes Valentino and Miss Naldi danced among the crowd. I sternly instructed my partner to follow them closely, that I might see exactly what shade of brown the Eyes were. They are a very dark and disturbing brown, my dears, and in case your escort would be interested. Nita's are startlingly green with curled-back lashes.

All in all, do you get the point? Rudolph Valentino is a good scout, a gentleman, beside being one of the great acting-personalities of the decade.

I had gone out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio to wrest seven dollars and fifty cents from the coffers of those mighty triplets. Armed with my yellow ticket I was closing in on the cashier's office when the sound of music from a near-by stage halted me. You know—always more spiritual than commercial, and what not. But this was really odd melody—neither Liszt (heavy emotional work) nor Berlin (some heroine's lighter moments). It was, in fact, a series of transitions from "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" to "The Bowery" and "Daisy, Daisy, Give Me Your Answer True."

Stepping inside I found Monta Bell, Marion Davies, and Conrad Nagel in the midst of their first day on "Lights of Old New York." It is a story of that town in the 'seventies and Conrad looked ready to burst into "Daisy" at any moment. He does not look misplaced in a costume and in his becoming beaver hat and side-
burns he resembled a daguerreotype study of a Young Gentleman.

All I could see of the famous blond Marion in my brief glimpse was a whirl of pink skirts and yellow curls. She was improving the moments between shots with a jazz dance that would have done credit to Ann Pennington herself. This lady of the famous diamonds and limousines and mansions—kidding and working out new steps with the company orchestra!

In due time the picture developed into a job when five hundred extras were ordered for seven thirty one morning. Up the wardrobe stairs we went—1925. And down we came in the laces and bustles of 1870. The lot was only beginning to awake and the still ruddy sun shone on the first opening doors of luxurious offices and dressing rooms. Hundreds of sprays were flashing on the lawns, and on the little white sidewalks that threaded them were impromptu processions to the different stages. Ahead of us were men in elaborately curled beards and dazzling awnings on their way to join the perpetual "Ben-Hur." Girls in lacy afternoon gowns were hauling their make-up boxes and cross-word puzzles over to the Henley set. The first limousines, with their invaluable burdens, were sweeping in the drive.

The set was what is known as the theater. This is a permanent set representing a theater and seating five hundred. For the requirements of different pictures the proscenium and general outline are changed. Between pictures it is used for informal entertainments for the studio employees and for previews of the company’s productions. From Ziegfeld “Follies” in the preceding Monta Bell picture, “Pretty Ladies,” it had been transformed to Tony Pastor’s famous old showhouse.

A liberally, bearded orchestra held forth with “East Side, West Side,” As we took our places Mr. Bell was on the stage, rehearsing two muscular acrobats in the flowery stage tactics of old-time tumblers. When their performance was over they were to swagger down to the footlights and, as a picture of Grant and Lee on a flag was lowered, were to bow and smile fatuously, taking our patriotic applause to themselves.

Then the Irish chorus took their places, in their midst the pink-and-white-and-golden Marion Davies. This was all to be taken in “technicolor,” so a light stage make-up was used and the colors of the costumes carefully chosen. Miss Davies was in billowy green-and-white satin embroidered in pearls. And did you notice that I said she was in the midst of the chorus? Not on the edge, waiting in an exclusive chair, but a lively little figure among the crowd.

In manner she is not unlike the little freckled Mamie in the first part of “Zander.” The freckles across her nose were hidden by the grease paint but otherwise she was just a slightly grown-up Mamie having an awfully good time. She is the essence of careless naturalness, her unstudied smile is really a quick little grin, and when she is in a hurry to say anything she has an ingratiating stutter.

While the chorus was being rehearsed Marion stood down by the orchestra and demanded her favorite numbers, humming and dancing to them. And the dance you will see in the picture is done by Miss Davies herself, even in the long shots. She dances with a smooth grace, her term in the “Follies” evidently not forgotten. But her chief charm is her insouciance, a laughing, almost gamin spiritedness. She seems to have tremendous capacity for enjoyment, for fun. As she was borne off the stage on the shoulders of two chorus men our burst of spontaneous applause was all that Mr. Bell could desire.

The next shot began with a song by the star. After a laughing, whispered conference with Mr. Bell, he came down to the footlights and called, “Now, people, I want to explain that in case you cannot hear Miss Davies’ song very well it is because she has a very bad cold.” But Marion laughed so, and shook his hand so warmly after this that one was led to suspect that her soft “I’m Just a Flower from an Old Bouquet” could not top the orchestra.

We noticed that now there was an added audience at the back of the theater—a goodly portion of the five hundred Annapolis midshipmen who were being shown through the studio that day. It was their first glimpse of a studio, although they had figured in Ramon Novarro’s picture of naval life when the government turned the great academy over to the company for scenes. The accompanying admiral was presented to Miss Davies and

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Welcoming Back Ethel Clayton

For a long while fans have been asking from time to time, "Why doesn't Ethel Clayton act any more?" Why she has not been acting, and what she is going to do now, is recorded in this article.

By Caroline Bell

In two films very different in theme a player who suffered the demise usual to a program star has been resurrected and presented in altogether new lights. I refer to Ethel Clayton.

"Wings of Youth," which will serve to reintroduce her, is her first mother rôle, and to it she contributes splendid work. The character, briefly, is a modern, spirited mother who, fearing that the jazz-mad excitement of the day will take its toll of her children's happiness, sets out to beat them at their own wild fun as the example which is so much more effective than lectures.

The story, in this skeleton form, has been done before; but it has deft and novel touches, and it gives Ethel Clayton the dramatic opportunities denied her during the days when her prettiness and her charm were over-highlighted.

The rôle of the widow in "Lightnin'" offers her almost for the first time in her long career, genuine comedy possibilities. Ethel Clayton—comedy? A thought incompatible with the Ethel of her stardom, when her main art consisted in posing effectively while the plot unwound its tiresome way. But they tell me, for I have not at this writing seen the film, that her work has delighted studio officials and may open another door for her new-born talent.

I had met her only once, three years ago, and had the vague idea current in Hollywood that a retirement, however brief, is an aging experience. I did not expect a decrepit and gray-haired Miss Clayton, but certainly I was not prepared for the girlish and lovely Miss Clayton who ran into the studio the morning of our appointment, breathlessly apologizing for her tardiness, explaining that she had been chasing a missing powder puff.

Slim and youthful, she was, in her chic white frock, a soft little hat pulled down over her bobbed hair of reddish gold, blue eyes aspical with humor.

Her situation has been paralleled by other stars' courses. The brilliance of Pauline Frederick for years was smothered by namby-pamby stories and trite production, finding its full scope this past season in the drama of motherhood in which she gave her most vibrant and stirring performances.

Percy Marmont was kept in stereotyped work, supporting pretty stars in silly program piffle, until his chance to do real acting came in "If Winter Comes." And his portrayals since have been so genuine that he now is booked for a year ahead in the lucrative free-lance field. Fox, by the way, cut Marmont out of the pigeonhole into which he had been wedged, and now they have done the same for Ethel Clayton.

Miss Clayton's story differs slightly from the usual "return" tale, which takes the form of
Welcoming Back Ethel Clayton

one extreme or its opposite. There are the stars who, despite retirement and some adversities, retain name-value and when they come back are able to obtain virtually their own specifications as to salary, type of work, and the like. And there are the others who face actual obstacles and rebuffs. Hers, however, lacks the news value of the favorite who is lured back, nor is it couched in tragic terms.

"I have had disappointments, but I had saved enough money to live on comfortably, so that I faced no privation," she explained her quiet life during the past couple of years. "No, I cannot say that my friends in the profession forgot me, as I understand some of the stars of yesterday claim to have been treated. I have never had many intimates, but my casual friends remember me kindly. At least, they are always lovely to me when we chance to meet, and every one has always said, 'I hope you will come back soon.'"

Seven years ago she and her husband, Joseph Kauffman, signed a Paramount contract by the terms of which he was to direct her. His death left her, except for her mother and brother, more completely alone than I have ever seen any young and pretty woman. For seven years she has remained so faithful to his memory that she seldom accepts masculine attentions. Occasionally, when she is seen with a party at the theater, but there seems to be no room for men, either as suitors or as friends, in her small world.

"No, I do not feel myself bound to him in the sense of vows," she replied, slowly, to my comment on her constancy. "It is just that I cannot feel an interest in any other man. Perhaps some day I shall care again, but I doubt it. I have too fine a standard by which to judge. He was a very stern man, but the kindest that ever lived. And when a love like this holds your heart, you cannot make yourself feel an affection for another."

After his death she came West alone, grief-stricken and not much caring what happened to her career, to fulfill her share of the contract. For four years she remained a Paramount lesser luminary, continually presented in roles which gave her little opportunity to display any real ability, whether or not she then possessed it, other than that of looking sweet and pretty under the lights so carefully arranged to bring out her blond hair.

Of all the pictures she made, I recall only one, "Woman's Weapons," with Elliott Dexter, a story of a wife's competition with the traditional vamp, but done in a delicious light vein just barely ventured on with a suggestion of pathos.

Because she was very tractable and easy to handle, she did not get the best stories in the studio grab bag. One official said to her in farewell. "I don't think you've been fairly treated in the stories selected for you, but you raised no fuss, and I had no authority to interfere." The fighting stars cause the most rumpus, and win the stigma of temperament, but perhaps in the long run assertiveness pays, for at least they demand recognition of certain rights which, if ignored, in time will cause their own dethronement.

Ethel Clayton saw where she was drifting, but hers is a passive, and in a way a timid, nature; she is one of those women who, though seeing vaguely that things are not going exactly right, do not exactly know what to do about it, or if they do know, hesitate to cause a row.

"But my contract with Robertson-Cole was really what finished me," she said, thoughtfully going back over the career of eleven years in the movies which threatened for a time to end so ingloriously. "I was to do six pictures. After three had been completed, I saw that as a star I was about ruined, and obtained my release. But the damage had been done. I received a few fre lance offers, at fairly good pay, but stuff that they would not have dared offer me a few years before.

"I had been so long with Paramount, and before had had my husband to guide me in business affairs, and was a little wary of managers, so I felt ineffectual when I started to look for work. I am rather shy about meeting a number of strange people—it is so difficult, not only obtaining the contract, but becoming acquainted with the personalities you must associate with, and gradually learning to fit into a new environment. An unfortunate trait, but I cannot help being that way.

"I did make a stab or two, but"—she shrugged and her mouth trembled, a little mannerism, I believe unconscious, whenever her emotions are affected—"nobody wanted me. They were not discourteous to me, they had not forgotten me; they merely seemed to think that as public favorite my day was over and that I had no possibilities as a dramatic actress.

"It is not a happy thought, that one can no longer be of service—unless that there is no place for one in a world to which one has given years of real effort. But here are things in life besides the movies. I had my music, books, and gardening, and poking into first one fad and then another—learning to read horoscopes, numerology, all those things. There's little truth in them, but they're amusing, to while away time.

"I grew restless, though, and felt that it was useless to throw away my life, to continue a lonely, dragging existence. So I started an Orpheum tour which lasted only five weeks, as I lost my voice in the 'screaming scene' in the sketch."

B. P. Schulberg, scouting for "names," decided that Ethel Clayton's retained some box-office value and signed her for "The Mansion of Aching Hearts." Mention it in a whisper, please. It was one of those rather awful things, but it served as news that she was again working. It is curious that in the queer world of motion-picture production, a talent, no matter how worthy, is treated with little respect unless it is employed; the mere announcement that a player is working for one producer is sufficient to arouse the others' interest. So again offers began to reach her, and of these she accepted the role of 'Wings of Youth.'

Since completing 'Lightnin,' she has been inactive. True, she has had no offers, but she will when these two films are released. She realizes, too, now that she has this good start again, that she must be a trifle selective as to roles.

"The age of the character means nothing to me, so long as it is an acting role. Give me," her eyes flashed with laughter, "a dramatic part or give me—numerology. I will play a great-grandmother if the lady has something interesting happen to her.

"I prefer playing comedy, when it has that light, sophisticated touch. It was delightful, doing the comic widow in 'Lightnin.' I always wanted to do such things, when I was on contract, and was invariably promised them, but seldom given the opportunity.

"Why can't some of these highbrow writers they are now lassooing for the pictures give us humorous stories of mothers? Why must mothers always weep, or else go to the other extreme of jazz in an effort to keep up with the younger generation? There is so much delicate and charming humor in the life of a woman in the early thirties which could be transferred subtly to the screen."

Her keen interest in the changes which each season brings into pictures, and which she has fanned by continuous attendance at the Los Angeles theaters, makes it seem that it was but yesterday that she said good-by;

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The Rubber-ankled Comedian

After some twenty years of success on the stage, Leon Errol has set out to conquer movie audiences too.

By Sidney Blair

Leon Errol is the only actor who ever achieved fifteen years of continuous success on Broadway by merely walking through his parts. If you saw him in the film version of "Sally" you know why. There is something overwhelming about that walk of his. It isn’t humanly possible, but there it is before your eyes. And Leon Errol is still alive, very much alive, after twenty years of tottering, sliding, and plunging across the stage.

No one has ever successfully imitated that gait of his. That is one reason why it promises to become as famous as the Chaplin footage. The other is that it is funny. There is a lot of headwork behind his footwork. He knows that disaster isn’t often funny, but that near disaster is. So he treads always just on the verge of calamity. Dozens of comedians have prospered because of their ability to take falls. But Leon Errol for years has kept audiences in gales of laughter by just managing to escape them.

Out in front of the theater, among the audiences, this Leon Erroll is famous as a comedian. Back stage, and among the people who have been associated with him in the studios he is something of an idol. All Broadway knows that he and Mr. Ziegfeld have never had a written contract, that Errol has ignored all other offers and worked for him for fifteen years because it was Ziegfeld who took him out of the bondage of burlesque. He is pointed out in the profession as the man who never breaks his word and never forgets an acquaintance. He is a sort of King Solomon who smooths out all back-stage rows. During rehearsals he seems as much concerned with the success of every obscure player in the cast as he is with his own. He works untriringly with any one who seems ambitious. What wonder that back stage the name of Errol commands something akin to adoration!

The measure of the success of this comedian is in the twenty-foot electric signs outside the Cosmopolitan Theater where he is starring in "Louie the Fourteenth," the measure of the man is in the affection for him among his associates.

You get some idea of his friendliness and popularity when you see his dressing room at the Cosmopolitan Theater. There are several big easy-chairs, and a cushioned seat that runs all around the room. Like the theater, his dressing room plays to capacity every night. Old friends, new friends, each bringing a few people to meet Leon Errol, drop in after the performance to chat with him.

In an anteroom, just a few steps above his dressing room, a masseur rubs out the kinks and bruises in his legs after every performance. There curtailed off from his guests, Errol regales them with a hilarious narrative of what he has been doing.

"Got a fan letter all the way from Australia—that’s where I come from. I got the thrill of a lifetime when I opened it. What do you suppose it said? ‘Dear Miss Erroll, I saw you in ‘Sally’ in moving pictures and thought you were just lovely. Won’t you send me a picture?’ So I got a picture of one of the girls in the show and sent it to her."

"Tell ‘em the one about your first day in the studio,’ some one always suggests, and then he is off.

Coming from the theater where beginning work at eight thirty means being there and getting to work on time, Errol expected the same to be true in the studios. Told to be in make-up and at the studio at nine o’clock, there he was. After waiting for two or three hours, while electricians rushed around importantly and he was ignored, he approached his old friend John T. Murray and asked him when the shooting was going to commence. "Don’t get excited," Murray counselled him, "I’ve been here every day for three weeks and haven’t worked yet."

Errol was almost a nervous wreck before he got started.

Leon Errol’s father intended that he should be a doctor, and rumor has it that in Australia they still look upon him as one who will regret the rash step of taking up this theater business. Tales of his tremendous success in the “Follies” and in “Louie the Fourteenth” hardly convinced them that he was a great success. Perhaps that is why he is so eager to make his pictures good. The home folks will see those with the original cast, and then they will find out that Errol is a great doctor in his own way—a sure cure for the blues.
A SLIM little figure clad in pajamas dashed from the set, grasped the shoulders of a tall, good-looking man, and swung him around and around in a dizzy dance.

"You'll forget your exercises, will you? You did not do them fifty times each, this morning," she cried. "For two cents, I would make you do the whole rigmarole right now, before everybody."

"Yes? And if you are not polite to me, I shall not give you the 'present' Baby Gloria sent you. Taking a bill folder from his pocket he opened it, displaying two sprigs of wilted honeysuckle. "She ran after me, as I was leaving the house. One for you and one for me. However, if you intend to be cranky," he paused, banter in his blue eyes, "I wonder which of these young ladies would like—"

"You dare give my baby's flower to another woman! Just try it!"

Tightly clenched fists beat against his chest, as a pointed, oval face laughed into his, and the girl rescued the sprig of honeysuckle, tucking it into the pocket of the pajama suit which she had been wearing for a scene under the blazing lights.

"They play like that all the time, Gloria and Henry," said Anthony Jowitt, who is the leading man in Gloria's new picture. A smile beamed upon every face in the circle about them. "Rene Hubert, the designer, and I have been staying out at the house for ten days, and when you live with people you get to know them."

"I've heard it said that Gloria has changed. As to that, I can't say, as I've known her only a short while. But she is the best little sport ever, constantly bubbling with humor. She and Henry are always kidding and teasing. It's difficult for me to credit those stories that Gloria was once naughty and aloof."

I used to go to interview Gloria Swanson when occasion demanded, feeling that, given half a chance at knowing her, I might like her well. Now I haunt her set at the Paramount studio because of the comradely fun that is always going on there. I manage to get myself invited to luncheon more often than professional association necessitates, and Gloria is too cordial, in her new happiness which she likes to share with every friend, to hesitate. Her parties, at her big home in Beverly Hills, are delightful.

Why? Because there is a new Gloria romping like a child in an exuberance of spirit and a natural spontaneity through the first genuine happiness of her life. Because the coldly chiseled, perfectly modeled, brilliantly polished diamond of yesterday has been warmed to a glowing and vibrant life by the sunshine of an understanding comradeship.

Love, in one way, has matured her, but also has made her infinitely more childish and lovable and human than I ever imagined she could be.

Luncheon with her "gang" is a charming hour. Henry, the marquis, whom Hollywood expected to be swanky and who turned out to be a regular good fellow and boyishly eager to make friends, Tony Jowitt, and Rene Hubert, and Allan Dwan, and a couple of others—always a crowd of jovial spirits. Gloria's fingers dance a tattoo on the white cloth, in that sheen, quivering happiness that cannot be stilled. Her eyes sparkle; she "makes faces" into Henry's twinkling eyes. Everybody talks at once. Sallies fly across the table, and among them Henry's witty comments, bred of the humor, no doubt, which he inherits from the Irish side of his family.

Where is the Gloria of yesterday, gracious but cold, secretive behind an outward manner of suavity? The Gloria who posed just a little, and had definite ideas on professional subjects but when those most intimate to her were broached shut up like a clam—a glistening surface of carefully polished charm which lacked a human note? She has gone and got herself buried, and my prayer is that she will not be resurrected.

I have always fancied that I saw a wistfulness flickering across her face that no amount of acting could quite blot out. It was the little girl in Gloria that wanted to come out and play, unfettered, and was afraid to, because nobody just exactly understood. And ridicule would have hurt, awfully.

She was, as I see her now, in the light of a new understanding, a sensitive woman shielding the hurts that life had dealt her behind a mask of pretended indifference. Because she had pride, and that graven immobility which was her soldier-father's gift to her, she drew a curtain over her real self and imagined herself, and became outwardly, what she thought she wanted to be: an odd, arresting figure symbolical of luxury and money waste and perfumed silk that the tied-to-the-rut hearts long for, a woman incapable of much depth or human feeling.

Perhaps she is right when she says her real self is this new and impish and lovable Gloria, somehow childlike and appealing.

I spent several days with them at Coronado, where scenes for "The Coast of Folly" were shot along the beach and in old Balboa Park, at San Diego, with its tropical blooms and its tangled verdure and its hot, beating sun. And, whenever I can sneak away from work, I am to be found on her set, or among her crowd at luncheon in the dining room once reserved for Cecil B. De Mille's noon-time confabs with his staff. That used to be an austere place, where you spoke in a hesitant, hushed tone, or awaited The Presence a little nervously. Now the gang rushes up the stairs, pull-mell, Gloria pulling Henry along, and everything under the sun comes up for quick, laughing discussion.

One day I spoke of my wonderment at this change.

"Gloria, I used to admire you for having battled your way ahead, and I liked you, in general, but I didn't think I should ever get to know you. I dazzled over what manner of woman lived behind that impersonal and sometimes cynical attitude, if a human being who felt as the rest of us was animate behind that shell that you seemed to draw between yourself and all except your most intimate friends."

We chanced to be alone after luncheon, the men having been sent off that we might talk seriously, something impossible when that gay banter that now surrounds Gloria is going on. Her eyes met mine squarely, as she thought a moment and said:

"That interests me, what you say. People are so seldom frank. I wondered what they honestly thought of me. . . . There is a lot of truth in your idea and yet I have not changed. It is just that now I feel a sense of freedom I haven't had in years, for that matter,
a greater naturalness than I have ever felt before.

"It was between two and three years ago that we used to talk, wasn't it?"

She mentioned incidents of former meetings which showed a most retentive memory for casual occurrences, surprising when you think of all the people she has met in these crowded recent years. "I can see how you got that impression of me. The Gloria I had always wanted to be was restrained by a wrong perspective on things.

"I was miserably unhappy, so I bluffed. If I seemed aloof, it was because I was afraid of every word. Things I said were twisted. I was misquoted. Even chance comments to acquaintances were changed as they were relayed from tongue to tongue. I decided that the best attitude was one of courtesy but not of intimacy. I was cordial—but careful.

"I never had been buoyantly, gorgeously happy, as so many young girls are. Success, the thing that I had thought I wanted, brought with it new problems and hurts. My childhood—you know about that, at the army posts. Happy, most of it, but not a normal childhood of living in a regular neighborhood and going to a regular school and having a regular bunch to play with. Sometimes there were other youngsters, and we would have our regiment and drills, and imitate our soldier-fathers. But at some of the posts there were no other children, and I was often alone.

"That childhood gave me certain qualities of character that have been of much value—indipendence, quickness of thought, decisiveness of judgment, action that seems best regardless of consequences—the spirit that the army teaches. But it robbed me of a lot of sentimentality that girl-children need. What we call hokum, in pictures, and yet you see it in every ordinary home where the children are reared in a more 'regular' life.

"I came into pictures, an awkward, untrained girl, determined to succeed but more than a little bewildered by the strangeness of it all." Gloria seemed anxious to trace for me the influences which eventually brought into form the Swanson personality that for several years alone held her public, and to analyze what each stage of her progress had upon her development. We talked for two hours, of her first years in pictures, and she said far too much to be condensed in one article, so I shall merely summarize her reflections.

"Gradually, I studied and learned and was helped by Mr. De Mille and others, for whom I shall always feel the greatest gratitude. Then came my first marriage, which ended unhappily. And the second which, breaking up just as my success was beginning to pall a little, left me embittered.

"I decided that for strong individualities the usual sentimental theories were unnecessary and incompatible. I did not need marriage, home, the things other women cling to and hide behind. I would be independent, bluff it. I thought that I was not the domestic type.

"I encountered a good deal of unjust criticism, some of which was motivated by that peculiar resentment which so many feel toward a personality in the spotlight. I wasn't a girl to be loved; I was a curiosity, to be looked over, admired or made fun of. I don't think many of my very best fans, even, thought of me then in a deeply personal sense, or if that feeling was dormant in them, as it must have been because it was expressed so beautifully during my illness, at that time they must have been unaware of it.

"I had almost unbearable hurts. When my father died, his body was sent to me at Chicago for a military burial. We had been pals, my father and I; in my childhood he had tried to make a good little soldier of me. He taught me to hold myself straight, to think and act like a man.

"You may think that the cold Gloria Swanson of those days couldn't love anything or anybody but her precious career, but I tell you her heart was heavy when the one dearest to it was put into that grave. And they followed me about, newspaper photographers and the public, asking me to pose for snapshots in mourning. Even my grief"—her fists doubled and struck the table with emphasis—"was something to be exploited for a curious appraisal.

"In New York, I worked hard, and got myself out of the clothes-horse rut. 'The Humming Bird' is dear to me, in memory, because it was the picture that I call my salvation. It started my career off on a new slant, and they began to say that I might develop into an

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Pretty Ladies

HOW do the pretty ladies keep pretty?
Not merely by applying a dab of rouge here and a touch of powder there.
That helps, but it won’t give you the skin you love to touch, nor that peppy feeling, nor will it preserve those curves that make for beauty.

At Santa Monica beach in California there holds forth the “Pretty Ladies” Club, comprising in its membership young ladies who are pretty and who keep pretty through the prescribed athletics of the organization.

The idea became popular with the girls and inspired the formation of the Pretty Ladies Club. Beach athletics and vigorous exercise are the foundations that keep pretty ladies pretty, according to the girls who assemble on the beach at Santa Monica between the hours of seven and eight three times a week.

Beach baseball, tug o’ war, foot racing, high jumping, and beach football comprise the chief forms of sport indulged in by the pretty ladies. No mild sports for these beauties.

So if you are a pretty lady and would keep pretty—follow the example of the Pretty Ladies Club.

Viola Dana, who is supporting her sister, Shirley Mason, at the left, does not belong to the Pretty Ladies Club, nor does Marie Prevost, on the right. But these stars seem to believe in the same methods for keeping their looks. And that is one reason why the stars are glad to live in sunny California, where they can get so much healthful, out-of-door life.
Hollywood High Lights

Keep pace with recent developments in the western circle.

By Edwin and Eliza Schallert

The perennial lure to far-away places has again been dominating film making, and though there are more prominent stars in the West than in ages, Hollywood in recent weeks has at times borne somewhat the aspect of a deserted village.

All the big forthcoming productions promise to reflect anew the dependable charm of natural settings, and prove once again that "All the world's a stage" for the movies.

Douglas Fairbank's "The Black Pirate," "The Sea Beast," starring John Barrymore, and Cecil B. De Mille's feature, "The Road to Yesterday," are among the films that will disclose the enchantment of unusual locations. The same is true even more strikingly of Rex Ingram's "Mare Nostrum," produced abroad.

Throng of people have been absent lately with the James Cruze company, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, and Ernest Torrence, filming the story "The Pony Express," an epic of the early West, and also with "The Vanishing American," in which Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are the principals.

Scenic spots in Arizona, Wyoming, Utah, and even farther afield are to be brought to the screen once again, and such Meccas of the tourist as the Grand Canyon, Yellowstone Park, The Garden of the Gods, and the Yosemite, may possibly be comfortably visited while the film sightseer is also being diverted with entertainment in the theater.

All this suggests a new tendency toward romance and adventure on the screen. The present overwhelming urge for comedy is abating. "Don Q" has been exerting a strong influence on the minds of the producers because of its dashing and adventurous flavor. Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" has, of course, been exuberantly hailed since its arrival in Hollywood, but part of the appeal of this picture, even, is due to the outdoor settings which are new for the comedian.

Altogether, therefore, the fans may as well prepare themselves for another "back-to-nature" movement, and as new scenery is always restful to the eyes of the film-goer we rather hope that the quality of the stories that are made with these backgrounds will prove more intriguing than usual.

"The Gold Rush."

The premiere of "The Gold Rush" easily took rank as the most brilliant ever held in Hollywood. It was an early-summer affair, and as comparatively few companies had gone away at that time, everybody who could beg, vamp, or otherwise procure a ticket, was on hand for the opening.

Charlie's picture was applauded as a genuine tour de force in the comedy vein. Audiences have never laughed so incessantly and for so long at any other first showing. There are nearly twelve reels to the film, and Chaplin appears in approximately every scene.

The reviewers in most instances were less enthusiastic than the audience, and, taken all in all, the popular vote on the worth of the production is quite divided. The verdict is inclined to be rather unanimous that "The Gold Rush" is not as good as "The Kid" or "Shoulder Arms," and also that Chaplin's own work evidences more conscious effort on his part, and less spontaneity, than heretofore.

It cannot be said, though, that this is the consensus of views held by either the directors or the actors. Some of them are literally mad about the Chaplin accomplishments, and are willing once again, it would appear, to learn "at the feet of the master." This inclination to worship the fetish of the Chaplin art is nothing new to those who know the colony, but on the present occasion it seems to us to be rather more overdone than warranted.

Chaplin the Father.

The news of the birth of the Chaplin heir was published just a few days after the opening of Charlie's picture, and if there are any who happen not to be aware of the details, we may mention that the child is a boy, and has been named Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr.

The newspapers had been keeping very close tab on the event for some weeks prior to the announcement, and the absence of Lita Gray from the premiere, of course, was significantly noted.

Chaplin, as a father, is perhaps not materially different from the Chaplin he has always been. It seems doubtful whether the new arrival will alter those peculiarities of his temperament which have been given such wide publicity. His main interest is again concentrating itself on his work, and he is planning out a new comedy based on the hectic adventures of a man just having been voted a member of a suicide club. The idea of such an organization offers much to the imagination, and development under Charlie's guidance, we have little doubt that it would lose much of its gruesomeness. Of course—judging by Chaplin's characteristic changes of mind in the past—by the time he actually gets ready to shoot another comedy, it will just as likely be based on the doings of the evolution case at Dayton, Tennessee.

Frances Howard as Hostess.

Samuel Goldwyn, the picture producer, entertained in Chaplin's honor, following "The Gold Rush" premiere.
and Frances Howard, his new bride, made her début as a
very charming Hollywood hostess. Douglas Fairbanks,
Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Rudolph
Valentino, Marion Davies, and others were among
the guests, which included a very select group of the most
prominent in filmdom.

Producers have been casting hopeful eyes at Miss
Howard as a leading woman, especially since her work
in “The Shock Punch” with Richard Dix was well re-
ceived on the Coast. She is regarded as very gracious
and lovely by all who know her, and is considered a very
attractive screen type, but so far she has not seemed
very anxious to continue her professional career.

Mr. Goldwyn is now aboard with the United Artists’
organization, and his production of “Stella Dallas” is to
be released by them instead of by First National, as
originally anticipated.

A New Foreign Beauty.

Without doubt, much may be prophesied for the forth-
coming appearance of Vilma Banky, whom Mr. Goldwyn
discovered while he was abroad. She is a Hungarian actress, of
whom we have previously made mention, and her first screen
work available for American inspection will be in “The Dark
Angel,” opposite Ronald Col-
man.

We were greatly attracted to her when we met her on the
set shortly after this production had commenced. Her beauty
is of the transparent and
spiritual sort that should bring
a new note of refinement.
She is very gracious and com-
pounded, despite that she suf-
sers the handicap of knowing
comparatively little English,
and consequently might nat-
urally feel ill at ease in the
presence of strangers. More-
over, she has a talent and a
personality that can easily be
distinguished as very flowerlike
and sensitive. The star she
most suggests, although she is
not of the same type of personality, is Lillian Gish.

Peggy Versus Mickey.

Everybody appears to be amazingly enthusiastic over
the personality that Peggy Hopkins Joyce is reflecting
in her first picture, “Skyrocket.” Peggy offered many
surprises while she was in Hollywood, but none more
unexpected than that she films well. Those who have
seen the rushes compare her with Ethel Clayton.

One of the restrictions imposed on her during her
sojourn in the West was that no effort should be made
sensationally to exploit her. As a consequence she lived
like a recluse and doubtless found the experience of movie
stardom rather boring. Some Hollywood stars were
reported to have snubbed her upon a previous visit but
they didn’t have a chance this time because she so seldom
went anywhere.

Marshall Neilan, her director, however, didn’t allow
the excitement incident to the making of the “Skyrocket”
picture to languish entirely. When all else fails, Mickey
can be depended upon to spring a sensation, and this
time he did it by arguing too ferociously with a pair of
constables, following a collision with a telegraph pole,
while motoring. As a result of which, he spent “one
glorious night” in the Culver City hoosow. At least Mickey
will probably refer to it as “one glorious night”
when he some day decides to write his memoirs.

Mae’s New Enthusiasm.

At a garden party given at the residence of Ernst
Lubitsch, we caught a glimpse of Mae Murray, and found
her radiating enthusiasm over the prospect of going
to Europe to play in a picture with the Ufa Company.
What with difficulties during the making of “The Merry
Widow,” and the break-up of her marriage with Robert
Z. Leonard, Miss Murray has been having her share of
tribulations, and she is looking forward quite thrilled to
the inspiration of a new environment.

It appears that her ability as an actress is more highly
rated abroad than it is in this country, where the public
still clings to her achievements as a dancer, and rather
consistently refuses to regard seriously her aspirations
to perform in the more serious dramatic roles.

She has tried several times to break away from the
jazzy sort of pictures with which she has been identified,
but her first big chance to do
this will come with this for-
ign engagement. Thereafter,
she says, it is a matter of
doubt with her whether she
will continue in pictures, or
go back to the stage. Her sal-
ary while she is abroad will
far exceed that of any other
American film player who
has played in a foreign pic-
ture, and incidentally she has
received very high compli-
ments for her acting in a let-
ter from Emil Jannings, who
starred in “The Last Laugh.”

M a e w i l l make “The Masked Bride” for Metro-
Goldwyn before her depart-
ure.

Famous “Follies” dancers
who come to the pictures
hereafter had better watch
their steps, because the new-
est evolution in the instance
of Ann Pennington is more
than startling. The Fox film company is producing
“Uncle Tom’s Cabin” and she has been cast as Little Eva.

Optimistic Pola.

Pola Negri’s encounter with the customs officials
aroused a great deal of comment in Hollywood, but she
has apparently come through the experience with colors
flying quite brightly. She paid up like a good sport, at
least, when the government demanded $57,000 from her
in the event that she desired the jewelry, belonging to
her, which, it was alleged, had been smuggled into this
country.

Pola is more content than we have ever seen her and
she doesn’t care now when she returns to Europe. Her
mother is on her way from Poland to join her at her
home in Beverly Hills, which is causing Pola to be par-
ticularly joyous these days.

As for romance—oh, well, Pola is completely absorbed
in her career again, because she feels very hopeful that
she is entering on a new phase with her production,
“Flower of the Night,” based on the Joseph Herges-
heimer story, which Paul Bern is directing.

She has just completed furnishing her lovely home in
Beverly, just one door from the Lubitsch’s, and it is one
of the richest and loveliest in the colony. She purchased the place from Priscilla Dean last year. One of its most attractive outdoor features is an extra-spacious swimming pool. Here Pola may be seen every morning and at sunset doing her latest fancy diving, Australian strokes, and other aquatic graces which fast are making her one of the best swimmers in Hollywood.

Rudy will Comedy.

Even Valentino has succumbed to the goddess Thalía. Which means, of course, that he plans to venture into comedy. His new picture, temporarily named "The Black Eagle," has been so devised, according to all advance reports, that it will give him an opportunity to be unexpectedly humorous.

Rudy's troubles seem never to abate, and he had the utmost difficulty getting just the right story for his next picture. Three different scenario writers worked on the script, and the final draft was made by Hans Kraley, who has long done the Lubitsch scenarios. Something quite spicy for Rudy may therefore be anticipated.

Harold's Problem.

Harold Lloyd, long immune to such folly, is now considering making an adaptation of a book or a stage play as one of his forthcoming features. Comedies of the Lloyd type are about the only sort of films that have not been dependent thus far on such outside inspiration. The success of "Charley's Aunt" has a good deal to do probably with altering the general viewpoint. In Lloyd's case it is also due to the very perplexing problem incident to procuring comedy ideas. Several of Harold's pictures have been repetitions of others that have gone before, and he doesn't want to run into any similar snags in the future.

We still hope, though, that he may win out in keeping up his splendid tradition of making movies that are really movies.

Mildred Davis has meanwhile been very busy making tests for "Alice in Wonderland," and it is almost certain now that she will be seen in this potentially marvelous fantastic production. We have long wanted to see such a story done in pictures. If effectively produced, it should cause the magical side of screen technique to advance far beyond its present confines. What is more, there is a lot of good comedy in the Lewis Carroll classic.

The Newest Plutocrats.

"Pity the poor gag man!" as a stock slogan around the studios has been rendered null, void, and obsolete by the developments in pictures this season. The reason is that the chap who has a set of comedy tricks up his sleeve is enjoying his heyday of glory, and is on the way to becoming the newest plutocrat of Hollywood.

A gag man used to be paid about $100 to $125 a week for thinking up new ways to toss custard pies about in short-reel comedies. His services were considered on a par with those of any other small-time technical assistant. He enjoyed absolutely no recognition at all in any of the bigger studios.

With the recent advance of comedies into the feature class, his prestige gained appreciably. Harold Lloyd and a few other of the major comedians gave him an increasing prominence both in the matter of financial remuneration and screen credit as well.

Now the very largest studios consider his services an asset if not an actual necessity. The reason is the demand for laughs in all types of productions during the current season.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer keeps one man consistently employed in this capacity. He works with the scenarists, and also frequently goes out on the sets with the directors. When a situation seems to lag for want of humor, he has to get busy and provide the necessary "bit of business" to liven up the action. Hardly any script is considered perfect until it has had his inspection for its comedy values.

Famous Players also has two gag men working on the Raymond Griffith features. They do not actually refer to them by this term, but their official business is to help in building up every scene for its full share of amusingness. Colleen Moore, too, has a regular gag man, who has worked with her on features like "Sally" and "We Moderns."

Most interesting of all perhaps, is to record that their salaries have advanced in some instances two, three, and even four hundred per cent. The cause of this, outside of their increased importance, is that there are only a comparatively few who have really evolved the "zag" game into a fine art, or what corresponds to that in the movies.

Who But Barrymore?

We cannot imagine anything more exciting than the news that John Barrymore is to appear in a screen version of the Lord Byron poem, "Don Juan." This will mean romance with a capital R for John, and as the don was a very versatile chap in his flirtations, and demanded a great deal of feminine variety, the film will have a regular ensemble of heroines. Which should make more hearts beat happily than usual even in Hollywood.

Maybe, little Priscilla Bonner will have her chance to be one of the "Don Juan" ladies. It is to be hoped she will, because she had the misfortune to miss out on the feminine lead in "The Sea Beast." Barrymore's first picture. The reason assigned by the studio was that the story had been changed, and that a different type was needed. Dolores Costello, the daughter of Maurice Costello, who recently signed with the company, was given the role, instead.

Miss Bonner was deeply hurt, and even brought suit against the organization, demanding of them an explanation that would remove any prejudice against her talent. Mr. Barrymore very greatly regretted the effect of the change on her, because he not only sent her a very sympathetic letter, but also his personal check for $1,000. It seems that he felt personally responsible because he had originally asked for her assignment to the part, having seen her excellent work in "Drusilla with a Million," and one or two other recent productions, in which she appeared to advantage.
The Talk of Several Towns

Acustomed as they are to the royal sums paid to motion-picture stars, the profession and the public gasped at the figures of the Paramount-Gilda Gray contract. But she's worth the money; here is why.

By Helen Klumph

ABOUT two years ago Allan Dwan wanted a spectacular cabaret scene for one part of "Lawful Larceny," so he persuaded Gilda Gray, then the reigning favorite of the Ziegfeld "Follies" and a night club, to come and do her South Sea Island dance before the camera.

It was a brief bit and people were surprised at her willingmess to do it, for the money meant little to her and the time it took meant a great deal. But Gilda Gray was curious to see how she filmed. If she was any good, she intended to give up all her other interests, and devote all her time to making pictures.

Usually conservative critics saw her one close-up and declared that she filmed like an angel. That settled that. She was going to be a picture star.

But motion-picture producers were not standing around waiting for her with bulging money bags and a glad hand. They argued that while she might go over big on Broadway, the rest of the country didn't know her. So Gilda set out, as soon as existing contracts would let her, to prove that she did have a public throughout the country. She went on a dancing tour, and just to show that she had faith in herself even if others didn't, she took a percentage of the house receipts wherever she played instead of a guaranteed salary.

By about the fourth week of that tour, she had earned the title "The Golden Girl." Not because of her sunny hair and disposition, but because of the fortunes she brought into box-oftices wherever she played.

The story of that tour is one of the most sensational ones in all theater history. In twenty weeks she played eighteen theaters, breaking attendance records wherever she appeared. Over one million two hundred thousand people paid to see her, and her share of the earnings was one hundred and eight thousand nine hundred dollars.

By the time the tour was about half over, motion-picture producers were ready to talk real money to her. Paramount finally signed her at a reported salary of six thousand dollars a week, and a share of the profits on each picture. There are only a few of the most popular motion-picture stars who get as much.

She who laughs last, laughs best, as no one needs to point out to those men who laughed at the idea of Gilda Gray becoming one of the highest-salaried picture stars. Naturally the Paramount company wanted to get for her first picture the most dramatic and fascinating story they could find in all literature. Search as they would they couldn't find one to their liking. They had to turn away from books and dig into the materials of life itself—proving again that truth is sometimes stranger than fiction. The story they chose was Gilda's own.

Glancing back over the two years or so that I have known Gilda Gray, and realizing that the most significant events in the drama of her life were enacted before then, it seems to me that they will have to make a series—not one picture—if they are to portray the fullness of her life at all.

There are so many Gilda Grays.

There is little Gilda Gray; aged seven, a Polish immigrant with a small roll over her head, arriving in New York harbor and weaving with childish fancies all the marvelous stories she had heard of the promised land. She never has been able to describe the feeling that swept over her then, but years later when she heard Dvorák's "New World Symphony," she said, "There—that's it! That's how you feel when you come to America."

Her father went to work for the Cudahy Packing Company in Milwaukee, so Gilda traveled what seemed halfway across the world again and started in a school where they spoke a foreign language, and where children romped about carefree with none of the reserve and dignity she had been taught in the old country.

She was hardly more than a child when she married. And then came heartbreaking disappointments; poverty, sickness, entire lack of understanding. Her husband went away, leaving her with her baby son and no means of support.

She had a husky, vibrant voice with a peculiar note of sadness in it that was just made for singing the "Blues," which was just becoming popular. She practiced it and got a job at twelve dollars a week singing in a Polish café. Hardly had she started singing there when the old mantle of sadness that had hung over her like a pall ever since her unfortunate marriage began to lift.

She became ambitious the first time she saw a dancer of primitive Indian dances. She imitated his undulating, swaying motion and that night when she sang she delightedly danced a little. The proprietor ordered her to stop.

She didn't impose her dancing on her patrons after that, but every night when she reached home weary and aching from singing almost continuously for hours, she practiced dancing before her mirror. Then came an offer to sing in a Chicago café at the magnificent salary of thirty dollars a week. It was down in the lowest section of the city where audiences are made up of characters from the underworld and from slackers in search of a thrill. When they saw Gilda dance, they got it.

The dance, which seemed to be introduced simultaneously in all parts of the country, was known as the "shimmy." Gilda got the idea for her version from the notion of a rhythmic, ever-moving, bodily marcel wave. Soon she became so famous that anything that shook, from a Ford car to a dish of gelatine, was nicknamed "Gilda." But even there were hard times ahead.

Urged to go to New York to try her fortunes she went and enjoyed one successful season in a cabaret. But summer came and there was no work to be had and Gilda often went hungry. She got a job in a show and that closed. She went through all the agony of being alone and poor and weary in New York, the most trying city in the world.

Eventually success came and she caught the attention of Gil Boag, one of the most successful restaurant and cabaret exploiters on Broadway. He became her manager. Together they forged ahead until she was not merely a success; she was the talk of the town. He bent every effort toward advancing not only her career but all her private interests. He helped her delve into the sources of weird, primitive music which gave her the inspiration for her dances. He surrounded her with interesting friends. Then one day he even helped her to divorce the husband who had deserted her years before

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Ever since Gilda Gray’s first screen tests a couple of years ago producers have been trying to get her to star in pictures. How she finally succumbed is told in the story on the opposite page.
Gilda Gray is an extraordinary girl. A young immigrant, she started dancing and gradually rose to the position where she is considered a great artist in her particular line. For years she was an outstanding star of the Ziegfeld "Follies," and danced at her own night club in New York. Lately, she has been touring the motion-picture houses of the country with her dance act, and has drawn tremendous audiences everywhere. And now she steps into pictures with an already established following of huge proportions and a screen personality of unusual magnetism.
If Richard Dix had any fear that he was going to be pigeonholed forever in breezy, modern stories, he probably was greatly relieved when presented with the leading rôle in "The Vanishing American." In this picture he is surprisingly metamorphosed into an American Indian. While attending Carlisle University the Indian falls in love with a white girl, but gives her up because of racial barriers. Later, after returning to his reservation, he is killed in battle. It is said to be the most interesting part Dix has had in some time.
Giving Handsome Support

Earl Schenck has been lending a distinctive presence to Fox productions.

Niles Welch is a leading man who is kept very busy in State rights films.

Earle Foxe, at the left, who plays the title role in the Van Biber stories for Fox, is acquiring a large following through them, while Neil Hamilton, above, is a Paramount leading man who is becoming more popular with every film.
Still Tempting

Other players may turn from vamping to less wicked screen lives, but Carmel Myers is going on in the same disastrous way. Her next production will be "The Temptress," from Ibáñez's story of that alluring but heartless siren.
In Old New York

You will hardly recognize Marion Davies in her dark curls and new make-up for "Lights of Old New York," her latest production. Conrad Nagel plays opposite her.
"The Coming of Amos," the title of Rod La Rocque's first production for Cecil De Mille, might be transposed into "The Coming of Rod," for this picture marks the coming into stardom of this actor, who has been rapidly gaining in popularity since De Mille gave him his first big chance. The story, which is based on the William J. Locke novel, has the usual De Mille lavishness. Jetta Goudal plays the exotic princess with whom Amos falls in love.
Remote as the chance has always seemed, the fans who have longed to see Thomas Meighan play with Norma Talmadge again will be able to realize their dream before long, when Norma and Tommy make "My Woman."
The Lists Are Full!

Every possible type of human being that the movies might demand is on instant call in Hollywood. This article tells you how this army of types is kept at work—part of the time.

By A. L. Wooldridge

HOLLYWOOD teems with fat men who believe they should be in pictures because they are fat. It has flocks of thin men who believe they should be in pictures because they are thin. It has one-legged men, cross-eyed men, bald-headed men, glass eaters, sword swallowers, professional dynamiters and mule drivers. Ten thousand names are on the "live list" at the Screen Service bureau where the declaration is made that any type of character from a Clemenceau to a cannibal or from a Lloyd George to an Eskimo can be obtained on an hour's notice.

"What we haven't got on our books, simply ain't!" is the way the manager expresses it.

So great has been the influx to cinemaland that the Screen Service bureau recently announced that it was accepting no additional registrations.

"We can't find work for any more," the manager protested. "We absolutely have all the extras we can use. We don't have steady employment for those here now."

But without this enormous throng of extra men and women, producers would be hard put sometimes for types needed in scenes. On the other hand, the types are hard put oftentimes to devise ways and means by which to eat. How many of the extras registered for work in motion pictures manage to live is a mystery.

There are, for instance, three hundred bald-headed men on the bureau's lists whose principal reason for seeking work in the studios is that they are bald. There are one hundred one-legged men waiting for employment principally because they are minus one limb. There are a dozen men who are as cross-eyed as Ben Turpin and as many women similarly marked. There are fifty professional gamblers or ex-gamblers capable of dealing roulette, faro, or any game known to Monte Carlo and one hundred and fifty others, not gamblers but with sufficient knowledge of how to deal, who are on call. There are hundreds of men with whiskers ready to act because they possess a hirsute facial adornment and scores seeking roles because of their long, flowing hair. There are cowboys who claim ability to ride steers without saddles and cowgirls ready to demonstrate their accomplishments on bucking broncs.

Within the past year another classification has been added to the lists—"Long-haired Women." Bobbed heads outnumber them by ten to one. The bureau's rolls contain the names of scores of women who assert they are types of the underworld. They list hundreds of gray-haired matrons who want to play mother parts and conversely, an equal number of children whose parents want to throw them into the great vortex which yawns in cinemaland.

Six telephone operators are on duty at the Screen Service offices taking orders from the studios and summoning persons.
for work. The greatest number of calls, however, come from persons who have registered and are waiting for employment.

"Nothing to-day!" are the brief words which have sickened the hearts of countless thousands. But still they call!

Just why there should be such a clamor for extra work in the picture studios is beyond my power to explain except in the cases of young men and young women courting careers. The remuneration is too miserably small to warrant it. Were there work each day, it would be ample, but the waits between calls sometimes are long and depressing. The scale of wages runs something like this:

For mob scenes where persons of any age, stature, weight or nationality are taken, three dollars a day.

For hand-picked mobs—men or women of a uniform stature, age and color, five dollars a day.

For character people, persons who are "camera wise and picture broke," who have nice clothes, including Prince Albert or cutaway coats, afternoon or evening gowns, seven dollars and fifty cents a day.

Swimming and diving girls and men, pony riders, professional butlers and the like, get from ten dollars a day up, according to the importance of their work and the effort required. Following these come the stunt men and small-part players whose remuneration is privately agreed upon. Above these are the featured players.

There are little extra girls

Will you be sure to be there on time?"

"Yes, this is Screen Service; go ahead! 'Twenty-five men, twenty-five women, mob scene; medium age and height; five dollars a day.' All right, we'll get 'em. Thanks!"

"Nothing to-day."

"No, nothing in sight right now. We'll call you when we can use you."

"I'll take the order. 'Two hundred negro men, women, and children for South Sea Island scene—one hundred men, seventy women and thirty children.' Thanks!"

When this last order was phoned in, the operator called up a woman in the negro section of the city and repeated it so that she could get them together.

"Report to me to-morrow afternoon how many you have, together with their names!" she was instructed.

"Nothing to-day!"

And so the medley continued throughout all the day and evening. Screen aspirants were handled as though by numbers. A heterogeneous aggregation from all parts of the world. The agency has a representative in the Mexican district who rounds up a hundred Mexican types in a day, when directed. It has another in the Russian district, a third among the Orientals, and so on. Its machine works systematically.

A call came in some time ago for six one-legged young

This "infant" actor is Harry Earles, a thirty-year-old midget.
men, on crutches. The American Legion supplied them-lads who had been maimed in the World War. They appeared with Betty Compson in "New Lives for Old." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wanted a sword swallower, a tattooed woman, a living skeleton, a leopard woman, a fat girl, and a midget for a scene in "The Unholy Three," one of Ted Browning's productions. It found most of them in a side show on Main Street in Los Angeles. B. P. Schulberg needed two hundred negroes for "White Man," a Preferred picture. They were rounded up in the Central Avenue district of the city. The William Fox company wanted two dozen Chinese who knew how to lay railroad tracks for appearance in "The Iron Horse." They were located near Sacramento. A few of them, a half century ago, had helped lay the rails of the Western Pacific line. In the same picture, a large body of Indians was required to portray the attack of red men on the crews building the first transcontinental railroad. Colonel Tim McCoy, former adjutant general of Wyoming, got them from among the Arapahoes and Shoshone tribes on the Wind River reservation—two trainloads of them.

When Douglas Fairbanks was choosing the cast for "The Thief of Bagdad," he and director Raoul Walsh personally selected the types, put them in costume and made-up at the studio and repeatedly reviewed them before finally giving employment. Scores were looked over and rejected. From out of the extra ranks came fat men, thin men, long men, short men, white men, black men, Malays, Hindus, and natives from the Orient. A strange assemblage for a strange picture.

Every type, practically every nationality on the globe, is represented in the extra ranks in Hollywood. Freaks are in profusion. At the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio recently, a pretty little blue-eyed child sat in a baby carriage staring at the procedure on one of the sets. A cap tied with ribbons and bows was upon its head and a clean infant's dress clothed its body. No one appeared to be paying much attention to it. Presently, the little fellow crawled out of the go-cart, waddled over to a side of the set, reached into a coat pocket and drew forth a villainous looking black cigar.

"Gimme a match, will you?" he said to a bystander. "I want to light this rope!"

Delmo Fritz, a sword swallower, was used in "The Unholy Three."

This group of extras is kept quite busy, as they have established a reputation for being well groomed and well dressed.

The "child" was Harry Earles, a midget about thirty years old, playing the rôle of an infant. The "baby" got back into the go-cart and puffed away on his cigar with apparent satisfaction.

Tom Wallace, a one-legged man, is kept quite busy at the studios in comedy roles, not merely because he has only one leg, but because he can act. He has an assortment of legs for use as occasion demands. The first time I saw him was on the Hal Roach lot standing by the side of a tent. Some one took his peg leg and tied a tent rope to it. His ensuing embarrassment figured as part of the play. The next time I saw him, he used a peg leg to carry him through scenes in Charlie Chaplin's current production, "The Gold Rush." When he got ready to go home, he strapped on an artificial limb which had a shoe at the end.

The most prolific among extras are the persons who want parts in ballroom and garden tea scenes. Hundreds upon hundreds are registered for this work and a few—a very few—find sufficient employment to earn a livelihood. There probably are forty or fifty young men and young women in Hollywood's movie colony who are busy a considerable part of their time giving "atmosphere" to such scenes. They have established reputations for being well groomed and well gowned, have good carriage, dance well, know what should be done and what should not be done in refined society and are popularly cast because the directors know them. However, as

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Their Dual Personalities

By
Malcolm H. Oettinger

For different reasons many of the stars adopt strange and unnatural poses at times. Some for protection, some for expediency, some to attract attention and gain publicity. It takes an astute interviewer to be able to peek behind these masks, or to be sure that no mask is being worn.

Decorations by
Lui Trugo

PEOPLE would be disappointed if we weren’t a little different,” Betty Blythe once confided to me, “so I always attempt the exotic.”

The majority of stellar bodies possess these dual personalities, one for everyday wear and one for such occasions as personal appearances, battle-ship christenings, egg rolling on the White House lawn, and interviews.

To be sure, there are exceptions. Such ingenue girls as Lois Wilson, Virginia Valli, and Lila Lee present the same pleasant impression at all times, and such fellows as Richard Barthelmess, Richard Dix, Harold Lloyd, and Harrison Ford are unvaryingly the same whether shaving, acting, making merry, or dining at home. Zasu Pitts and Ernest Torrence have nothing duplicitous about their respective personalities either. But the majority, be it said, have!

The “show” personality is worn as a mask, a protection, a set piece to appease public curiosity.

Mae Busch, to begin near the top of the alphabet, would have you think her a thoroughgoing sophisticate, with no tremendous interest left in anything. Life? Pah! Love? Pooh! All a deceptive iridescent bubble. Any topic you bring to light will serve only to precipitate a shrug of her shapely shoulders. Then, as the veil slips from her pose, as any veil does in the course of a New York afternoon, you discover that Mae is at heart a sentimentalist, expressing herself in vivid but not particularly distinguished poetry.

Of Theda Bara’s two personalities I have only discovered one, the affected. She must have a natural side, as well. No woman would seriously fix you with hypnotic eyes and tell you how lucky it is to be born in November.

Carmel Myers gave herself away completely in these very pages when she confessed debating whether to be the ingenue or the woman of the world at a certain interview soiree. She elected the former, so of pose there was none. Pictorially a destructively handsome creature, Carmel is actually a charming young lady of comparative safety. But, as she admitted, the illusion of wickedness results in a colorful report from the press.

 Adopting opposite tactics, la belle Swanson receives in tweeds and tailored simplicity, proving, or attempting to prove, how different she is away from the screen. Gloria also essays a detached and well-bred politeness that is generally credited to the tutorial ability of the Glyn. At leisure, relaxed, Gloria is a romping, naive girl, seeking laughter and gayety. In public there are always appearances to be kept up, which serves to subdue exuberant spirits to no little extent.

Two of the most exciting sirens of the screen adopt the same manner. “Be yourself!” is the motto of both Barbara La Marr and Betty Blythe. Instead of attempting to impress you they set out to captivate with their frankness, their wit, their indubitable charm. And they resemble the Northwest Mounted Police in effectiveness. “I never talk about my art,” the La Marr tells you. “Some people would think I referred to a former husband.”

“I like to give an exotic impression,” says Betty, “but I find it difficult to talk the role.”

It is interesting to note that in these women, where affectation might almost be expected, there is none. They are wholly natural, delightfully frank, and trust you at all times to report only such portions of the conversation as will be discreet. Their belief is that frankness is the best “pose;” openness the best “mask.” They depend upon the vitality of their personalities to impress, and the answer from this historian is it does!

Among the leading men of the screen a similar frankness obtains, but in the case of a few, the manner is icy until the gentlemen are assured of your sanity. Lewis Stone was plagued by inquisitive ladies asking about his love complex until he swore never to see another interviewer. House Peters has been put upon by so many writers that he assumes all are demons in disguise. Raymond Griffith eyes the reporter askance because of his suspicion of being ladled what he would call apple sauce.

But all of these excellent actors are willing enough to turn from an aloof coolness as soon as they discover your intentions, or lack of them. As soon as they realize you are interested in their acting rather than their last marriage, and in their views on technique rather than their views on bigamy, they show themselves for the keen, intelligent men of the world that they are.

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The Troubles of an Actress

Mae Busch tells them to Dorothy Manners.

MAE BUSCH was telling me some of the troubles of an actress.

Outside it was one of those gray days from an English novel. Though it had not yet rained everything was damp with the drizzle of the heavy fog. Dusk came. Leaves dripped. Feet squashed. Clouds lowered. Los Angeles hoisted an umbrella and grumbled out of the neck of an overcoat.

Mae said: "I watch them come and go—these girls—like comets. They skyrocket for a while—then blooey! But I go plodding on and on and on. Everybody says, 'Oh Mae—she hasn't struck her stride yet—but if she ever does—' Well I haven't. Just plodding on. Me and the babbling brook—forever."

The bearded lady on the platform overhead stroked her whiskers thoughtfully. The gentleman midget, whose sister midget is a lady vamp, walked past us and found a seat near a stove, fretfully rubbing his hands together.

Mae said: "Any way you look at it, this is a heartbreaking game. If it's not one thing, it's another. If you don't get work you're worrying yourself to a thread about it. If you get work you get criticism. Not that anybody ever pays any attention to criticism—critics are too prejudiced—but just the same it hurts sometimes. Just the other day I read a criticism about myself in 'Frivolous Sal.' This guy said, 'Little Ben Alexander runs away with the picture. Mae Busch won't gather any laurels through this role though she has her good spots.' I called that guy up and told him, 'So has a leopard.' Not that I cared. He's entitled to his opinion, but here's the situation: You work like a dog in a part and put your heart in it and then some one comes along and flippantly dismisses it, or ignores it altogether. That's what happened to Eugene O'Brien and Tom Santschi and the rest of the actors in that picture. Eugene O'Brien gave a magnificent performance and this reviewer doesn't even see him."

On-stage No. 1 of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer emporium "The Unholy Three" unit was winding up the first day's production. The first scenes—that is, the first scenes in the studio—are set against the background of a freak museum. Hence the bearded lady, the sword swallow and the midgets.

"The Unholy Three" is a wonderful box-office title. It is also a crook opera of amazing plot. It would hardly be fair to divulge the ways and means of it here but in its story events Lon Chaney plays an old woman who runs a bird and seed shop. Mae Busch is "her" niece. It is a wonderfully fat character part for Miss Busch.

Now, of all the girls of the films Mae Busch is the most peculiarly circumspected because—

She is a comedian-tragedienne-actress with the physical make-up of a vamp type.

They don't know what to do with her. Or rather, they know that they can do anything with her and she will come out with flying colors. In "Name the Man" she was an ingénue. A good one. While I hold no
The Troubles of an Actress

brief for that picture Mae was wonderful in it. Even in that lemon-yellow episode where she weeps on the lamb in the rainstorm.

In her original hit, "Foolish Wives," she was a heartless countess hussy, interpreting the role highly successfully with a blond wig and a lot of insolence.

In "The Woman Who Simmed" she ran the gamut. The picture might have been called "From Corned Beef to Caviar" in description of Miss Busch's histrionic range therein.

"Frivolous Sal" is a Western. I have no doubt but that she puts Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix to blush with her outdoor antics.

If you know your moving pictures as you ought to such variety as this can mean but one thing. The girl is an actress. Not a star. (For the benefit of those who don't know—an actress is a player who submerges her own personality in a variety of character. A star is a personality who emphasizes her own individuality in a repetition of character.) In company with that other little trooper of the screen, Bessie Love—it's a case of "Let Mae do it." And Mae, in doing it, gets lots of credit from the company but not so much glory from the world. Nothing so thoroughly illustrates what I mean as a little incident Mae told me that day as we sat below the bearded lady and the sword swallowers.

Mae was wearing, in character with the part, a straw hat completely surrounded by daisies. Also a gingham dress. She looked interesting. She looked charming—as charming as a "Follies" girl in one of those butt-termilk interludes from an extravaganza. She looked like anything except the sort of girl who would wear daisies on a hat. But when Mae flashes on the screen as one of the unholy three she'll even make you believe the daisies until she wants you to believe differently.

But about that incident Mae told me about that I was going to tell you about.

It was like this: A certain picture was going to be produced wherein was a comedy part coveted by Mae. She thought it was her sort of thing. It was.

With ambition a forethought she went to see the Power in Control and suggested herself for the role.

"Why, Mae," said the Power, scratching his head, "why, Mae, we sorta had Miss — in mind for that. You see, it isn't an acting part. The situations play themselves. We don't need an actress for it—no characterization—no big scenes—nothing we always count you in for—no interpretation—"

"Oh," said Mae sweetly, "so you think Miss— is dumb?"

But you see, that's the way it goes. That is one of Continued on page 106

In Philosophic Mood

Mary Alden, intellectual, tells how she learned to direct her life and career through intelligent thinking.

By Caroline Bell

MARY ALDEN is a mental acrobat.

Though she is a young and personable woman despite the fact that she specializes in middle-aged characters, you do not think of youth in connection with her, nor of physical charms, for she seems ageless. The consciousness of her presence that she leaves with you is mind, all mind.

She may have looked pretty or tired, she may have worn a chic frock or an old sport thing, for all you remember of her appearance; the little feminine tricks and coquetries she brushes aside, scorning them as cheap and common, and brings forth from her mental storage an iridescence and latitude of thought that makes an afternoon seem but an hour.

Athirst for knowledge, she has waded—in that restless, vigorous way in which she threshes into things—into philosophy, many religions, art, science, music. It is unbelievable that one mind so young in years could have such a clear and definite vision.

"Intelligence... There you have the world and all that is real and enduring in it" is her main deduction, in itself directly complete. It is the guiding influence of her life. "Spiritual intelligence, of course, for there can be no other. It is the motivating force back of everything."

Then she delves into history, into astronomical conclusions and geographical discoveries, to prove to you that every manifestation of impulse or instinct or life force that is a fundamental influence upon the human being is a reflection of one sole purpose: intelligence. In her search for the realities of being, in her ruthless need of self-understanding, she has come to the conclusion that the only really essential quality to happiness is a realization of oneness with the infinite intelligence which has made our forces of existence and which gives to us our good—all that endures.

"Our little world is to the solar system just what this grain of salt is to this egg—scarcely a pin point," she says. "The thing that amazed me at first was how this big system of orbits could continue its individual revolutions and movements without clashing and destroying each other; and I saw that back of it all must be a complete and inviolable order.

"That was the first definite realization that I reached for myself, when I began to do my own thinking, as a very young girl—for my father traveled a great deal and I was thrown much on my own resources. From that kernel grew the measuring stick of judgment which has never failed me; what motivating force made a certain thing hap-
"I study governments, various civilizations, individuals who have given to world progress, even situations here in motion pictures that graze my own life more intimately. If something failed or succeeded, I try to understand why. And I have found in every instance that any success—either of an individual or of a mass movement—expressed spiritual intelligence. The greatest artists and musicians, Shakespeare to a degree—though he was but an adapter or copyist of basic principles that others had evolved—and particularly Lincoln, who has always been more than a human ideal to me—all expressed the genius which is a manifestation of that intelligence.

"I don't care for the writers, supposedly profound thinkers, who deal with the mistakes of mankind. I want those who go still deeper and delineate the motivation of those mistakes. If I could have my choice of people to meet in the corridor of time, first of all I should choose Lincoln, because his simple and direct ideal was the liberation of a race; Lamb, rather than Shakespeare or Milton, because he went back to those basic principles of being, Conrad and, to a lesser degree, Flaubert, because they felt and did big, vital, truly real things."

Again, that vigorous streak in Mary, which needs the tang of the crisp, cool air, the physical expression of energy, constant mental activity.

She is considered unique in Hollywood. She does not fit in permanently anywhere, and yet she is not disliked in spite of her assertive personality. When the mood is upon her, she goes among people, converses brilliantly, gives charming salons to which come writers and artists and musicians. She plays the piano with considerable skill. But when those melancholy streaks get her, she goes off somewhere alone, and thinks.

One reason that she is not more often seen on the screen is that money means little to her.

"I loathe it!" I have heard her say many times. "And yet everything I touch turns to money. I have never been without a dollar in my life, possibly because of that very indifference. Investments I make—simply because I can't let the stuff lie around and have to put it somewhere—invariably turn out well. But I will not do a character that does not appeal to me as genuine, as having reality and depth and power.

"I work because I have responsibilities." She is educating nine children and has practically assumed the support of several poor families. "I hate influences and people who tend to hodge me in, though, and even those dearest and closest to us do at times, through sheer affection, wall shutting in around us! Perhaps it is best for me, for in so doing I develop we cannot give to others until we have something in ourselves to give, and at every new demand we find to our surprise an inexhaustible supply.

"But if it weren't for these dependencies upon me, I think I would be a sort of tramp, going where my mood of the moment should dictate, living among any kind of people with whom I could converse and who could give me the vital stimulation that I need."

Perhaps another reason that her name is not in every other cast lies in her rebellion against petty traditions and limitations.

"For the first time in my career I have felt willing to be obedient to a director—when playing Aunt Augusta, a dominant, old in years but spiritually young character, in 'Siege.' For Svend Gade, I would stand on my head, if he gave the order, because he has the one thing that so few directors have: consciousness of mood and its value. He doesn't give a whoop what you do, or how you act a scene, just so you feel and reflect its mood, and that is the basic fundamental of all art—the imagination to see and project a mood. Von Stroheim has it. I doubt if he ever reads Swift, but he is a Gulliver.

"We all permit ourselves to be too much controlled and influenced by the suggestion that lies back of material things. Three years ago I realized that and

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Peacock Alley— and Fame

How players come and go across the famous walk at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

By William H. McKegg

A CHANCE— give me a chance!"—The pleading cry rings over the hills of Hollywood, spreading from east to west.

Peacock Alley on the Lasky lot echoes with it. Chances have been given to beginners. And results, good or bad, have flashed over the narrow confines that lie between the executive offices and the stages.

What happens after the first chance?

One day a young girl ran gayly across Peacock Alley. She was to have a scene in Pola’s “Men.” Eighteen years old, wise in the ways of pictures, the girl vowed to make good. Here was her one great chance. She was only an extra; never before had she been offered a bit.

Buchowetzki was the director. Under his guidance the girl did excellent work. Spontaneity and humor ran through the entire scene. Now she was one rung ahead of the extra ranks.

But does the first great chance assure a duration of success?

Not long after, this same girl had a bigger chance in “Tiger Love”—but she failed dismally. Her actions were wooden and stilted throughout the entire part.

I met her again the other day. She works for eighteen dollars a week in a Hollywood laundry.

About the same time as this young girl dropped out, Betty Bronson rose to fame in “Peter Pan.” What would have happened to her if she had been turned down at the last moment—if Barrie had chosen another? After all, will she remain long as a star of Peacock Alley?

Mary Brian merrily skips across the well-worn walk, for she is to play leads—but for how long?

Oscar, the dusky shoe-shiner in Peacock Alley, has polished the footwear of Lila Lee, Dorothy Dalton, Mary Miles Minter, Wanda Hawley, Agnes Ayres, and of rotund Walter Hiers, when they were stars. All but two find their lights dimmed. Lila Lee is content with secondary roles and Hiers has returned to his two-reel comedies.

Bebe Daniels not so very long ago flashed up and down over Peacock Alley as a star, then went back to featured parts. She is starring again. Her first starring vehicles have not been great. Will she win or lose?

Richard Dix is now also a star. His first offerings, like Bebe’s, have nothing of very great importance to show.

Rod La Rocque starred in “Code of the Sea,” then fell back to supporting parts. Now he is to be starred again. Vera Reynolds was, and still is, regarded with anticipation. Estelle Taylor chose to become Mrs. Jack Dempsey just when she was showing promise.

The futures of Adolphe Menjou and Ricardo Cortez point to stardom, while Raymond Griffith has just been made a star. These three have stolen the honors of nearly every picture they have played in. Cortez was suggested as a star for “The Spaniard.” Perhaps it is best for him to share the featured honors with Jetta Goudal. However, he is scheduled to play opposite Pola, which, to my thinking, is worth more than stardom to any screen lover.

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They Gave Tom a Dog!

Everyone in Europe seemed to have a present for our Western hero and you should see what he brought home!

By A. L. Wooldridge

When Tom Mix toured Europe the fore part of the summer he was enthusiastically received in capitals of the Old World. He was wined and dined, presented with enough keys to cities to outfit a first-class burglar, and fed everything from lentil to Grecian garlic. Huge throngs paid tribute to him and to Tony, his wonder horse, and his arrival everywhere created a sensation.

Mrs. Mix and Thomasina, the diminutive daughter, were showered with presents. And, of course, Tom had to be given a share, too.

When the hero of a thousand and one Western thrillers arrived in England and rode Tony down the gangplank headed toward Buckingham Palace, urchins jammed the streets. The advent of William the Conqueror could not have been more magnificent. It was a knock-out. And he had to be given something to show the appreciation of the exhibitors in England.

So, they gave him a dog!

In Edinburgh, the Scotch lassies and men from the heather lined the boulevards to look in admiration upon the assassin of bandits and protector of gold-laden stage coaches. They cheered and shouted in Scotch and pressed forward to touch Tony while Tom waved his twenty-gallon hat. They just had to give him a present of some sort. The exhibitors of the William Fox pictures got together in counsel. They knew Tom had a horse and a couple of saddles, in good standing.

So, they gave him a dog!

Into Paris with the surging throngs! A ride down the Champs Elysées, a parade across the Seine, a trip over the route where once strode lines of American doughboys. While no bands were there to play “The Stars and Stripes Forever,” or “It Ain’t Goin’ to Rain No More,” there were, nevertheless, thousands and thousands of Parisian folk saying things Tom could not understand, but which he knew were laudatory. Which was music enough for any hero. One of Tom’s most ardent ad-

Miners felt that he had to give him a present of some sort. His friends approved the idea. He knew Tom had a horse and a couple of saddles.

But he wanted to be remembered when Tom got back to America and to the great open spaces.

So, he gave him a dog!

Into Berlin with its massive statues, its sturdy masonry, its Boisam and jetsam of war, its paper money and glorious beer! A triumphal march down Unter den Linden, a parade pas the palace of the former kaiser, a bow to the Reichstag, then receptions, personal appearances, dinners, and entertainment. The populace went wild. The German exhibitors exulted over the success of the visit. They wished him to know that they loved him. They just had to give him a present of some sort. They knew he had a horse and a couple of saddles.

So, they gave him a dog!

Into Brussels, past which swept the Teutonic hordes when the great struggle began a decade ago! Into the land of lace mills, intensive farms, economy and cheese—the home of the world’s most democratic king and queen. Down the beautifully shaded driveways pranced Tony, thrilled by the cheers of the crowds which greeted his rider. Belgium had been the first to start paying her war debt. She was bound to America by ties of blood and love which probably never will be severed. No welcome to a general with forty-nine decorations could be more enthusiastic than the welcome accorded Tom and Tony. The picture exhibitors thrilled at the spectacle. Their Tom and their Tony were on Belgian soil! They just had to give him a present of some sort. They knew he had a horse and a couple of saddles.

So, they gave him a dog!

“Daddy” Mix was beginning to get too many things for himself to the exclusion of other members of the family. There was little Thomasina, for instance, who was too young to tell of her desires. She had to be carried around and while her pretty little face attracted worlds and worlds of attention, she wasn’t much more than the concert after the big show, as compared to her paternal ancestor. A woman in England who noticed the plight of the child, decided she just had to give her

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actress. I used to talk about wanting to act, remember? You thought it just a pose?” Her lips twisted, but, to match her candor, I had to nod affirmation. “It wasn’t. I really did think I could do something besides show off clothes. But let that go. What you thought of the old Gloria doesn’t matter, because she isn’t coming back.

“In Paris, Henry came, and changed everything. His love was no selfish desire. He adored me. He was tender and thoughtful and kind. He asked me to marry him, Gloria the woman, not Gloria the actress.”

“I thought a long, long time,” she continued, slowly, “I looked into my own heart and knew that I really cared. I had been miserable, buffing that the humdrum hokum was not for me. I admired those women who took an independent stand. I had thought that I could, too. I don’t know what was in their hearts, but I know what was in mine: unrest, bitterness.

“But it had to be the last one. Separation is better than an intolerable marriage. But two divorces are enough for an actress, for a woman. I wanted to give this boy children.”

The maternal quality of her love, which is the base-root of any woman’s genuine affection, is expressed in the way she refers to Henry, though he is certainly no callow youth. “I had my own Gloria, whom I have always tried to shield from any touch of unpleasant publicity, and the adopted boy, Joe, to think of. Finally I knew that our feeling for each other was the lasting kind.”

She feared the influence of her third marriage, and to a foreigner, upon her career.

“The higher up you go, the less you can afford to make a mistake. And I value very highly everything that my success means. I’ve worked too hard for it to chance throwing it away, unless the thing I got in return for it would be well worth the possible sacrifice.

“But everything has turned out so nicely,” she sighed with relief. “I knew that Henry would make friends, he is so genuine. I want to turn out a few more good pictures, to be sure that my place with the public is firm, and then, another baby of my own, and a couple more adopted.”

She has ideas as to child rearing that would probably interest mothers, but they are too detailed to be set forth here; she will talk for hours, if you will listen, about how she disciplines Baby Gloria and Joe, her efforts to enforce obedience in matters which may affect their characters while giving freedom to their instinctive impulses in likes and dislikes. Her contention is that parents are too prone to live their own lives over again in their children’s, and she expects to get her greatest joy out of these, their sweetest, childhood years.

“Sonny Jim,” the children’s pet name for the marquis, is more than fond of them; I believe that his way with the children had much to do with winning her love.

Both her marriage and the brightness that the two babies have brought her have been instrumental in unleashing the spontaneity which was so long bottled up in her and which now is her most noticeable characteristic. At times she used to show a glimmer of impish mischief, when surrounded by her intimate friends; but now she is this way all the time.

It occurred to me to wonder what influence this new current of natural humor in her life may bring to bear upon her work. I remembered, too, that “Manhandled,” in the opinion of many, was her best achievement, and its vein was one of lightness.

“We are playing ‘The Coast of Folly’ in a very light spirit,” she replied, partially agreeing with my suggestion that her forte was not the heaviness of the dramatic scenes of “Madame Sans Gene.” “The story concerns the adventures of a wealthy young girl whose spontaneous joy gets her into embarrassing predicaments. Life is a toy, people just jolly playfellows. Her keynote is one of banter. Even the big dramatic moments which must be in every movie are handled with that light touch.”

At the moment Gloria holds the scepter, is niched upon the pedestal. How long will she stick on that elevated point? Thrones are insecure, dependent upon fractional breezes.

Pessimistic prophecies are impossible, when you remember her qualities of character and her ambition; Gloria is of that stock that gets what it wants and holds onto it. Only a terrible wallop, or a series of forceful blows, could disenthrone her.

Her position, however, is precarious. “Madame Sans Gene” was a disappointment partly because it was over trumpeted. Also, because too much ballyhooing was done in one breath. Since she broke the bonds of clothes-horse model, there had been no point of particular news interest in her publicity; of a sudden, she was in the headlines. Her illness in France, following on the heels of her romantic marriage, fanned a new personal interest for her.

Upon her return to America, she was greeted with an ovation that was partly manufactured by insistent publicity—a virtual campaign was set in motion to come to a head with her arrival and the premiere of “Sans Gene”—and was partly a frenzied wave of emotion such as her fans had never before shown her. The premiere was a big splurge; but there was a spontaneous key to it, that cheering that amounts to hysteria.

No, a vibrant, contagious emotion of that sort cannot be stirred up altogether by blurbs in the newspapers. Hollywood was glad to welcome home a personality whom she had developed out of struggle and heartache and disappointments. New York saw in her a big news-event, and her fans over the country realized of a sudden that they loved her.

After all such emotional waves there is a reaction. Gloria’s is beginning to be made manifest, now that the excitement has died down. The general consensus is that her arrival called forth too much shouting, that her publicity was so engineered that it came to a focus and reached the ultimate point all at once.

Her contract with Paramount expires, I understand, in December. For its renewal big sums have been mentioned, and other concerns dangle offers approaching the twenty-thousand-dollars-weekly mark.

“It depends on the way things break in the next few months,” she shrugs. “Money isn’t everything. The Lasky lot is home to me. But there are matters to be considered.

“I go through dark times, when I feel desperate, as if walls were closing in around me, and the things I’ve wanted escape me. Then the sun shines through, and everything is lovely. I am not worrying now, beyond trying to make the immediate picture a good one.”

Gloria’s future rests upon her next two or three pictures. She must top all this splurge, must deliver something worthy of it. One or two even mediocre films which would pass as another’s offering would put a crimp in her position as reigning favorite.

I admit that, knowing Gloria, I am predisposed to bank upon her. But also am I a little fearful. I have always halfway liked her. I find the new Gloria infinitely more lovable. If she slips ever so little, it is going to hurt me very much.
A Letter from Location

Marie Prevost and Louise Fazenda write of a train wreck that wasn’t in the scenario, and of their experiences while making water scenes for “Bobbed Hair.”

To Myrtle Gebhart

San Diego, California.

My dear Myrtle:

Many thanks for your kind telegram concerning our welfare after the train accident. Fortunately Kenneth and I motored down the day previous and were already in San Diego, but we were terribly upset over the news that several of our people were in the wreck.

Some one at the hotel called to notify us of the accident about one a.m., but couldn’t give us any details or names of the people hurt. Naturally the first thing that flashed through my mind was that every one was killed or maimed. You know how it is being awakened at night and notified of a thing like that.

Further sleep was out of the question, so we dressed and went down to the lobby to wait for further news. With each hour my imagination was magnifying the disaster. (And a director told me once I had no imagination! If he could have heard the wild fears I was pouring into Kenneth’s patient ear he would have made me his “scenario” writer on the spot.) Anyway, about six we learned of the engineer’s death and how our prop boy, Bobbie Webb, had found him under the wreckage and pulled him out, but no news of Louise Fazenda and the rest of the company until after seven, when word came over the wire that they had been spared.

Louise wants to write a few words about the wreck, so I’ll hand over the pen.

Myrtle, dear—I was so happy on leaving the depot to see that our magazine was out with the long-looked-for story which I was so anxious to see. In my enthusiasm I bought three copies. Two hours later they were make-shift torches so our boys could see to lift the

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Laziness Made Him What He Is To-day

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been telling and the act seemed to go all right."

He paused to tell me that he had told all this before. Wary of putting forth any waste effort on his own part, he wanted to save me the trouble of writing anything or even listening under the delusion that his greatness had been unsung before.

"Working in pictures is much harder than anything else I have done," he said with weary regret. "Eight hours at the studio every day. But I could usually find a couch somewhere when I wasn't actually working. I haven't even seen many pictures—nor many shows either. I think it is a bad idea. Unconsciously, you might imitate performers instead of real people. Out there on the screen among people is the place to get ideas."

"Mr. Griffith is a wonderful man to work with. He lets you go through a scene in your own way and then when you come to do it before the camera he sits there encouraging you—just like a responsive audience—and it isn't hard to do your best."

Apparently Mr. Griffith has long had him in mind, for when Mary Hay was working in "Way Down East" years ago she asked him how she could learn screen technique and he told her to go back to her own show at the New Amsterdam Roof and watch Bill Fields. "His timing is perfect," he told her, "just watch his expression. There is nothing forced about him."

If ever a comedian seemed made for the movies that man is W. C. Fields, for he doesn't need his juggling or any elaborate act to make him funny. He is just naturally funny. Himself the most reasonable of men, he provokes the wildest, most unreasonable laughter. He has no funny make-up or any studied peculiarity of gait. He just looks so confoundedly like the man next door or the corner druggist that the minor matters that harass him strike a responsive chord in every one.

Where other comedians play an under dog or a blunderer or a poseur, he represents merely the common people. He looks as though he didn't know he was funny.

In one of his most hilarious scenes in the "Follies" this year, he does nothing but try to go to sleep on a bench in a Vaughn, neighbors, babies, alarm clocks—all contrive to keep him awake. His irritation grows, but what can he do about it? The greatest comedy is basically tragedy, the tragedy of frustration, and it doesn't take a great personality to extract humor out of being the victim of one catastrophe after another. Fields needs only the minor irritations of everyday life for his material.

Another of his best acts in the "Follies" is a scene where he plays a druggist in whose store customers come only to buy stamps, to use the telephone and to get their bills changed. His growing bewilderment and annoyance evoke laughter that is tinged with pity.

But it is only W. C. Fields, the performer, who is funny. The man himself is a very model of success. He packs them in at the "Follies," he lives at the Astor only three blocks away, and the motion-picture producers are standing in line to bid for his services. Immoveable friends drop in to while away the half-hour waits in his dressing room and bring him news of the busy world.

And over his dressing-room mirror hangs, like a motto card, an advertisement for automobile tires on which he bestows a kindly glance now and then. It reads "Time to Retire."

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 57
and the rival office manager. Baxter has a fight with his rival and flings him into the ocean. It fades very cleverly back to the bowl of milk and crackers. Try it some time.

"Private Affairs" is the story of a country village, but not I suspect one that you could locate easily now. You might find one as rustic if you traveled far enough, but radios, moving pictures, and jazz have traveled, too.

The daily train and the mail that arrives on it are the center of vital importance. There is a town drunkard and a malicious gossip. A batch of letters are lost, and are recovered after the death of the postmaster, five years later.

When the letters are opened, they vitally change the lives of all the villagers. There is nothing to get perturbed about. Gladys Hulette is in the cast.

"The Woman Hater" is that one about the business man who tries to break off a growing attachment between a young millionaire and a notorious actress, only to find himself slipping.

The story is old but there are several new quirks to it and it really makes excellent entertainment. Helene Chadwick, Clive Brook, and Johnny Harron make the characteristic triangle better than usual.

One of the poorest pictures I saw was the film version of "The Boomerang." It has been quite a few years since I saw the play by Winschell Smith and Victor Mapes, but I remember that Arthur Byron, Wallace Eddinger, and Martha Hedman made me laugh often and well. Bert Lytell, Donald Keith, and Anita Stewart left me wondering what it was all about.

A young doctor, earnestly wanting to practice medicine, finds that honesty doesn't seem to pay, so he starts a sanitarium where he claims to cure diseases of the heart. He reunites married couples who have drifted apart and brings young ones together with the same medicine—jealousy. "The Boomerang," of course, means that his methods come back and hits him.

What was an amusing play has been made into a cheap slapstick farce. There are a great many fat people running about reducing, and Bert Lytell again lays a heavy jocular hand all over things.

Anita Stewart is prettily slender, and Donald Keith isn't bad looking, but there was so much hokum that it confused me.

"Kivalina of the Ice Lands" started out to be another "Nanook of the North" but it didn't end that way. It is interesting and educational, but it lacks the vitality of "Nanook." Earl Roseman, big-game hunter and explorer, spent two years with the Eskimos in the Far North of this continent getting the material for the picture.

The story has drama and it is told with a heartening simplicity. At the same time, an arctic romance seems to be a pretty dilly affair. The program spoke of the "pretty little arctic romance with untrained Eskimos," which I thought a touching way to put it. After all an untrained Eskimo is pretty raw material.

The scenery is gorgeous and there is a lot of it. There are reindeer round-ups and walrus hunts, and at the end a colored picture of the aurora borealis, the first time it has been photographed. By all means a picture for the children to see.

"Grounds for Divorce," an adaptation of the Ernest Vajda play, has lost most of its flavor on the screen. In spite of a good cast, it is a dull picture. Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are a little lost in it.

"The Awful Truth" has also left its pep on the stage where it was first born. Some of the picture manages to live for a while but after a few gasps, it dies altogether. Agnes Ayres and Warner Baxter are in the cast.
A Fortunate Chap

The charming and well-bred Anthony Jowitt is one of those rare persons to whom all things, even screen success, have come easily and with little effort.

By Myrtle Gebhart

PERMIT me to present fortunate Anthony Jowitt. Inasmuch as he is playing Gloria Swanson's hero in "The Coast of Folly," and holds a Paramount contract, you are likely to see more and more of Tony. There are too few leading men between the juveniles and the time-proven stars like Tommy Meighan. Therefore, Tony is doubly welcome, aside from his charming personality, which will surely win him a large circle of the old, musty London that he loves so well — the rambling conversation that drifts idly and adds much charm, upon occasion, to a large dinner party.

"Can't be an actor," I wondered, liking the strength in his tanned face pleasantly saved from severity by a boyish mouth, and a certain hesitancy. "He hasn't mentioned the theater or pictures or his own career. 'H'm! might be a writer, the way he speaks about browsing around those old inns where Johnson and Swift used to hold forth.'"

As proof of the power of his personality to hold the attention of a girl who likes to think herself unsusceptible to male charm and who certainly is far from being intrigued by the average actor, let me remark that I don't know to this day who sat on my right at that dinner. Next day I found that he was the new leading man.

"'Tis tremendously interesting and fascinating, what the camera can or cannot do, and how effects are achieved. But my being here—' says Jowitt, to explain that?" When I pinched him down, later, to talk of himself, he puzzled over the fortune which so quickly brought him to a point toward which other young men devote years of effort. "I've been getting a great kick out of it—" I have no grand scope, and I think surely any exertion on my part. It's deucedly unfair to the others, ambitions that never get a chance, talents much more worthy than any I shall ever develop. How d'you figure it out?"

You don't figure anything when you are with Tony Jowitt. You talk of people and books and you listen to him tell anecdotes of hunting in Scotland and you discuss likes and dislikes in a lazy, amiable fashion. You admire his easy, unhurried way, the manner whereby, without ostentation, he stands out from the drove of young men all around. You tell him for Heaven's sake to put out that pipe or people will think you're out with your brother, though secretly you rather like the comfortable suggestion of friendliness that the pipe implies.

"I've never done anything, really, and I probably shan't ever," he says. "But I'm having a great life.

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looking the spite had a the And George speeding He was darn the whip sister, from first rather handker- his This few sleep. high the
These isising tric. trics it of done shots, and Arthur's work was cloistered and in their vanities of riches. lights were on. Was, onyx. Mitchell, patient and ammunition of those in the mountains, and those children of a dread far distant had been worked steady— in the day for William Wellman and at night for Mr. Bell—with a negligible amount of sleep intervening. His brown eyes in his round, ruddy-cheeked face were wide open, like a baby's just before it goes to sleep.

"Hymn to the Sun." This alternated with Miss Davies' four-piece orchestra playing soft, haunting ballads.

With Mr. Bell behind the camera was our most distinguished visitor, a dapper little gentleman with beautiful, very gray, hair—Charles Chaplin. He was enjoying the quaint scene immensely and strolled through the crowd with Mr. Bell, examining with interest the strange, old-fashioned details of set and costumes. Marion Davies' thirteen-year-old nephew was with him and the two of them spent much time practicing tricks with a whip and an undertaker.

As the first tinge of grayish-green crept over the little one-story corner of Forty-seventh and Broadway, we were dismissed. The sky was rose and gold when we filed out the gates, past Miss Davies' car, with her sweet, sleepy face smiling good-night, or good-morning, to us. And when we reached Hollywood it was with the birds and milkmen—and the first scratching symptoms of Klieg eye.

The movies come and movies go! With structures of enormous size
In rich habiliments arrayed,
The movies come and movies go! One setting with another vies,
On pompoms and pageants that amaze,
On vanities in every phase, That vast expenditure imparts,
The sated audiences gaze, Some simple story wins our hearts.
While movies come and movies go!

Super Productions
By Harold Seton.
Dynamiting the Mandalay

How a 4,000-ton steamship was blown up to provide a thrill for Doris Kenyon's next picture.

By Charles Phelps Cushing

REMEMBER that summer evening long ago when, hidden by a vicious-looking red glare on the far eastern horizon, you scrambled up over a hilltop to see a "big fire" and found it was only the full moon rising? There's a treat in store for you to compensate for that bitter disappointment. The climax of a new film called "The Halfway Girl" is a big conflagration at sea and three great shattering explosions of dynamite and gunpowder, destroying a 4,000-ton modern steamship. It's a spectacle worth chasing over half a dozen hills to behold. And, best of all, you'll see it on the screen in its natural colors, as realistic and thrilling a "marine disaster" as ever was filmed.

When Broadway's picture critics first heard that Earl J. Hudson, Eastern production manager for First National, was working on a script which called for the complete destruction of a big ship, following a mutiny aboard her, most of them felt certain that the action of the wrecking scene would be faked with miniatures. Mr. Hudson's success with the remarkable miniatures of "The Lost World" was so fresh in their minds that such an assumption was natural.

So they were a bit surprised, when a dozen of them received invitations to board a Pittsburgh millionaire's yacht in the East River and steam out seventy miles to sea to attend a "dynamiting party" at which one of the wartime wooden vessels built by the U. S. Shipping Board in 1918 would be dramatically sent to the locker of Davy Jones.

Four ocean-going tugs, they heard, already were on their way past Sandy Hook, towing the Corvallis to a lonely spot on the high seas described in the scenario as "the Indian Ocean, two hundred miles from Singapore." Aboard the doomed Corvallis, rechristened the Mandalay, a wrecking crew was at work that night planting in her hold, fore and aft, and in her weather-beaten superstructure, eight tons of dynamite, two tons of black powder (for smoke) and placing sixty mattresses beneath her decks, to be soaked next morning with a thousand gallons of gasoline. Ticklish work was all this, too, for that night a violent electrical storm burst and lightning was cracking around her for several hours. If one of those bolts had struck the ship, there would have been a "marine disaster" never to be forgotten in maritime annals.

Edward P. Morse, Jr., vice president of the dry-docking corporation which won the contract for staging this $120,000 motion-picture spectacle, appears to have earned every nickel of whatever profit his concern made on the job.

"The sea was rough, and our cargo was loose," he related, "Iron casks of gunpowder would go crashing from bulkhead to bulkhead with the lurching of the ship. Electric fuse wires constantly tripped you up. Sticks of dynamite rolled about the deck. I was in the galley arranging fuse wires when Eric Erickson, our electrician, started down the steps toward me with twelve sticks of..."

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I found her at Universal, where she is playing in "My Old Dutch." "I was heartbroken that I did not get Peter Pan," she said. "I had wanted to do it for ever so long. But Betty Bronson played Peter with more natural grace and charm than I could have given to the role. It was her one big chance, and there are others for me. I am very happy in doing 'My Old Dutch' and after it is completed I am to play a hard-boiled little hotel maid for an independent concern.

"No, it isn't a big company, and it probably won't have any long run in a metropolitan theater." May shrugged at my reminder that going over to the smaller independents is usually an actress' last gasp. "But the story interests me. I want to play it."

You have not a definite, known quantity to write of, when you try to express May in words. The stock phrases that engrave the clearly etched personalities are of little use. I get from May the thing that Donn Byrne gives me, a flicker of a smile imbedded in a hurt and merry moment over which the tears seem hanging, why I don't know, but beading it with a vague sadness, an echo of sweet wistfulness.

Does that explain? I am afraid not. It is so indefinite, this feeling. When I read a passage of "Raftery" or of that exquisitely pathetic "O'Malley," I am in a strange mood for the rest of the day, of a haunting pathos shot through with vagrant sunlight.

She is not beautiful in her face, as we measure physical loveliness in Hollywood, but in the heart of her there is a simple and sweet and natural beauty. The camera caught a time of two imperishly, in shy, whimsical "Sentimental Tommy," and then she will release that enchanted cottage. Didn't that soul starved for beauty under its ugly outer garment catch at your heart, leave an impression that neither time nor a procession of films can wipe out? But it is a chameleon charm, too elusive for this day-in-and-day-out existence, for a work that must keep its wheels rolling on evenly laid rails of a tested strength.

RestRAINT has set its stamp upon her, and she is in an art too commercialized, that has too little time for seeking out vague thoughts and feelings and humanities. Occasionally, she will likely find herself in key with her environment, when some one has the courage to give us in pictorial poetry the things that lie in the heart,
Bringing Back a Tear-wringer

The Fox company again resurrects that popular old melodrama, "East Lynne," in a new screen version.

One of the most beloved old-time favorites of those audiences who loved to sob with the heroine and hiss at the villain was "East Lynne." Ever since it was first produced years ago it has seemed perennial in its appeal, and one actress after another has had a glorious time in the weepy rôle of the persecuted heroine. It is still played in stock companies, and already has had about three screen productions. But the Fox company feel that the time is ripe for a really fine film version of it, so they have collected an excellent cast and have gone to work on the sturdy old plot. Alma Rubens plays the lovely but too-trusting Lady Isabel, and Belle Bennett, shown in the oval with Lou Tellegen, appears as the coquettish Afy Hallijohn. Frank Keenan, Lydia Knott, Marjorie Daw, and Leslie Fenton, shown in the picture at the top of the page, are also in it.
A Fortunate Chap

America means skyscrapers and movies. I had no particular interest in pictures.

Chancing to see Mr. Lasky at a theater, Tony introduced himself, presented his letter and an appointment was arranged. Fearing he would be at ease in a test, knowing nothing of camera make-up, he asked for and obtained small roles, at a nominal salary, that his photographic possibilities might be judged and he might have an opportunity free from the discomfort of a test to familiarize himself with the work.

Pola Negri saw him at a supper club one evening with Elsie Janis and a crowd from the New York theaters, suggested to Mr. Lasky that he might be worth signing up, and was told that already he was on contract. Gloria Swanson, impressed with his good looks and his charm of manner, upon a first meeting insisted that he play her leading man.

"I didn't know what it was all about, when I was ordered West. But I wanted to go America, and it's been great fun, working with Gloria. She and Henry—the marquis—and the whole troupe have such a sense of humor."

Everything strikes Anthony Jowitt that way—a lark. He admits that perhaps he has missed some impressionable experiences in not having had to struggle for success; but, after all, no man can choose his own path.

"Starvation—life in a garret—writing out the misery of a soul—all of that might have been better for me. If I had greatness in me, I suppose such experiences would be valuable, or if I had to face such music, I dare say I could. But, to be quite frank," his brown eyes, level and candid, met mine, "I'm jolly glad things break so easily for me. I pity those fellows who have tough going, though no doubt their misfortunes give them stamina and develop them."

With the breeding of the English country gentleman which is so natural that it is wholly instinctive, he displays no swank whatsoever.

"A lot of queer ones in this business. It's an ostentation one," he chuckles. "There are a good many persons of the sort you don't care to know. But," with a shrug, "you can never be too careful in any profession or industry. You make your own circle of friends, after a time."

Gloria points out that his very lack of trained technique, coupled with the earnest zeal with which he goes into his work, will take him ahead very quickly.

"Won't it be queer if, by some freak chance, I shall become liked over here and some day be made a star?" he muses, as he swings along and puffs away at his pipe. "I should be most awfully grateful, but it would seem odd, very odd."
Great actors alone do not produce great pictures. There must be behind the scenes the master mind directing the whole and harmonizing the parts.

And this is why Warner Bros. have contracted with ERNST LUBITSCH—the man recognized in America and Europe as the foremost producing genius in the world today.

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"If it's a WARNER Picture, it's a Classic"
POLLY IDEAL IDIOTIC IGNORANT IGNORAMUS.—So you're not so ignorant as your signature implies? Of course you're not; no one could be! And your ambition is to come down in a parachute. What are you up in? William S. Hart's middle name is Shakespeare; perhaps that's what inspired him to become an actor in the first place, though a couple of guns led him far afield from his original inspiration. Huntley Gordon doesn't give his age, but I should say that he is in his thirties. Colleen Moore's address is at the bottom of The Oracle. Betty Bronson is exactly like other girls; in fact, at a Peter Pan party given in her honor by Famous Players last Christmas, her mother made her go home at twelve o'clock. Just like other girls!

DECORUM'S DUMB DORA.—As to what I look like—you know Matt and Jeff in the comic strip? Well, I don't look like either of them. Yes, Tom Mix has a grown daughter named Ruth; she is going to make a series of Western pictures. Betty Bronson is seventeen and has brown hair and blue eyes. I don't know when her birthday is; are you knitting something for her? I have never noticed that Mary Brian had freckles; do you think I had better write and ask her?

TAM.—That sounds like something the district attorney wouldn't like—at least, not officially. I don't blame Minneapolis for chiming Richard Dix, but he says he was born in St. Paul, and I should think he ought to know. He divides his time more or less between New York and California, according to where he is sent to make a picture. At present he is way out in the wilds of the South, location for "The Vanishing American"—four hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railroad. His mail is taken care of by his sister at Laske's Hollywood studio. I don't know where Rubye de Remer can be reached. She has retired from the screen since her marriage to Ben Tippo.

MATT IKA.—No, indeed, you didn't ask too many questions. You'd be surprised how many questions I have to have to fill up all this space every month. Paty Ruth Miller plays in "Rose of the World." Yes, Pauline Garen appears as the flapper in that picture. Niles Welch has been making several pictures for Whitman Bennett; he recently finished "Scandal Street," with Madge Kennedy, and then went to work on "The Substitute Wife," with Jane Novak. "The Sporting Venus" and "His Supreme Moment" were two different pictures. Yes, Ben Lyon is a real Southern boy, born in Atlanta, and educated at Baltimore. He was on the stage for several years before playing in pictures; his biggest stage success was "Mary the Third," which was later made into a picture called "Wine of Youth." Betty Bronson is fifty; Ben Lyon is fifty; Betty Bronson is playing the same role on the screen as he did in the play. So you think I'm a 'nice' of answer man?' Well, kind words like that give me the pep for answering three more questions—only I see you don't ask three more.

DEEZY FROM NEBRASKA.—I didn't know there was anything in Nebraska to make one dizzy. Are you sure that is what you're dizzy from? Yes, Hoat Gibson was born in Nebraska—in Tekemah, to be exact. He is married to Helen Johnson; his address is at the bottom of The Oracle.

JESSIE JAMES.—As long as you hold me up only for answers, I don't mind. Besides, when I start on this job of answering questions, I need some one to hold me up. Juanita Hansen hasn't played in pictures in several years; she recently toured the country giving lectures. The leading lady in "The Last Card" was May Allison. No, I do not think Joe Ryan plays in movies any more.

A LLOYD HUGHES FAN.—You really mustn't blame me because my department doesn't mention Lloyd Hughes often enough; I merely answer the questions that I am asked to answer. If I picked my own, I wouldn't think up such hard ones! However, I will tell the editor you would like some pictures and a story about Lloyd Hughes; I am told he is very popular out in the Middle West. Raymond McCree is in his late twenties and is married to Marguerite Courtot. They were married about two years ago—the first venture for both of them—and have no children. Raymond is five feet eight inches. Douglas MacLean is five feet nine inches; he doesn't give his age. He has only been married once to Faith Cole until they have any children. Yes, Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay made a friendly separation agreement, but they do not contemplate getting a divorce.

BARTHELMESS FAN.—So you don't care for Rudy or "the other sheiks"? Well, probably Betty Bylhe agrees with you about the others, at least, since a couple of real sheiks abducted her. That, as you know, is no way to treat a lady! Dick Barton's next release is "Square Leave:" since then he has been making "The Beautiful City," with Dorothy Gil playing opposite him, and William Powell as the villain. Richard was born in New York City in 1895; his father died when he was three or four years old. He and his mother have been devoted chums all his life; he left Trinity College before his graduation in order to support her. Richard is a Brunette, five feet seven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. His hobbies are reading and swimming. Frank Keenan appears on the stage now and then, but seldom plays in pictures any more. He is quite wealthy, and there is really no need of his working.

BLUE EYES.—So you like to read my department? Well, there are even times—however many fans have read this—when Billie Dove's and Margaret Livingstone's addresses are at the bottom of The Oracle.

A RAMONITE.—That sounds like the name of a secret society, but I see that it means you're an admirer of Ramon Novarro. I will tell the editor you want an interview with him. Yes, I have met him several times; he is rather naive and boyish, and a bit serious. "Ben-Hur" will probably be released late next winter. It doesn't seem to be nearly completed; they have been engaged lately in building elaborate new sets, while Ramon and May McAvoy have been released for other pictures. Almost all bob-haired girls in America have their hair "shingled"—perhaps you don't use the term that way in England. It is merely a boyish type of bob, with the hair rather short in back. Lilian Gish doesn't give her age, but Dorothy was born in 1898 and Lilian is said to be two years older. The expression 'a 'yes' man' refers to a man who habitually agrees with what some one else says—particularly some one in authority over him—and never speaks his own mind.

PICTURE-PLAY FAN.—I do like to be obliging, but I can't publish answers in "the next issue," because by the time you read one issue the next is already being printed. Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn; her real name is Douras. She doesn't give her age.
The Lists Are Full!
Continued from page 85

they usually are required to provide their own costumes, the upkeep for their parts is exceedingly high. Their dress must always be up-to-date, their garments neatly fitted and neatly pressed.

One trouble the screen extras have had to face in recent years slowly is correcting itself and resulting in their getting additional work. For a time it was a fad among young, well-to-do matrons as well as with girls with permanent homes in Hollywood and Los Angeles, to apply for ballroom and tea party engagements at the studios. Appearing as "atmosphere" in pictures was a novelty or a diversion which gave them something to do and something to talk about as well as adding a few dollars to their purses.

Most of their names are now off the lists.

"When Mrs. A found that Mrs. B was giving a picnic or bridge Tuesday afternoon," the bureau manager said, "Mrs. A failed to show up at the studio that day. And, of course, when we found her undependable her name was dropped. Then, again, the novelty usually wore off after a two or three pictures and the young women lost their interest. So we found it best to give these parts to persons depending upon picture work for a livelihood. Ballroom atmosphere is supplied almost solely now from the ranks of professionals."

The extras who get the greatest delight in work for a day, are the fellows who are "broke" or hanging onto "the raw edge of nothing." Those who are looking for employment while they scan the menus of the cheap restaurants and soup houses to find where they can get the most for a dime.

The Screen Service bureau does not supply all the extra help to the studios. Many hundreds daily tramp from casting office to casting office wistfully looking for some beckoning sign from within. During the month of March, Doctor Louis Bloch, statistician of the California Labor Bureau, estimated there were fifty thousand persons in cinemaland looking for studio employment. Many of these, he declared, were victims of unscrupulous employment agencies which had undertaken to get them work. An investigation of their activities was begun.

"Don't come to Hollywood looking for extra work!" urges the Screen Service Bureau.

"Don't come to the studios looking for work!" urge the casting directors. The lists are full!
The Talk of Several Towns
Continued from page 74

but who had turned up now that she was famous, and soon afterward they were married.

That brings us to the Gilda Gray who we know personally, not best. That's the Gilda Gray who lives in an old colonial farmhouse down at Rockville Center, Long Island, who keeps a cow and chickens and does her own cooking, who superintends all the housework and does odd jobs of painting about the place.

Once not long ago, Gilda Gray consulted a tableful of guests when she earnestly interrupted her husband in the midst of an oratorical flight about art and artists to ask him to be sure to buy a new garbage can.

She is a good housewife and proud of it. One would think to hear her talk about her house and her live stock that they were her profession. After all, they are in a way, for dancing has ever remained a pleasure rather than a job to her.

I don't need to tell you that she has tremendous magnetism and a decidedly unusual personality. Mere talent cannot get any one far on Broadway; skill is common there. It is her childlike naiveté of manner that impresses you first. Then when she starts to dance she exerts something like hypnotism over her audience. There is something plaintive, haunting, about her that transports you to savage isles, makes you cherish with her the simple melodies she sings and resents the intrusion of anything civilized and standardized and prosaic.

But Gilda Gray the artist and Gilda Gray the charming girl are second in importance to Mrs. Gil Boag, the greatest showgirl an exploitation manager ever handled. Gilda Gray has been in the newspapers continuously since her first big success four years ago. If P. T. Barnum were alive he would bow to her and Gil Boag, his peer.

Wherever in this country there is a monument to Kosciusko, there Gilda Gray goes to lay a wreath. It is partly honest sentiment; partly showmanship. When a story appeared in the newspapers to the effect that slum children in New York had visited the zoo and were disappointed not to see a cow—they had never seen one—she brought a cow in from her farm and drove it up Fifth Avenue to Central Park where the poor children, to say nothing of the photographers, were gathered to greet her.

A few weeks ago she went out to the Cleveland ball club to present a mascot to Tris Speaker. She was asked to pitch the first ball. Did she smile coyly and self-consciously at the crowd and toss the ball gracefully? She did not. She swaggered out to the pitcher's box, rubbed her hands in the dirt, sat on the ball, rubbed it on her sweater, wound herself up in a spiral and threw the ball like a veteran. That crowd, like many others, will never forget her.

The incident is typical. She always gives a crowd a little more than they expect.

It is told that a Haitian of the royal line of princesses came to New York and her first request was to see Gilda Gray dance. When asked if the dance which Miss Gray had improvised were authentic, she replied she had never seen anything like it, but she was sure she ought to be like that.

Gilda Gray talks very little but she chuckles and coos delightedly over her good fortune. You tell them about that, dearest," she is always saying to her husband. "I'll get the facts all mixed.

But if her mind is unwilling to retain facts, it is quick on humor. For when her husband explained that she had been requested to appear at the King of England's garden party in July, but that an eight-thousand-dollar-a-week engagement in a Cleveland theater interfered, she just nodded and remarked, "Oh, yes. We took the cash and let the royalty go."

She was not as much impressed by that invitation to the king's party as she was by the chance of going out to the studio and lunching with Mary Pickford while she was in California recently. The gowns that world-famous designers have made especially for her have not the place in her heart that the little grass skirts sent to her by South Sea nates have. That childlike intensity and enthusiasm is, perhaps, what makes us love her. And because the motion-picture camera digs deep into the consciousness of its subjects as well as glorifying such unusual beauty as Gilda's, I am sure that she is going to endure herself in pictures to the public which has not already the good fortune of knowing her.

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You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "easy out" Golden Glink Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 9¢ direct to J. W. Kent Co., 670 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

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began to cut out nonessentials from my life. I don't want the responsibility that is going to curb my freedom too completely. I see beautiful antique furniture in a shop. I go again and again to admire it; I get aesthetic satisfaction, all it can give me of beauty. And I don't have it cluttered around me as if I bought it, and had to worry over seeing that it is given the proper care.

"And the same way with friends. People are little lights along our way. Those who can give me something I try to keep by answering it in kind, and the others I cut out of my life. We are here too short a while to waste time the way we all do on people and things who may be of value to others but not to us—I mean, we each have different needs which can be satisfied by different people and things. I look not beneath the superficialities of people—that's a human trait, to look backward and down, instead of forward and upward—but above their shallowness, and often I find a genuine fineness that surprises me.

"But about all I need and can get from people is occasional human sympathy. The rest is trivial, pleasing, amusing, stimulating but not really essential to the Me who is, I feel, a part of that one central intelligence. I don't need 'em.

"They call my life solitary, because I have few intimate friends, and spend so much time with my books and my music. If they only knew how contented, how at times joyously happy, I am! I am egotistical. I am self-sufficient, because I draw on myself, feeling that I am a part of the only thing that endures."

Mary Alden has power, in the definite, firm lines of her, the sure strength of her. In the steady light in her eyes. You feel that she is, in the deeper tests, a reliable person, and evenly balanced. Her conversation is curiously alive and human, as though her mind were a sentient point of contact with numerous problems and personalities.

She dominates, because she has both physical and mental vitality, both qualities tremendously alive to every nuance of the life that goes on around her. Because she is what she is, distinctly different from the usual mold, her screen characters are definitely real and interesting. She is the screen's supreme character actress.

Their Dual Personalities

Continued from page 86

Buster Keaton shields himself as effectively as any one could. The first outpost of the Keaton personality is silence. You feel that he is wary of outsiders. At heart a vaudeville trouper, nothing more nor less, he is suspicious of these people who discover satire in his De Mille bedroom, for instance, in "The Navigator," he is unaware of the Aristocratic quality in much of his comedy. Consequently, he receives callers with a stolidity that is matched only by his grim countenance before the camera.

Once he is aware of your innocence, relieved to find you not at all prying or interrogatory, he relaxes, expands, and talks of future plans and past flops in the racy argot of the trouper, unharassed by conventions or press agents.

Keaton is, on the surface, a droll, calculating comique who unload gag after gag from his well-filled sleeve apparently without any effort; personally, cagier than a bird in a gilded.

But once the mask is off, he is revealed as the conscientious workman worrying over to-day's tryout in Venice, and to-morrow's breakaway scaffold. He is the tragic pantaloons of fictional Beppo, so often encountered in fiction, but seldom seen in the flesh.

Jetta Goudal is an exotic in appearance, poise, and speech, but whether this merely serves to hide another Jetta I cannot say. In manner Dagmar Godowsky impresses you the same way, the first time you see her.

But under the Kiki accent and the sleek coiffure, Dagmar hides a normal enough personality. But she likes to dress the part, whether on the screen or in the Algonquin.

"I like people to talk about me," she told me, when I once criticized the Greenaway gown with her Circean head.

To arouse comment is, of course, the indirect aim of every actress. Their personalities are their stock in trade, and to present them strikingly to the public their constant problem.

Some solve it by being "themselves," other build up a fanciful, fictitious outer covering, to make themselves more interesting than, perhaps, naturalness would permit.

It is all part of the glamour of the stage, and it affords the sightseer more fun than a crossword puzzle to determine how genuine the surface personality may be.

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The Troubles of an Actress

Continued from page 88

the troubles of being an actress. To be one-typed and dumb is a lot easier. But is Mae bitter about it? Not at all. Her philosophy is neatly summed up in paragraph three of this treatise; the one beginning, “I watch them come and go—these girls like comets”—and ending, “Me and the babbling brook—forever.”

Then there is that other trouble. You’ve read, of course, how Thomas Meighan, Valentino, Gloria Swanson and others, realizing that motion-picture acting is a business as well as an art, read countless books and magazines in search of congenial parts and characterizations. So Mae, too, ran across a novel delineating a character admirably suited to the screen and to herself. The character was Susan Lennox and the book was about her rise and fall.

“I took the book up to the office and told them about it,” is the way Mae tells it and what do you think the answer to that one was? The publishers want one hundred thousand dollars for the film rights. Oh—"

Mae, with the daisies on her hat, turned to me abruptly.

“Say,” said she, “it sounds like I’m kicking. I’m not. Everybody is wonderful to me. When I spoke about criticism a while ago—I don’t mean that I expect all the critics to find me good in everything I do. It’s only—when criticism is unfair or stupid or malicious that I object to it. Take Edwin Schallert. He’s a friend of mine. He and Mrs. Schallert. But I wouldn’t want him to praise me just on that account, just as I don’t want these others to knock my work just because they don’t like me personally.

“And about not getting those parts. That’s all right, too. I understand how it is and I haven’t any kick at all about the treatment I get from M.-G.-M. They’re mighty good to me and I don’t want it to sound as though I don’t appreciate it. Because I do. I’m crazy about my part in this picture. I’m glad to work with an artist like Lon Chaney and I’ve always wanted to play under Tod Browning’s direction. Yeah, I’m treated all right. Why, look! Didn’t somebody give me a little Pekingese hound to cheer my Christmas? And do you think I’m going to kick because the little thing got sick right away? It’s just one of those things. Oh, well—"

Outside it was cold and dark and dreary. Picking my damp way disconsolately to the car line I got to thinking about it. Criticism, the parts you get, versus the parts you want. Competition, sick Christmas presents—all the troubles of an actress Mae told me about. Well, as I say, I got to thinking it over and, Mae, the troubles of an actress aren’t in the same class with the troubles of an interviewer on a rainy night.

A New Director Appears

Continued from page 23

Tearle in the role of Fanny von Berg. Rehefedt describes her well.

“She is a high-strung wire,” said the director. “Just a touch and she vibrates.”

Anna Q. came to America from her native Sweden when she was still a schoolgirl. Before she came she had heard her father—the superintendent of a beet-sugar factory—and her other relatives talk about the New World. There was just one theme running through their conversation—money. America was the land where great fortunes could be made easily. That was the sole reason for anybody going to America. That was America.

Anna came over for a visit with relatives. She was to get back in time to reenter school that fall.

“I was supposed to stay a month in New York,” she told me. “At the end of that time my relatives tried to send me home. I packed my little grip and skipped. And I was careful not to let them know where to find me.

“In those days I was absolutely without fear. Youth is that way. Innocence or ignorance, whichever you wish to call it. I thought nothing of setting out to battle New York alone. And just for that reason, no doubt, I made a success of it.

“My first job was posing for a photographer. The next logical step was the movies. I went to work for the Kalem Company in 1911.”

Anna told me some of her early adventures in the movies. If these are the days of art for art’s sake, those were the days of stunts for the sake of stunts. Anna was a favorite because she had nerve. Whenever they wanted somebody to drive a locomotive over a precipice or jump from a bridge and nobody else would
do it, they'd say, "Let's give it to Anna!"

Kurt Rehfeld is like Erich von Stroheim inasmuch as they are both realists; inasmuch as both will resign their jobs rather than violate a truth. But here the resemblance ends. Von Stroheim, whom I esteem the greater artist, has a philosophy of despair. Rehfeld, who, I predict, will become the more popular, has just as sincere a philosophy of optimism. And it is for this reason that I see him on the celluloid heights of future greatness. When sincerity is wedded to optimism the recipe is sure-fire.

And this, also, is the stuff that causes Moe Fishin, proprietor of the Jewel Theater, to write in to the trade sheets somewhat as follows: Picture: Viennese Medley. Weather: All right. Business: Swell.

Remarks: Say give us some more of this Rehfeld's pictures, our audience don't get all that eurpean stuff but where Anna Q breaks down and shows she done it because she loved him there ain't a dry eye in the theater.

Peacock Alley—and Fame

Continued from page 90

Many a beginner mounts up to the heights; but the majority ficker out without a struggle and remain content to map out an existence in the extra ranks.

Famous names that have come and gone ought to be proof to all newcomers that success—that is, permanent success—does not always stay.

Hollywood is no different from any other place as far as gaining and holding success is concerned. There are as many gifts handed out by capricious Fortune as there are blows. Laughter and tears, happiness and sorrow, wealth and poverty, go hand in hand with youth and age in the movie world.

One thing is obvious in Hollywood; perhaps nowhere else in the universe do you see such rapid rises and downfalls.

The mythopoeic splendors of the picturized city of Bagdad seem in no wise bizarre when contrasted to the glittering achievements won in an incredibly short time by some newcomer. Those shooting up into prominence often pass many falling down to the extra ranks whence they started. If they are not too proud to start over again they soon disappear from sight.

Discouragement, naturally, causes this decision.

And new feet ever crossing Peacock Alley.

The Elusive Touch Called Beauty

Can you describe just what true beauty is? Would you say it is a certain type of features or perhaps some winsome characteristic, a radiant smile—or maybe dancing, baby blue eyes? Who can tell just where our fickle fancy may alight?

These are all nice to possess, and they play their little part, but they are not the real, true beauty. Nature has given us an equal chance to possess this. Her secret lies not in features, not in personal characteristics, but in our appearance—the proper touch to our skin and complexion.

What can equal an alluring, subtle appearance to the complexion? A pure, soft, velvety skin glowing with a fascinating, entrancing charm. Here lies your opportunity to possess Beauty, you develop your skin and complexion to their highest point. This is just what

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Science has solved the problem of removing unwanted hair painlessly, without damage to the skin or complexion. This with NEET, a mild, dainty cream. You merely spread it on and then rinse off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone and the skin left perfectly cool, smooth, and soft. Doctors and Pharmacists everywhere recommend NEET. It has been accepted by the American medical profession as the accepted method of well-groomed women everywhere. The price, only 5c. Per tube. 3c00 Drug and Dept. store next. Money back if it fails to please you.

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We make this remarkable offer so that every lover of beauty and jewelry can have the opportunity of owning a Corodite Gem and be a Genuine Diamond. We want you to see with your own eyes the rare flashing beauty of this GORGEOUS CRYSTAL. The rare flint to most exquisite of the GEM WORLD. Corodite is an actual Diamond and has the true diamond 122 facets set. So clearly do they resemble the genuine that even the most critical experts are astounded. The illustrations above show how beautiful a CORODITE looks when mounted in a ring. Send your name and address and the coin or stamp to help cover cost of handling to us today. Your Corodite will come Fully Prewired by return mail. 3c00 Drug and Dept. store next. Money back if it fails to please you.

They Gave Tom a Dog!

Continued from page 91

something for her very own—something she could take home.

So, she gave him a dog!

It must be a wonderful thing to be a movie star and have presents showered upon you! To be known abroad by millions and to be worshiped and admired at home by tens of millions, should bring a glow of satisfaction to the cheek of any mortal on earth. And even after Tom Mix arrived back in America, friends and exhibitors (if there is a distinction between the two) lavished presents upon him. When he reached Indianapolis, the little newsboys who long had looked forward to his coming, chipped in to buy him a present.

So, they gave him a dog! Kentuckians who operate motion-picture theaters, wanted, too, to let Tom and Tony know they worshipped at their shrine. Some of the most ardent Mix fans live in the Blue Grass State—the land of beautiful women and fine horses. They got together and discussed the purchase of a present, a remembrance of some sort, to be taken on to California by Tom. They cast furtive glances at a beautiful colt in one of the racing stables, a grandson of that noble steed, Man-o’-War. They knew Tom had a horse and a coupla saddles, but they wanted to give him something he might use.

So, they gave him a colt!

By this time, the list of presents was assuming considerable proportion and the special car which transported Tony was becoming comfortably filled. There wasn’t much room left. But the urchins of St. Louis were not to be outdone by the kids of any other city.

So, they gave him a pair of oats!

That was enough! Tom and Tony with Mrs. Mix and Thomasina and their retinue of retainers boarded the train headed toward Denver, Salt Lake and the Pacific Coast.

As the train came to a stop, Tom stepped out with members of his family. Then, there followed:

1. pedigreed English sheep dog.
2. pedigreed Scotch collie.
3. pedigreed French shepherd dog.
4. pedigreed German Great Dane.
5. pedigreed black Belgian police dog.
6. pedigreed Scotch terrier.
7. thoroughbred Kentucky colt.
8. Indiana billy goat.
9. pair of Missouri owls.

Of course, these did not constitute all of Tom’s presents, but they are rated by him as among the most desirable.

Motherhood and a Career

Continued from page 28

pointing one way labeled, ‘Career’ and the other ‘Motherhood.’ But the two roads never run away from each other for very long at a stretch—invariably they wind about and come together again.

And I know that I have not failed as a mother in any major crisis. I have left my work when they were ill or needed me in any vital way, though I was risking financial disaster. In little things more than in big ones they have had to make sacrifices. Being both father and mother to children is no sinecure, I can tell you! “Maybe it’s just as well that they haven’t been smothered by the shelter of a mother’s indulgence, that they have had to meet the realities of life a little sooner than most children do. Certainly they have a more highly developed sense of appreciation than is customary at their ages.

“And they have an amusing philosophical way of looking on the bright side of things. You heard Jane’s remark at dinner to-night: ‘I don’t like this ice cream. It hasn’t got any flavor to it. Still, it’s better than if we didn’t have any. I guess it’s nice to have ice cream even if it’s got no flavor at all.’ That sums up their attitude toward everything—they are grateful for what they get.

“It is good, very good, to feel yourself riding the crest of the wave for a while. I have been successful the past year or two, and my Warner Brothers contract has enabled me to lay aside a bit of money. I know that a personality cannot last forever on the screen. The public has been kind to me, but in a few years I shall begin to slip. I could probably get over for a time in vaudeville—the actor’s last hope, usually.” “Is that so?” queried a cool, impersonal voice, as a blond head projected itself through the portieres. “Well, let me say one thing, young lady. By the time you get to vaudeville, I’ll be ready to step in and take charge of this bunch. There’ll be no vaudeville in this family!” So saying, Miss Frances withdrew.

Has Irene Rich been a failure or a success at her two jobs? I leave it to you to decide.
A Letter from Location

Continued from page 98

wounded out of the wrecked coaches ahead of us. That much of me, then, really has served a worthy purpose.

Leaving the depot, the crowd of us was so jolly. We had our musicians with us and were all in the observation car playing and singing. Later—during the crash—I saw the cellist throw past me, his instrument broken to bits, and the violinist's hand catch and crush between two chairs. Being naturally bromide, I must say, "One never knows." But we were certainly most fortunate and I am very thankful.

It was nine forty, and we were all a bit restless, anxious to get in and to sleep, to be ready for the first day on location. There was suddenly an awful jar and I was thrown against the next seat. Some one—I think it was the camera man—called, "Keep low, Louise, hold on and brace yourself!" I did, for dear life. There were two more dreadful crashes and chairs, bags and people were in a wild jumble. A strange thing—not a soul in that crowded car made a sound. Each seemed to be holding his breath, waiting for the next thing to happen.

Then there was a rush for the door, for we thought we were going over, and suddenly we found ourselves a helpless, wild-eyed bunch standing in the rain beside the overturned cars. Our coach was the only one left standing.

The first cry was for light, as of course the connections in the coaches had been broken. Fires were soon blazing and, with our precious Picture-Plays as a torch, the work of getting the wounded from the wreckage started. Our boys were great, one of them crawling under the twisted engine to lift out the dying engineer after they had said he couldn't be released.

We waited in the mud and drizzle three hours before the relief train came and it was a sorry-looking crowd that trudged into the hotel that morning. Well, that's that. I will just put it down to experience, but it isn't so good for one's nerves, and I'm driving home.

Myrtle, the story was so much me. Do you really think people will understand? I wonder if they prefer meringue and sugar roses?

Give my love to your mother. I have mine here with me and am having an awful time keeping her away from Tia Juana. (Knowing her aversion to all that Tia Juana implies, you will realize the humor of that.) I caught a shark yesterday, five feet long.

Louise.

Advertising Section

An Actress

Is a crank on powders
By Edna Wallace Hopper

Movie stars and stage stars, with whom I mingle, are the greatest powder cranks in existence. Fine apparel means nothing to them and they pay any price to get it. My powders have always been made to order, by famous powder experts. They cost me $5 per box. They are so exquisite that all my friends have always begged me to supply them. Years ago I began to supply my beauty helps to women. But no lady, no matter how lovely, can look without powder. I knew that no famous woman would ever pay what I paid. But women over-whelmed me with countless requests for my powders.

So I went to the makers. I told them I could use a million lemons if they could supply my identical powder at a price which all could pay. Now they have done so. These very powders we use are put up for you at 50c and $1. All druggists and counters supply them. Ask for Edna Wallace Hopper's Powders, and you'll get the real thing.

There are two types. One is a heavy, clinging, cold cream powder based on my Youth Cream. I like it indoor and outdoor, and stays. But using a powder light and fluffy, so both kinds are supplied. These are exquisite powders. In all my world-search of 40 years I have never found anything to compare. I am delighted that I can now supply them to all lovers of fine powders.

Mail this coupon and let me send you samples. I will gain a new conception of what modern powder is.

Sample Free

Edna Wallace Hopper

3d P. O. Box
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I want to try

□ Youth Cream Powder □ Free Powder
White—Flesh—Brunette—Peach

BUST DEVELOPED

Big Big Three-Feet Treatment is the ONLY ONE that gives FULL BUST DEVELOPMENT without building up any over-exercise, pains or other danger-ous side effects. It costs only $500 for a GUARANTEED TWO DOLLAR BUST DEVELOPMENT in 14-DAY TREATMENT FREE

IF you send a DIME toward expense each week, your DOLLAR and a HALF will go to padding. Worn by all the stars. (Hat, Finis, Georgia, etc.)

FREE BUST DEVELOPMENT, if you pay all for payment. If not, kind message for return. Address Dept. E.

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Youth-Ami Liquid Skin Peel

A Scientific Discovery, harmlessly and painlessly peels off the old skin and sets free the new, healthy, youthful, smooth, soft, glowing skin. Results, -constantly improve. Receives the highest praise from stars, actresses, authors, philosophers, millionaires, Bostonians, etc. Not a drug or complexion reliever. Bottled. "The Magic of a New Skin" sent free in place of your purchase.

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Big Typewriter Bargain!

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Don't buy a typewriter of the offered a few- years of this kind! We like to give a good plan in this new, for our special offer. Write now for free sample card and complete particulars. Underwood Typewriter Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Peabody Multitweeter Wanted, 1680 24th St., Chicago.
to the studios, as if no break has occurred in her presence among the workaday world of Hollywood.

And yet the fact that her reappearance is really a return is indicated in the cordial greetings extended her. While we were at lunch, various stars and directors passing our table stopped to speak to her, said they had heard of her splendid work in the two Fox films, told her how well—and how young—she looked, and hoped that she would soon find another good engagement.

“You see the surprise on the faces of those who have not seen me recently?” she nudged me, a gay little trill in her voice. “You would think I had been away for ages. They expect me to be white-haired and bent and wrinkled.” She gave a delicious imitation of the traditional screen mother. “Things move so quickly in this funny picture business that they lose all sense of time.

“But it is good to be remembered. This profession is a busy one, and they have little time for those not actively employed, but they are not intentionally unkind. All of the people at Fox were so sweet to me. No, I have nothing of which to complain.”

The public, however, after seeing “Wings of Youth” and “Lightnin,” will probably complain if Ethel Clayton is not given chances in coming films to display the acting ability which undoubtedly is hers.

Growing Up with the Stars

Continued from page 47

I have watched their progress during nine years, since I first met them at Fort Lee, New Jersey, where we all supped together, at five dollars a day. Neil was just a boy, and May just a girl, but they were very much in earnest, and were bound to gain recognition. May was the first to get a chance, and I remember her original bit, as a lady’s maid at the old Goldwyn studio. Neil and I once suped for two weeks, as Romans, in Maurice Tourneur’s production of “Woman.” Neil had to wait several years more before being “discovered” by D. W. Griffith.

So, fellow fans, take a tip from one who knows, and, in the midst of your general enjoyment of this or that production, give some special attention to the younger generation, and try to keep track of the boys and girls. You, too, may “grow up with the stars!”

A Clown in the Big Show

Continued from page 20

comedy comedian. He has been on the stage since he was seven years old. Probably there is no man in the business who has worked harder.

Personally, Hines is very much like the parts he plays. Breezy, slangy, full of pep, and quite without pretense, he charges through his work with gusto. Although his pictures have forged their way to the top of box-office attractions without any of the prestige of a big organization behind them, Hines does not seem at all conscious of this achievement. He gets a tremendous thrill out of seeing his name linked with that of Lloyd and Chaplin as money-makers.

But let any one try to tell him that he is perpetrating art and he will shout the remark down with a heartier guffaw than he ever got from an audience.

Johnny Hines knows his stuff. If he can make you laugh—and he probably will because there isn’t a more alert and hard-working comedian anywhere—that’s all he wants.
was really worth while, plentifully sprinkled with thrills and he, himself, supplied the great awe-inspiring event of the program—"steer bulldogging." Twice each day the sturdy Mix rode by a big Texas steer and jumped from his saddle, seizing it by the horns and twisting the animal upon its back.

After two successful road tours, Mix became the arena director of the "Colonel Cumming's Great Near East and Far West Shows." It might be interesting to mention the fact that with the latter show, Mr. Mix's "buddy" in the show's sleeping car was Will Rogers. Then, as now, doing a reporting job, Mix and Rogers were boyhood friends in Oklahoma. They also appeared together in a scrambled wild-West circus showing at the Johnstown Exposition during the summer of 1905. It was there that Rogers and Mix organized the "Wild West Show of the Plains," with themselves as sole owners.

The "outfit" toured the South with an admission of ten and fifteen cents. It was, according to Mix, a long winter and most of the time a hustle for horse feed. Stranded finally upon the rocks of Birmingham, Alabama, the cowboys sold their ponies and turned their faces toward the prairies of Oklahoma. In Bliss, Tom saw a motion picture wherein cowboys played an important part. His expert eye told him that none of the men in the film had ever known ranch or cattle experience. In other words, they were merely actors "dressed up." The following Sunday, in the Ponca City Herald, Mix read a story narrating that in Los Angeles, California, cowboys who could ride were being paid five dollars a day for their services. To Mix's mind this seemed very alluring. He hurriedly got together all available cash and found enough money to ship two horses, "Old Blue," and a yearling colt, as far as San Bernardino. Then it was that Mix, destined later to be one of the highest-priced motion-picture stars in the world, was on his way to conquer movieland, otherwise, Hollywood.

To "Buck" Jones, another William Fox star, circus experience has been invaluable for more reasons than might appear on the surface.

Buck joined the 101 Ranch show in 1913 and traveled all around the United States breaking bronchos and performing all manner of equestrian tricks for the edification of the admiring populace. When the show left its winter quarters in Bliss, Oklahoma, in 1914, Buck was again signed to do his stuff astride the wildest steeds procurable. Also, among the riders, was a young girl who knew something of the technique of staying on a horse's back in spite of its determination to unseat the rider. This girl was Odille Osborne.

Odille thought that Buck was the most remarkable example of a man she ever had imagined. He typified to her young mind all the heroes of her dreams. But the last person in the world to be let in on the secret was the said hero. While Buck was in the ring, Odille would stand behind the curtain and watch him with eager eyes but the minute he started to ride out of the ring and into the hippodrome track, she would run away and pretend to be interested in something else. Years after they were married Buck admitted to his wife that he had also watched her during her turn in the sawdust ring. One day Odille was thrown and pinned under her horse. It was Buck who ran out and saved her from being trampled upon by a very much frightened steed.

There is Joe Bonomo, the Coney Island boy who, several years ago, was selected as the world's most perfect type of strong man. Five feet eleven and one half inches tall, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds, a committee of New York judges decided he was a regular Apollo Belvedere. Now he is under contract to Universal Pictures Corporation and has been featured in a score of pictures.

Richard Talmadge, star of many melodramatic plays, was born in a circus, in the sleepy little village of Uri, near Lake Lucerne, Switzerland. His parents were circus people.

Ray ("Red") Thompson, who but recently completed the role of the heavy in Charles Ray's picture "Some Punkins," joined a circus when he was a lad to drive hippodrome races and fall horses in the ring races. He was paid one dollar a fall. Ray, too, became a member of the 101 Ranch Show strong. He was one of the first to play pushball on horseback.

"Any one who has ever amused the public in competition with three-ring circus certainly should be able to amuse people from the screen," declares Clarence Burton, a member of Cecil B. De Mille's cinema stock company. Most of Burton's experience before his screen career was as a clown in a circus.

"Primarily, clowning and motion-picture acting are the same," continued Burton. "Both are based on pantomime."
Dynamiting the Mandalay

Continued from page 97

dynamite in his arms. The bottom step was missing. I shouted, 'Look out for that last step!' Eric looked at me and said, 'What?' and missed the step. He went sprawling on the deck, and his load of dynamite rolled against the bulkhead with a bang. I was so scared I couldn’t get my mouth open. Funny—afterward! But the funniest thing of all was that no lightning hit the ship.'

By two p.m., the following day, after much patient maneuvering and signaling, the cameramen, two aboard each tug and two on the bridge of the yacht, were aiming down the barrels of their rapid-fire Akeleys. Admiral Hudson was bellowing through his megaphone while the Alicia circled about the slower-moving tugs. The fires were put out in the Mandalay’s boilers and her pumps stopped chugging. Any minute we expected the admiral’s signal; then a mighty roar, and a steamship which originally cost nearly $500,000 would burst into thousands of fragments of driftwood and a blazing hulk.

But just before that could regale us, something happened that wasn’t in the scenario. Down upon us, as swift as a destroyer, bore a big glistening white cutter of the Coast Guard service, the Seneca—dramatically businesslike and commanding. And the command the Seneca’s skipper gave us in brusque manner from the bridge was to “move on.” We must keep sailing four or five hours more toward Europe. The business of this cutter, we were informed, was to keep the ocean lanes free of derelicts.

Onward the little fleet had to steam. Every minute was doubly precious now. For not only would the light keep dimming as the afternoon died, but the engines of the Mandalay had been shut down, and with her pumps dead she was leaking in every seam and steadily sinking. But by seven p.m., the skipper of the Seneca at last agreed that the Mandalay was far enough offshore to suit him. The admiral signaled. “All ready! Stand by!” On all the little lurching tugs the cameras started grinding.

Then—“let ’er go!”

From the prow of the doomed Mandalay shot up a great black pillar of smoke and debris, as high against the sunset sky as the spire of the Woolworth tower. The terrific roar of the detonation was heard a second or two later; then a young tidal wave swept in.

At the next hour most of the Mandalay’s superstructure flew into thousands of blazing fragments. The fire now was raging all along the boat deck.

For the final shattering explosion, near the stern, a wait of several minutes was inflicted upon the seasick camera men; the electric cable to this cache of dynamite had been severed. The fires that swept the decks soon ate their way below. Then it came; ear-splitting, tremendous in force. For a minute later, while the whole sky was filled with splinters and smoke, it appeared that the vessel had been blown completely out of the sea.

But a wind sweeping from fore to aft carried away most of the smoke and then the riddled hulk of the Mandalay was seen, with only a tip of funnel, mast and a section of her stern still above water. Down she plunged, suspended for a while as if she were standing on her nose.

And now you’re still wondering, perhaps, why Earl Hudson, famous for his success with miniatures, deserted his hobby on this occasion. Here is what he tells us:

“Two reasons why. First, because no miniature could give an audience quite so big a kick in this instance as the real thing. A ship would have been required, anyway, to make the close-up scenes of Lloyd Hughes and Doris Kenyon and the mutinous crew; the Mandalay thus served a double purpose. But secondly—and this no small matter, either—we figure, also, that we saved our company no less than $25,000 on the production. I haven’t gone back on miniatures, but old wooden ships are on the bargain counter these days. So cheap that it’s foolish to fake them.”

Looking Over the Smart Fall Styles

Continued from page 38

Paramount production, “The Trouble with Wives.”

I do not know just what part all this footgear plays in the picture but the smartness and originality of the models are particularly worthy of note. Some of them, especially those painted or embroidered, could quite easily be copied at home by the girl who has a little ingenuity, using plain white satin slippers as a basis. They are dainty and “different.” I am going to try making the “butterfly” ones myself. I am sure I can do it, and so can any girl.
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WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 225, St. Louis, Mo.


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BIG MONEY AND FAST SALES. Every owner buys gold initials for his auto. You charge $1.50, make $1.45. Ten orders daily easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 170, East Orange, N. J.


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MEN AND WOMEN wanted as exclusive representatives, all localities, taking orders for beautiful low-priced house, porch, and street dresses. I deliver, collect, and pay you every Saturday. Carol Lee, 1082 Gateway Station, Kansas City, Mo.


Agents and Help Wanted—Continued


BIG MONEY—fast sales; every one buys gold initials for their auto; sell $1.50, profit $1.14. Ten orders daily easy. Samples, information free. World Monogram, Dept. 12, Newark, N. J.

MEN. 18 UP. Do Railway Mail Clerks. $1250 year. Particulars free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. H2, Rochester, N. Y.

Help Wanted—Male

ALL MEN. Women. Boys, Girls, 17 to 65 willing to accept Government positions $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Osmun, 305, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position wanted after completion of 3 months' home-study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet, CM-28 Stand, Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.


Salesmen Wanted

SALESMEN GIVEN PROTECTED territory to sell Doublewear Shoes direct from factory to wearer. Our new measure board insures perfect fitting. Write for particulars and list of open counties. Doublewear Shoe Co., Manufacturers, Minneapolis, Minn.

Business Opportunity

WHY WORK FOR SOME ONE? Start a business. $1000 sufficient. Information Dept. 113, Paul Kaye, 119 Broadway, N. Y.

Farm Lands


Help Wanted—Female

$6—$18 A DOZEN decorating pillow tops at home, experience unnecessary; particulars for stamp. Tapestry Pulp Co., 110, Lafayette, Ind.

Patents and Lawyers


INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented. Write Adam Fisher Mfg Co., 225, E. Grant, St. Louis, Mo.


Detectives Wanted

MEN—Experience unnecessary; travel; make secret investigations; reports; salaries; expenses. Write American Foreign Detective Agency, 114, St. Louis, Mo.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

The King of Hearts.
It was nearly nine o’clock last evening as I floundered with the deck of cards before me, still undecided on which. Faithfully, as usual, I was reviewing the latest picture with Sally Benson. Don’t mistake me! I don’t mean Miss Benson was present herself, but indeed Miss, being out of town, was there to score the new hearse. There was no doubt about the queen—Nora Talmdge is the queen, in my deck, at least. But this king business troubled me. A few weeks ago, after a monthly rush and praise to the very skies for Valentino, I was prouder to, but I have seen “The Sainted Devil.” Things seem different now. The scene was undeciphered. Should I drop him for Novarro, Colman, or maybe Gilbert, who are now such important figures in cinema conversations? That very evening a return engagement of “Monsieur Lescaute” at the Radio was announced, but no new troubles. But now—I wonder! I thought of the others. It wouldn’t be Gilbert who should take Rudy’s place in my deck; no, my friends had failed so far to convince me of that. Would it be Colman? I must admit that after seeing “The Sainted Devil,” which with the “Young Man-about-Town” was the biggest mistake Valentino ever made, I once or twice almost doubted his single young actor. And then, Novarro, who is considered an asset among some of the fans. Yes, fellow fans, Novarro is pretty, too pretty! Too pretty really to be handsome, too pretty to be courageous, too pretty to be my king of hearts, and I put away the deck of cards and went off to the Radio.

THE CARD PLAYER.
Stockton, Calif.

Do We Want Alice? Some Do; Some Don’t.
Do we want Alice Joyce? I should say we do! We want far more of her than we get. We need her. She’s so refreshing and natural, and she has a way of showing how much the thought of seeing her makes the world a better place.

FREE Write today for my FREE Booklet, "A CLEAR TONE SKIN," telling why I equate it with being affected 14 years.
E. S. GIVES
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CLEAR TONE
The Wonder-Working Lotion
Use like toilet water. Is positively recommended for拼音ably and permanently removing
PIMPLES, BLACKHEADS.
Acne Eruptions on the face or body. Barbers 11th and Essex, Enlarged Pores, Oily, Shiny Skin, Enlarged by drugstore, physicians, skin specialists, barbers, and over 100,000 men and women test cases, who succeeded with CLEAR TONE after failing with everything else.

THE BARGAIN QUEEN.

District Salesmen Wanted
23 Suits and Overcoats $125
$2000 23$1000

GOODWIN
for bust, neck or arm development (Great for bust, neck or arm development. This deftly guides the bust line, and keeps it where you want it.)

THE ADVENTURES OF KATHLEEN.

Advertising Section

ALICE JOYCE—I salute you.
First—Because you are a beautiful woman.
Second—We fans are happy to welcome you back upon the screen.

But I’m angry. Why? I went to the movies to-day and saw Alice Joyce featured in "White Man." A fan next to me said: "Well! Of all things! She’s back again on the screen!"

“She’s too old a lady and not charming enough to play opposite Kenneth Harlan!" I overheard some one else say.

Now—can’t you see? I am angry. Who’s not glad to welcome Miss Joyce back upon the screen? Speak up!

CHARLES MANK, JR.
226 East Mill Street, Staunton, Ill.

BETTER RÔLES FOR RICHARD.
Lately you’ve been publishing quite a lot of letters from Richard Dix fans asking why he isn’t given better parts in his films. His pictures are not often shown over here, so you can imagine what a state of disappointment I live in when I find the only man I ever admired, either on or off the screen, acting the most absurdly inhuman parts imaginable. Are the directors blind? Mad? Willfully stupid? Or are they really so genuinely unable to see that Richard Dix is not a sort of stuffed doll only fit to be given goody-goody, inhuman parts? They must be utterly lacking in intelligence, and yet we’re always led to suppose that they have brains. Oh, fans! for heaven’s sake, go on complaining. We know Richard Dix hates the parts he’s made to play, and he can’t help himself. Let’s go on writing until the producers may come to their senses.

DIANA LISTER.
Rosyith, Cedar Road, Sutton, Surrey, England.

A Fan’s Reminiscences.

How often my thoughts drift back to those first wonderful pictures—and they were wonderful. I remember when Vitagraph made "The Lady of the Lake," with Harry Northrup, Mary Fuller, Earle Williams, and Harry Morey. This was before Wallace Reid was dubbed, and the company produced "The Last of the Mohicans," with Wallace Reid in the title role; he must have been very young, but his physique was superb. Do you remember Hal Wallace Reid's entrance into pictures has always been dated from his appearance as the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation," but that was a year or two after the Vitagraph picture.

My first real love in the pictures was Kathleen Williams. I saw every number of her first serial "The Adventures of Kathleen." Thomas Santosci was her leading man, and I will go any time to see a picture, old or new, that either of them appears in.

WINONE DREBEN wants to know if the fans want Alice Joyce back. I am one who does not want her back, and all my friends are with me, too. I am sorry to disagree with Winone Drebien, but I have seen Miss Joyce in several films, "The Green Goddess" among them, and I have never seen an actress to bore me so much except perhaps Rosemary Theby and Con- way Tearle, who come very near the mark, but surprise me how some people get on the film. I think the lovely, old world of ours is full of so many really happy and beautiful-looking people.

EILEEN O’CONNOR.
Alahoma, Ballybunion, County Kerry, Ireland.
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ord—four letters from Helen Ferguson and a large photo—personally autographed. Four letters from Alice Calhoun and two large photos. Four letters from Florence Lawrence and a letter from her picture greetings for Virginia Valli. Two letters from Mary Pickford. Two letters from Carl Laemmle. Colleen Moore, one letter and one photo. Pauline Garson, one letter with beauty and John Bowers, one photo, Norna Tal- madge, one letter and one photo. Doro- thy Mackail, one photo. And a few others.

Only twice have my letters failed, and they were my best-written letters—they were to Lois Wilson and May McCarthy, two of my favorites. I don’t write directly —unless your letter comes straight from your heart—don’t rewrite your letter—your first attempt is always more sincere. Take a tip from one who knows. For it took me four hours to write to Lois and May—they were written wonderfully well—but I got no answer. My letters to Helen are written in the same way I write to my mother when she is away on her vacation—in the same personal, care- less way. JULIA DAVID.

98 Wetmore Street, Boston, Mass.

George Walsh an Imitator? No

I notice in the current issue of Picture-Play that Helen Krumph refers to George Walsh as a Douglas Fairbanks imitator. Permit me to tell her that she is quite wrong.

Don’t misunderstand me. I am a Douglas Fairbanks fan. Doug has always been one of my favorites. I have seen him enjoy every picture he ever made. And I might add that “Don Q., Son of Zorro,” is not only his best picture, but it is per- haps the greatest screen entertainment ever made.

However, in all fairness to George Walsh, who is another of my favorites, it must be said that he is the originator of action-stunt pictures. Before Fairbanks made his first picture, which I believe was “The Lamb,” George Walsh was established as the star of the type of pictures on which Fairbanks first made for the old Triangle Company!

Fairbanks and Walsh should not be compared. Their production values and their per- sonalities are so widely different that they are not in the same class. Each is a master of his own particular field. But these are two distinctly different fields.

Certainly Walsh made an unwise selection of pictures, when she chose a photograph of Walsh in a hurdle pose to illustrate his likeness to Fairbanks. Doug has always been one of the real fan knows, that George is the greatest athlete who has ever appeared before the motion-picture camera.

Look at George Walsh’s athletic records in New York, high schools, at Fordham University and Georgetown University, and with the New York Athletic Club. Consider the fact that he was a profes- sional baseball player with the Brooklyn Club of the National League. What other screen actor has such a record?

And, says Walsh to George’s fans to know that he is coming back to the screen in his old type of roles—more of the athletic parts, that Miss Helen thinks. He is really the future of new pictures, “American Phleg,” “The Prince of Broadway,” and “Blue Blood,” are finished, according to the newspapers. I certainly am anxious to see them.

George Walsh’s Box Numbers.

4010 Twenty-ninth Street, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y.

Words of Praise from the Orient.

Every actor has his admirers, but not so with this star supreme. He is indis- putably the hottest favorite of every cinema fan throughout the entire universe! Why is he such a magnetic drawing power? It is that wonderful intangible personal- ity. Nobleness is his motto.

He sweeps his audience in a vast pan-orama of towering magnificence and spec- tacular effects, and with his charm, pushes himself through a torrent of hurricane action, graces himself with humor, surpasses himself in marvelous dialogue, and finally puts all the minds of the spectator, an everlasting impression, an inspiring personality never to be forgotten until death.

It is said that in some quarters that he does not attract the attention of femi- nine hearts. Assuredly, they are the out- come of a prejudiced mind, and every- right-thinking fan should utterly ignore such unjustifiable remarks.

Which Eve wouldn’t be delighted by his clear-cut humor, thrilled by his breath- taking stunts, or moved by his sympathy or suffering? After viewing his produc- tions, surely no feminine heart can remain otherwise than be entirely taken up by his extraordinary characterizations. He can be romantic, too, but never over- exaggerated heights. Thus his wonderful acting powers blend with that of the most perfect specimen we can ever hope for in an actor.

Majesticmous soul that he is, who by the sheer originality of his performances renders himself an actor par excellence.

Who else, who is it that can be speaking of? Whose successes are smashing box-office records throughout the entire Orient, whose attractions are anxiously awaited with unslumbering interest, and, when ex- pected, thunderous applause greets his entry on the silver sheet?

I give the palm to Mr. Douglas Fair- banks, the star supreme, second to none in the silent film world.

The above is the outcome of a sponta- neous verdict given by the entire Orient after viewing Doug’s record-smashing suc- cesses. The truth is, Mr. Walsh, was his first big feature to be shown in the East, and it is only by immortalizing him in print can I give expression to feelings that can be said what an actor- genius Mr. Fairbanks is.

GOPAL S. VANIVEL.

Ceylon, India.

Keep the Old Stars.

I am utterly disgusted over this array of new faces. I have been seeing so many photographs lately of players who aren’t living up to the average the average performer. When the autumn comes again and we once more attend the theater with enthusi-asm, we are going to see a lot of stran-gers. Names like Hauney, Nissen and Vilma Banky mean nothing to us. They may be all right, but I would rather see the old familiar faces return to the screen than to have an experience seeing a whole lot of nobodies.

*Although Picture-Play published an ap- pealing article about Florence Lawrence, nothing has been done so far as I can tell about bringing her out again. The earnest appeals in this very department voiced the opinions of thousands of fans. There are other players who should be brought back again and among these are Tor-rence Turner, Gladys Leslie, and June Cae- price.

There is only one reasonable plan I can think of that would convince mad idea of new faces. That is, to round up some of our well-beloved, one-time favorites. Unite them with the present players of today. If such a project were to be worked out, we would have such a large list of
Fans Often Make Mistakes.

Why don’t more picturegoers learn to identify the players?

One night, at the theater, two flappers seated in back of me, were talking in an unusual manner about different things pertaining to the movies. Advance scenes were being shown of Richard Barthelmess in “Classmates.” When one of the scenes showed the heroine, Evelyn, appeared, one of the flappers exclaimed: “Oh! Marion Davies!”

“Yeah! I saw it. It’s swell. They get lost in the jungle, and then they’re rescued by an airplane,” explained her companion.

“Oh, do they?”

“Yes!”

If in that picture an airplane landed in the jungle I must have had my eyes away from the screen at the time.

Their Name is Legion.

I am very glad that your July correspondent, Marjory MacLean, has at last succeeded in developing her much-adored “crush” on a motion-picture actor, but I resent her statement that her favorite Jack Gilbert has stolen away all poor Ramon Novarro’s admirers. Now I have never fallen hard for Valentino, although I enjoy his pictures moderately, as I do a great many others. But Ramon Novarro! Well, that’s another story! I can still feel the thrill of delight with which I discovered him a couple of years ago in that beautiful “Where the Pavement Ends,” and never since that time has any other favorite, however handsome and charming, supplanted him in my affections for a moment.

He is not only greatly admired by all my girl friends, but what is perhaps more important, he is my brother’s and my boss’s favorite—one a hard-headed businessman, the other a prominent lawyer. Both say that Ramon is the first motion-picture actor whose name they have, ever even bothered to remember. I do hope this will convince Miss MacLean that Ramon Novarro still has his loyal fans. And their name is legion.

Drusilla Irvine.

Akron, Ohio.

Practice the Golden Rule.

I believe if the fans who so ruthlessly tear the picture stars into shreds and scatter the bits to the four winds could have a dose of their own medicine, the result might tend to curb, to some extent at least, this most nefarious habit.

A case in point is that of Beth Austin, whose name is known to many in the Picture-Play; in this letter she explains to an eager public just why Thomas Meighan is the miserable failure that he is.

I hereby arrange and appoint myself a committee of one to be the arbiter of taste that the essence of the Golden Rule; and it is just barely possible, if she tries earnestly enough, and sincerely enough, and long enough, that she may acquire, to a very slight degree, a few of the lovable qual-

inics of the star against whom she directed her unkind and wholly groundless attack.

Lucile Westbrooks.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Plea for Real Criticism.

It seems to me that a definite quality of improvement is observable in the content of Picture-Play’s fan letters; that real criticism, no matter how tactless, how unjust, but intelligent appreciation, also, is beginning to find its way into them. Not so long ago the letters were little else than crude and outspoken expressions of adulation, or censure, for various screen stars; not for their portrayals, but solely for their personalities. Now many of the letters are very intelligent comments, and regard the screen performers as artists, not as mere personalities. It is interesting to note that much of the best criticism comes from England.

Out of all the letters published in August Picture-Play, six have specially impressed me. The first is from David Wright, of Lyonburg, discussing whether the mark of any special producing company makes much impression on the fan. I should think, from what I hear, that the majority of fans did feel the importance of the producing company, to some extent, for myself it makes no impression whatever.

Another letter which I found most sympathetic was from Lawrence Collins, of London, it was a delight to read the near hit at the “grotesque garments” sported with such ingenuous assurance that they are the last word in smart dress, by such screen favorites as Lew Cody, Ben Lyon, and others, and to find really intelligent appreciation of the flawless good dressing of Clive Brook, as well as a tribute to his forthright qualities as an actor. There seems a significance in the fact that so many of the most accomplished and finished of the leading men and women of the screen are English; Clive Brook, Percy Marmont, Conway Tearle, Emily Fitzroy, Dorothy Mackail—where will you find their equals among our American fellow actors? And how many of any kind of work! Clive Brook has fire and force at his command when they are called for; he has also faultless good breeding, and a brilliant and wholly satisfying technique.

I rejoice to read Mrs. Herz’s tribute to the art of Percy Marmont; since she does not hesitate to record the fact that she has seen the best on the stage since 1888, Mrs. Herz will not recount my referring to her as an old-timer, but my recollections antedate hers, and I am delighted to hear witness to her sound critical judgment in her enthusiasm for Mr. Marmont; a most versatile, subtle, and satisfying artist, and one who is endowed with a delicious sense of humor. In some ways Mr. Marmont is perhaps the most accomplished screen player now before the American public.

“A Tearle Fan” writes a very interesting letter, and the letter immediately following it is signed “N. H.,” was also full of suggestion. While I fully agree with “Tearle Fan’s” tribute to Mr. Tearle’s “pungent drollery and keen sense of fun” I particularly these gifts should not be permitted to any sympathetic critic of Mr. Tearle’s screen performances—I disagree with him, or her, as it may be in what he says as to Mr. Oettinger’s descriptive epiphonema: “That seems to me a superexcellent bit of graphic character analysis, and, to me, it describes exactly the impression made by Mr. Tearle.” The true touch of the master is never to descend to swagger, but it has something of the traditional pride of the typical Spaniard, and his perfect assurance, the result of his innate personal idiosyncrasy, combined with years of technical training, do

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A Letter from Bagdad

Pictures of "sheik" types are not popu-
lar in this, the real "sheik" country,
because they are not true to life.

This is the fault of some producers. Ac-
tors playing Arab roles are nearly always

Clean Shaven. Desert Arabs—Redoubts—
never shave their hearts or mustaches. It
is simply not done in the desert—it would
be an insult to suggest such an idea to one of
them. The stars are usually beautiful or
handsome, but they play their parts badly
and have not the true glamour of Arab

Seven Chances"—Metro-Goldwyn.
Buster Keaton is not quite so funny
in this, but still has some uproarious
moments.

One of those high and dizzy affairs,
with Richard Dix skipping around on the tall girders. Thoroughly enjoyable.

"Smoldering Fires"—Universal. The old sister of the stereotyped older sister gets excellent treatment, and Pauline Frederick, Laura La Plante, and Malcolm McGregor do fine work.

"Soul Fire"—Inspiration. A poor story is turned into a good movie. Richard Barthelmess plays the suffering musician, and Besie Love is good as a South Sea Island native.

"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.

"Thundererd Herd, The"—Paramount. A thrilling Western, with some wonderful scenes of buffalo stampedes, Nez Nez, Black Ashlon, and Jack Holt support the picture.


"Wife of the Centaur"—Metro-Goldwyn. A sex 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 whimsical story, but funny at times. Larry Scinn plays the Scarecrow.

"Zander the Great"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in delightful comedy as a freckled orphan in pigtails.

**RECOMMENDED WITH RESERVATIONS.**

"Any Woman"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry as a pretty working girl who plays hard and makes her employer believe that she has intelligence, too. Not very convincing.


"Café in Cairo, A"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla 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 saving wife than an expensive girl friend.

"Chickie"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill's performance seems too good for this cheap story of a poor but beautiful working girl and her romantic experiences.

"Cloud Rider, The"—F. B. O. Not much of a plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

"Crackerjack"—First National. If you like Johnny Hines, you'll find this one of his best comedies.

"Deadwood Coach, The"—Fox. Typical Tom Sawyer Western, with the usual amount of fast action.


"Dixie Handicap, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Frank Keenan as the imprudent 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.

"Drusilla with a Million"—F. B. O. Old-fashioned whimsey in which Mary Carr, as a sweet-faced drudge, is left a million dollars. Pathetic and humorous at times, but mostly pathetic.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl who thought all men were noble.

"Eye's Lover"—Warners. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a Baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.

"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 "Prifoulous Sal," an Alaskan queen who reforms a drunken actor. Mae Busch plays Sal with vivid feeling.


"Headwind, The"—House Peters and Patsy Ruth Miller in a rather slushy story of a cave man and an heirress. A sea storm supplies more interest than the plot does.

"Heart of Youth"—First National. Barbara La Marr taking a couple of dozen more men.

"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 bad boy, but reforms when he marries Patsy Ruth Miller.

"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 as the man who almost escaped her.


"Lady of the Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. Norma Shearer slips a little as a Bowery girl.


"Little French Girl, The"—Paramount. Anne Segwick's novel painstinctly translated, but a little dull. Alice Joyce is the French girl's mother, and Mary Brian is sweet, and sometimes stirring.

"Man and Maid"—Metro-Goldwyn. More Elinor Glyn stuff, but not up to her usual brilliancy. Her Harriet Hammond returns to the screen as the heroine, and Lew Cody is converted to the role of a hero.


"One-way Street, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty with her customary skill, but the picture on the whole is dull.

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David Manning

**Unwelcome Settlers**
James Roberts

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...Harry Golden

**The Coyote**
...James Roberts

"On Thin Ice"—Warner. Another crook melodrama, but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, and William Russell play the leading roles.

"Open Trail, The"—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

"Raffles"—Universal. House Peters is not dashing enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.

"Rainbow Trail, The"—Fox. Just another Western picture, but it will doubtless please the Tom Mix and Tony fans. Zane Grey wrote the story.

"Recompense"—Warner. Monte Blue and Marie Prevost, in a sequel to "Ethel Clayton Is Peter," do not do their best work. The story is as sexy as you'd expect.

"Redeeming Sin, The"—Vitagraph. Nazimova and Lou Tellegen in one of those apache things.

"Roaring Adventure"—Universal. Over the Western plains with Jack Hoxie.

"Roughneck, The"—Fox. Continuing the adventures of attractive 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.

"She Wolves"—Fox. Alma Rubens as a romantic wife who gets her fingers burned when she looks for adventure outside marriage. Jack Mulhall plays her husband.

"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.

"Sporting Venus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save this hackneyed plot based on mis-understandings from being unbearable. Lew Cody is in it, too.

"Swan, The"—Paramount. The Melnor stage play cruelly mangled. You might hear it if you haven't seen the original play.

"Talker, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker's misguided words seriously.

"Tongues of Flame"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan winning through those terrible barriers he always knaves over so easily.

"Top of the World"—Paramount. Ethel M. Dell's story offers nothing except a good flood scene and lots of varied acting by James Kirkwood.

"Tracked in the Snow Country"—Warner. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

"Up the Ladder"—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few hiccups.

"Wings of Youth"—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Clayton is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.
Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Smith—Yes, there are several Smiths in pictures—Sid Smith, Al Smith, Anderson Smith, and several who started out in life as Smith but became, to their movie fans, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, and Alla Nazimova. Pauline Starke was born in Missouri. Her latest pictures are "Forbidden Paradise," "As No Man Has Loved"—which you may or may not recognize as "But Six Without a Country," "Adventure," a Paramount picture, including also Tom Moore and Wallace Beery.

Easter Egg.—Just a little bit stale, by now, is that contract with Fox. She played in "The Dancers," and has recently been working on "She Wolves," the screen version of Henry Miller's play, "The Man in Every Coat." Jack Hoxie appears in the picture with her—presumably in the erstwhile title role. Nazimova's latest picture is "My Son," she was a new Nazimova screen star. Bert has been named one of the top stars of the screen. Mary Pickford's real name is Smith; Pickford is her mother's family name.

Kerley Kew.—Well, we couldn't make connections for your answer in the June issue. We have been trying to reach you ever since your July reply from Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City; I have always heard that she was left an orphan at quite an early age. I think that is her real name.

M. O. H.—Holbrook Blinn has played on stage for, or over, seven years, though his principal work is on the stage. He appeared years ago in "Prima Donna's Husband" and "Madonna of the Lilies" and made "The Bad Man," one of his stage successes, for First National. He also played the king in "Rosita." His latest picture, of course, is "Janice Meredith," with Miss Dorothy Seale, in which he is doing some work at present, but is appearing in a Beasco stage production, "The Dove," in which he is starred. He has been on the stage for a long time and so I doubt if he will be well into his forties, though he doesn't give his age. I think he is married. The actor who played the policeman in the screen version of "The Red Lantern" is doing work at present to rest Stanley. It is not customary to answer questions regarding the religion of the screen stars.

Speegle.—By all means call me "Just Plain Oracle." Every time I look into the mirror I think that the man who was to be something or other than "Just Plain Oracle" might be well into his forties, though he doesn't give his age. I think he is married. The actor who played the policeman in the screen version of "The Red Lantern" is doing work at present to rest Stanley. It is not customary to answer questions regarding the religion of the screen stars.

Addresses of Players


Charles Novak, John Gilbert, Zasu Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Claire Morley, William Haines, John Crawford, Sr., Helen D'Algy, Rene Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lilian Gish, Paulette Goddard, Patricia Duval, Mae Murray, and Blanche Sweet, at the Bonaire Studios, Hollywood, California.


Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Margaret Livingston, May MacDermott, Asta Nielsen, John Maitland, Bert Lytell, Pat O'Malley, Loa Todd, June Smith, Luise Rainer, at the Huntley House Peters, Jodie Sjodinck, Norma Kern, and Mary McMaster, at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.


George O'Brien, Joan Rubens, from Miss Edmund Lowe, Charles Jones, Marion Harlan, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.


Ric, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Marie Prevost, Kenneth Harlan, William Collier, John Gisham, Dorothy Tull, June Martowe, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, and Myrna Loy, at the Astor Pictures, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Huntley Gordon, and Dorothy Decore, at the Warner Studios, Sunset & Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Robert Fraser, at 1805 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Chia.—Some of the ages you ask for are given elsewhere on this page. Ricardo Cortez is about twenty-six and is six feet in height. Kenneth Harlan is thirty and is six feet. Ben Lyon is five feet eleven inches, Ramon Novarro is five feet ten inches. Gloria Swanson is in her late thirties and is five feet nine inches. Betty Bronson is seventeen, and is just five feet tall.

Fred Thomson Fan.—It seems strange that a screen star should once have been a minister, doesn't it? But that is true of your favorite, and the story that he never allows girls of doubtful reputation on the set when his pictures are being made. He is married to Frances Marion. His new pictures are "That Happy Prince," a remake of the picture which were purchased from David Fairbanks.
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"But, Jack, it's . . ."

"Mary, how can you believe in that crazy music course. Why it claims to teach music in half the usual time and without a teacher. It's unbelievable."

That is how my husband felt when I showed him an ad telling about a new way to learn music. He just laughed. His unbelieving laughter made me wonder. I began to feel doubtful. Perhaps I had been too optimistic—perhaps enthusiasm and the dream of realizing my musical ambitions had carried me away. The course, after all, might prove too difficult. I knew that I had no special musical talent. I couldn't even tell one note from another — a page of music looked just like Chinese to me.

But how I hated to give up my new hope of learning to play the piano. Music had always been for me one of those dreams that never-come-true. I had longed to sit down to the piano and play some old sweet song . . . or perhaps a beautiful classic, a bit from an opera, or even the latest jazz hit. When I heard others playing, I envied them so that it almost spoiled the pleasure of the music for me. For they could entertain their friends and family . . . they were musicians. And I, I was a mere listener. I had to be satisfied with only hearing music.

I was so disappointed at Jack, I felt very bitter as I put away the magazine containing the advertisement. For a week I resisted the temptation to look at it again, but finally I couldn't keep from "peeking" at it. It fascinated me. It told of a woman who had learned to play the piano in 30 days. She had mastered the piano by herself, in her spare time and at home, without a teacher. And the wonderful method she used required no tedious scales—no heartless "tick, tick, tick"—no tiresome practice songs. Perhaps I might do the same thing!

So finally, half-frightened, half-enthusiastic I wrote to the U. S. School of Music—without letting Jack know. Almost as soon as I mailed the letter I felt frighted. Suppose the course proved to be horribly difficult . . . suppose Jack were right after all!

Imagine my joy when the course arrived and I found that it was as easy as A. B. C. Why, a mere child could master it!

While Jack was at work, I started learning. I quickly saw how to blend notes into beautiful melodies. My progress was wonderfully rapid, and before I realized it, I was rendering selections which pupils who study with private teachers for years can't play. For thru this short-cut method, all the difficult, tiresome parts of music have been eliminated, and the playing of melodies has been reduced to a simplicity, which anyone can follow with ease.

Finally I decided to play for Jack, and show him what a "crindy course" had taught me. So one night, when he was sitting reading, I went casually over to the piano, and started playing a lovely song. Words can't describe his astonishment. "Why . . . why he foundered. I simply smiled and went on playing. But soon, of course, Jack realized that I told him all about it. Where I had learned—when I learned, how? So I told of my success, and how the course he had laughed at had made me a accomplished musician.

One day not long after, Jack came to me and said, "Mary, don't laugh, but I want to try learning to play the violin by that wonderful method. You certainly proved to me that it is a good way to learn music."

It was only a few months later Jack and I were playing together. Now our musical evening is a marvelous success. Everyone compliments us, and we are flooded with invitations. Music has simply meant everything to us. It has given us Popularity! Fun! Happiness!

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Ricardo Cortez
The dark and dashing blade who can make love, war or laughter equally well is the role made to order for Ricardo Cortez. As a hot-blooded cavalier in Argentine Love he made a terrific hit, and his star shone equally brightly in Children of Jazz, Feet of Clay, The Next Corner, The Bedroom Window, The Swan, and The Spaniard. His newest Paramount Picture will be In The Name of Love.

Adolphe Menjou
Here is the perfect boulevardier, cane, waxed mustache, ingratiating smile and all, in love with the world and social life, passing marriage as lightly as other people pass a cigarette, and dangerous to feminine hearts everywhere. Most people will remember Menjou in Spanish Dancer, Shadows of Paris, Open All Night, The Fast Set, Forbidden Paradise, The Swan, A Kiss In the Dark. His newest Paramount Picture will be The King on Main Street.

Wallace Beery
To play the part of a King of Spain requires a very exuberant personality, rich, tyrannical and decorative. Wallace Beery appeared as King Philip IV. in The Spanish Dancer, and it was visible in an instant that monarchs don't come any mightier. New season Paramount Pictures in which Wallace Beery's art may be enjoyed are The Night Club, In The Name of Love and The Vanishing American.

Paramount Pictures
Don't be too critical to enjoy life!

There is such a thing as being too wise to enjoy yourself, too solemn to know that tonight's the night and Paramount's the show.

There are at least ten thousand audiences every night thrilling to Paramount Pictures, but think of the old-fashioned millions who still don't know that Paramount of 1925 is different to the movies of years ago!

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According to our records these five million have not seen a photoplay since before the war, and they still think the Custard Pie rules the roost.

Today the greatest names and names in literature and drama are allied with Paramount to delight nations. Look at the programs!

See a Paramount Picture tonight and catch up with the dance of life!

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IT'S THE BEST SHOW IN TOWN!"
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THAT’S a big subject, and the article we will run on it next month is one that you are going to find of unusual interest. It will take you right back of the scenes, and tell you how you can learn, through your reactions at different types of pictures, things about yourself that you may not have known.

Are You Interested in Fan Clubs?

We have a story about the founding of one of the most successful clubs of this kind, which will show you how to start one if you like.

What Months Were the Stars Born In?

Dorothy Wooldridge has been investigating this subject, and will give you her conclusions in a very interesting article.

One of the Hits of the Season

“The Unholy Three” was made possible by a woman’s faith in her husband, who directed that production. He had dropped out of the game, beaten and defeated. How his wife helped him regain his confidence and prestige will be told by Myrtle Geibhart.

“I Never Discourage Any Movie Aspirant”
says Harold Lloyd. And in an article that we will print next month he tells why, basing his reasons on his own personal experience in working his way up to fame.

These are but a few of the outstanding features which we have planned for our next issue. There will be several others equally interesting. Don’t fail to procure a copy.
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What the Fans Think

What the Fan Letters Reveal.

I WONDER if the fans know how much they tell about themselves when they express their opinions in “What the Fans Think.” I enjoy speculating on the authors of many of the letters.

There is one in every issue—a pessimist. He knocks the pictures and actors, everything is the bunk, or hokum, actors are cheap, et cetera. Either he longs for the days when hokum was considered drama and pies flew thick and fast, or else he condemns movies from the very beginning and longs for the melodramic, second-class stage plays that used to wander from town to town. These fans puzzle me: if they hate movies so, why do they read movie magazines?

Then we have the half-sister to the first class, the evil finders and narrow-minded reformers. They tell of the great evils waylaying us fans every time we enter a theater. “Motion pictures are withering the flower of the nation,” et cetera. They are positive that all actors are veritable “diablos” and that “no good can come by them.” Since they are all so well posted, they must attend quite regularly, and they seem to resist the temptations.

The largest class by far is that of the egotistical fans who build dream castles about their favorites. What good times they have! Yet they are sometimes very brutal in their condemnations of persons who do not happen to please their fancy. They think not that some one else may have their own dreams about these very persons they are abusing. Their dislikes are but petty, trivial things in a great world. Why be harsh?

We read, too, the dignified epistles of learned persons who speak of complexes and juggle lengthy words. They, perhaps, are paying “only a dollar and a half each week to the collector” for the latest encyclopedia and are making good use of it.

Then, too, there are the delightful fans who are tolerant, hopeful, optimistic, and who do not take themselves or their opinions too seriously. They save the day, God bless them.

Marguerite Eldenburg.
8 East Sixth Avenue, Spokane, Wash.

What the High-school Fans Like.

I am an overly popular high-school senior in one of the largest high schools in the world, Central High, of Washington, D. C., and would like to offer the opinion of a group of students in contrast to the opinion of “Two High-school Fans.”

We like Ben Lyon, but there is no romance about him where we are concerned. He is too possible for us to know. We see his type every day in class, and on the street, every night at the dances, and so on indefinitely.

We are not fond of Gloria Swanson, but we greatly admire Pola Negri. She is the finished actress, the polished lady, the worldly woman, and the real aristocrat.

Valentino is greatly admired by the school fans. Cortez is agreed to be fascinating to every one.

We can all imagine ourselves in love with Richard Dix or Rod La Rocque. Harrison Ford is especially fancied. He has been adored by the dramatists in school ever since his more than excellent performance in “Smilin’ Through.”

All of us would love to see “The Four Horsemen” again, and also to have Walie Reid’s pictures reissued.

Luckily for us we do not suffer from narrow-minded censors and consequently receive an unaltered version of the screen play.

We, too, love Nita Naldi. In spite of her coquettish parts—no, I’ve not yet seen “Cobra”—she seems to be a perfect sport. That always wins fans.

We are not interested in stars’ private lives.

Washington, D. C.

A Sorority Fan.

This Fan Speaks Well of All the Stars.

When I read about the dirty digs poor Gloria Swanson gets it makes me want to absolutely kill that person. People misjudge Gloria altogether and I really think it’s mean. I, for one, won’t roast any of the stars. No matter how terrible I think they are, I always try to speak well of them. There’s only one I will acknowledge having roasted and that’s Rudie Valentino. He may be a nice fellow, but he’s not my star. Nope!

I have over nine hundred pictures of the different stars, and I have Rudie’s, also. The funny part of it is I got a letter back from him—of course, I appreciated it—but all I did say was to “Kindly send me your photograph.” I got a letter back which I thought was very condescending. He said, “I enjoyed your letter, and what you say about me,” et cetera—when I only said what’s above.

L. R.

129 McDonough Street, Brooklyn, New York.

Nine Wishes.

I wish:
That the brilliancy, versatility, and perfect technique of Miss Emily Fitzroy were more generally appreciated.
That all directors would unite in a concerted movement to teach the men of the screen to take their hats off, instantly, on entering a house, and to raise the hat clear of the head, always, in greeting women.

Continued on page 10
Drowsy with love and smouldering with desire, her haunting eyes ruled gay Vienna and caused brave hearts to beat far faster beneath tight tunics. Then came Prince Danilo—foot-loose and fancy-free to meet his fate...

All New York is crowding to see this world-famous picture of love and life in Vienna's realm of romance, gladly paying two dollars a seat for the privilege.

You may see it at your favorite theatre at popular prices—do not let the opportunity pass!

Von Stroheim and Benjamin Glazer made the adaptation and scenario from the famous dramatic operetta of Franz Lehar, Victor Leon and Leo Stein, as produced on the stage by Henry W. Savage.

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

That young screen actresses would profit by the example of Miss Jette Goudal's shapely head, and stop bobbing their hair.

That a sequence of parts worthy of his talent might be found by Clive Brook.\n
That Dorothy Mackall might be presented in other parts as dramatic and worth while as the girl in "The Man Who Came Back".\n
That such splendid films as "Driven," "He Who Gets Slapped," and "The Enchanted Cottage" might be shown again in the local theaters as same classes as those in which they made their first local appearance.

That the personality and acting ability of Wallace Reid never closed on the rubbish in which he often appears.

That Lewis Stone might be presented in more characters such as that he played in "Screamer." It is too bad that an actor who can assume the grand manner, and scarcely any of them can, should be relegated to playing small-town commuting hands.

That the numerous company of screen actors and actresses who do splendid work in minor parts received more recognition.

ELDERLY FAN.

Hartford, Conn.

Too Many Close Ups.

I have just noticed that some stars' pictures are but a series of close-ups and nothing else. There is a close-up of the star whenever she turns her head, whenever she registers any emotion, whenever she says something; in fact, almost every time she moves.

It's really nice when you happen to have a crush on her, but when you don't, it's sickening! Do they do this for fear the audience won't take them unless they pop their heads out every five seconds?

ESPERANZA ESCURRIA.

283 Rialto Avenue, Manila, P. I.

A Message from Sweden.

I am a Swedish Waldin fan and I will tell you that in Europe Rudolph Valentino is the most popular of all the American stars! Gilbert and Novarro are not so popular, at least in Sweden. Here in Sweden all the girls love Valentino. Now we are waiting for his next picture. He is a great actor. "Monsieur Beaucaire" was a wonderful picture and so was "A Sainted Devil."

Stockholm, Sweden.

Impressions at a Preview.

I recently attended a preview in a neighborhood theater. The picture was "The Merry Widow." It deals chiefly with royalty and is very cleverly done. The story itself is creaky in spots and sprinkled with holier-than-thou will like this picture and Mr. Gilbert's fans will swoon with delight over his portrayal of Prince Donlo. In this picture he literally takes off a character the lovely ladies without regard for the censors or the Marquis of Queensbury rules. True, he has some "tender" moments but these moments do not stand in the way of the general tempo of his characterization. Men who insult and assault decent women don't break down and cry over anything.

Miss Murray is miscast as the innocent young girl, but she dances excellently and does very well as the widow in question. The other characters are splendidly done. Toward the last there is some very beautiful colored photography and the picture fades out to the music of much hand clapping.

In the foyers I met a girl who works as an extra in the movies. We went outside where the crowd was milling about. Mr. Gilbert, rather tall, modestly dressed, clean shaven, very dark, with small, dark hands, stood in their midst. By him was Miss Murray, diminutive, elegantly dressed, scarlet lipped, her small face framed in lemon-colored hair. The two editors cut through the crowd single file, passing so close that their garments brushed ours. When they had driven away my friend and I made for the main door and said to her:

"Strange," remarked she, over our cold drinks. "One who didn't know they were movie stars would never give them a second glance. I just met a recognized fan a few days ago. 'I guess it's the mystery surrounding them and the curiosity they arouse,' I observed.

And so another hectic preview night ended. Sincerely yours, MADELEINE GLANS.

2975 Locleman Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

A New Fan Club.

Here's a cheer for the success of a newly formed club that should interest many fans.

The Wallace Reid Memorial Club stands for two things: first, the reissue of Wallace's best pictures, and secondly, the erection of a permanent memorial. Famous Players-Lasky promised to his memory. We believe that an organized movement for this, backed by enough of those who admired Wallace, will prove to Lasky that there is a demand for Wallace Reid's best pictures and a desire for the memorial.

We feel that every fan has in his heart a memorial, and that it is the responsibility of Wallace, and will certainly wish to unite with others in giving that heart memorial a concrete realization.

Like Wallace Reid, Mrs. Bertha Westbrook Reid, is our honorary president and everyone who loved Wallace could not help but love her, as she is so very much like him, though not so tall as her "over six feet" Wallace. The club also numbers numerous film favorites.

There are no actual membership dues, every member is considered to be the he can toward the memorial fund. When we have completed our enrollment we will have an estimate of how expensive a memorial we can build and we will take up the matter, with Famous Players-Lasky, and with all loyal Wallace Reid fans back of the movement we feel sure that Lasky will reissue Wallace's best pictures and undertake the memorial they promised to erect.

All those wishing to unite with us in this movement shall be a member of the club for correspondence between those members who signify a desire to correspond—are cordially invited to join. There is no minimum or maximum amount, and the regular blanks and full information can be had by writing to our headquarters: Woodstock, Virginia. As president, I will be pleased to answer any inquiries personally. Here's for success and let's prove that the public really doesn't forget those they truly love.

RAY E. HARRIS, President.

What They Like in New Hampshire.

I am a great lover of the movies, and I want to put in a little praise for some of the actors and actresses. Harry Woods, who played the part of the Shiek Rafi in Priscilla Dean's recent picture, "A Cafe in Cairo," has suddenly found quite a following here for his work in that picture. Many predict a brilliant future for him as a heavy. He has also played in two William Duncan serials, "The Fast Express" and "Wolves of the North." Also, Boris Karloff, the greatest natural actor on the screen to-day, is becoming popular. He is always my favorite actor ever since I first saw him in "The Hope Diamond Mystery" serial.

Mary Beth Milford has been the favorite of many out here in the second "Fighting Blood" series. We would like to see her as a star in pictures, because she is so sweet and lovely, and a real talent as an actress. Her, that golden-haired miss of exquisite loveliness.

We are extremely fond of railroad pictures, and "The Little White Train" was dandy. "The White Desert" took the audiences by storm. We also like good action and fighting pictures.

Gloria Swanson is fast becoming unpopular. Unless she stops boasting that she is the best actress on the screen, she won't have any following soon. I and many of my friends are in favor of having the producers give Boris Karloff, Harry Woods, Mary Beth Milford, Arline Pretty, Craig Ward, and Betty Franco real chances for stardom.

HARRY LIVINGSTON.

16 Church Street, Nashua, N. H.

Four Replies to Mary Edwards.

The letter signed "Mary Edwards" which you printed in the last issue, "Picture Play" did not deserve the space you gave it. It is true that all cannot like the same actors. But I am sure that there would not be so many people acclaiming the talent of John Gilbert unless he was deserving of their praise. Mary Edwards stated in her letter that she "had studied the exploits of the Sheik of Bethlehem" and in that one with any one with any sense could see what they were by their expression and why didn't people boost so decent chaps like Ramon Novarro! Ramon Novarro has always been cast in heroic roles, therefore he impersonated the noble hero, without sin. But John Gilbert? The Sheik! As he assumed the facial expression his character required. In "The Wife of the Centaur," he was supposed to be a man cynical, disinterested, and interested in the ideals of life. The very fact that he is a talented actor, a genius, made him capable of assuming these characteristics, so completely that we would not doubt some people like Mary Edwards imagined him to be the kind of man he was impersonating. But any one with any sense—use her own words—should realize that an actor's expressions must be in accordance with the character he is portraying.

Wallace Beery a villain in real life, just because he takes the role of villain in the play? Is Lon Chaney a monster? Is John Barrymore either a Dr. Jekyll or a Mr. Hyde?

Every one I know thinks Ronald Colman and John Gilbert are handsome and talented actors. I have never heard any one say that he did not like John Gilbert as an actor.

V. S. HUNTER.

3922 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Mary Edwards says in her letter: "I know for one, hate John Gilbert and Ronald Colman and I don't care who knows it." To me, this is very childish. I presume Miss Edwards is young. Quite often you can judge a writer's age from a letter.

Miss Edwards goes on to say, "Why instead of boosting such men, don't people praise some handsome, decent-looking chap, such as Ramon Novarro, for instance?"

Continued on page 12.
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More than 20,000 men and women all over the country have developed powerful, beautiful voices by Physical Voice Culture. You, too, can build up a strong, magnetic, compelling voice that will be the marvel of your friends, and your key to success and fame.

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Wild West

Produced by
C. W. PATTON

With
JACK MULHALL
and
HELEN FERGUSON

A drop of the sword—a blast from a bugle and the race for homesteads was on. Who won out in this struggle for land?

Here is a new Pathéserial that will interest you from the start of the first episode, leave you breathless at the end of it, and bring you back to the theatre each week to see the succeeding chapters.

You will be intrigued by the clever story of the founding of the famous 101 Ranch. You will be thrilled by the exciting spectacle of circus life. You will be moved by the romance of the unbounded ranches. Don't miss a single chapter of "Wild West."

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Now, fans, with those adjectives, I'm leaving it up to you whether Miss Edwards goes to movies to see acting—or handsome faces. Of course, an actor can be an artist and be handsome, too, but apparently not in her estimation.

As a matter of fact, it seems to me that the public could be capable of liking all three of these actors at the same time, without disliking one or the other.

Personally, I would not care to impress my favourites—or, course I have them—upon other people. I consider that every one is entitled to his own likes and dislikes. Contrary to the old adage—"What's sauce for the goose is not sauce for the gander."

My opinion of the embodiment of Mary Edwards' letter—especially when she says "I, for one, et cetera—is that it is pure egotism! Who cares what "she for one" thinks?

Will people like that ever learn that their opinion doesn't mean anything in this world? That for the one fan who hates John Gilbert and Ronald Colman there are thousands of others who adore them and admire their artistry? And that she is just a particle in the great mass of ever-growing fans?

ELFRIEDA SHAWN.

West Annapolis, Md.

When an actor or actress fails in a picture, it isn't their fault, any good, it's because the producer has shown poor judgment in selection and they are not suited to the part he has asked them to play.

When it comes to putting them off the screen, I say give them a part they can justly fill, and we will have better movies. There isn't one person on the screen who isn't trying his or her best, and I think that we should take off our hats to all of them for sticking to the game, and modestly overlooking the insulting remarks of some of "the one-man fans."

GLENDIVE, MONT.

What ever has happened to discourage interest in Ben Lyon? A few months ago every magazine was full of him. Lately no one hears a thing. I am one of his loyal fans and I miss the praise that has suddenly stopped.

Also, I want to criticize Mary Edwards' attitude in your September number toward Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. She talks about Ramon Novarro being her idol. As for me, give me a tall man! I am not so short myself so I like tall men—and Ramon is positively tiny! I think Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman are gentlemen, every bit as much as Ramon. As for their being hissed off the screen—forunately, most people do not agree with Miss Edwards. Of COURSE.

West Hartford, Conn.

But, on the Other Hand.

I agree with Mary Edwards of Kansas City, whose letter was published in September Picture-Play. Why must we tolerate Jack Gilbert and Ronald Colman when a real man and actor like Ramon Novarro is still somewhere on this planet and ready to make pictures for his fans?

I, for one, feel disgusted at Metro-Goldwyn for keeping him off the screen for so long. No John Gilbert can ever take his place.

Ramon Colman is at least not vulgar, but he is no Novarro. We want our Ramon back! DOROTHY MOORE.

Kent, Ohio.

Honest to goodness! I'm getting real mad. I've been a constant movie fan for years and know a good actor when I see one. I certainly do agree with Mary Edwards of September issue. She is perfectly right about Ronald Colman. How about Maurice Costello? You never could tire of him. Bring back Antonio Moreno, Novarro, Richard Dix, Thomas Meighan. MARY EDWARDS.

Colma, Calif.

Envy!

Oh, Roland O. Clarke, what a lucky man art thou! How would not I just like to push my way through a crowd to find myself face to face with Richard Dix. Oh boy! If I could only gaze into the brown orbs of the "one and only Richard!" I'd verily be willing to give up the ghost within the next five minutes.

Here's to the smiling brown eyes of the Dixers.

D. W. SYDNEY, Aust.

Concerning Pierre Gendron.

I had to laugh at the fan who, in the September issue of Picture-Play, called Pierre Gendron a Frenchman. He is no more a Frenchman than John Patrick, whom she also mentioned, is. Pierre Gendron is Irish, and like the others he came from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. I think he looks the part of an Irishman, and I don't see why he doesn't take an Irish name. I think Pierre Gendron will go a long way if given a chance.

C. S. VENICE, Calif.

What About Madge Bellamy?

What I think doesn't really count as I suppose I don't know anything about pictures, actors, or cowboys.

But one thing I do know is that Ben Lyon, Larry Gray, Mary St. John and Betty Bronson are my four favorites. I would so love to have Mary and Larry play together and Ben and Betty together. That would be my dream come true. You, perhaps, think I'm all for juveniles. No, I like Percy Marmont and Wallace Beery, too. Gloria Swanson used to be my ideal actress. But I am so glad that she is less popular I have really lost some of my enthusiasm. But I don't mean that I don't admire her less for her gaining popularity over Mary Pickford and Pola Negri.

That is all, except one question I'd like to ask. I don't know who could answer it except that "star" herself, and that is: "What is coming Madge Bellamy?" She has had so many good parts to portray and yet she doesn't seem to get to the top in popularity. She is a beauty, that's certain, I am inclined to think that perhaps she is too conscious of it. She overacts, too—in my opinion. I wish fans would write and tell what they think is wrong with her.

Cleveland, O.

Never Once Disappointed!

Now I want to say that I have seen quite a few stars off the screen, and I have never once been disappointed. Claire Windsor is too beautiful to be real. I wanted to go up and touch her to make sure that she was living. Her eyes are the bluest blue that I have ever seen. Bebe Daniels is so snappy and such large sparkling eyes! Voila Dana is so tiny and...
What This Amazing Book Did for These 8 Men

It would be just as easy to tell the same story about thousands of men—even more—but what this book brought these eight men is typical. If you do not get a big salary increase after reading this message you have no one but yourself to blame. This amazing book is

NOW FREE

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Possibly it is just as hard for you at this moment to see quick success ahead as it was for A. H. Ward of Chicago. When he was a soldier in France, wondering how he would make a living if he got back home safely, $10,000.00 a year seemed a million miles away. But read what happened after he had read the book we want you to send for. Almost overnight, as far as time is concerned, he was making real money. The first year he made $100,000.00.

There is nothing unusual about Mr. Ward or his success. Thousands after reading this book have duplicated what he did—Mr. Ward simply was willing to investigate.

The only question is—do you want to increase your earning power? If so—this book will quickly show you how to do it in an amazingly easy way.

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There is no long, drawn-out wait after you have sent for this book before you begin to do as the men on this page did. Within twenty weeks you can be ready to forge ahead. This may sound remarkable—but after seventeen years of intensive investigation the National Demonstration Method has been perfected—and this means you can now step into a selling position in one-fourth the time it formerly took to prepare for this greatest of all money-making professions.

Men in every walk of life have made this change—farmers, mechanics, bookkeepers, ministers—and even physicians and lawyers have found that Salesmanship paid such large rewards and could be learned so quickly by this new method that they preferred to ignore the years they spent in reading law and studying medicine and have become Master Salesmen.

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A. H. Ward, Chicago, held a small job. Now he averages $12,000 a year as a salesman. Last month he cleaned up $1,300—and he stepped into this kind of earnings as a result of reading this book.

$1,000 in 30 Days
"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1,000."
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"The very first month I earned $1,000. I was formerly a farmhand."
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"Your training has enabled me to learn more, earn more and be more. I am now President of a national organization, and my earnings for 1925 will easily exceed the five figure mark."
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City Salesman
"I want to tell you that your employment department helped me to get a good selling position."
Wm. W. Johnston, Jr.
Minneapolis, Minn.

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"Last week my earnings amounted to $554.37; this week will go over $400."
P. Wynne
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H. D. Miller, of Chicago, made $100 a month as a stenographer in July. In September, 3 months later, he was making $100 a week as a salesman.

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O. M. Mailflower, of Boston, Mass., stepped into a $10,000 position as a SALES MANAGER—so thorough is this training.

13
The FIRST YEAR

PRODUCED by John Golden, for two solid years this play by Frank Craven occupied the stage of one theatre in New York. Frances Marion has adapted it for the screen—perhaps the greatest comedy drama of young married life ever written! Frank Borzage directs the picture superbly.

WHEN the DOOR OPENED

A picture of that Canadian Northwest James Oliver Curwood writes about. It is life in the far, wide places, vivid, throbbing—the deep snows, the tall pines! A superb cast—Jacqueline Logan, Walter McGrail, Margaret Livingston, J. Farrell MacDonald, Robert Cain, Frank Keenan; directed by Reginald Barker.

Hosts hail him with delight!

BUCK JONES

Ace of the great outdoors

HERE is the true type of hardy American manhood as seen in his many romantic pictures of adventures in the open country. From the pens of the best writers, these are unvaryingly clean, invigorating, wholesome entertainments—to be had in the best family theatres. He will next be seen in “The Timber Wolf,” a story by Jackson Gregory, and “Durand of the Bad Lands” by Maibelle Heikes Justice.

Fox Film Corporation.
Lo, the conquering hero comes! "Invisible Wounds" is Ben Lyon's latest picture, but not at all invisible are the love-inflicted wounds his good looks have caused in the hearts of countless, fair movie fans.
If It's for You—You'll Get It

John Roche thought he was through with movies, but Destiny kept him in, and now he's glad.

By Helen Ogden

HERE is a funny thing:
You can set your heart and mind to a goal, go after it with all the tenacity of a bulldog and the enthusiasm of a yell leader, and still it eludes you. And then in discouragement you call it "quits"—give up the ghost, let the ship go down and the first thing you know—there it is, right in your hand without any seeming effort at all. You've seen it happen yourself?—that strange sequence of events that work out to achievement in spite of all sorts of obstacles and opposition? Some people call it fate. But whatever you want to call it, fate or luck, it merely amounts to this: It's for you—you'll get it.

What made me think of that, is the story John Roche tells about his career. He said that things just happened to him, even when he tried to discourage them, turned from them, set his heart to something else; and these things eventually led him to Hollywood and the movies, for who ever heard of one without the other? But maybe I am going too fast? You know Mr. Roche? If you saw "Kiss Me Again" you do. He was the very human young man who stepped outside and feverishly counted his loose change before inviting Marie Prevost to dine with him. In the picture he was a temperamental pianist. In person he is a placid, dark, young actor with amazingly long and artistic fingers. I suspect him of being serious about "things." I even think he has "ambition." For instance, he doesn't want to play heavies but prefers leads because of the "sympathy." To look at him you would never mistake him for—a lawyer or a merchant or a chief. He is an actor with an actor's background. When he was a child he was the seven-day wonder of the neighborhood because of his clear flutey voice. Because he was a handsome child with a clear flutey voice every one said he ought to be on the stage. So he went on the stage and barnstormed around the country in all sorts of characterizations. Maturity brought him to Broadway and an Elsie Janis show. Just as he was getting

Continued on page 110
The Wife's Story

You've read many times of how successful screen stars felt and suffered when they were fighting for recognition, but in this story Genevieve MacGregor tells how it felt to play an even harder rôle in the struggle.

By Dorothy Manners

FATE, in a capricious mood, occasionally rewards perseverance—some promising young blade shoots across the kleig-lit horizon and the fan world does homage to a new idol. Perched more or less securely on his pedestal he finds himself the recipient of many flattering attentions. Interviews, for instance. Yes, he had a hard struggle, he tells the world. For a while things looked bad, very bad, indeed. One didn't know where the next meal was coming from. One was discouraged almost to the point of giving up the ship. But one stuck it out, and with the help of the little wife, who is, à la Merton, one's best pal and severest critic, everything is lovely now.

In scanning these testimonies I have often wondered about that other story—the wife's story. I wondered what these pals and critics had to say about it—whether the game, now that it had been won, was worth the burning of the candle. For struggle in the abstract is well enough, but in the concrete it is to be compared only with what a famous fighter said about warfare in general. Another thing: There is a vast difference between being the active warrior and the passive sitter. Even when you strive for something and fail, there is at least the zest of contact with outside forces—the general viewpoint. There is a certain satisfaction about being even a failure as long as you are an active failure. It keeps you from going to seed—up on your toes—fuels a certain energy. The active participant in the seeking of any goal has the satisfaction of being in the fray, no matter what the final outcome. But for the warrior's family, his mother, sisters, wife—whoever he has sitting at home waiting—it is life lived at secondhand. A hand-me-down existence. Merely a monotonous
The MacGregors are an attractive family. And a very happy one these days.

procession of twenty-four hours a day and three meals to cook.

Or so Genevieve MacGregor told me.

And Genevieve ought to know, being the wife of Malcolm MacGregor, who came all the way up to featured roles from the bottom of the extra ladder.

You know the MacGregors. They live next door to you. That charming young couple just settling down in their first home. She's such a lovely girl and he is doing so well in the banking (?) brokerage (?) medical (?) law (?) real estate (?) business. They have that cute sport-model car that is the envy of all the other young married couples and with their little Billy (?) Jane (?) William (?) Ruth (?) they make the most stunning family. That these particular MacGregors happen to be in the movies and have a daughter named Joan is immaterial. You know the MacGregors.

One day I was calling on Genevieve in their new home, a swanky Spanish dove with a courtyard and all the other things a young bride could want, and we happened to look out the window just as a young woman with a shopping bag full of groceries in one hand and a small child clinging to the other, passed by. She was young, this woman, and she might have been pretty if she hadn't looked so tired. As she struggled down the street you could see where her shoes were a little run over at the heels. Wisps of hair hung untidily around her face. Her face needed powder.

Genevieve said: "There goes some man's wife. She's going over the humps now. I wonder if she will stick? Well, here's wishing them luck in whatever they're after."

I looked at Genevieve. How smart she looked with her well-groomed hair, her stunning white sport dress with the colored scarf, the French shoes she wore. In the back of the house you could hear the politely hushed movements of a perfect servant.

I looked at Genevieve and mentally contrasted her with the first time I had seen her. She had been stunning then, too. But with a spiritual difference. Then she had been uneasy, worried, no time to do the things she wanted to, a continual fretting with a small baby—wondering, as perhaps that little woman gone down the street was wondering—if the warrior was coming home with the bacon or if it was just the end of another day. There had been no politely perfect servant then. They had been living in a bungalow court unit that was nice but too crowded for comfort. There was no zippy little car in the garage. When I had first met them Malcolm was doing extra work and extra work does not allow for zippiness. So, because I knew there was a kinship between Virginia and the lady who walked down the street I asked her: "You gave two or three of the best years to helping a man struggle over the bumps—and is it worth while? Would you do it again? Did it take something out of you that you didn't get back?"

And Genevieve said: "Yes! It has been worth while. But I'd hate to think I had to do it over. I don't know whether I could last through another siege or not.

"I suppose every young wife has the greatest confidence in her husband in the beginning. I'm sure I did in Malcolm when he told me he was going to give pictures a try. We were living in the East at the time and Malcolm had been in the clothing business. When that failed—he had never liked the business anyway—he decided to try himself in motion-picture work. It never occurred to me that there would be anything to hinder him, so we agreed that I would stay with my people for a short time until I heard from him. I didn't think it would be any time until he sent for me and we would be riding around in one of those high-powered cars you see in the movie magazines.

"Malcolm's people thought he was crazy. My people thought I was crazy. Our friends thought we were both crazy. But we were so sure that everything would come out all right that all the opposition in the world wouldn't have stopped us. So Malcolm left for California, and I started that wily game of waiting. The weeks went by and I still waited. I would hear from Malcolm every day but apparently something was wrong with the movies—Malcolm had been out there several months and was still unstarred. And so after a great deal of fussing and fuming over what to do, I decided to join him. If Malcolm was having trouble there was no reason why I should stay sheltered at home while he sweated it out alone. I thought my place was with him and I came.

"If there ever was a stranger in Hollywood, I was it. Outside of one or two men friends Malcolm had made I didn't know a soul. And I wasn't used to that sort of life. When we were first married we went around a lot. We had our circle of friends and there was always something doing. But out here in California, especially in Hollywood, there aren't any particular 'sets.' The professional people are clannish and the rest of the population seems to be made up of tourists who aren't out here long enough to care to form any permanent friendships. No 'teasing,' no 'partying,'
no ‘bridging,’ that I had been used to all my life. At first I was restless and discontented and when I passed that stage I was even worse. I was just in a rut.

‘I’d get up in the morning and cook Malcolm’s breakfast. Sometimes he was working and sometimes he wasn’t, but he was usually out hustling anyway. At that time Joan was just a baby and as soon as Malcolm was taken care of, there’d be Joan to feed and dress and keep an eye on. When the beds were made and the dishes washed Joan and I would go shopping. Thirty cents’ worth of round steak, please, ‘Is the lettuce fresh?’ ‘Isn’t asparagus in yet?’ was about the limit of my social contact. I could give you all the latest quotations on beans but I didn’t know a single new author. I knew all about cabbages, but kings were out of my ken.

“The next thing on the program was lunch. When the lunch dishes were washed it was time to cook dinner. After dinner we’d wash the dishes and sit around for a game of hearts. Then it was time to go to bed. Inspiring, isn’t it? I’d think to myself ‘Well, in a little while they’ll say, ‘Yes, she’s a good little woman, plain, but a good mother to his child.’ I could feel myself growing rusty. And the worst part of it was, I didn’t particularly care. It wouldn’t have been so bad if there had been only a few months of it but it stretched out so long. It looked like an endless procession of nothing. If I hadn’t had an almost fanatical faith in Malcolm’s future I don’t think I could have stood it.

“On top of this, my people kept urging me to come back home. Malcolm wanted me to go. I suppose it would sound more noble to say I wasn’t tempted. That I saw my duty and ‘done it nobly’—but when I would think of the good times they were having, when my friends would write and tell me their wonderful plans for the summer, I’d get so homesick it was all I could do to keep from taking the first train out. Oh, I was sorely tempted, all right. But I just couldn’t bring myself to do it. It was just about that time that Malcolm decided not to do any more extra work and to stake his chances on parts. I thought I’d stick it out. Win or lose I’d be on deck.

“I think more homes are broken up during that period than any other time. It may not be the ‘dangerous age’ but it is certainly the ‘dangerous stage.’ If a wife leaves her husband when he needs her most, I don’t think they ever get back on the same footing. He is likely to feel that if she can’t stick through the rain where does she come in on the sunshine? But I know how the wife feels, too. When you’ve been out in the deluge a year or so, you appreciate a little let-up. But to get back to the story—

“Just when it seemed to me that every one else in the world was succeeding and we were the only failures left—Malcolm got his first part with Rex Ingram. He had known Rex in Yale, you know, and the picture he was cast for was ‘The Prisoner of Zenda.’ Through Rex’s friendship with Malcolm, I met Alice Terry. You can’t imagine how perfectly lovely Alice was to Joan and me. She used to come and take us on the most marvelous rides—plan outings to the beach for us—do so many little things that were considerate and thoughtful. Things began to break a little better for us. I met people. I commenced to take an interest in myself again—in my appearance—in my life.

“I held my breath after that first part. I thought it might be a false alarm. But you know how things went after that. Malcolm kept right on going. He’s still at it. Just the other day he had a co-starring offer and everything is lovely, indeed. Back where we come from if a young man makes five thousand dollars a year it is considered big money. Malcolm has just signed for ‘The Vanishing American,’ and he’ll make that much in a month.

“This last year you can’t imagine how much fun we have had.

“First, this house. We planned it just the way we had always wanted one. Then we shopped for furnishings. It got to be a big issue with us whether a blue lamp or a rose lamp would look best in the living room. It has really been a picnic. But during that ‘spell’ I lost a little something of myself that I can’t get back. I mean my love of gadding around—sociability. I was alone so long I can’t get back to that old form of enjoying entertaining as I used to. A large circle of friends means nothing in my life any more.

“For instance, Malcolm went East on a picture not long ago and I went with him. Naturally, we went home. Malcolm wanted me to have a good long visit with my people and I was to have stayed until September. Of course, every one entertained us. That is just what I had dreamed of. I guess no one lives who hasn’t had that particular dream of showing ‘the home folks.’ But after a lot of partying I thought to myself, ‘This is lovely. This is nice. But haven’t these women anything to do? Teasing every afternoon—dancing every evening. Why, suppose their husbands should make a big deal, they wouldn’t be home to hear it. It’s so aimless. Is this really the sort of thing I missed so much?’

“I laughed at Genevie. I couldn’t help it. Here she had talked herself right around in a circle. She laughed herself. She said, ‘Oh, well, you know what they say about women. You can’t please them. Re-

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A theater seating twenty thousand persons, with towers a hundred stories high!

Music from a world-famous band filling the gigantic auditorium by perfected radio transmission!

Pictures in three dimensions scarcely distinguishable from reality!

These are a few of the marvels which we are told we shall enjoy in 1950.

The Motion Picture

1950 New York City boasts twelve million, the United States one hundred and fifty million inhabitants. And, even as the population has increased, so has the world progressed since the birth of this interesting toy known as a radio set, whose practical developments have become a tremendous factor in our everyday life.

The latest stride forward is the Animated Telephoto. The Telephoto has placed the movie in every home and rendered possible the gigantic spectacle we are about to witness.

At the world's most important theatrical center, on and about Broadway, in the vicinity of One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, occupying two entire city blocks, and seating twenty thousand people, stands the New Coliseum. Its massive tower, a hundred stories high, and supporting one of the artificial suns that brighten the nights of New York since the cumbersome street-lamp system has been eliminated, can be seen from far down the bay. The New Coliseum is leader of a host of theaters housing the supermovie.

The show begins at eight sharp. We are comfortably ensconced in one of the easy-chairs of which the four front rows of the first balcony are composed. Sweet music delights our ear. Yet no performers can be seen, no mighty organ has its pipes distributed within the hall, no other mechanical device is visible. Have people acquired good taste? Do they at last realize the charms of hidden melody, the ugliness of those exhibitions of orchestras that characterized relatively large motion-picture houses thirty years ago?

This might be an explanation, but it is not the true one. There is no orchestra, no mammoth organ in the New Coliseum. Strangely, the direction from which the music comes cannot be traced. It seems to fill the hall, to emanate from the very walls, to descend at the same time from the enormous cupola whose brightly painted orb scintillates above us with its thousands of multicolored fairy lights.

Concealed behind countless draperies ornamenting various nooks and corners, are the numerous radio horns from whence come the waves of sound that bring us sensuous inspiration. This music, played by one of the country's leading bands, at the present moment seven thousand miles away, is heard all over the globe in countless theaters where the same spectacle is being presented.

As we glance about, we note that quite a few spectators wear queer masks from the top of which project hornlike antennae. That is the modern telephone booth. There is one before every seat, released upon the payment to a slot machine of a modest dime. This sound-proof mask contains a most compact broadcasting-and-receiving radio apparatus. The spectators wearing these masks are talking with friends and relatives who, perchance, are in distant cities.
And now, the overture closes. There is a moment of expectant silence. The lights dissolve from white to yellow, from yellow to green and from green to blue. The hall is bathed in soothing semidarkness. The curtain rises slowly. The spectacle begins.

We are confronted by an immense stage whereon seems to have been transplanted a whole section of some exotic, tropical isle. The scene is filled with people: natives working in the coffee plantations. They are singing: we hear the distant chorus! To the left, in the foreground, a youth enters. He is an American, no doubt. At any rate, he is dressed like an American. Some among the natives notice him and look toward him. He must be an important personage. As we study him, we suddenly realize that the rest of the stage setting, the natives working in the plantations and the plantations themselves have disappeared. The natives' song is dying—is gone. Only the corner of the stage can be seen where stands the hero, for he is the hero, as a voice tells us, introducing him by name and stating the part he plays. The rest of the stage is bathed in blue darkness. After the introduction, as if magic had brought them back, we once more behold the plantations, and see and hear the natives, and follow the hero as he walks toward a bridge whereon, entering from behind some palm trees that, so far, masked her from our view, now stands a very beautiful young woman. The hero meets and engages her in pleasant conversation. And, as he talks, only the bridge and the hero and the young lady can be seen—

In all this, there is depth, color, and sound—though most of the action is registered in motion. Only at crucial moments are words spoken—perhaps a terse question and its equally terse answer, an introduction or some needed explanation, a distant song or some vitally important sound easier to reproduce than to be registered through gesture.

Is this then some new form of the stage play, one-tenth spoken drama and the rest pantomime?

No, it is a movie. The actors who, one would swear, are there in flesh and blood, the scenery that seems so natural that one would think it built of real trees, dwelling rocks, earth, and water—all we see is a shadow, all we hear the ghost of sounds coming to us over the ether and actually taking place there where the musical accompaniment is being played: on a real South Sea Island, seven thousand miles away.

The complicated telephoto broadcasting-and-receiving sets are the alpha and omega of this marvel. We see action, not months after it has been photographed, but as it is taking place—or rather a few seconds later. Of course, the whole technique of motion-picture production has been revised. Motion pictures have had to adapt themselves to the new medium of transmission. There is less shifting of scenes, less jumping around,

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A Confession

Which will help you understand something of the problems, not only of the writer, but those of every other motion-picture star who has attained great prominence.

By Rudolph Valentino

This is going to be in the nature of a confession. I live, perhaps not a Jekyll and Hyde life, but at least a dual life. There are two Rudolph Valentinos. There is the one that you see on the screen, and there is the one that you seldom see at all. One is a romantic fellow who swaggers through life, makes love with great ardor, fights and wins battles against great odds and in the end claps his sweetheart to his arms, or else dies heroically to atone for his misdeeds. The other—and the real one—is a hard-working young man who has had more than his share of hardship, and is now enjoying more than his share of good fortune. I am not just being modest when I say that it is the former in which the public is interested. The popular conception of Valentino is a blend of Julio of "The Four Horsemen," Monsieur Benaicre, and the Sheik himself. I am glad that the interesting qualities of these young men do attach to me in the public mind, for otherwise my lot might be decidedly different.

And because I realize that my shadow self is the more interesting, I am in no danger of outgrowing the size of my hat. For the same reason, I don't like to make personal appearances. The fans don't want to see Rudolph; they want to see Julio. I don't want to disappoint them.

The position of a motion-picture star is unique, and seemingly interesting to other persons besides himself. The widespread distribution of films brings him to the attention of the whole world. No other medium has ever reached so many people. He appears simultaneously in New York, Paris, Painted Post, and Singapore. Also, there seems to be more glamour about picture players than about the stars of the stage. I think this is due to the fact that the films leave more to the imagination regarding the personality of the performer. When you see an actor on the stage, you see him more completely. You know how he talks and how he looks in the flesh. By this complete survey you may be convinced that the actor or actress is a superior human, yet you are conscious all the time that he or she is only human.

But you don't get so close to the picture actor. There is something eerie in the fact that this person appears before you only in disembodied form. There is a chance for the imagination to paint around the personality of this once-removed hero a picture of perfection—hues. Distance lends enchantment to the view. Ask my valet what kind of a man this Valentino is, and if he does not give you a discouraging picture, I have mistaken the quality of his intelligence.

Being a motion-picture star has its disadvantages. He cannot go to public places conveniently and comfortably. When he goes to the theaters he must wait until after the play has started and then slip into a back seat. He cannot make an appointment to meet anyone in a hotel lobby, for if he does he soon will have a crowd around him. When he walks on the street people turn and stare, and some even follow. For the sake of my professional standing, I hope this will always be true in my own case. But I am sure you will agree with me that living in a show case has its disadvantages. Don't think for a minute that I don't appreciate the attention. Without it, I would be very unhappy, for I would know that I was no longer of interest to the jury that makes us or breaks us—the public.

Here is a problem which always seems like a new one to me. If I go to a place where a crowd has gathered, how shall I greet them? If I bow and smile, I know that some will say: "Well, isn't he the vain young man to think that we have been waiting here to see him?"

If I walk up casually with the thought—and I frequently have it—that it is foolish for so many people to come out to get a look at me, I fear that I am court ing this remark: "Up-stage, isn't he? Too good to speak to us."

We Recommend

a careful reading of this article to any fan who really wants to know "what a movie star thinks." It is one of the clearest presentations of a prominent star's attitude toward his work and the public that we have ever read, and to us one of the most convincing, for this reason: Apart from the strictly personal references, we have heard a score of stars express the same ideas, the same point of view, not in a formal interview, but in private conversation.—Editor.
If anybody can ease my mind as to the proper attitude in such a situation I shall be greatly indebted to him. If you are ever in a crowd where I am, you will know what is going on in my mind. Please have a little sympathy for my perplexity and please know that I do appreciate your coming, for acclaim is the food which feeds the actor’s soul. If you and others like you were not interested in seeing me, I should have to stop acting and take up some other occupation. This might bring joy to thousands, but, oh, the difference to me!

The editor of this magazine, in asking me to write this article, stated in a letter:

You are a star who, after luck gave you your chance in “The Four Horsemen,” succeeded notably because of your good looks. This physical appearance has appealed generally, but accentually to women. As a consequence you have been pitched into a position, whether or not it has been one of your own seeking, which has made you famous for one thing. No matter what good work you do, how distinguished your acting may be, the fact remains that the name Valentino has become a household word for an attractive male.

Write, if you will, an article revealing the state of mind of a man such as I have described. What are his sensations as he moves from place to place? What part of this enforced experience is boring and what part of it is stimulating? What type of conduct is imposed on him willy nilly?

Those are the questions I am trying to answer. Some of them I have already touched on. One phase of this is particularly embarrassing for me to discuss—the “attractive male” part.

Now, every man wants to be attractive to women, for love is the dominant note in life, and a man’s happiness depends more upon his finding and winning the woman who will complement his life than any other factor. His ability to do this depends to great extent on his attractiveness, yet a man feels a bit sheepish when his own personality is up for discussion. I confess that I share this confusion, and I repeat that I realize that people know my screen prototype rather than myself.

“No matter what good work he does——”

Well, that is discouraging. I am speaking frankly and seriously. Ever since Harry Leon Wilson wrote “Merton of the Movies” it has become impossible for a picture star to speak seriously without feeling self-conscious, but I shall do it anyhow. Like Merton, I want to be a good actor and I want to be known as a good actor. I should rather be so considered than to have any other honor. Acting is my profession and I take the same pride in it that the painter, the novelist, the lawyer take in theirs.

I am not so modest or so unbusinesslike that I do not want to be thought of as an “attractive male.” This is based on two reasons. One is that every man likes to be thought of as something of a dashing fellow, and the second is that otherwise my productions would drop off in public demand. Motion-picture fans are more interested in personalities than high art. I can almost hear a chorus chanting, “You should be thankful of that.” To which I reply that I am. But still I would like to be thought of sometimes as a man doing good work.

To be called “The Sheikh,” a term applied to me because of a picture by that name in which I played the title rôle, is, I must say, annoying. In the first place, I think my own work in the picture was bad. In the second place, I am not a sheik in the sense that the word is used. One of my brutal

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WHY won't they give me a real chance to make good?" cries the extra. "Why don't they ever notice me? I've worked and I've waited and yet I'm not getting anywhere. If some experienced director would spare the time to show me how to develop myself, I know I could be a star."

If the author of this familiar plea had determined to carve out a baseball career, he would not have found his upward climb blocked by indifference. If he made any kind of a showing, he would have found himself under the close scrutiny of big-league scouts. He might have been tried out in the spring training camps, and if he didn't quite show big-league form, he would have been "farmed out" to a minor-league team for a further chance to develop himself. For in baseball the managers of even pennant-winning teams have learned that their success depends upon continually developing new stars from unknown players.

That is something which motion-picture producers, too, are at last realizing. The meteoric rise of some neglected extra to the dizzy heights of stardom shows that something is wrong with the present system. Just how many of the persistent extras who wait unnoticed, hoping that some day a lucky bit will attract the favorable attention of some director, have the makings of a Betty Bronson, a Jack Gilbert, or a Georgia Hale? Why, when every other profession furnishes novices systematic training, and a fair start toward success, should the great motion-picture profession force its newcomers to sink or swim in the icy waters of indifference?

The answer to this question is one of the most unique experiments in the film world. It is called the Paramount Picture School, and it is housed within the four white walls of the huge Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Astoria, Long Island.

A score of girls and young men, some of whom have served as extras and in small parts, and others to whom the glare of the Kliegs gives a holiday thrill, are the pupils in this school. Last spring they read of Paramount’s plan to inaugurate a picture school, and, like thousands of others, turned in their applications. But turning in an application is not nearly so thrilling as receiving a telegram, in the dead of night, telling one to report at once to the Famous Players-Lasky Studio for

Let's Visit the

Every fan is interested in Famous Players' attempt to can be systematically trained for the movies, and this

By Horace
Paramount School!

found an institution in which ambitious young persons
is an account of how the school is actually operating.

Woodmansee

a six-month course in motion-picture acting, with the
possibility of a starring contract at the end. That is
what happened to Marian Ivy Harris, an Atlanta,
Georgia, débutante. She was just saying good night
to a new escort in the bosom of her family when the
joyous news came. She threw her arms around her
mother and kissed her, then her father, and finally the
young man, greatly to his surprise, and, later, to her
own. There were similar scenes in many a household
where the son or daughter, who had longed for a mo-
tion-picture career, saw fulfillment before his or her
eyes.

What do you suppose the students in a school of pic-
ture acting busy themselves with? You must throw
aside all of your conventional ideas of a school before
you peer into the classroom of the Paramount institu-
tion. You will see a dozen or more girls and young men
scattered about a small room. All of them are intent
on what their instructor and principal, Tom Terris, the
director, is telling them. There is none of the bored,
"Will-vacation-never-start?" atmosphere in this class-
room. The students realize that they are working out
their destinies. They are striving for a very definite
and glamorous reward.

You will look about in vain for stacks of textbooks. During
the writer's visit to the school the only textbook he saw in use was
a copy of Picture-Play, which one of the girls was reading
during a spare moment to get
pointers on the screen stars
whom some day she hopes to
emulate. Yet, although there is
practically no learning from
books, there is a great deal of
learning by practice, by example,
and by comment.

In the ordinary school the
teacher would call pupils to the
blackboard in turn to solve prob-
lems. In this school the instruc-
tor calls students to the low
platform at the front of the
room to practice various bits of
acting.

One of the first things the stu-
dent actors must learn is to
throw off the shyness, awkward-
ness, and self-consciousness
which naturally invest boys and
girls gathered together in so un-
usual an enterprise.

We see a fellow and a girl
advancing to greet each other on
the platform. They are supposed
to indicate that they are on very
good terms.

"You really should kiss her
check," the principal comments,
Let's Visit the Paramount School!

They are mastering the groundwork of acting; they are learning how to time an action, how to manage entrances, exits, and grouping, how to use the hands, the eyes. They are learning that there is art in being natural on the screen.

So the drill goes on unceasingly, day after day. Sometimes Robert Andrews, one of the students who has had experience as an assistant director, relieves Mr. Terriss as instructor. Sometimes the pupils improvise a bit of action here and there, sometimes they enact little plays.

As they grow more proficient in the rudiments of acting, they begin to branch out. They go out on the huge stages where Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Rudolph Valentino, Betty Bronson, Carol Dempster, Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, and a host of other stars have been done into celluloid. They enact their scenes on the same sets where nationally known figures have just finished their day's work. Some of them are given work as extras in the picture plays that are in the making in the huge studio.

These student actors do not have an easy schedule. Few schools demand such hours, but, on the other hand, few schools offer such glamorous opportunities to keep interest at fever heat. At nine in the morning the classroom work starts. At noon there is an hour's recess. During the afternoon, in addition to more classes, there is a gym period. Keeping fit physically is one of the most important requirements of the school. At five o'clock the regular work day is over, but frequently there is an evening lecture on some aspect of the day's work, or motion pictures to be viewed and studied for the way in which costumes are worn and certain episodes are handled.

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Each student is taught to drive a car, and to know something about its mechanism.

Horseback riding is considered a necessary "study."
The Girl Who Waited

Ruth Clifford, for years lonely and aloof from the tinsel life of Hollywood, has found wealth and the genuine happiness in marriage that has passed more glamorous players by.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THIS is the story that I have wanted to write for four years, a story that I hoped Hollywood would produce. It is the story of a girl who was wise enough to wait, keeping herself from being blinded by a glamour that eventually shows itself to be false.

In Ruth Clifford’s romance I have had my faith in the old homilies rekindled.

“Fortunately, marriage has proven beneficial to my career, though if it hadn’t the career could go hang itself. My fan mail has increased. I have better opportunities in the way of roles than I ever had before. I enact them better, because I bring to them a new vitality, and a reaction from strain—I used to live in my work too intensely, and I was always nervous. But it doesn’t really matter.”

Ruth’s smile lingered upon the platinum band on her finger, and when she raised her eyes to her husband’s there was a light in them that I had never seen before. Since their return from their honeymoon at Honolulu, I had met her a few times in the studios, but it was my first occasion to dine with them at their lovely Beverly Hills home—and my first meeting with the new Ruth.

I had no intention, at the moment, of writing an interview with her, but some of the thoughts she expressed are a little off the beaten path and I think, too, that those fans who remember her charming portrayal in “Abraham Lincoln” and her sincere and impressionable characterization of the older sister in “Butterfly” will be pleased to know that she has found happiness. Ruth’s experience is another proof of a contention I have always insisted upon: that the girl who waits and keeps her faith, and does not lay too much stress upon cheap tinsel, in the long run reaps a more fruitful harvest.

For quite a number of years, since she was fifteen, in fact, Ruth has been in the movies, but not until last season did she attain any particular measure of success. She played sisters, a few leads; she commanded a good salary; her work was earnest and commendable but never inspired more than passing comment.

Her life was secluded. She acted and she designed her gowns, and that was about all. One never saw her at parties or the theater. Once she let me see into her heart; she was lonely, and yet some instinct caused her to hold back when opportunities to be a part of glittering, colorful Hollywood were offered her.

“I took my work too seriously,” she mused, “because I had so little else. I never had any fun. I didn’t know how. Instead of making me feel a new sense of responsibility, which I believe most actresses say is the effect of marriage, mine has taught me to play.”

“She has to play,” a wide grin overspread Jimmy Cornelius’ Irish face, “if she wants to stick around here. It’s a habit of mine.”

It is most surprising, the change that marriage has
brought over Ruth. The self-contained, quiet girl of yesterday has become more shy-eyed, with the opening of a gate into a garden that she never knew existed: the garden of happiness, of genuine joy.

"It's amazing, what a peachy playfellow she is, and such a good little sport," Jimmy told me. "When I realized how much I was doing for her, I hesitated, thinking that this white-and-gold girl would never care for roughing it. I wasn't keen on actresses. They're so often superficial, and most of 'em like the bright lights too much for my taste.

"And sports have been such a big part of my life that I couldn't give them up. But after we were married, by Johnny, if she didn't buckle down to fit herself into my scheme of things! At first, it was an effort for her, but now she has come to enjoy it."

Shortly after their return, Jimmy wanted to close the duck-hunting season. Ruth insisted on going with him, the twelve-hour drive up into the mountains, enduring the discomforts of roughing it in a cabin just under the snow line. Fearing the effect of the hardships on her, he hesitated to have her go, but she insisted.

"She sat there, wrapped in blankets, in the cold, gray dawn, watching us," Jimmy exulted. "Her nose was blue, and she was shivering, but do you think she'd quit? Not on your life. Henry Walthall said, 'Boy, you've got a brick.' She was like a child, the way she wanted to learn. I teased her a lot, but a man likes to teach a woman how to shoot and fish. I ordered an eiderdown sleeping bag for her from Canada, had a gun specially made for her—"

"I never knew those things could be such fun," Ruth broke in. "I had lived in my little apartment, always comfortable—and clean. Didn't dream anybody could be dirty and happy."

"Since that dinner party, I've been up to their cabin on June Lake, and I've seen the lovely golden-white Ruth in rough sports clothes, tramping beside her bronzed-faced Jimmy in the clear, crisp early morning, drawing great breaths of that vitalizing piney air into her lungs; her eyes, in which unshed tears used always to be lingering, shining like stars. She scaled the fish he caught, and fried bacon over the little stove, fairly exulting in being part and parcel of her boy's outdoor life.

To a girl inclined toward athletics, this roughing it would mean little. But if you had known the Ruth of a year ago, not artificial, but certainly a creature of comfort who belonged in softest silk, you would realize the difficulty that she faced in overcoming her natural timidity which unfamiliarity with the life of the wilds gives to any girl.

"At first, it was just to please Jimmy, to show him that I was anxious not to disrupt his life in any way. But now," she brushed the thick, blond hair that she was drying in the clear sun of midday, her eyes upon the snow-clad peaks beyond the lake, "oh, I love every minute, every smidgen of it."

At home one sees another Ruth, the spoiled child who has her every wish gratified, a flower of charm in the setting in which it belongs. The son of one of Los Angeles' richest bankers, and himself successful in the real estate and building business, Jimmy Cornelius is actuated by the average young husband's desire to shower his bride with luxuries. Their home is a dream. The servants, trained through years of service to Jimmy's mother, need no orders. Everything moves with that perfection of wheels well oiled out of sight, with no jar or friction to disturb the serenity that you feel the moment you cross the threshold.

"It must have been embarrassing at first, taking over the management of a big home," I mused one evening as we curled up on the lounge in her tan-and-green bedroom for confidences.

"Shhh, I don't," she confessed. "Never even know what I'm going to have to eat. They baby me, even the servants. Once a week I sit at my desk and look very important and pretend to go over the household bills. I can't make heads or tails of them, but I brown a little, and smile a little, and finally say to the housekeeper, 'You've done very well this week. I am quite pleased.' And Jimmy," she snickered, "is so proud of me. When I get into a difficulty, I call mother. That—she indicated a picture of a dignified, gracious lady—'is our mother.'"

Jimmy's mother, I knew, for the loss of her own when she was ten was the primary cause of Ruth's loneliness all these years.

"She loves me, I do believe, even more than she does Continued on page 100"
Brushing Off the Welcome Mat

For Dorothy Phillips, who has come back to pictures after a two-year retirement following her husband's tragic death.

By Caroline Bell

LONELINESS.

In this word Dorothy Phillips summed up the reasons for her return to the screen after a two-year absence. When her husband, Allen Holubar, died, she retired, summoned her daughter home from boarding school, and shut herself away from the world of motion pictures.

"Every one was very kind," she explains, in reviewing the two years that have been the most unhappy of her life. "But I wanted to get away from even the sympathy that was so generously offered. I am not, as you know, the kind of woman who can wear her heart on her sleeve. It is difficult for me to show what I feel. And work, it seemed to me then, and contact with friends, could never give back to me what I had lost.

"I have been thinking, though, lately. I am still young enough to accomplish something. I am not poor—nor am I wealthy. I do not think of myself as a great actress, but I know that I must possess some ability or I could not have remained on the screen as continuously as I did before my retirement. I had fans. A portion of the public liked me. I had given years to this work, and was trained in it. It seemed a shame to waste all of that. Besides, I have my mother to look after my child and my home. There is little there for me to do. For a while I was desolate. But moping and crying does no one any good and benefits oneself least of all. The forces of life have a way of asserting themselves, and gradually the old ambition was reborn in me."

A very deep grief shut Dorothy Phillips away in that big, somber house. She had been more than a helpmate to Allen Holubar. She had been the sort of wife, in many ways, that Dorothy Reid was—helpful, encouraging, tactful, a calm and quiet balance to a man's more volatile temperament. Their situations differed, of course, but they are much alike, these two women, in nature, though Mrs. Reid is more assertive and individual. But each has, more predominant than any other trait, the maternal quality.

Under Mr. Holubar's direction, and contributing far more behind the lines than the acting of scenes in which she appeared, Dorothy Phillips played in "Hurricane's Gal," "Man-Woman-Marriage," and others of his films. He was dependent upon her in many ways, and sought her counsel often when problems confronted him.

She was not considered then a very gifted actress, but one of that assemblage whose measure of ability and personalities won fan followings. The odd thing to me was that so often she appeared in thrillers of a type quite foreign to her own quiet, contemplative nature.

I have never seen her ruffled out of her serene calm, exhibiting the slightest trace of those human emotions—love, hate, envy, eagerness—which make of Hollywood such a chaotic and vividly interesting place. Even petty annoyances seem always to have slipped from her impermeability without leaving the least mark.

On the screen she pointed her characterizations with activity, limned bursts of temper, gave spirit to her heroines' moods. Herself, she was passive, content with the simple, ordinary things, deriding amusedly the emotional turbulence and the showy splendor which many actresses consider essential background. There was not a shred of pose to her; with artificiality she was unaccustomed.

Indeed, I often found it difficult to write of her, for, though I sensed depth beneath that outward tranquillity, and knew her to be sincere, there were about her so few manifestations of outstanding individuality. A complacent, sweet-tempered woman, an actress who had mastered the technical requirements of her work until it seemed no longer to intrude upon the even tenor of...
The Baby Spot

PLUMP in the center of the stage, in front of the director and everybody, the naughty wife deserts husband and child for gilded sin personified in the jazz hound with a Grecian nose.

The scene is bathed in a gossamer radiance—the sickly blue of an inferno—where the mercury lights hang in racks above the actors’ heads. The Kleigs at the four corners spit and hum. While above, on lofty scaffolds, the giant sun arcs—precocious Phaethons of modern mythology—pel the scene with a brilliance that would shame their papa Phoebus.

But here in the corner is a Baby Spot that an electrician has left lying on the floor unattended. Let us pick it up, switch on the juice, and direct its inquiring rays into some of the corners that are untouched by more pretentious beams.

Ah-ha! Just as we suspected. There is a pile of rubbish under that bed, and the leading man’s shoes are not mates. Props! Oh, props!

The Beast of Apuleius.

As I read over this effort to introduce some sense and nonsense to you, the metaphor appears to be pretty far-fetched. Better simply to have stated that in this corner we shall deal with facts and fancies about the movies that rarely find their way into print.

When I think of all the things that have never been told about the movies I am appalled! But I remember the classic case of Lucius Apuleius and take heart.

Of Lucius Apuleius it is related by himself that he, hoping to be changed into a bird and so pursue a certain enchantress, by mistake applied the wrong ointment and was transformed into no creature of the air, but a homely domestic animal, with great ears and a voice never meant for singing. In which shape he continued until the eating of a rose, which restored him to human form.

Nevertheless, in spite of humiliations endured in his humbled condition, the outcome proved fortunate for posterity. Except for his metamorphosis he could not have composed that ravishing tale of “The Golden Asse,” which is called the father of modern romances. Observing which thing, I now take courage and plunge my hand into the box of enchantments, caring little what the result may be.

This day my halter has been slipped by indulgent hands, and like a modern ectype of the beast of Apuleius, I begin to prance and curvet in my own insignificant garden. Here may grow abundance of rare weeds, rank grasses and moon flowers, but, let us hope, nothing ever so useful as a cabbage.

No Pie for Thespis.

The tourists have found Madame Helene’s. The restaurant at the entrance of the United studios—the restaurant where the food is good and the service brisk—swarms like a beehive with lank ladies who carry notebooks and little cameras. The actors stand sadly on the outside of the screen doors, waiting for a chance to edge in.

Gobs of atmosphere surround the doors: police in horizon blue—clubmen—sailors—bearded monsters. Out of the studio entrance pours another herd—exclusively apaches and cocottes—fifty of them at least. War and the underworld. Violence that is adored by the peace-loving audiences.

“Great guns! I’ve only twenty minutes for lunch,” exclaims George Hackathorne, with a worried look.

“The juvenile is dressed in the uniform of a British private in the late war. On his shoulder the insignia of a Wessex regiment.

An opening appears. He dives for the door. A phalaux opposes him. Five lank ladies with cameras
and notebooks. Hackathorne is scribbling autographs as fast as he can. As he writes his eyes hungrily seek out the plump pies and chocolate cake discernible on the long table just inside the screened entrance.

"Mr. Hackathorne! Mr. Hackathorne! Back on the set right away, please!"

As he turns from the admiring ladies, back toward the studio gate, his farewell glance is poignant with longing, as it sweeps the long table where Madame Helene's pastries repose.

**Von Stroheim's Megrims.**

From Von Stroheim's lofty piazza we could see all the bay of Avalon, an opaque surface, ultramarine, dotted with the riding lights of craft belonging to wealthy sportsmen, garlanded along the strand by a line of golden electric briars.

From the boardwalk, from the anchored yachts, faint sounds of pleasure—laughter, the whining voices of many ukuleles, snatches of song. Through the night glasses once used by a German sniper we could even pick out special groups—tableaux: rapt young men and maidens, engaged in the eternal preliminaries.

Erich von Stroheim, who normally inhabits a constricted cottage in a prosaic quarter of Hollywood, stretched out his arm in a gesture that indicated the glorified bungalow of his neighbor at the seaside resort—Tom Mix. The Mix mansion, strung around the eaves with colored electric globes in which the color of orange is dominant, resembles a California orange juice stand in paradise. On the front is the Mix monogram in electric letters five feet high.

Von Stroheim swung around and with his other arm indicated the mighty pueblo freshly erected by his neighbor on the other side—Zane Grey. The Grey establishment is in taste—no monogram, no orange lights. Its size is its imprimatur.

Von Stroheim, who had rented the cottage he occupied for a month only—as much as he could afford—grinned at me an urchin grin, and said:

"Don, I am going to make enough to have places like those. I am going to have a yacht in the harbor. I am going to pay the grocer and the clothes merchant. I am through with art. I am going to make horse opera."

**He Is Not!**

Von is not through with art. He is temporarily nauseated, as well he might be, by his experience with "Greed." He is going to make horse opera all right—he is going to make over one of George Barr McCutcheon's stories, called "East of the Setting Sun," into a vehicle for Connie Talmadge, to be rechristened "Balkan Love."

But after Von has made his horse opera incidentally, perhaps, his money— he will wish to go back to the realism he cherishes. I know well he will.

Meanwhile, Von is having fun. He has tied up with Joe Schenck. He is to direct Constance Talmadge in this first picture, to be followed by others. And best of all, he himself is returning to the screen. He is going to play the villain in the Balkan picture: Crown Prince Vladimir Sava Slatibor, called Black Vladimir. The name tells the story.

Von rented the cottage at Santa Catalina Island in order to work peacefully. He is there with his wife and little boy. Every morning at seven o'clock he gets into a rowboat and pulls around the end of the island to a lonely cove accessible only from the sea. Here he spends the day—dressed in bathing suit—dictating the screen story of "Balkan Love" to a stenographer.

He showed me the story he has blocked out. This will be no grim-faced adulation of life, but a burlesque, a comedy: a satire on McCutcheon. The latter wrote his novel with an aching assumption of dignity. Von Stroheim has stripped away all this pretention. And when McCutcheon sees the picture he will be astonished to behold his dignified and wooden hero with a name suggesting Oxford emerge as Johnny Jones of Detroit, Michigan—an American go-getter with a Ford agency in the Balkans!

**An End to the Extra.**

The thread of irony that runs through life in Hollywood, with a recurrent tendency to twine about the deck and throttle one, is yet of an amusing color.

I stood on one of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stages before an immense machine. A procession of robber dolls, fastened to an endless belt, moved through an arched gate in miniature. On the roofs of doll-like houses other dolls, affixed to concealed phonograph records, revolved slowly.

I mounted a platform and looked at the scene from a prescribed angle. Below me stretched Jerusalem. The horde of taxpayers were passing through the Jofia Gate. Crowds moved on the house tops.

"The public will never dream but what we used at least ten thousand extras in this scene," chortled an assistant director at my side. "This miniature stuff is the greatest invention of the age."

"In another year," he said with conviction, "there

Continued on page 94
How Many Film Celebrities Do You Know?

Caricatures by Robert Godfrey Quigley

In the above caricature are one hundred and seven figures prominent in motion pictures. Most of them are players whom you see on the screen regularly, but the remaining few are so well known and have been photographed so often, that you should have little difficulty in recognizing most of them.

After you have identified as many of the faces as you can, turn to the key on page 105 of this issue, and you will discover how many you had right. But don't give up too soon! You'll be surprised at how one face after another will suddenly become familiar if you just keep studying the page.
Would You Trade Places with Frances Rich?

In other words, would you like to be the daughter of a screen star? Frances Rich finds being a professional mother's daughter very satisfactory.

By Myrtle Gebhart

It is nice being the daughter of a movie star? I should say it is!”

Frances Rich shook back her mop of thick blond hair, swept a chair free of books and welcomed me in her vigorous, comradely way.

I found her in the throes of what she called “a trunk dress rehearsal.” Preparations were being made for the family's trip to Europe, where the two girls, Frances and Jane, will remain for a year with their grandmother, though Irene must return to work. Having laid out clothes and books and trinkets sufficient to fill four trunks, Frances was endeavoring to figure out a scheme for cramming them all into one.

“I got twice as much in today as I did yesterday. I'll have it down pat in another week. . . . About having a movie actress for a mother, well, I don't know any girl I'd want to change places with.”

The importance of her first interview she tried to conceal by an elaborately casual manner. I could not imagine this girl ever displaying undue concern, or the least affectation, no matter how fussed she might be. Perhaps it is because since she was eight she has been Irene's lieutenant, to a degree responsible for her younger sister, Jane, because so early she was taught to stand on her own feet and help while her mother was earning the bread and butter to keep her brood together, that she is so self-reliant and practical.

Her frocks were laid out on the bed—a couple of silk dresses for afternoon, one lovely white lace for parties, but few frilly ones, mostly sport things, sweaters and skirts. And everywhere a jumble of tennis rackets, school pennants, manicure set, photos, books—all the trinkets which a young girl collects and thinks indispensable on a journey.

“See this folio mother bought me so I can write letters on the boat going over? It's real leather. And look at all the doo-dads inside. I don't have as many things as some of my chums, but mine are always nicer.

“You know, I've had such a busy life,” she continued in her characteristically swift, staccato speech. She clips her words short. It is the way she plays tennis and swims and walks—quick, sure movements, with little wasted energy. She knows exactly what she wants to do or say, thinks rapidly, executes her thoughts decisively. “Until we were able to keep servants I had to help at home after school. And the last few years I've had my studying and looking after Jane. That's enough to keep sixteen mothers busy,” Frances sighed. “She's never still two minutes. Always falling off of some place and getting hurt. No sooner do I cure one bruise than she has another. But she's a sweet little rascal—don't you love Jane?

“My mother is more like a sister. She 'explains' me
Would You Trade Places with Frances Rich?

by telling everybody that she was married when she was scarcely out of her cradle, but I don’t think she will ever get old. Probably her work keeps her young. I couldn’t say how it would be if she did anything else. But so many exciting things happen at the studio and she meets interesting people and does something different every day, that she says she never has time to look for wrinkles.

“We’re regular pals. Why, it’s funny, but some girls are afraid of their mothers. But mother and I get along together just as well as if we weren’t kin.” Frances snickered. “We ride most every morning, and go to the movies in the evenings if she’s not too tired and if I have my lessons done, and Sundays we have a whopping time at the beach.

“Anybody ever criticize me because my mother’s an actress?” Frances answered my question with decided spirit. “I’d like to hear them, just once, that’s all! Maybe a long time ago some smart-alecky people didn’t approve of actresses, but everybody’s wild about them now, if they’re nice and behave themselves and do good in the world, like mother does. She is always doing something for somebody.

“And she’s more of a lady than some stay-at-home mothers. I’ve heard them say the meanest things, and a lady wouldn’t. A lady.” Frances pointed an ivory hairbrush at me, “is always tactful and kind and considers other people’s feelings——”

“Like your mother does,” I teased, winking at Irene, who came in just then.

“Exactly!” The pride in her tone changed to raillery when she saw her mother. “I’m telling her what a very bad mother you are. This is my interview. Do you really need to stay?”

“Certainly not.” Irene gave an elaborate shrug. “I know where I shall be better entertained. A young man named Jim is cooling his heels downstairs. I believe he mentioned tennis.” She paused, selected a racket, and laughed at us from the doorway. “He is all of seventeen, but he does play a skillful game of tennis.”

“Well, I—like—that! And here I——”

“A lady, Frances dear,” I reminded, “is always tactful.”

My reward was a wide grin and a quick handclasp. Frances doesn’t throw her arms around you and kiss you. She grabs your hand in a vigorous way that makes you feel glad she is your friend, youngster though she is.

“Anyway, I’d rather talk to you. He’s got freckles. Yes, mother lets me play tennis with the boys, and go to movies when there’s a crowd and somebody’s mother along. I can’t go alone with one. The other night she chaperoned six of us at dinner at a café. It was her first time to be chaperon and she said she never realized before that she had an almost-grown-up daughter.

“I loved every minute of it, especially when the stars stopped at our table and I introduced my mother’s famous friends to my chums. My, how they envied me!”

“She’s such a good sport,” Frances proclaimed, as she tried to solve the problem of folding three sweaters into a space where only one could possibly go. “Some mothers don’t seem to understand things. Why, I’ve girl friends who come here to talk things over with mother, things they’re afraid to mention at home because their mothers are so reticent.

“When I’ve got something to figure out, not studies but about friends and—oh, well, things,” with the young girl’s hesitancy about broaching subjects in which the mind at fifteen begins to show a vague interest. Frances fidgeted, “anyhow, I just spill it all out and mother makes everything clear. She doesn’t scold and say, ‘You’re not old enough to know about that.’ She says, ‘Frances, it’s like this,’ and explains. I guess it’s because she’s still pretty young herself.

“And she likes to do the things we like. She gets too much fun out of it to be just pretending, to please us. Why, last night a bunch came over and we played Nicho-

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lolas Billiards. It’s loads of fun. You get so excited you shirk. Mother played with us and laughed as much as any of us. She never acts bored with our crowd, the way some of the mothers do.

“We go to the beach every Sunday and have grand times. You ought to see my mother swim. I can beat her at tennis, but I’m not in her fish class at all.

“We had a good laugh last Sunday. Bert Lytell was there with Miss Windsor. He called, ‘Irene, bring that kid sister of yours and join our hot-dog party.’ Mother bristled right up, ‘I’ll have you understand this is my daughter!’ Mr. Lytell looked so embarrassed. People are always taking me for her sister, and even if they know better they forget.

“When the girls at school beg me for autographed pictures of my mother, I swell up and grow about a foot. I remind them that only very special friends can have one. I usually let them ask for a while. My mother’s pictures are valuable things to have and must be appreciated.”

Frances Rich is not a pretty girl, judged by the familiar standard, for her face is tanned instead of pink and white, and her thick mop of hair is usually ruffled. But there is genuineness in her, a something that Irene has kept untouched by the petty, artificiality that so soon sets its stamp upon the flappers nowadays.

There is very little slang in her vocabulary. She is allowed neither rouge nor lipstick, and powder only on special occasions. Instead of slouching and posing, a deplorable habit I’ve noticed among schoolgirls too early self-conscious, she stands very straight, head thrown back, eyes meeting yours squarely, firm little chin out where it belongs.

She is going to be proud of that girl some day. In her to-morrows, when perhaps her own day of fame shall be over, she will find her fullest glory in the achievement of the daughter to whose character development she has given such thought.

“Having a movie star mother boosts my own stock,” Frances pointed out another asset. “With boys, particularly. I don’t pay much attention to them, I’ve more important things on my mind, but it’s nice to be popular and get candy and things. And soon as they find out they look so funny and say, ‘Oh, are you Irene Rich’s daughter? Well—er—can I come around some time?’

“There was one boy who thought he was the whole cake, and the icing. A wealthy miner’s son, older than our crowd and of course thought we were just kids. I invited him to my commencement party—we had sixteen, imagine, each graduate giving one, which made it perfectly lovely. He acted stuck-up at first, until he met mother. Then he just stared and stammered. And he has been camping on my doorstep ever since.

Another thing, not every girl has a beautiful mother whom everybody admires and chooses to be queen of this or that thingamajig. It’s great to watch mother in the center of a crowd, with everybody making a fuss over her.” Toitalize her remarks, one tossed fist shot into the cupped palm of the other little brown hand, a boyish mannerism of Frances when she is terribly in earnest. Her brown eyes glow and the whole of her fairly vibrates with an intense vitality.

“Like when she was queen of the Shriners’ ball. They sent cars for us and we rode in the parade. I told Jane, ‘If we weren’t Irene Rich’s family we’d be standing there on the sidewalk looking at the parade instead of being in it.’ I pretended I wasn’t a bit excited, but I
THIS unknown girl, Joyce Compton, has just been given a long-term contract by First National, and will be seen for the first time in "Joseph Greer and His Daughter."
PAULINE STARKE used to be such a sad little girl that it will be surprising to see her as the brilliant and modish heroine of “Paris,” which Erte will supervise for Metro-Goldwyn.
THE press agent tells us that Diana Miller is now being called "the Mrs. Adolphe Menjou of pictures." Despite that, she is a clever girl who is advancing rapidly in Fox productions.
FOR a long time Edna Murphy hardly knew she was in pictures, jobs were so slow, but after making a few changes she became the attractive, sought-after actress described on the opposite page.
The Clouds Roll By

Edna Murphy kept smiling at trouble and now she is rewarded; it looks as though her misfortunes are all in the past.

By Helen Klumpp

WHEN she signed a contract a short time ago to play with Leon Errol in "Clothes Make the Pirate," Edna Murphy threw dignity to the winds and her hat in the air with a childish and wholly natural "Whoopie!" For the prayers that she had almost despaired of offering up had suddenly been answered.

She had looked on it only as a lucky break, a few weeks before, when she was hired to play opposite Glenn Hunter in "My Buddy's Wife," she had shown only mild surprise when engaged immediately afterward to play opposite George Hackathorne in "Asleep in the Deep." But when the Errol picture offered her an engagement right on the heels of the others, she couldn't restrain herself and act blasé any longer. For it looked as though Old Lady Opportunity had finally decided to nail her knocker on Edna's door. Right on the nice shiny spot that had been awaiting it for years.

It had seemed for a while as though Edna's career had come to a dead stop right where it should have begun. Just when she got past the awkward age of frizzy hair and stare-y eyes and began to show real promise in her work, no jobs were forthcoming. People in the casting offices seemed to have forgotten that such a person as Edna Murphy was alive, and when reminded, didn't seem to think it was particularly important.

That is just the state of affairs that has made many a girl in pictures go into hiding with a fit of sulks or start on a round of all-night dance clubs to dance away her troubles in forgetfulness. Either course is apt to bring tired lines to the most trusting eyes, and hard, set lines around the mouth.

But Edna is different. She looks ahead. She tried being philosophical and adopting a Pollyanna pose, and when she found that she didn't fit that role at all, just went ahead and lost her temper. And instead of taking out her fine Irish temper in hating the directors who didn't hire her, she went to the nearest gymnasium—which happened to be right downstairs at the Hotel Shelton where she lives—and played handball. If Hack she went at the handball, imagining that it was one of the directors who seemed so blissfully unaware of her existence. Bang! she hit it again, thinking of the casting directors and their calm insouciance. The benefit to her figure could be measured in inches and pounds; the benefit to her disposition will have to be measured by the many chapters written by psychologists on "Release."

Having a superabundance of energy, she went on to the swimming pool, and then to a dancing class. After a while she was having such a good time she forgot how it all had started, and wore habitually such a genial, sunny smile that people who saw her started asking who she was. Even picture directors who had turned her down a few weeks before were interested. Soon the break in her luck came and companies began sending for her. Now, she is in a happy position, for she is working all the time, and quite unknown to her, several companies are studying each new script to see if it has a part for her.

"I could do happy," she remarked one day, "if just once I could work under John Robertson's direction." It looks as though she would have that chance, for about ten minutes later Mr. Robertson was asking me who the dear little sunshiny blonde was I had been lunching with. When I told him, he murmured that he must remember her, he'd need her in a picture soon.

"Oh, dear," Edna wailed when I told her, "I went to see him about a job months ago and he doesn't even remember. He looked at me with kindly forbearance but I could see he didn't like my looks. I know now that my clothes were all wrong and that I'm not the type that can wear make-up, but I didn't know it then.

"If a girl waited until she knew how to wear smart clothes, and how to make up, and how not to put her worst foot forward, before breaking into the movies, she might make a successful début in grandmother rôles, but where would the fun be?"

Edna had been reading the fan magazines avidly and had taken to heart every bit of criticism of every one else as well as of herself.

"Maybe it is hard on the public to bear with us through the awkward age, but they're the only ones who can tell us how terrible we are. "Families never would."

Perhaps you remember Edna's "awkward age" pictures. As a Brooklyn schoolgirl she played extra in a few pictures and then rose to the dizzy heights of stardom with Johnnie Walker in a Fox serial. She went in for lots of gestures, playing her love scenes staccato and her dramatic horror scenes with the Australian crawl. Childlike, she was fascinated by the amount of make-up that the human eyelash could support and loaded it on to the limit.

Even so, there was a certain naïveté and charm to her appearance, and engagements in Universal pictures and a Hal Roach serial followed those early pictures. Then she came to New York, and suddenly she grew up. Her irrepressible giggle graduated into a soft, musical voice with a chuckle in it that has brought her an offer to go into musical comedy. Her careless, ambling walk completely disappeared and a certain gracious dignity came into her bearing. Suddenly, Edna was no longer just one more cute little blonde; she was a personality, and a mighty ingratiating one.

Edna talks very little, being one of those rare good listeners who says just the right thing to keep other people talking. But occasionally, when we have been alone, she has expressed herself on the subject of picture careers.

"If there only was a starting point and a finishing line," her voice cut plaintively through the twilight one night when we were sitting in her apartment watching the lights flicker on in the buildings below, "and a man to shoot off a gun to signal you that you were starting on your last lap toward success, then you'd know where you were. But"—and she sought to dispel the seriousness of the occasion with a philosophical laugh—"how are we to know when we're through?"

Some sort of explanation was due from her, for a few minutes before, I had asked her how she happened to be in pictures, and she had replied pertly, "Oh, am I in pictures?"

That sort of remark is characteristic of the third day after finishing a picture without getting another engagement. There is nothing else in the world so utterly lost as an actor with nothing to act, and that was the state Edna was in.
Recognition for the Extra

Every motion-picture director admits that in the ranks of the extras in his pictures there may be a potential Bar- thelness or Chaney or Pickford or Gish, but there are very few who have either the time or the energy to devote to seeking out the ones with talent. The extra has almost no chance to distinguish himself from the mob. He is unhonored and unsung. There is no one to champion him and see that he gets a chance at something better. At least, there wasn’t, until a short time ago when Ben Lyon decided to do what he could to remedy the situation. Young Mr. Lyon knows what it is to work week after week lost in the background of a picture, unnoticed by the director, for only a few years ago this popular young man was playing atmosphere. Now that he doesn’t have to worry about his own opportunities he is going to do what he can to help others. In each picture in which he appears he is going to study the extras and pick out the one who seems most promising. This one, old or young, man or woman, is going to receive the Ben Lyon Award of Merit. It won’t be a gold medal, or an autographed picture of the star, or a message of congratulation. It will be all the help that Mr. Lyon and a committee of writers, one member of which will come from the staff of Picture Play, can give professionally. He will go to all the casting agents and directors he knows and recommend that the winners be tried out in parts. The writers cooperating with him will publicize them. At least two directors—Howard Higgin, in whose “Invisible Wounds” Mr. Lyon is now appearing, and George Archainbaud, for whom he made “The Necessary Evil”—will offer encouragement in the way of roles to the people he selects.

Don’t Be Misled

The manager of a big hotel in New York is very much concerned because a delegation representing a convention of business men that is to meet there in the late autumn wants to locate some of the cafés and night clubs they have seen in pictures. Not for them the stuffy and prosaic confines of the New York restaurants they have seen. They want the gilded, gay, spectacular palaces where every one is vivacious and smart wherein to entertain their delegates. They know there must be such places because they have seen them right on the screen. The hotel manager’s explanation that scenic designers in the studios are more extravagant and original than real café decorators, was received skeptically. So the men have scouted around New York and although they have found nothing worthy of De Mille as yet, they are still hoping. As for the hotel manager, he says he is going to buy a discarded set from some studio and put it up in his hotel. But all other visitors to New York he would like to counsel, “If you expect to find it as bright as the movies paint it, stay home.”

New Scenes

Occasionally a plaintive voice speaks out in “What the Fans Think,” or in the columns of professional criticism, asking that the movie makers seek new scenes. The shores of Southern California and Long Island, the streets of Los Angeles and Manhattan, and even certain favorite mountaintops are all too familiar to movie audiences. There are vast stretches of beautiful country occasionally glimpsed in news reels or travel pictures that would offer a welcome change from the old-favorite spots, but few directors have courage enough to seek them out. And it requires courage to take a motion-picture company into a community which, unused to them, all but kills them with kindness and curiosity and entertainment. Alan Dwan is willing to face this situation, however, for the sake of variety in his pictures, and so he has taken Gloria Swanson and several other players down into West Virginia to make scenes for “Stage Struck.” Another director, J. A. Fitzgerald, a producer of pictures for the independent market, is making Opie Read’s “Wives of the Prophet” down in the caves near Harrisonburg, Virginia, with a company that includes Alice Lake, Ruth Stonehouse, Niles Welsh, and Harry Lee. That takes two more States out of the ranks of the unfilmed, but there are still plenty of others.

One Common Ground

According to men in the motion-picture industry, the actors, the theater owners, and the critics never agreed whole-heartedly on the merits of a motion-picture until the coming of “The Unholy Three.” Often the critics and the actors have agreed on a picture of which the theater owners said, “Poison at the box office.” Occasionally the critics and the theater owners have agreed on one that actors have found lacking in all essentials of Thespian art. For some reason, professional jealousy perhaps, actors and theater owners never seem to agree except on the actors’ own pictures. All of which is a minor reason for according a niche in the film Hall of Fame to “The Unholy Three.” The major one is, of course, that it is splendid entertainment.

Music Scores by Radio

The “motion picture of the future” may arrive much sooner than the time allotted by our cautious prophet, Eugene Clement d’Art, in his article elsewhere in this issue. Experiments have recently been made, in connection with the showing of the German picture “Siegfried,” with a view of broadcasting by radio to smaller theaters the musical accompaniment as given at the special presentation in New York. The Radio Corporation of America is experimenting with the idea, and hopes to put it into effect in the very near future.
To Please the Chicago Fans

WHY, ask the Chicago fans, aren't more movies laid in our city? Haven't we locations around the Loop, and along the Lake Front, and in our parks that are just as interesting as those in New York and Los Angeles that we see so often, over and over again?

And, in reply, Paramount selected for D. W. Griffith's next picture, "That Royle Girl," a story laid in the Windy City, and sent him there to make exterior scenes in places which every one who knows Chicago will recognize.

Of course, his appearance there attracted such crowds that it was with great difficulty that he was able to work at all, especially after the Chicago papers printed columns about the Chicago society girls who were appearing in the picture.

The two larger pictures show him at work in Lincoln Park, taking scenes of Carol Dempster, as the little news girl. The smaller picture is a location on Wilson Avenue.

In the early part of the story, Miss Dempster appears as a small Chicago girl who has a hard pull keeping herself and her drunken father alive. At one point, in greatest despair, she goes to the statue of Lincoln, and appeals to him for comfort and encouragement. It is this bit of the film that is shown being made here.
THE game of crazy pool at the Writers' Club was unusually tiresome, in spite of whoops of gayety, which we emitted at regular intervals to convince ourselves that we were having a good time. Besides, Donald Ogden Stewart, that uncanny Scot, had cornered all of the olives and most of the spaghetti. I reached for my hat.

"Don't go!" hissed a voice in my ear. "Something good coming off in a few minutes."

The speaker who accosted me was one of the youngest members of the Wampas, that organization of earnest and credulous young men engaged in the noble art of telling the world the truth about the movies. In other words, he was a press agent.

"Fred Beetson's here to-night," said my accoster, meaningfully.

Fred Beetson is the representative of H. R. H. Will Hays on these western shores.

"See this collar and tie?" the Wampas sniggered. "We're all wearing wing collars and bow ties to-night in honor of Mr. Beetson. He dresses that way, you know. But listen!"

The Wampas leaned closer and his face assumed the expression of one who is about to pronounce the magic words, "Prewar stuff!"

"Listen! Mr. Beetson has six reels of film that the censors of various States have cut out of the current releases. He's going to show it to the boys to-night. So if you want to see something spicy just stick around."

I replaced my hat on the peg and followed him into the dining room, where the Wampas was assembled in weekly session.

Mr. Beetson—in wing collar and bow tie—was just concluding his preliminary remarks. He was telling the assembled company his purpose in exhibiting this film: that the industry might know what things to avoid in the future and thus spare itself much trouble and expense. Mr. Beetson added that the ensuing reels was stuff the general public would never be permitted to see, but felt he could safely show it to such a selected gathering of those who had at heart the best interests of filmmod. He had already shown it to selected gatherings of directors and scenario writers and now it was the turn of the men who were nearer the heart of the great American public than any other group in the industry, namely the men who directed the publicity activities of the motion-picture world, to have an eyeful, or words to that effect.

The Wampas cheered loudly and the room went dark. Mr. Beetson placed himself at my elbow and suggested adroitly that if I wrote anything perhaps it would be better not to mention the names of any of the directors or actors who had been responsible for these censorable performances. Mr. Hays had requested that there be no publicity and—

"Uh-huh!" I said, which might be either a threat

"That might teach children how to light bombs," confided Mr. Beetson.
or a promise, and leaning back in my chair, I carefully adjusted my spectacles.

"She's stalling! They're in it together and I'm going to croak 'em both!"

The words flared whitely on the flickering background and the next instant there appeared the ill-favored countenance of a well-known screen beauty. He was thrusting a deadly weapon uncomfortably close to the white throat of a certain popular heroine. (I decided to keep faith with Mr. Beetson.)

"They'd have got away with that scene," confided the latter at my elbow, "except that he's holding the gun too close to her. Three feet is the limit in Ohio."

The scene changed. A young damsel, most fair, was retiring for the night. It must have been a costume picture from the previous century, for she was heavily clothed against the chill night air. Moreover, her long and luxuriant hair, neatly marcelled and loosened for the occasion, would have effectually clothed her had no other garment been available.

"Oh, she's altogether too pretty!" exclaimed Mr. Beetson. "The director should have taken that into consideration. Nearly all the censors are women," he added confidentially, "and most of them are—er—not exactly young ones."

A great light dawned on me. At last I understand the perennial popularity of some of our leading feminine screen stars. No censor would ever cut them out.

A scene tense with drama now pulsed before our eyes. The heroine, wronged by the villain, had armed herself with a businesslike dagger and was engaged in pursuing him around the room. She caught him after about five hundred feet, and gave him what was coming to him.

"You see," explained Mr. Beetson, in my ear, "she took too long to kill him. Ten feet is the limit for that sort of thing in Pennsylvania."

Upon the screen flashed a title—disconnected from any action:

"And you, you poor stiff, you're too lazy to work. That's why you're a missionary!"

I laughed out loud. Mr. Beetson frowned, slightly.

"That was really an unpardonable oversight on the part of the title department. There's hardly a censor in the land who hasn't some member of the family in the mission field."

Along came a riotous sequence made by a comedy company. "Moscow" Murphy, the bolshevik, had threatened to blow up the town. He was shown in ridiculous whiskers, lighting the long fuse of a ridiculous, old-fashioned, cannon-ball bomb by means of a burning glass.

"That might teach children how to light bombs," confided Mr. Beetson.

"We've got enough money to go to Mexico to start a revolution," boasted a flippant character in the next scene.

"That might get the United States into trouble with Mexico," said my mentor.

"Better croak than be croaked," remarked a philosophical character.

"That word 'croak,'" mused Mr. Beetson, "the censors seem to think it's a little off color."

The next scene showed a close-up of an alarm clock and an opium pipe.

"Of course they can't get away with an opium pipe," said Mr. Beetson.

A close-up of a revolver being cocked.

"Children might get hold of revolvers and shoot themselves," he remarked.

Appeared the portraits of a dead cat and a dead dog.

"Cruelty to animals," he explained, succinctly.

Another comedy sequence. The heroine, tied and helpless, bites the villain on the nose.

"Bad taste," commented my mentor.

I glanced at him sharply. He was not smiling. I looked back at the screen and saw an artist painting designs on a pair of plump, girlish calves. The camera moved upward and I beheld the lady's face, which was old and wrinkled.

"That makes it worse, you see," explained Mr. Beetson.

At this point I began to tabulate. I observed that censors have an unqualified aversion to hospitals, hangings and the kissing of a girl while engaged in driving an automobile.

No less than six times did I behold this deed of danger ruthlessly cut out by the censor's shears. And for once I was in hearty sympathy. I, also, have been nearly run down by absent-minded young men who fail to keep their eyes on the road.

Next appeared a long series of shearings from the
"Flaming Youth" type of movie. My eyes ached from looking at one scene after another, all nearly identical, and all depicting precocious conduct on the part of the flapper and her male complement.

Dancing that must have been wicked, for the young persons looked as if they were enjoying it. Hip flasks—if the flasks snipped out of hip pockets by censors' shears were placed end to end they would reach from Sandy Hook to Venice, California.

Bathing suits—the one-piece variety that are in vogue along the Pacific coast—are not permitted, if the wearer is a sylph possessing gracious curves. Nor is it lawful, in the eyes of a censor, to kiss a young girl and exclaim: "Wow!"

Immeasurable wise cracks by the precocious younger generation—most of which were aimed at their elders—have been properly suppressed.

Item: "Let's go out and listen to the moonlight."

Item: "Granny, you have an evil mind."

If a young woman happens to faint from fatigue her escort shall not rub her feet to bring her round. He may, if required, dash a glass of pure water into her face. But he should be careful that none of it trickles down her bosom.

"Now please tell me what is the objection to that?"

On the screen a close-up had appeared—of a flapper in a boyish bob—chewing gum.

"Don't you see!" asked Mr. Beetson, patiently. "She's chewing with her mouth open. That's bad manners."

"But she's supposed to be an ill-mannered girl," I protested, "in the picture."

"I know. But the censors do not usually take the story into consideration. It's the individual act that offends."

I sat still and watched as one vice after another, one daring act of immodesty after another, was smelled out and relegated to the limbo of scenes that will never be shown.

The titles that had been eliminated were more of an index to the psychology of the censor than were the bits of action which had been chopped.

"Damn all women!" roared one title.

It did not take Mr. Beetson to tell me that censor-ship boards, composed largely of the dangerous sex, would squelch such a sweeping indictment.

"Women are all alike. They give when they love!"

I could see the rigid cigarettes bristle on many a hat. I could hear many an acrid voice exclaim: "Well, I wouldn't!"

"The parson's away from home. There's nobody here to christen your brat!"

There might be a sly implication here that preachers are not attending to business, though, as every one knows, a parson's work must keep him away from home a great deal. At any rate, out it came, in spite of the fact that it is a sentence taken literally from a famous and highly moral novel that was lately adapted to the screen.

Drinking I expected to see demolished. I lost count of the drinking scenes that fell by the wayside.

Nevertheless, I think it was a little unfair to rule out one drinking scene. It was in the garden of a fashionable hotel. The drink was most evidently lemonade.

"New York did that," remarked Mr. Beetson. "They cut out soda fountains and everything sometimes. They take no chances on drinking."

Smoking is frowned upon in Kansas. Especially of the filthy cigarette. If a woman is the offender the entire sequence may go.

Even a harmless bit from "the old swimming hole" had been ordered out.

One of my most interesting observations was that reaching a certain pitch, becomes verboten in the eyes of a great many censors. Many were the fights in which the contestants got too rough that will never be released to feed the blood lust of our bank clerks and their brides.

At last came a scene the first glimpse of which gave me a real tug under my vest. We are all sentimental at heart, I suppose. The scene that was being filmed in the screen took me back to a certain nearly forgotten period of my life: my boyhood on a farm. The old swimming hole, dappled with the shadows of overhanging willows. The worn, narrow path through high meadow grass. The figures of half a dozen boys. I felt as if I should like to shout: "The last one in——" but I was forestalled. The youngest member of the tribe—a sunburned boy of twelve—gave tongue with the familiar cry. He whirled, on the brink of the pool, so that his back was turned toward us.

With a lightning movement he hauled off his cap. The thin bare back of an adolescent boy with its high, peaked shoulder blades was exposed. The film stopped. The lights went up.

William Haines greets both ups and downs with enthusiasm.

By A. L. Wooldridge

The kid with the dark hair and dark eyes turned to the kid with the light hair and blue eyes on the streets of the small Virginia city and said:

"Got any money?"
"No," the other replied.
"Have you?"
"No. But I've got a shawl pin with a little diamond in it that belonged to my grandmother. S'pect I could pawn it in Richmond."

"My mother's got a collection of old coins put away. I c'n swipe them and pawn 'em, I guess."

"Let's do it!"

So they struck out from Staunton, their little home town nestling in the hills of old Virginia, to see what was in the world. They made it to Richmond, where the shawl pin and the old coins went into hock, the pin for thirteen dollars and the coins for sixteen dollars.

William Haines, new leading man for Mary Pickford, says all that he is, all that he ever hopes to be, he owes to that little shawl pin. If he hadn't owned that pin, he couldn't have got from Richmond to Hopewell, Virginia. And if he hadn't got to Hopewell, he couldn't have got the job pushing a truck in the DuPont powder plant. And if he hadn't got the job in the DuPont powder works he couldn't have started the dance hall. And if the dance hall hadn't burned, he wouldn't have got out of Hopewell and into New York. And if he hadn't been in New York, a young woman casting scout for Metro-Goldwyn wouldn't have stopped him on the street and asked him to go into pictures. And if he hadn't gone into pictures he likely would not have known the fun there is in this old world and how it seems to be squashed between the eyes by disaster one minute only to have bank notes pushed at you the next.

I sat in a dressing room with Bill Haines at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver

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I f there weren't any celebrities the rest of us couldn't sit around complaining that they weren't as good as they used to be. It hardly seems fair that an experienced and conscientious person should reach the top of the ladder only to have a lot of warped natures, mine included, sit at the bottom watching meanly for the first slip. Maybe the critics are too critical, and then again, possibly the artist is too much an artist.

When I went to see Charlie Chaplin in "The Gold Rush," I went remembering him in "The Kid," "Shoulder Arms," "The Pilgrim," and many others, and just as old men will say that the girls aren't so pretty as they used to be or the songs not half so tuneful, I will say that "The Gold Rush" isn't nearly so funny. In fact it is called a "dramatic comedy" which in itself is a mean trick to play on an audience. It isn't fair to tell them in advance that things are both dramatic and funny, because instead of relaxing to the fun or bracing themselves for the drama, they sit perfectly miserable wondering whether to laugh or to bite their finger nails.

"The Gold Rush" has a plot and a happy ending. I didn't like the story and I did like the happy ending. Seeing Charlie a multimillionaire with a valet and two fur coats, both of them on at once, cheered me immensely. One of the coats had an embroidered lining to prove that he was even more ultra than plus.

The picture lacks pep. If this weren't such a nice magazine, I might be even more Anglo-Saxon and say what I really mean. Mr. Chaplin used to be a funny man first and an artist unintentionally, now he is an artist on purpose and a funny man only when it's absolutely necessary. However, I don't think this is entirely his fault. It is the fault of the people who, not content with being hilariously entertained by him, had to label him an artist to justify their own laughter. If a funny man happens to fall funnier and harder than other funny men, some one is sure to say that he is really great, and by calling him great, they have made him important, and important things are taken seriously, which is not good for a comedian.

Chaplin used to be a ridiculous little man who every now and then seemed a little sad. Now he is a sad little man who every now and then seems a little ridiculous. Personally, I don't like my comedy with strings to it. The Pagliacci idea of the clown whose hollow laughter hides a broken heart has been used so often that I can scarcely go to the circus and see these pitiful creatures through my tears. I don't want to be amused if it's going to be painful.

To be sure there are wonderful things in "The Gold Rush." I liked the fight in the log cabin over a gun with the gun always pointing at Charlie. I liked his beautiful politeness when he danced with Georgia at the dance hall with a rope tied around his trousers to keep them up, and a large collie dog at the end of the rope. I liked him when he was being ingratiating. In fact all his comedy is superb. There is only one person who comes near the standard he has set, and he is W. C. Fields.

But Chaplin was mostly too pathetic, not because he couldn't help it, but because he meant to be, and if a man can make an audience scream with mirth, it is a waste of time for him to go about looking wistful. My cry is, "Louder and funnier."

In his direction, Chaplin made effective use of the name "Georgia." Every time Georgia Hale entered a scene, the name "Georgia" was thrown on the screen. It had the effect of making her seem something very rare and desirable, and not just the heroine of a story. Miss Hale is pretty and graceful. Mack Swain is good as Big Jim McKay.

I think Charlie Chaplin is much more important being funny than he is being poignant. I don't want a big fine thing made of my coarse and loud laughter. I feel a little like a lady I know who complained, "That radio music is getting so refined that you can hardly hear it."

A Spectacle with a Moral.

"The Wanderer," the new Paramount spectacle, is one of those pictures that point a moral and have lots of fun doing it. There is more time taken to show the downward path than there is the upward one. Vice reigns throughout a greater part of the picture with time out every now and then for a mother to put a lamp in the window for her boy's return.

It is the story of the prodigal son, or as the advertising posters have it, "The first boy who went wrong and the girl who led him astray." Both in "The Wanderer."

Well, it does show him going wrong, just about as wrong as I have ever seen, and while in the end he
The Screen in Review

Review

William Collier, Jr., is "Jethro, the son. It is a difficult part to play and he does it as well as any one could. There were times when he hung a bashful head a little too often, but I liked him when he wasn't taken up with being just a boy.

Greta Nissen is indeed the girl who leads him astray. There was no doubt about that. She was photographed to every possible advantage, and she justified it. She is not pretty when she smiles, but I don't think any one noticed that.

Ernest Torrence is by all means the best of the picture, as Tola, the first bad egg. Wallace Beery comes in for his share of the sin, too.

Toward the very end, there is one of the very best disasters I have ever seen. The entire city falls as punishment on these pagan people. The photography during these scenes is really fine, and the coals of fire coming down from the heavens were beautiful. There are some lovely pictures of shepherds and sheep, too.

Frankly, I see no point in a picture of this type. I see no need to jazz up Bible stories with a lot of girls from the ballet schools and the beaches. The story was no more than a country boy out with his first chorus girl, and no amount of long beards and Biblical subtitles could make it anything else. Not only that but there was one unnecessarily disgusting incident in it. I am no moralist, but I think things should be labeled correctly. They make them do it on the tomato cans.

Raoul Walsh directed it. Kathryn Williams, Tyrone Power, and Snitz Edwards were also in the cast.

Some Intelligent Acting.

"The Goose Woman" is something new in pictures. It has for its principal character a woman who is dirty, not young, and depressingly drunk. Many pictures have had heroines touch bottom in such picturesque places as opium dens in Shanghai, or dens of vice in Paris, but few of them have the courage to be as realistic as this one.

In "The Goose Woman," a Universal-Jewel picture, Louise Dresser plays the part of an opera singer, Marie de Nardi, who, having lost her voice when her baby is born, succumbs to the tragedy and seeks forgetfulness in hundreds of cases of synthetic gin.

She lives in a filthy shack, raises geese, and collects empty bottles, until a murder brings her before the public eye again. Her son, whom she blames for her bad luck and hates accordingly, is accused of the murder. Just when things look pretty black, her love for him comes to the surface, a minor character confesses to the murder, and everything is pretty and pink at the end.

Louise Dresser gives a performance that is better than a good one. You will have to figure that one out for yourselves. Her reform seemed a little too sudden, but that was undoubtedly due to the fact that there was nothing more to be done about her. I couldn't help but wonder if, after all the excitement of reforming was over, and with her voice still gone, she wouldn't backslide a little bit on the longer winter evenings. It is lovely to have people urging you to see light, but it must be quite a let-down, after you are finally saved, to be left alone again. I always sympathized with Huck Finn's pa who signed the pledge, and immediately got drunk, fell off the roof, and broke his arm.

Jack Pickford seems to enjoy being cast as a son. Perhaps it is because he is one in real life. Constance Bennett is again exceedingly attractive and well dressed.

The big disappointment of the picture for me was when they killed Marc MacDermott in the first reel. I can think of lots of others they might have conveniently sacrificed instead.

Old New York and Betty Bronson.

"Not So Long Ago" is a rather tedious picture, with Betty Bronson as the principal attraction. The rumor is that she has indeed arrived successfully, but in "Not So Long Ago" I do not see that she does anything that any capable young person could not handle equally well. The Gishes and Mae Marsh, as embryo stars, had twice her charm.

This picture was taken from the stage play by Arthur Richman. It is the story of an innocent New York with its volunteer firemen, placid streets, and tandem bicycles. Sidney Olcott evidently attempted to make it a miniature "Little Old New York," but it seems a little too affected for my taste.

Betty Bronson's father is a poor inventor, who is struggling to invent a carriage without a horse. Necessity forces her to take a position as seamstress at the wealthy Ballards' home, where young Billy Ballard, the son of the house, soon fires her romantic fancy. She makes up beautiful lies about his attentions to her until her bluff is called. Of course he really does fall in love with her, and the horseless carriage does run a while before it blows up.

Ricardo Cortez is handsome and stilted as Billy Ballard. Laurence Wheat was the other young man. He had one of those comedy parts. I thought Jacqueline Gadson, as Ursula Kent, both pretty and worth seeing. I haven't seen her before but I hope I shall again.
There was a lot about mortgages and "just one week more and I will pay the note." The picture isn't nearly as nice as the play. That had the beautiful line in it, worthy of Booth Tarkington's young folk, "I was a moth, attracted by a flame; I was a mouse, attracted by a piece of cheese."

Wild, Wild Horses.

I had a fine time at "Wild Horse Mesa." Wild horses seem to have taken the place of the covered wagons. The only thing left for next year is to get a wild horse in a covered wagon, or train it to pull one. They seem as plentiful as the "Elsie" books.

This time we have the horses in Arizona with some superb scenery and plenty of thrills. The story is about the attempted capture of the herd, with all the Indians, horse thieves, and romance that would naturally follow. Jack Holt is in it and he is a superb rider. Seeing him mount and dismount en route is as much fun as anything I know. Billie Dove is the girl, chased, but not caught, by Noah Beery and a company of wild horses.

This is a splendid Western melodrama with a fine cast. There is a lovely grandmother in it, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is fine as the lovesick young brother.

Two Topsies and Sometimes More.

"Winds of Chance" is the gold rush taken seriously. It is directed by Frank Lloyd of "Sea Hawk" fame, and adapted from the novel by Rex Beach.

There isn't enough room in this magazine to tell the plot. Ben Lyon is the hero and he finds everything but the gold he started out for. The program says that there are twenty-two hundred extra characters, including one hundred and fifty original gold-rush sour doughs, gamblers, Indians, Mounted Police, dog sledgemen, and so forth. I don't know what the "and so forth" stands for except possibly Ben Lyon.

Instead of one quaint old character, there are four of them. Two of them are dear old men, rough and all that, but with hearts of gold, and the other two are confidence men, also with hearts of gold. There is no end to the antics of these four, absolutely no end. Claude Gillingwater and Charles Crockett are the old cut-ups, and John T. Murray and Fred Warren are the young ones.

There are two heroines. the Countess Courteau, played by Anna Q. Nilsson, and Rouletta Kirby, played by Viola Dana. Miss Nilsson wears charming dresses of the late 1890s, but she has a tendency to handle every one within reach. I have never seen people pat and clap one another about so except in pictures. And must a lady, to be attractive, keep a firm hand on a manly arm?

Viola Dana simply can't convince me that she is just a slip of a thing. She looked more natural when she took a hand dealing faro.

There are three bad men in it, and a French Canadian. If you ever want to suffer, you must have the man behind you read the subtitles in French-Canadian dialect out loud. They were pretty bad reading in the fastness of my mind, but when "Poor leetle seek bird, 'Pleon well tak' care of you," is actually said, it becomes almost unbearable.

There is one of those fights in the dark in it, and some wonderful pictures of boats shooting the rapids. The fur coats made it look just like a Yale-Harvard football game.

Interesting But Lukewarm.

"The Home Maker," adapted from the story by Dorothy Canfield, is a good picture injured by too much baby talk.

It is the story of an efficient woman and a husband who can't live up to her. Fortunately, he becomes
crippled and has to stay home while she, just as fortunately, is forced to earn a living for the family. She succeeds in business where he has failed, and he makes home a pleasant place to be.

It is an interesting story, not badly done. I thought most of the home scenes were excellent. It was the kind of house where a spot on the floor looked larger than it should.

Alice Joyce was very cold as the wife. I have seen a great many women like her and I thought she was as good as she has ever been. Clive Brook was the easy-going husband.

The two older children were all right, but there was a great deal too much of the little tot. Yes, he was a tot. "Sun Up," was one of the pleasantest pictures of the month. In the first place Lucille La Verne is in it; and in the second place Conrad Nagel is entirely rejuvenated in it. I expected Miss La Verne to be excellent, but I wasn't thinking about Conrad Nagel one way or the other. He is usually such a neat, polite young man, but as Rufé Cagel he has humor and pep.

This is the story of the Carolina mountainers. The Widow Cagel and her son Rufé live in a little shack shut off from civilization by the hills. Her father and her husband having been killed by "revenooers," she spends most of her time hating the law and wondering when Rufé will avenge their deaths. Rufé isn't nearly as interested in the feud as he is in the little girl next door, Emmy Todd. When the war breaks out, Rufé goes to fight for France which he says is "about forty mile t'other side of Asheville." He is reported dead, but, of course, he comes home again with a brand-new set of ideas as to how things should be run. In fact he gets to be a sheriff himself.

There is a sheriff who has designs on Emmy, and he comes to no good end.

Lucille La Verne plays the part of Ma Cagel which she played in the stage production in New York. She is a finished, capable actress. There is a delightful scene between Conrad Nagel and Miss La Verne when he returns home from France, chewing gum and all, and tells her how he won the war.

I can't say enough about Conrad Nagel's work in this picture. He was always excellent. Pauline Starke, as a little wild thing, looked more like Gloria Swanson than ever, and seemed almost too cute at times.

**Constance—Not at Her Best.**

The most artificial picture I have seen lately is "Her Sister from Paris," starring Constance Talmadge. I think it is just about as tawdry as anything I have ever seen.

Evidently, a great deal of money has been spent on the production and on Miss Talmadge's clothes. It would have been better spent buying fur-lined cuff links for theJava coffee pickers.

The story by Hans Kraely is supposedly laid in Vienna, and while the signs around the sets were undoubtedly in German, I was never for one instant transported any farther than Broadway and One Hundred and Tenth Street. Joseph Weyninger, a young Viennese author, and his wife, Helen, do not live amiably together. They are shown in good old funny-paper fashion, breaking the china. Helen leaves him, and he decides to throw off dull care for wine, women, and song. Helen's sister, La Perry, is a famous dancer and it is with her that the abandoned husband and the family friend seek diversion. Luckily, she is a twin sister, and Helen takes advantage of this to impersonate her gay, gay twin and win her husband back. She wins him by backing him into corners where there is no escape.

There is the longest, crudest, dullest, bedroom scene in captivity in "Her Sister from Paris." Constance lives up to such subtitles as "How that man can kiss!" and "A woman's glory may be her hair, but it's her ankles that get her there."

Ronald Colman is not so good in a light rôle. If he is a comedian, Jackie Coogan is a big silent Duse. He doesn't seem happy doing it, not even when he crushes a pencil in his hand under the fervor of Miss Talmadge's embraces.

The friend of the family is George K. Arthur, who had a small part in "Sun Up," which he handled fairly well. In "Her Sister from Paris," however, the bad witch has cursed him too, because he acts and looks like an anxious spaniel.

**One with Lots of Acting.**

"The Ranger of the Big Pines" is notable principally for the superb performance of Eulalie Jensen as Lise Witherford. She is a stunning-looking woman, and plays with vigor.

The story is pretty bang, bang. Kenneth Harlan is as neat as a pin as a great big ranger, who is pretty well protected throughout by his womenfolks, who won't let any one harm a hair of his head.

Helene Costello, daughter of Maurice Costello, is the daughter. There was a bit of excitement when Eulalie Jensen sent her daughter out to rescue her lover, saying, "This gun was your father's. In my day women fought for their men." Or words to that effect.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beggars on Horseback"—Paramount. James Cruze lets loose on the fantastic stage play, Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the Zorro type of role, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spanish gaucho is a delight. Warner Oland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd has won his best college football from an up-to-date angle.

"Grass"—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.

"He Who Gets Slapped"—Metro-Goldwyn. Lon Chaney is magnificent as the clown of the Andrevey stage play, written by Victor Seastrom. A picture of rare power.

"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, Carol Dempster is surprisingly fine in the leading rôle.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"Last Laugh, The"—Universal. A German expression of revolution by technique. Simple character study, without subtitles, made understandable and appealing by Emil Jannings.

"Salute of the Geons"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus hussy and W. C. Fields' screen debut, while a but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Shore Leave"—Inception. Richard Barry is very funny as a goby romancing with a village dreamer. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.

"Siege"—Universal. A simple picture of true England and probably remarkable principally for its finely suggestive direction by Svend Gade and the poignant, human performances of Mary Alden, Mary Mack and Virginia Valli.

"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German companies, an imaginative, fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful and amusing picture of married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.


"Black Cyclone"—Pathé. An unusual picture featuring Rex, the horse, in which the human actors are merely incidental.

"Crowded Hour, The"—Paramount. The story of a girl who wanted to be near her lover and stayed to be spiritually rejuvenated. Bebe Daniels plays her with sincerity and animation.

"Declasse"—First National. From the Zoe Akins stage play. Corinne Griffith appears as the lovely English aristocrat hounded by scandal.


"Fool, The"—Fox. A sincere presentation of Channing Pollock's satirical play, with Edmund Lowe as the handsome young lawyer who sets out to lead a really Christian life.

"Friendly Enemies"—Producers Distributing. Weber and Fields in a screen version of their stage tactics of fighting and making up. Rather entertaining comedy.

"Great Divide, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Antique movie plot made enjoyable through expert treatment and the acting of Wallace Beery, Alice Terry, and Conway Tearle.

"His Supreme Moment"—First National. Romantic love scenes between Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman, and some attractive color photography make this worth seeing.

"How Baxter Butted In"—Warner. Matt Moore in a amusing farce about a clerk in a newspaper office.

"I'll Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the best chances Reginald Denny has had to show his Denny for comedy. He plays an absent-minded professor whom no one will leave alone.

"Introduction Me"—Associated Exhbitors. Douglas MacLean in a sometimes slow, but mostly amusing comedy about an Alpine guide.

"Kivalina of the Ice Lands"—Pathé. Another picture of life among the Eskimos, not as good as Nanook, but interesting and educational.

"Learning to Love"—First National. A rollicking farce on how to get a husband. Constance Talmadge and Antonio Moreno are the principals.

"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.

"Lost—a Wife"—Paramount. An adaptation of the French play "Ban- co," which doesn't mean much except for the scenery detail of the lovely Greta Nissen. Adolphe Menjou plays the suave husband.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Lucky Devil, The"—Paramount. Another chance for Richard Dix to look graceful and winning in an auto- motive episode. Good with Esther Ralston as the pretty heroine.

"Madame Sans Gene"—Paramount. Not Gloria Swan'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. 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.


"New Toys"—Inception. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, properly enough, play the couple.

"Night Club, The"—Raymond Griffith in an excultratively funny comedy about a bridegroom deserted at the altar. Louise Fazenda and Vera Reynolds help the humor considerably.

"Night Life in New York"—Paramount. An amusing and authentically set story of an Iowan's adventures among the bright lights. Rod La Rocque is good as the "Western sap," while Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence also contribute some fun.

"Old House, New Clock"—Paramount. Better than the average Thomas Meighan picture of the small-town pattern. Lila Lee is unusually pretty as the heroine.


"Percy"—Associated Exhibitors. Charles Ray back in his old forte of the bashful boy painfully growing into a man.

"Pretty Ladies"—Metro-Goldwyn. Mostly glorifying the Ziegfeld "Follies." Famous stage personages are represented, while Zsu Pitts gives a good performance as the plain and lonely comedienne of the show.

Continued on page 118
HOLLYWOOD has a new mystery, and it may surprise the world to learn that it surrounds Lillian Gish. Where does she go? what does she do?—are the questions that everybody has been asking. She has remained in virtual isolation ever since she came to California, and this is not in accord with the newer rules of the colony. These prescribe that one be gregarious—we believe that is the word—or else utterly unusual. Lillian spends much of her time, as is her wont, reading and studying, and seldom goes to social affairs, except to those at which Doug and Mary preside.

Miss Gish has also upset other precedents. She rehearsed her production of "La Bohème" in its entirety in the accepted Griffith fashion. She was busy for weeks acting out her tragic rôle before the camera ground a single time. When there were no settings ready, she went through the action on a bare stage with a table and a chair for props, just as is done in the spoken drama.

Lillian has always worked on her pictures that way, but her method is practically unknown in the Western studios. It is the custom to rehearse each scene separately, and photograph it immediately. Some of the time the actors are lucky if they know what the story is about. More than a few have confessed to us that they never see the script on certain pictures in which they play, and that they have only a very hazy notion of the character they are supposed to interpret. Miss Gish’s method, while it may be thought too expensive for universal adoption, is considered excellent, because it puts the player so thoroughly in the mood of the picture, before the filming itself begins, and doubtless goes far to explain the heights she has attained as an actress.

Younger Bushmans Arrive.

Directors will have to sit up nights soon trying to find places for the second generation in the films, if the present influx of sons and daughters of the famous keeps up. Dolores and Helene Costello both have their dainty feet on the first rung of the ladder leading to fame, and now two new arrivals, Virginia and Lenore Bushman, have expressed their desire to achieve a career. They have been playing bits in "The Masked Bride," starring Mae Murray, in which their father has the lead. It was just a vacation trip that brought them to California, as they have been going to college in the East. Now, however, they want to stay on, if their father, who desires them to continue with their education for another year or so, will permit them to do so. At latest reports, Mr. Bushman was weakening a little, and one cannot blame him, for the two girls are very charming and have been very companionable to him, and to his son, Ralph, who is now starring in a series of independent productions.

We suspect it will be only a comparatively short time now before the older of Irene Rich’s daughters makes her début. No producer can be long oblivious to her bright personal attractions. The girls now accompany their mother nearly everywhere, and one of their principal joys is the days that they have spent at their beach home this summer. Frances Rich is an excellent swimmer, and won a cup recently offered by the Beach Club.

Colleen a Linguist.

Trust Colleen Moore to do something clever whenever she has the chance—and it isn’t always on the screen, either.

She and her husband, John McCormack, had an amusing experience while traveling to Basel, Switzerland, while on their recent European trip, and one which indicates Colleen’s humorous turn of mind.

They were traveling in a compartment, and several Frenchmen got aboard, finding seats beside them. The Frenchmen were immediately attracted, and desired to make an impression. They successively talked in French, German, Italian, and English, hoping to get a response from Colleen and John, who smiled inwardly at their efforts.

Then of a sudden, Colleen leaned forward, and said to her husband:

"Awt-way oo-day oo-yay ink-thay of-thay eeple-pay?"

Whereupon John in his best pigeon English answered:

"Ere-thay ee-thay unk-bay"—meaning, if you can’t happen to translate—

"What do you think of these people?"

"They’re the bunk."

"I-ay ink-thay o-say oo-tay," answered Colleen, while
New Double Trouble.

Only one disconcerting circumstance has arisen to disturb Dorothy Mackaill's peace of mind since she has been making "Joanna with a Million" in California, and that is the suddenly discovered resemblance between her and Marion Davies. It is most astonishing, but Dorothy does really look exceptionally like Miss Davies since she has bobbed her hair. A clerk at the Beach Club recently even insisted on giving her a telegram belonging to the other star, saying, "Why, I know you're Miss Davies."

Such resemblances were once supposed to be very damaging to a star's professional future, but they do not seem to make so decided a difference now. Jacqueline Logan and May McAvoy look quite a bit alike, as do Anna Q. Nilsson and Greta Nissen. Their talents have never been confused on the screen, however, nor do we believe that those of Miss Mackaill and Miss Davies could possibly be, either. The former's success has been chiefly won in emotional and dramatic portrayals, whereas Miss Davies is essentially the comedienne.

Barrymore Will Stay On.

Pictures have evidently captured a real hold on John Barrymore this time, for instead of making two features for Warner Brothers as originally announced he is to do three. He will probably be in the West until well along in the spring. The third film has not yet been decided on, but may be directed by Ernst Lubitsch.

Barrymore's wife and four-year-old daughter are to join him in Hollywood during his stay. It is their first visit to the Western film metropolis. Mrs. Barrymore, known professionally as Michael Strange, and a writer of note, has lately been appearing on the stage in Salem, Massachusetts, and Barrymore is quite proud of the fact that she has been making a success of this venture which is new to her.

"She entered into this activity quite independently, and willingly took any small part that offered with the company at the start for the sake of the experience," he said. "I have not the least doubt that she could make a great success on the stage if she desired. I rehearsed her in one or two plays, but I have never given her any actual instructions, as she has her own ideas about acting, and I think that that is a splendid thing."

Barrymore also speaks enthusiastically of the companionship that he derives from his little daughter, and ventures the opinion that a girl provides much more enjoyment in this respect during her childhood years than a boy. Which may or may not meet with a unanimity of opinion from the readers of this column.

Just by the merest chance, Barbara La Marr and Jack Daugherty came within an ace of meeting at the railroad station, when Barbara arrived on the Coast a few weeks ago. Jack, you know, is now one of Barbara's numerous ex's, although they are not divorced but merely separated. Jack had no expectation of meeting Miss La Marr, but was waiting for another train to come in. Unfortunately for the interested group of onlookers he did not stay until the arrival of Barbara's train.

Miss La Marr was badly laid up the first few weeks after her return, owing to an infection of the throat, and the start of her picture, "Spanish Sunlight," in which she is to be cofeatured with Lewis Stone, was consequently delayed.

The Hollywood Hoodoo.

The jinx is still at large in Hollywood.

Players have never suffered so many accidents and injuries as this year. Zasu Pitts is only just recovering from a fractured skull, an injury that she sustained as a result of an automobile wreck that occurred while she was on the way to visit her former home at Santa Cruz, California. The driver of the machine in which she was riding lost control apparently on a steep mountain road, and the car plunged down an one-hundred-and-fifty-foot embankment. For a time it looked as if the accident would be fatal.

Cullen Landis is another recent victim. He was driving a small car on the road to Santa Barbara. His machine was forced off the road by the careless driver of another big car, and overturned in the ditch. For some time it was thought that his spine had been injured.

Norman Kerry, an Oregon location in Oregon with the company making a big Western special, was severely hurt as a result of a fall from a horse, and was taken to a hospital in Portland. "Hoot" Gibson had to replace him in the cast. Anne Cornwall had to replace Gertrude Olmstead in the same picture, owing to the fact that Miss Olmstead underwent an operation for appendicitis.

Connie a Foreigner.

Those who have always referred to Constance Talmadge as truly typifying the American girl in pictures, must have suffered a jolt recently when Miss Talmadge announced her intention of taking out citizenship papers.

The fact has been overlooked by nearly everybody that John Pialologlou, from whom she was divorced two or three years ago, after a brief marriage, was a Greek subject. Connie lost her American citizenship by the marriage, but being a true red-white-and-blue girl, this fact eventually became very irksome to her, and she
made up her mind to go through the necessary formalities to recover her right to vote and other prerogatives. It is said that the undertaking was carried out as simply and expeditiously as possible, but that it was none the less impressive.

E. K. Lincoln Returning.

Any one who has been curious as to the whereabouts of E. K. Lincoln, who was frequently seen as leading man in the films a few years ago, may be interested to learn that he is shortly to return in an independent film called "The Perfect Crime." Wanda Hawley and Mary Carr are other featured players. Miss Hawley, by the way, is in private life now Mrs. J. Stuart Wilkinson, having recently married her manager, who is also noted as a racing driver. Lincoln has been devoting most of his time to farming in the past few years. He has a large estate in the East, and also a home in California. He divides his time between the two.

A Surprise.

Little Marian Nixon surprised quite a few of her friends by her wedding to Jose Benjamin, the light-weight prize fighter. They eloped and were married at Riverside, the bride giving her name as Elsie Nixon, of San Diego, and her age as twenty. They tried to keep the wedding a secret.

Miss Nixon, who was one of the baby stars of a season or so ago, has lately been playing leads with Reginald Denny.

Versatile Von Stroheim.

We have always felt that it was very regrettable that Erich von Stroheim's talents as an actor have so rarely been given to the screen of late, and it is a great satisfaction to know that Joseph Schenck is sponsoring his reappearance as a player in "East of the Setting Sun." Even in the most despicable portrayals, such as the one in his own "Foolish Wives," Von Stroheim always exhibited an incomparable vitality in his every action. He is really one of the finest of screen Thespians. Von is also to direct "East of the Setting Sun," not to speak of writing the script for the picture.

The Other Von, and Still a Third.

The other "Von"—that is, Josef von Sternberg, of "Salvation Hunters" fame, if you want to call it that—has been having his troubles. "Too much supervision" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios is what he has objected to, and he tendered his resignation during the making of "The Masked Bride" with Mae Murray. Rumors of a row between him and Mae were vigorously and emphatically denied by both parties.

One day in a fitful mood during the time that both Von Stroheim and Von Sternberg were working at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Marshall Neilan had a sign painted on the door of his office, which read "Marshall von Neilan."

Two Wise Decisions.

Bouquets and felicitations are going to two players these days, who have made very correct decisions regarding their future, according to the consensus of opinion in Hollywood. One is Mildred Davis who has decided to return to the screen in a Paramount production, "The Spoils of War," and the other, Charles Ray, who has accepted a featured rôle in "A Little Bit of Broadway."

Mildred has been waver ing for a long time trying to make up her mind whether or not to continue her career, but Paramount, by offering her a very "fat" contract for a big lead, that of a romantic French girl of the war period, settled her doubts temporarily. And now, if the picture is a success, she may soon make "Alice in Wonderland."

Charles Ray's fans on the other hand, will indeed welcome a change for him which will identify him with a rather pretentious production. Charley happened to be just the chap to fit the part of the country boy who falls in love with a Broadway chorus girl, and everybody is predicting a really big hit for him this time. Incidentally, he is receiving a very high salary for this feature.

Harry Carey's Enterprise.

Harry Carey, the popular star of Western pictures, is the new host extraordinary. His ranch, located about thirty miles from the studios, is the scene now of regular Sunday parties that are attended by the film folk.

One of Harry's diversions is the trading post that he owns at the ranch, and he has made a reputation for the authentic Navajo rugs and other Indian goods which he sells. Carey has been doing a rushing business for some months there because it is a Mecca for the tourist.

Saying It with Radio.

A new form of entertainment has been tried out lately at some of the theaters in Los Angeles, and that is the combining of radio with motion pictures. At the première of Charles Chaplin's "The Gold Rush," Fred Niblo introduced the various celebrities over the radio, instead of from the stage as has usually been the custom.

Various glimpses of the stars, including Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, Rudolph Valentino, and others, preparing to attend, were shown on the screen while Niblo made kidding and apropos remarks about them, appearing himself on the screen from time to time as introducer.

More recently Norma Shearer and Lew Cody, at the first showing of "A Slave of Fashion," talked over the radio, during the unreeing of views taken of them in their respective homes. Simultaneously the same film was flashed on the screen at various other theaters throughout Southern California with the radio accompanying.

It is possible perhaps to vision the same thing being done all over the country in the not-far-distant future.

Castles in the Air.

Los Angeles newspapers have been telling of the plans of Doug and Mary for a huge...
On Sober Reflection
By Horace Woodmansee

A department of pungent shots at random targets.

Have You Heard—
That Our Mary will celebrate her eightieth birthday by playing little Goldilocks—and getting away with it?
That Jackie Coogan’s grandchildren will get a lot of fun out of a revival of their granddad’s childish pranks?
That little Helen Rowland is giving considerable promise of stepping into Jackie’s outgrown shoes?
That one of the reasons animal stars are so popular with the public is that success doesn’t go to their heads?
That up to date four hundred and ninety-three actresses have been called “the most beautiful woman on the screen” and yet some fans still think their favorites are sighted?
That “Kiss Me Again” was not filmed on a fishing smack?

Half a Loaf.
An acquaintance of mine can’t see any reason why he should pay a dollar or two dollars to see a big picture when he can wait and see the same production at his small neighborhood theater for a quarter. By his policy of watchful waiting he manages to see most of the important films for next to nothing, but even then he feels he has a grievance.

One day he announced: “Just came from seeing ‘The Five Commandments.’ ”
“You mean ‘The Ten Commandments,’ ” I suggested.
“Ten Commandments nothing!” he retorted ruefully.
“When they finished cutting that film down to program length there were only five of ‘em left!”

Tweedledum and Tweedledee?
In the course of Alice’s adventures in Wonderland, if you recall, she fell in with a very odd pair of brothers named Tweedledum and Tweedledee, who were exactly alike in every way except that Tweedledum responded to every remark with “’Nohow!” and Tweedledee with “Contrariwise!”
The modern Alice in the course of her explorations of cinemaland has encountered another pair of brothers named Wallace and Noah Beery. Because they look a good deal alike and appear in the same kind of roles, she assumes they are as alike as Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Is she right?

It appears to me that little Alice suffers from astigmatism. Superficially their talents are the same, but fundamentally they are quite different. The ideal role for Wallace is that of a primitive brute, simple in his reactions as a child, while the best part for Noah is that of the cunning, sardonic tyrant. Instances are Wallace in “The Devil’s Cargo” and Noah in “The Light of Western Stars.”

Again That Movie Influence.
Once more fact proves itself stranger than fiction.

Last month in this department I invented some fantastic episodes by way of showing the sinister influence of the films. Now a Brooklyn school principal who for many years has fought the evils of rum, cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum, and the movies, has come forward with some instances of the horrible effects of seeing pictures which, she says in all seriousness, really happened.

She has heard of a man who became so unnerved by the realism of a screen shooting affair that he jumped up from his seat and shot himself. So did another moviegoer who couldn’t stand watching the exciting pursuit of an ex-convict, probably much to the annoyance of the ushers who had to carry him out.

Worst of all is a harrowing account of how the films are corrupting our youth. Some Cape Cod boys who had witnessed exciting pictures of the old whale harpooners were spurred on to emulate the seafarers’ exploits, she says. What do you think they did? They attached table forks to coils of ropes and sailed out to harpoon the neighborhood tomcats. Can you beat it!
Try it on Your Piano.

Song for movie heroes leaving one fair siren for another: "You Made Me What I Am To-day, But Now I'm Being Re-vamped."

Noted in Passing.

Reed Howes, the original collar model, is romping through melodramas, scaling fences, crawling under things, punching villains, and otherwise showing us how to wreck clothes. There's more than one way of boosting the sale of collars.

Some of our leading comedians who were brought up in the Mack Sennett school of custard art are said to have been born with silver spoons in their mouths. It would be more accurate to say that they were born with silver pie plates in their faces.

The tragedy of the double's life is that he never gets a chance in the really dangerous scenes. For instance, a happily married actor would never think of allowing a substitute to go through an impassioned love scene with a screen siren. He's willing to take all the risks himself.

Ho-hum!

Leading man: I hate these confounded retakes.

Director: But this is your love scene with Marylyn LaVamp.

Leading man: Well, I suppose I'll have to go through with it, but this overtime is tough.

Why Rome Burned.

Rome was in flames. The great Nero, who had ordered the conflagration, stood at a safe distance and watched row after row of buildings burst into flames, while thousands of people rushed through the streets, dragging their household possessions after them. It was a scene of indescribable terror and confusion, and Nero watched it with considerable satisfaction while his small but well-chosen string orchestra rendered appropriate music.

At length Nero wearied of the spectacle and motioned to his strumming musicians to be silent.

"I'm getting a bit tired of these super-special-epic-master pictures," he announced, reclining in the director's chair, which was labeled "SPQR." "True, Petronius tells me that I am Von Stroheim, De Mille, and Griffith rolled into one, but next time I'm going to do one of those simple little domestic dramas with lots of heart throbs."

On Sober Reflection

Jerry Hobbs, the town wise-cracker, was ducked in the horse pond last night by indignant citizens. During a discussion of the nationality of Ben Turpin, Jerry said he thought Ben must be an eye-talian.

A designing stranger in these parts who tried to sell motion-picture stock to our townsfolk, representing himself as John Bunny, was foiled by the vigilance of Luke Wiggins, our most skeptical movie fan. "Why, that feller's dead!" said Luke.

"So are the people of this town!" retorted the stranger, as he was led away to the lock-up.

Luke spent the hot season with his nephew in the city. Luke noticed that all the theaters had signs saying, "Twenty degrees cooler inside." Luke's suspicions were aroused and he made an investigation with his own Sears-Roebuck pocket thermometer and found the temperature was only eighteen or nineteen degrees cooler.

"It's a crime the way those city fellers take in the darn fools," Luke commented.

Miss Beth Potson, the village belle, created quite a deal of excitement hereabouts when she was found sitting on three of her jealous admirers and pounding them vigorously.

"The matter?" Beth said, in response to questions. "They said that (whack!) Rudolph Valentino (whack!) is a stuck-up dude."

Laura Bugbe's scenario, "The Life History of Sarah Kent," has just been returned from Hollywood with the notation that a picture continuity with such a title is not available. Laura has changed the title to "The Whirl of Folly" and expects to sell it right away.

The local citizens were all agog when Cecil B. De Mille, whom Harv Whitley, the editor of The Weekly Argus, calls The World's Greatest Director, passed through this town on his way to Hollywood. Harv climbed aboard the train to interview him.

"What do I think of your town?" said Mr. De Mille in reply to Harv's queries, as he took a look at Main Street through the dusty car windows. "There's not a presentable set nor costume on the lot—besides, those people are not the type. This town is out."

"Yes, Mr. De Mille," Harv said.

Harv says his talk with Mr. De Mille convinced him that the movies are really getting to bigger and better things. It seems that Mr. De Mille is producing a picture about a country girl in a gingham dress, and—would you believe it—he has sent to Paris for the finest creation in gingham that has ever been seen.

Deacon Brown says that the kind of wild West movies The Little Gem Theater shows are degrading Continued on page 105
S_ELDOM has there been seen such a complete change in the attitude of a screen actor as has taken place in Joseph Schildkraut since he first appeared in Hollywood two years ago. It will be remembered that he burst upon the colony like a gayly colored, scintillating skyrocket. He came condescendingly, a conscious suavity of manner cloaking an almost childlike arrogance of spirit. He came, fresh from the laurels of "Liliom," to teach Hollywood, to show its rather blind and slow-witted screen puppets the real essence of acting, the divine spark of ability. What before had been considered flames of screen romance he would prove to be mere smolderings in comparison with the fire of his own impassioned love making!

Joseph Schildkraut, humbled by his previous disappointing sallies into the movies, wonders if he is fitted for the screen, but feels that now, under the direction of De Mille, he may at last find success.

By Mona Gardner

Thus he came; but he left Hollywood even as an extinguished skyrocket, stealing away in the darkness of comparative ostracism, no one knowing or caring just when he left, and followed only perhaps by a few pitying remarks and "I told you sos."

Never having been an ardent enthusiast about motion pictures, the young Joseph had in reality spent most of his time on or near the stage. The few pictures he had seen, now and then, were poor. very poor. And he made the mistake of judging the whole output by the infrequent, but bad ones he saw. He had heard the remark about "beautiful and dumb," and either in ignorance or conceit, believed it and included in that category nearly all screen players, as many others have done before and since.

So it is interesting to note the change in this young actor—for actor he is, beyond gainsaying—during his second trial of Hollywood and pictures. Gone is the old imperial arrogance, at least all outward appearances, and in its place is an eager interest in the affairs and work of others. Like a child burned by touching a set of highly ornamented fire tongs, he approaches conversation of a critical tenor with a sidelong glance and, in a deft manner, quickly excludes himself, or changes the topic.

More than merely a superficial change is this, yet whether it is deep enough seriously to affect his work and consequently improve it, is as yet a highly debatable question, even with Schildkraut himself.

"Heaven knows I've never really had a chance before to show what I can do on the screen," he says in explanation. "Oh, yes, the Griffith picture* put me before the public, and my role was a splendid one beyond doubt. But I think a costume picture would not give even the

*"Orphans of the Storm."

(Continued on page 98)
Charlie Chaplin Wins His Derby

And in winning his fight in the courts, he has established a precedent which Hollywood believes will protect the fans against future imitators of other stars.

By John Addison Elliott

EVERY fan who has ever come out of a movie theater, disgusted at having seen a poor imitation of one of his favorite stars, will be interested to know that Charlie Chaplin’s successful fight to keep his imitators off the screen will do much to discourage that type of effort in the future.

Chaplin’s suit was to restrain one Charles Amador from adopting his style of dress and mannerisms and from appearing on the screen under the name of “Charlie Aplin.”

On the witness stand Chaplin told of his years of effort to develop an entity that would be known by sight whenever shown on the screen. He told, with becoming modesty, how he had succeeded to the point where virtually every child of kindergarten age and older, not only in this country but throughout a major portion of the world, recognized the man wearing the baggy trousers, outrageous shoes, threadbare coat, dented derby, and funny mustache, and carrying the flexible cane, as Charlie Chaplin.

“It’s not the apparel or the clothes you wear,” he said to Judge John L. Hudner. “It’s the attitude and philosophy in the characterization.

“I got the whole idea for my movie characterization from the pageantry of life. All of my character is a symbol gleaned from humanity, a kind of satire on mankind. I originated the character from my own mind, out of my fund of experience with life.

“I got my walk—or at least the idea of it—from an old cab driver in London. That shrugging movement of the shoulders came from him, too, I think. My trick of sliding around corners on one foot came out of my own head—occurred to me on the spur of the moment.

“I really don’t know how I came to use the grimaces I do. I don’t know that I am making any special grimaces. I just do what the situation and the moment seem to suggest. The mannerisms I use are something automatic, something psychological. They are just a part of the natural being of the character I have created. When I am before the camera, I just try to act out the character with the big shoes, ill-fitting clothes, goose-walk, and grimaces.”

There was no braggadocio, no pompousness, no egotism in his recital. He appeared to be battling not so much for himself as for the quaint character which has become so widely known on the screen. That character was his—his creation. Attorneys of Amador sought to show that it was not. The names of Will Pulaski, Harry Weldon and Albert Bruno

Continued on page 114
The Early Winter Mode

A visit to the various movie studios reveals many advance styles in the making.

By Betty Brown

At the left is a gray chiffon negligee worn by Bebe Daniels in “Lovers in Quarantine;” in the center sits Joyce Compton in a lounging-robe of black satin; while on, the right is a costume of flesh-colored satin and pink soufflé de soie worn by Florence Vidor in “The Trouble with Wives.”

SCREEN fashions, like the flickering films upon which they are shown, never stand still. Each inspection of the “stills” of any of the newer productions, each viewing of the current releases, and above all each visit to any of the great studios with its enchanting glimpses into the workrooms of the designers, shows the careful attention given to each significant change of the mode.

Time was when nobody expected a screen star to be particularly in keeping with the current styles. The play was the thing, and as long as the heroine was clad in garments even remotely approximating that state in life to which it had pleased the scenario writer to call her, everybody was satisfied and nobody dreamed of complaining.

Then, subtly, a change was upon us. The dowdy heroine in palatial surroundings looked out of keeping; costumes even a few months behind the times—and this, by the way, was a condition hard to remedy, owing to the length of time between the making of a picture and its final release—were criticised and ridiculed, and the makers of pictures realized that something must be done.

Something was done, and the result is apparent upon the screen. Such designers as Gilbert Clarke, once connected with the famous Lucille, and Erte, the well-known French artist, are now fashioning garments for our screen stars which anticipate the current mode by many months, so that even though a picture may consume months in making, at its final release the costumes worn are strictly new and even in advance of the mode.

A visit to the workrooms of Mr. Gilbert Clarke, at the Paramount Studio on Long Island, is a revelation to one accustomed to the small scale operations of the usual smart shop or dressmaking establishment. The designing of costumes for the forthcoming production of “A Kiss for Cinderella” was in progress when I visited the studio recently, and hundreds of quaint, bouffant-skirted frocks fairly filled the great rooms. These gowns were made of an oddly glazed material, the invention of Mr. Clarke himself, which, when photographed, will have a transparent effect. Most of the costumes made for this production were too fantastic for practical use, but other things were under way, one of which is sketched at the lower right of the opposite page. It is of navy taffeta, with a broad border of varicolored stripes at the bottom of the full-gathered skirt and a narrow one on the shawl collar. A feature of the dress is the quaint, puffed sleeve with inserts of the striped border.

A trip down the corridor to the dressing room of Miss Bebe Daniels revealed so many lovely things that I wanted to sketch every one of them but had only time for the dainty negligee at the left of the picture above. It is of gray chiffon, bordered with marabou and silver lace, and fastened with a cluster of orange blossoms. This is worn over a “nightly” of gray chiffon, with sequin-embroidered yoke of silver. A strip of silver lace wanders merrily down the front, dotted at intervals with demure little bows. Miss Daniels wears this negligee in “Lovers in Quarantine.”

As this month’s excursions into filmdom have turned
The Early Winter Mode

up an unusual number of smart street and afternoon gowns, I think it more interesting to concentrate upon these at this time, leaving the evening gowns until the next issue; especially, as most of us at this early date are giving more thought to daytime frocks than to gowns for elaborate evening affairs, which usually come later in the season.

The two satin gowns sketched in the center of this page are both worn in the First National production “What Fools Men.” The one at the left is worn by Miss Ethel Grey Terry, whose gowns throughout this picture are charming in their simple good taste and smartness. This one is a splendid example of the ever-popular, black-and-white combination. It is of heavy black satin with a circular, draped skirt of uneven hem line, and an unusual crossed bodice effect; the wide lower portions of the sleeve, and the lining of the skirt drapery are of white satin.

The gown at the right, which is worn by Miss Joyce Compton, is also of satin, which, by the way, is a most popular material this fall, and is made most effective by its quaint fichu-like drapery and its dainty touches of plaited chiffon ruffling.

At the lower left of this page I have Continued on page 108

Two smart, black satin gowns to be seen in “What Fools Men.” Ethel Grey Terry wears the dress on the left, and Joyce Compton is sketched on the right.

At the left is shown Hedda Hopper as she appears in “The Silver Treasure,” in an unusual afternoon gown fashioned of ecru lace and brown velvet. A navy-blue taffeta costume seen at the Paramount Studio.
How would you like to play tug of war with a lion cub? That's the pleasant diversion in which Laura La Plante and Edna Marion are engaged, in the picture above, while waiting to be called for a scene, at Universal City.

In and Out of the Studios

If you don't know how to dance the Charleston, the movies will show you how. Eleanor Boardman obligingly demonstrates one of the steps, in the picture at the left.

Patsy Ruth Miller tries teaching a young dog some new tricks between scenes in the Warner Brothers picture, "Hogan's Alley."
"Lights of Old Broadway" is to have some very interesting sets. The one above shows Fifth Avenue and Sixty-ninth Street, New York, where millionaires' mansions now stand, as it was fifty years ago.

Ann Pennington has deserted the "Follies," for which the movie fans may be thankful, as they will all be able to see the famous dancer this winter, on the screen. Here she is with Natalie Joyce.

Jack Conway, who directs Elinor Glyn's productions, is the possessor of one of the finest prize-winning Russian wolfhounds in Hollywood.
Another interesting scene from "Lights of Old Broadway"—and one that will cause many a sigh for the days of old.

Here are the two principals of "Mare Nostrum," Antonio Moreno and Alice Terry, snapped at Nice, where the picture was made.

A novelty introduced by Erte, the Parisian designer, is a band of gray hair. It is demonstrated for you by Kathleen Key.
Carmel Myers stops her swim at Santa Monica long enough to imbibe a lemonade.

Ibáñez, the author of "Mare Nostrum," took a keen personal interest in the filming of his story, and had several consultations with Rex Ingram, at the former's villa near Mentone, France.
Over the

The tongue of Fanny the social activities in motion-and the Eastern studios

By The

So Fanny, fortified with a sandwich and one last layer of powder on her nose, held forth.

"I never thought I'd live to see another Chaplin picture," she began. "He worked so long on 'The Gold Rush' that I thought he had decided to ignore this generation completely and belong to the ages. But at last the great day of the opening of 'The Gold Rush' came, even as dawn has a way of coming in the subtitles, and a thousand or so hot, weary people surged up to the Strand Theater with an air of 'It had better be good.'

"Who but Chaplin," she continued, "could keep confirmed week-enders in town on a hot Saturday night waiting until midnight to see the opening of a film?"

"W. C. Fields." I wagered heavily, but my cries were drowned out as she raised her voice so that the people at the next table, who were obviously interested, could hear her without leaning on our table.

"A few thousand people gathered at the stage door of the Strand expecting to see Chaplin arrive. They're hardened to the way these celebrities steal unnoticed into back doors while the crowd waits in front, and they didn't intend to be fooled. But Chaplin outguesed them. He drove up to the front door in the conventional black-and-white taxicab, alighted, let his companion pay the fare, and started into the theater before an onlooker's shout brought the crowd from around the corner. Twenty policemen appeared as if by magic, did the daily dozen at the crowd with their clubs, and got him in. Once inside, he started down the aisle quietly enough, but almost every one there was an old friend of his, so in a minute he was surrounded and a roar of applause came from the balcony.

"Then Will Rogers came in, got a big hand, and the picture started. The picture is marvelous in spots. I'll leave description of it to Sally Benson, who has bigger and better adjectives. There is just one depressing thing about it."

In an effort to be original Fanny would find something depressing about a Chaplin picture.

"When I think of the thousands of imitations that are going to be done at dinner parties this winter of his Océana Roll, I almost wish he had never thought of it."

"But what about ——" I began.

Though not always so lovely on the screen, Esther Ralston, if seen in person by the public, would be picked as a beauty.
Teacups

Fan wags the faster as picture circles pick up, hum with production.

Bystander

"Go no further," Fanny commanded, "I know what you're going to ask. You want to know the truth about what happened to Chaplin and I don't know it. It's just one of those mysteries that will probably never be solved. Some of the scandal papers printed a story to the effect that a 'Follies' girl tried to kiss him, he turned his head away and she bit him. He was confined to his room for a few days, seriously ill, but all I can say is that the night his picture opened he appeared with a face unscarred except by emotion. I wish the girl named in the stories would sue the papers for libel and then perhaps the truth would come out."

"After all," I remarked, trying not to appear interested, "the only thing that matters is that he has made a great picture that is going to entertain thousands of people."

"Then why did you ask me what happened?" Fanny demanded. "I'll never tell you anything again."

But I knew she would and in a few minutes she did.

"Mabel Normand arrived in town to start rehearsals of her stage play and some of the newspaper editors got so excited that they sent a whole army of reporters down to meet her. Her old friends say that she looks marvelous and is quite herself again, and the catty ones say, 'Look at Mabel; you can't go through all she has lived through without showing it.'"

"Well, how does she look?" I asked, quite eagerly.

"Perfectly glorious," Fanny raved, allying herself stanchly with the old friends.

"Originally, her play was called 'Diana of the Movies,'" she went on, "but for some reason that I don't understand, they have changed the title to 'The Little Mouse.' That seems in rather questionable taste and I've no doubt they will change it again. For, 'The Little Mouse' is the epitaph on the grave of the first Chaplin baby."

"Mabel attended the premiere of 'The Gold Rush,' but she didn't stay to the party afterward. She is keeping early hours now. The party was a last-minute affair held in the rehearsal room of the Strand Theater. Mr. Chaplin's manager and a few others had little cards of invitation that they pressed into the hands of a few favored ones as they came into the theater. But somehow, 'Tammany' Young, the famous film comedian and gate crasher, got a handful of them and invited his friends, too, so I wouldn't go so far as to say that the party was exclusive.

"Dick Barthelmess had an original idea for a party the other day. Dick firmly believes that critics like to see actors suffer, so he invited the New York film critics and a few other friends—yes, he has made their work so easy. The critics are his friends—over to the studio to see him and Bill Powell do the big fight for 'The Beautiful City.' All those who had any pet illusions about film fights being faked promptly lost them.

"The scene was in a Chinese theater, a replica of an old one down near the Bowery, and before the fight scene was taken. a Chinese company gave a play. Maybe it wasn't all profanity, but the singsong lines of the Chinese actors sounded like the most daring Broadway plays.

"Dick is looking for a leading woman for his next picture, 'Just Suppose,' and is imploring every one to help him. Betty Jewel, Edna Murphy, and Dorothy
Knap, the Atlantic City bathing beauty who has been in the ‘Follies’ all season, are the leading nominees so far.

“I’m pulling hard for one of them, but I won’t tell which one. The girl I most want to see playing with Dick wouldn’t be suitable for this particular picture. That’s Ann Pennington. She would be so cute opposite him, some one really ought to write a story for them, called ‘The Country Boy and the City Gal,’ perhaps. Another picture I want to see will be written around the trials and tribulations of a sister act in vaudeville, and the two leading roles will be played by Ann Pennington and Bessie Love.”

“Perhaps you’d like to see Ann as Juliet, and Thais, and Brunhild, too,” I suggested acidly.

She merely raised her eyebrows slightly.

“By the way, did you hear that Bessie Love won a Charleston contest out at the Sixty Club in Los Angeles? She should do it in a picture some time, and probably will when she makes ‘The Singing and Dancing Man’ for Famous Players. It is about time the Charleston swept through every picture, the way it has through plays and vaudeville acts. I’ve heard that the Warner Brothers have put a scene in one of their coming pictures that depicts the collapse of that dance hall up in Boston that was shaken to ruins by the persistent vibrations of people dancing the Charleston.

“Just up to the studio to see her the other day and found her dressed in an old Empire costume that was wonderfully becoming. She was supposed to be posing for a portrait that Pedro de Cordoba was painting, but really she was a picture no artist could paint. She moved with all the grace and airness of Pavlova doing her famous gavotte. Any artist who caught the ravishing beauty of her would probably leave the twinkle of humor out. Maybe the camera can catch her just as she is.

“She is making ‘Invisible Wounds,’ you know. Howard Higgin has evolved a really original idea for that picture. He is going to have an all-star cast really made up of stars and not has-beens. There is Blanche and Ben Lyon, Holbrook Blinn, Claire Eames, Effie Shannon, and then, just for good measure, Diana Kane and Betty Jewel.

“Ben Lyon’s next picture is going to be ‘Bluebeard’s Seventh Wife’ and they plan to have seven of the screen’s most beautiful girls in it. They couldn’t get the most beautiful ones, of course, because they are stars in their own right, but I wonder who they will have.”

“Who are the seven most beautiful?” I asked idly.

“All a matter of personal opinion,” Fanny granted. “My choice would be Corinne Griffith, Alma Rubens, Greta Nissen, Madeleine Hurlock, Norma Shearer—and after that I’m stuck.”

“That’s better than I could do,” I admitted. “I’d choose Lillian Gish and then I’d be all through. There are lots of girls who are interesting looking and stunning, but they don’t live up to my requirements of beauty. I wonder who the public’s choice of beauties would be.”

“Esther Ralston,” Fanny assured me at once, “if they ever saw her in person. On the screen she isn’t always so lovely. By the way, she is coming East to play in ‘A Kiss for Cinderella.’ At first, Herbert Brenon considered using some one else in
AN IDYLIC INTERLUDE

This charming scene from "The Big Parade" shows Renee Adoree and John Gilbert in a tender moment snatched from the din and havoc of the war.
Where Shirley Lives

Shirley Mason's home is not one of those pretentious affairs, but a nice, comfortable place free from austerity. If visitors don't see Miss Mason around the gardens, they know they'll most likely find her writing in her den.
Another Charming Home

Diana Miller, a fairly newcomer, has been so successful lately that she has been able to acquire this lovely home in which to relax after her hard work at the studio. She has huge windows all around, which look out high above Los Angeles.
Since going on his own, Cecil De Mille has been so taken up with organizing his stock company and supervising his various units that he has had little time to do any directing himself. But in "The Road to Yesterday" he will, for the first time since leaving Paramount, give his personal direction to a film. As these scenes show, the production will have the modern splendor and the romantic flashback so characteristic of De Mille.
In "The Road to Yesterday" there are two romances. Joseph Schildkraut and Jetta Goudal, shown in the modern episode on the opposite page, play one pair of lovers, while William Boyd and Vera Reynolds, shown here, play the other. Trixie Friganza and Casson Ferguson also have important roles. The story, which begins as a modern tale and then flashes back to medieval times, is based on the play which was so popular some years ago.
Fulfilling a Wish

John Barrymore was happy when he went back to pictures and started "The Sea Beast," for he had long wanted to make a picture of the old whaling days in New England. The story is one of the simplest that Barrymore has done, and deals principally with a young whaler's battles at sea and his romance at home. Dolores Costello appears as his sweetheart.
These scenes show the blond and internationally known Peggy Hopkins Joyce in the title rôle of Adela Rogers St. Johns' popular story. The part, that of a lowly born girl who reaches the heights of fame and stardom in Hollywood, only to whirl down again, will mark Miss Joyce's first work for the camera, and it will be interesting to see what comes of it.
Night Life in Vienna

Though "The Viennese Medley" will bring out an unknown director, Kurt Rehfeld, it will have two of our most expert troupers in the principal roles. Anna Q. Nilsson plays a lovely but knowing lady of somewhat blurred morals, and Conway Tearle, in a new military hair cut, appears as her soldier lover.
The three Francisco sisters are all well started on screen careers. From left to right, they are Margaret, Betty, and Evelyn.

Keeping Up the Sister Tradition

Introducing the new group of players who have entered pictures in the footsteps of the earlier sister combinations.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

A COUPLE of years ago a vivacious little blond actress led a very pretty girl up to a casting director at one of the large studios in Hollywood and said, "This is my sister. She wants work as an extra."

The director took one good look, then another, and finally said, "You're hired!" That was how Betty Francisco got her sister Evelyn into pictures.

And so long as there are pictures and so long as players have sisters, there is likely to be a continuous procession of these young girls coming into films in the wake of sisters who have already won a foothold in the studios.

From early motion-picture days, when the Pickfords and the Gishes and the Talmadges were caught in turn by the success and enthusiasm of the first members of their families to try the screen, the example of a famous and high-salaried sister has served as a challenge to the ambition of a younger one. And there is no denying that such a personal connection is a decided help in gaining an audience with casting directors.

In the past few seasons alone a considerable number of sister-players have come into pictures. And they not only have helped one another to get in, but have, as a rule, continued to be affectionately devoted to each other’s interests. It may appear rather odd that, in a business where there is so much competition and jeal-
Lake City and became a movie extra, she struggled along for a while with mediocre success, then finally went back home because she felt her sister, Ivy, needed her. But when Ivy, who really had been ill, got better, the Livingston family moved to Hollywood and Ivy began going to the studios with Margaret. She watched every scene, every move. The slightest little frown told Margaret that she was not getting over her part. A sweet little smile likewise told her that she was scoring. Ivy began appearing in some of the long shots for Margaret and then one glorious day Universal offered her a bit in "Phantom of the Opera." She is working pretty regularly now, but I think that no success, however great, would supersede the interest these two sisters have in one another.

Another pretty picture friendship is that which exists between Enid Bennett and her sister, Katherine. These two came to New York from Australia, where Enid appeared with Otis Skinner on the stage. There, the late Thomas Ince saw her and offered her work on the West Coast. For seven years she has played leading roles.

A few months ago, Louis B. Mayer saw Katherine as an extra in one of Enid's pictures and, singling her out, offered her a contract. Her enthusiasm increased when F. B. O. requested that she be loaned to them to play opposite Fred Thomson in a Western production.

Though Marie Prevost and her sister, Peggy, arrived in Los Angeles together, Marie had a considerable start on Peggy. She was visiting at the Mack Sennett studios when Ford Sterling, then directing, saw her.

"Don't you want to work in pictures?" he asked her.

"Of course I'd like to," Marie replied.

Sterling introduced her to Sennett and next day Marie was in a ballroom scene. Her first part was that of a colored maid. When Peggy finally decided to follow Marie she went out entirely "on her own." She had learned to dance, knew something about pictures, and bravely buckled into the studios alone. She landed, and has appeared in numerous productions, including a lead in one of Charles Ray's pictures.

Then Lois Wilson has two sisters—Constance, who played in a couple of pictures with her—and Diana, who is just coming into prominence now as Diana Kane. The Franciscos are another family who can claim three sister players. Besides Betty and Evelyn, there is Margaret, who left the musical-comedy stage for pictures when she saw how well her sisters were progressing. And Helen Taylor, along with the other sisterhood, is seeking the favor won by her sister, Estelle.

Both Laura La Plante and her sister
Violet were practically lifted into good parts, within a fairly short time of each other. When a friend of her mother’s saw Laura, she took the little blond girl with the charming dimples to Al Christie, who told her to come back and see him again. On the third trip he signed her to a contract at seventy-five dollars a week, and she went right into stock.

Later, when Laura was playing leading rôles for Universal, Director Edward Sedgwick saw her sister, Violet, and said to Mrs. La Plante: “You have another actress in your family. Wouldn’t she like to work?” Violet said! That was just a year ago. Violet was selected as a 1925 Wampas Baby Star, and is now under contract to make eight pictures for an independent company.

In the production side of the industry, Isabel Johnston rapidly is taking rank with her eminent sister, Agnes Christine Johnston, as a scenarist. Agnes sent Isabel through Vassar and then encouraged her to write. Under her sister’s tutelage she quickly grasped the idea. Her first work was with Fox, doing stories for Shirley Mason. After that, she wrote several stories for Charles Ray, then went to England to write for the Stoll Productions. While there, she collaborated with H. G. Wells on a screen treatment of his book, “Marriage,” which Fox will soon produce.

The Johnston sisters come from New York. Agnes is the older of the two and got her start at the old Vitagraph studios in the East. She started as a typist in the scenario department and Mrs. Sidney Drew, who was making comedies for Vitagraph at that period, happened to be the person for whom she typed most of the time. It was through this association that Agnes was given her initial opportunity to do a continuity by herself. “Daddy Long Legs,” Mary Pickford’s production, was her first real big continuity, and since then she has done many important scripts.

The only two sisters I recall who started in pictures at the same time in recent years are Helene and Dolores Costello. Warner Brothers signed them on long-term contracts a few months ago, and it appears that they will have an equal chance to make good.

Of the older sister combinations, the Gishes and the Talmadges are the best known. The devotion of Lillian and Dorothy Gish is one of the most beautiful sister loves in pictures. They started troup ing together when Lillian was six years old and Dorothy four, traveling with their mother. Lillian grew very fast and early became too tall and awkward to play child rôles, yet too young for work as an ingénue. The Johnstone sisters do not act, but are successful scenarists. Agnes is at the right and Isabel at the left.
Whom Should an Actor Please?

Helene Chadwick goes into the question in a very definite way, and makes clear not only the difficulties of her own career but those of other players as well.

By Caroline Bell

Helene Chadwick, however, has definite reasons for accepting varied roles. She is an experimenter. She is trying to figure out in what manner she may best succeed in this business of motion pictures which has so many contrary elements.

Her career has been annoyingly uneven. In those delicious comedy-dramas for Goldwyn, particularly the Rupert Hughes stories, she and Richard Dix first attracted attention. Since, she has appeared in every sort of role, free-lancing from studio to studio. Never chancing to make a big hit in a special production that won great acclaim, she has ambled along in what, to the casual glance, might be termed lackadaisical fashion, apparently accepting any part so long as the producers would meet her salary terms. Her remuneration is listed among the highest paid free-lance-featured actresses, and yet she is, not a popular favorite.

Knowing her to be a sensible, matter-of-fact young woman who had given much attention to her career. I wondered every now and then why she appeared in certain films which, to my way of thinking, failed to advance her appreciably. Could it be, I pondered idly, when my thoughts chanced to dwell upon her, that she too was drifting, without consideration of her future?

An interview on the subject set me right, and I perceived in the not exceptionally beautiful but certainly fair Helene an unsuspected astuteness.

“Granting that they possess a great degree of talent, brains, and personality, I often puzzle over the continued success of some of our biggest stars,” she began. “They make hits in a particular type of role and play that, with variations, or most of them do, ever afterward. How, I wonder, do they manage to satisfy everybody, or even the majority?”

“And what of us who fail, through circumstances or our own lack, to strike fire in some instantaneous hit? Our careers are not shaped for us free lancers by a company’s executives. We more or less hold the reins and must guide them ourselves, with problems that cause us a lot of worry.”

“What to do? What to do? That is my plaint when: “The movie fans beg me not to play in any more sex pictures—

YOU see a number of free-lance players in so many varied types of roles that they have no definite typification in your mind. They are not specialists; they play what might be termed repertoire.

Some of them, perhaps, are as unable as you are to account for the fact that they may appear in one film as uncouth mountaineer types and in the next as society leaders. They play what the producers decree, content that their weekly honorarium is of sizable sum, that they appear often on the screen, that they have fans, and do not attempt to analyze or understand the currents which shape their careers. The ways of producers are not for them to fathom, so long as the wages of acting are theirs.

Photo by Edwin Bower House

Though Helene Chadwick is among the highest paid free lances, she is not yet a great popular favorite.
"And producers offer me lucrative parts in such plays—
"When theater owners ask that I appear in a comedy-drama—
"And the directors cast me as a sad and saccharine heroine,
"When such cross demands pour in daily, I pray you, tell me, what will I do? What can I do?
"There are so many people we must try to please. It surprises me, considering their varied and oftentimes contrasting tastes, that we manage to satisfy anybody. Taking my own case, which naturally interests me more than abstract examples, whose approval must I strive to win? Only that of—the public, exhibitors, producers, the film salesmen, directors, censors, critics, and myself.

"Trying to make my every screen rôle fit the requirements of each individual group is like attempting to divide one lollipop among eight youngsters. Perhaps a geometrician might solve my riddle, but I'm only a movie actress equipped with the ordinary girl's quota of brains. And I admit that it often baffles me.

"To begin: an actress, meaning me, for that is the actress in whom I am most interested, wins fans through her portrayal of a certain type. They indicate their approval in letters and box-office returns. After a couple of years, it is fairly easy to gauge what they expect.

"I build up a public following. I think, 'This is what they want to see me in; I will continue to do this and I will be sitting pretty.' Then the producers say, 'Now, we know what's best for you.' They have some pet idea or fad that they believe will be a hit, whether or not it is of my type or suited to my capability.

"I could cite many incidents of actors being ruined by injudicious casting after they have become known. The producers too often contend that personality alone will hold a public, that the fans will like a favorite regardless of the type in which she is cast. I think they are wrong. The fans want a certain actress in a particular kind of picture; in something different she is out of her metier and they are disappointed.

"The exhibitors' opinions are uncertain, because an actress has little opportunity of getting definite and complete returns unless she makes a personal appearance tour and, by talking with them, learns their attitude first hand. I read the trade papers and magazines and have an idea of what is demanded of the exhibitors, but all sections of the country are not represented. Beside, many exhibitors have different ideas as to what constitutes a box-office success, depending upon their individual views and the demands of their localities.

"The directors, who have their own ideas on every subject, often insist that I play characterizations that seem insipid and meaningless. If I refuse—I do not work for a while.

"And I must obey them. Not long ago I was working at the Warner Brothers' studio with Huntley Gordon in 'The Golden Cocoon.' There is a sequence in which I am leaving Huntley and am very sad. I had an idea for adding a touch of pathos to the scene which I thought would improve it and make it more realistic.

"My director vetoed it. He was a very charming man and we had no actual quarrel—but there we were, he thinking one way and I another. I had to do the scene as he dictated, but I still insist that, knowing a woman's feelings in a moment of such stress, my way of interpreting it would have been better.

"I can only wait until the picture is shown to know if I was right or wrong. When that love scene is witnessed by the fans, I will receive letters telling me that

Continued on page 96
After nearly three years spent in sharing close-ups and long shots—mostly long shots—with some of our mutual friends, the motion-picture players, I had acquired a repertoire of prejudices that would have made H. L. Mencken look like an amateur. It is true I liked some of them very much but it is equally true I liked others of them not at all. Those I liked were "nice" and those I didn't like were not "nice"—nice in this case not being defined in its strictly correct sense which implies exactitude or aptness, but rather as good-fellowship. Amiability, sociability, conviviality, and a little small talk for over the holidays was all I required of my friends.

At the end of one year spent in writing about the complexities and conundrums of celluloid I find that I am becoming warped. No longer do I cultivate gracious souls and warm myself at their conventionality. The barbarous, the ruthless, the exotic and erotic, the haughty, the insolent, the eccentric, the individual—only these intrigue me now, for with the tenacity of a villain in a melodrama I am out gunning for "good copy"—a colorful interview material—something, anything that will work up into a good story.

Naturally, all of the more prominent players are good copy in a certain sense, for achievement is in itself usually worth recording at least once, but some of the personalities are so much better subjects for being written about than others that they pale the others into insignificance. But before taking up the more glamorous exponents in more detail let's get a few of the horrible examples offhand and save the good ones till the last, thus ending on a note of cheer and good will toward movie actors.

Generalizing for a moment—a great many motion-picture stars, in spite of the exceptional charm and poise which is inherently theirs, do not quote well. Which reminds me of a certain young player with whom I spent an afternoon recently and who will serve as Exhibit A of what the Wampas Baby Stars should not do when being interviewed.

Me (in interview fashion): Do you really want to come back to the screen?
Pretty Lady: "Oh, well, I don't know—sometimes I think I do and sometimes I think I don't. I really couldn't say."

Me (faintly discouraged): But I've heard you were going to make "The Spanked Darling." Isn't that an ideal role for you—couldn't be better!

The pretty lady shrugs. Now that shrug could mean anything. It could be taken as "Yes" or "No," but any way you quote it she invariably meant it the other way and swears she has been misquoted. Another difficult interview subject is a young man who talks brilliantly but none too charitably about his associates in the profession. This listens entertainingly for a couple of hours and you may even find yourself agreeing with at least some of his caustic observations, but in the name of diplomacy it is best to detour from that unless you are contemplating suicide anyway.

All this makes me think of Mary Pickford. She is so different. Of all the players I have ever known Mary Pickford is the most consistent talker. I mean by that—she says what she has to say on a subject definitely and concisely before she drops it and starts on another. It would be almost impossible to misquote Mary, unless it were done intentionally. When some one says black is black and white is white there is little to be misunderstood. Mrs. Fairbanks is the scribblers' delight. She talks in sentences and paragraphs that are all but punctuated for you. The only difficulty Mary offers is to get a new angle on her. Everything that could possibly be said about her has been said ten or twelve dozen times before. In spite of that, she is excellent copy.

This is true, too, of Joseph von Sternberg, who made the sensational "Salvation Hunters." Mr. von Sternberg, with the possible exception of Von Stroheim, is the most colorful copy in Hollywood. That is meant liter-
Kernville, California.

Dearest Myrtle:

I've been having a marvelous time, poking around and seeing all the sights. Mother came up with me and we brought my two adorable puppies. One is a peke and the other is a wire-haired fox. The management of the hotel did not take kindly to the pups at first but finally gave in and let me have them with me. I guess they think I am one of those actresses you read about who always travel with a flock of dogs, secretaries and French maids. I am guilty of the dogs but that's the extent of it.

Now I will take you on a personally conducted tour of Kernville. Main Street runs from the "city limits" through the "business district" to the cemetery, and is all of four blocks in length. There is a "board walk" in front of the Odd Fellows Hall and the store. Much to my surprise, there isn't a movie show in the place. Some enterprising person ought to get busy and build one for the benefit of the motion-picture people who come up here. I really believe that members of the movie colony like to see pictures as well as any one in the world.

But we have excitement—a dance every other Saturday night and a Western thriller in the town hall on the alternate Saturday, and we certainly get a kick out of both. Lots more fun than dances and shows in Hollywood.

The best thing in town, that is, the most fascinating to me, is the store. It's the center of activity for the simple reason that you can't get anything any place else but there. It's the meat market, grocery store, dry goods, shoe store, post office, automobile agency, and public library, all rolled into one. And, honest, you can get anything from a pin to a plow and some of the merchandise is the original stock put on the shelves when it was opened fifty years ago.

I just about live in the store and I've found more adorable things to buy than you'd ever imagine. The other day I went in looking for a mustache cup—several of the handsome males in the company have gone in for those old-fashioned drooping lip adornments, in the interests of art—and would you believe it, they actually had a beautifully decorated one there on the shelf!

The village school is another place I wouldn't have missed for a ten-year contract. I was invited to visit a class room by one of my most ardent admirers who gazes upon the world—and me—from under the brim of a huge black sombrero and comments on the state of

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A Prophet of the Cinema

Hobart Bosworth, who has already seen some of his early screen predictions fulfilled, makes a few more.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

It is a wonderful thing to be in on the beginnings of things. There is something thrilling about the premiere of a new play, the galley proof of a novel, or a preview of a much-heralded motion picture. Even if, who still have all my teeth and can walk without the aid of a cane, have seen some interesting phases in the development of that unruly Topsy they call the cinema. I have seen the stars of yesteryear go back to ribbon counters; I have seen obscure extra girls step out into the full glare of the Kleigs. I have seen—but who cares? This story is about what Hobart Bosworth has seen. Compared with his experiences in cinema land, I can say with A. Jolson that I ain't seen nothin' yet.

He was in a reminiscent mood that day at the First National studio in New York, where they were filming "Chickie." I think it was because he frankly disliked the tawdry story with its moral that the wages of sin is a millionaire husband; for he started in by telling that in "the old days"—those days being away back in 1909, the men at the head of the then new industry really believed that the motion pictures had an educational mission. They filmed two-reel classics, crudely, perhaps, but sincerely. There were thrillers, too—"Westerns" and serials. In all of them a very simple and wholesome morality was taught; that right is right, and wrong is wrong. Those who sinned were punished. There were no suave, likable villains of the Adolphe Menjou type in those days. You knew the villain the minute he came on the screen. He started in being wicked with the first reel, and never gave up until the hero pushed him off the cliff in the final thrilling fight.

Hobart Bosworth views the present-day movie with the same feeling which parents regard the younger degeneration. He thinks it should be spanked and put to bed. "Elegant fantasies, that's what the matter with it," he said. "It has grown too fast. It has suffered from wrong handling. It has been like a Frankenstein brought to life from the simple imaginings of a child. Why, when I started in pictures—"

He was off. I had gone out to the studio to interview some one or other, and I forgot about them. I had lunch with Mr. Bosworth and we talked—or rather, he talked—about the dim beginnings of that giant child, the movies. It seems strange to look back on as recent a year as 1909 as an historical date. Yet such is the case. We are very near the molding of that history. Hobart Bosworth had an integral part in its first life struggles. But most interesting of all, it seems to me, is the fact that he realized at the time how vast and important the new industry would be. He prophesied it to all who would listen. Most people smiled politely and wondered if Mr. Bosworth wasn't just a little "off." He lectured before the highest-browed of the Los Angeles women's clubs and urged that serious consideration be given the groping idea of the movies. At the close of his talk one of the ladies said to him with a charming and tolerant smile. "Oh, come, Mr. Bosworth, you don't really believe that moving pictures will be anything more than a child's plaything, do you now?"

At that time, Hobart Bosworth was a blond-haired giant who had made a name for himself on Broadway. Forced out West by ill health, he became a teacher of dramatic art. And when Frank R. Boggs, one of the very first directors, approached him with an offer to help him make pictures, Mr. Bosworth was as insulited as only an established star of the "legitimate" can be. "Why, I very nearly threw the man out of my office," he said. "But he kept on talking, and somehow his description of what this new art was going to be like, fired my enthusiasm. I played the lead in the first two-reel Western that was ever filmed in Los Angeles. I still have the saddle I used in that picture, and the guns. I believe I have shot more motion picture Indians than any man living. We got a Chinaman to let us have the back yard of his laundry for a 'set.' He was considerably worried at our actions, and was much relieved when we took ourselves elsewhere."

Hobart Bosworth became famous first as a leading man, and then as a portrayer of sea types. His Sea Wolf was the greatest character he ever played, and was such a tremendous sensation that Lasky reproduced the picture some years later. The latter production was a weak echo of the first because the powers that he decided that the grimly sardonic Sea Wolf should become a stock villain, filled with brutality and lust and ferociousness. I need hardly say that Mr. Bosworth did not play the title role of the second adaptation.

He laughed as he talked about the many sea pictures he has made. "If any one had told me in my bo hoyhood days before the war—I went to sea when I was twelve—that those smelly, dirty, creaking ships would ever spell romance for hundreds of thousands of people, I'd have thought them as crazy as they thought me when I said that motion pictures would become the world's greatest artistic industry. Romantic? Lord! But I dare say the time will come when our descendants will look back upon this 'quaint' age of automobiles, and talk about the 'romance' of motors!"

Here is a man with a strangely impersonal viewpoint, which he turns on himself as well as on people and events about him. He has known the heights of popular acclaim, he has known the depths of sickness and neglect. It is a heartbreaking thing to drop from stardom into complete obscurity. To see the industry which meant so much and to which his best efforts had been given, pass by without a backward glance for the man who had been the idol of thousands of picture fans. He

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Gloria, the Versatile

It was not so long ago that they called Gloria Swanson merely a "clothes horse," those critics who did not care for her.

But of late, every new picture in which she has appeared has shown unsuspected abilities along many and varied lines.

In "The Coast of Folly," her next picture, Gloria will appear in the four guises—running the gamut from youth to age—shown in the four pictures on this page.

Her principal part is that of a young woman, Joyce Gathaway, as seen in the picture at the right.

At a costume party, she goes as Pollyanna, in the "Pickford" make-up shown in the oval.

But she also plays the part of Nadine Gathaway, the mother of Joyce. Below you see Nadine as a young woman, and in the lower right-hand corner, as a woman well advanced in years.
friends tells me that I am merely pos-
ing when I say I don't like the design-
ation. Well, that is a problem for the psychoanalyst and too deep for me.

Having arrived at the position of stardom, I feel a desire to remain there. This imposes upon me a regimen of living far more rigorous, I believe, than is imposed on the average successful business man.

While working on a picture I arise at five o'clock in the morning and am at my studio riding ring by six. I ride horseback for an hour under the tutelage of Mario Carillo, a former captain of Italian cavalry, who is putting me through the same course as though I were in training to become an army officer.

At seven, I go to the dressing room and am rubbed down by my trainer. Then I don my costume and make-up and am ready for work at eight thirty.

Acting before the camera, and at-
tention to the hundreds of details which attend picture making, take up my day. I seldom leave the studio before seven at night. You will be-
lieve me when I say that I am in bed at nine. On the evening before a re-
cent holiday, I planned to celebrate by going to the theater. After dinner I was so sleepy that I decided to forgo even that mild dissipation.

Fortunately, this program does not last continuously for fifty-two weeks in the year. I am mindful of what all work and no play does to Jack, and am anxious that the same should not apply to myself. So, between pictures, there are glorious holidays with motor jaunts in Spain, and return visits to Italy, my native land.

In connection with the conduct imposed upon a star, I might add that it is easier to become a star than it is to remain one. Once the spot-
light begins to play upon the actor, he is like a specimen under a micro-
scope. Under the magnifying glass his wings frequently look singed and sometimes they are not visible at all.

This spotlight follows him after he leaves the studio wherever he may go. If he should arise late some morning and neglect to shave—this has no reference to my own recent

The only place I can find any pri-
vacy is in my own home, so for

That's a good place to find the spotlight waverling and seeking other targets. That spotlight is a fickle jade. There are fixed stars in the firmament but none in the motion-picture skies. All of my ener-
gies will be devoted to keeping such position as I have attained, and I want to remain in pictures as long as I can, for if ever a man enjoyed his work, that man is myself.

In closing, I might borrow a line from the Gilbert and Sullivan policeman and sing that the star's life may not be a completely happy one, but for me, it is the happiest I hope to find on this earth.

Hollywood High Lights

Spanish hacienda, built on a ranch by the sea, which is to be their future home. The menage, as outlined, is to be a veritable dream castle designed to take a person back to the days of a hundred years ago, when Cali-
ifornia was composed of vast estates ruled by the Spanish grandees. Even automobiles are to be barred from the premises, and the hacienda will be a historic show place, the scene of fiestas, rodeos, and other old Cali-
ifornia celebrations. Doug and Mary

plan to live there "the life of the don and doña of old Spain."

All of which indicates no doubt that the locales of the popular pic-
tures in which they appear are bound eventually to exert an influence on the minds of stars.

Doug particularly has enjoyed two of his greatest successes in "The Mark of Zorro," which was laid in old California and "Don Q.," which has the setting of Spain.

For contrast to this news, Joseph Schenck has recently announced that he will build a big amusement park, with scenic railways, shoot-the-
chutes, and other Coney Island ef-
fects.

Strong on Headwork.

Through a typographical error, an item in one of the daily newspapers, instead of saying skillful, referred to Henry B. Walthall and Mary Alden as "skilful" players. And, that's quite O. K., pronounced like "oak" in the colony, with us.

The next telephone girl in the studios who says "allrighty" to us, however, we're going to gag with a powder puff.
Let's Visit the Paramount School!

The writer has mentioned that all of the students are not present at the classroom sessions. A few are out on the bridle paths or suburban lanes, learning that horseback riding for the novice is often a painful proposition. A few are learning how to operate an automobile without incurring the wrath of every traffic policeman they meet. They are not lacking while the rest are working, they are merely picking up those accomplishments which are in common demand in the films. Every pupil of the Paramount School must learn, if he hasn't already, how to fence, drive a car, ride horseback, and dance. They must learn to do these things gracefully and well, for fans who are willing to overlook mediocre pictures and acting will not stand for awkwardness in the everyday pursuits which they themselves have mastered.

Perhaps the final examination is the most unique thing about this school. Imagine an examination to which the students look forward all through their course! This final is a motion picture in which members of the class are cast. Those who have shown the most pronounced ability and the most faithful application to their duties will be given the leading roles, and the others will receive parts according to their merits in the eyes of the school heads. Those who pass the examination with high honors will be given "diplomas," that is, personal letters of indorsement by Mr. Lasky, together with selected film cuttings and still pictures, which will serve as a recommendation for employment in the studios of other companies. But those who have completed their course with a "summa cum laude" degree will receive contracts for one year with Famous Players-Lasky. If in that time they make good with the public as they have made good with the studio officials, the contracts may be extended four more years. Thus that dream of a million fans, a screen career, will have been realized.

But interesting though the fate of the score of students in the first school of film acting may be, the outcome of the great experiment is more absorbing. If even one Betty Bronson develops from the first class, the new system of making may be considered a success and other studios may adopt it. Perhaps it will no longer be necessary for the film aspirant to pack up his belongings and what few dollars he possesses and journey to Hollywood or New York to beg for a chance which may never come.

The route to a screen career may soon be the filling out of an application blank for admission to a school, the submitting of photographs, a film test, and an interview with an official.

What are the qualifications which may place one among the lucky men and girls selected for a motion-picture school? First, exceptional beauty of face and figure, and youth. There are fine character actors and actresses on the screen who obviously do not qualify in this respect, but the stage offers a great reserve of players of histrionic talent and few novices can compete with them. The demand is for new, young blood.

But there is a joker in that phrase, "exceptional beauty of face and figure." Many of the candidates selected for the Paramount School from thousands of applicants seem quite like other boys and girls, in the flesh. But in their photographs they are sublimations of their real selves. Raving beauty, charm, arresting personality stand out in their film tests. The camera must have its little joke. It delights in obscuring the beauty of sought-after people and in creating rare charms in others who pass unnoticed. You can never tell the qualifications for success in the films until you have faced the capricious camera.

Of course, the picture-school aspirant must have latent ability to act. He or she must have versatility, for the insipid, dumb-dora school of film acting is going out. There must be good health, for motion-picture acting is trying, with occasional over-time work, exposure, and other hazards. Advanced education is not required, but general intelligence is. So also are good principles, ambition, coupled with patience and perseverance, and a happy disposition. If the candidate for film honors is confident of the possession of all these qualities, and is between the ages of eighteen and thirty, if a man; or between sixteen and twenty-five, if a woman, the chances are that he—or she—may be one of the lucky ones enrolled in some future film class.

The charter members of the Paramount school are an interesting lot. Thelma Todd, a Massachusetts girl, was going to normal school to fit herself to be a teacher when she was summoned to the Astoria studio. Dorothy May Nourse, a sixteen-year-old girl from Roxbury, Massachusetts, is the baby of the class, while Charles Brokaw, staggering under the weight of his twenty-six summers, is the oldest.

Claud Buchman was recruited from the ranks of the medical students, while Charles Edward Rogers forsokk a university course in journalism to test his abilities as a film actor. Walter J. Goss was a practicing New York newspaper man and Mona Palma and Ethelda Bernice Kenwin were models. Jack Luden holds several athletic records.

Several have traveled widely and have absorbed the atmosphere of other lands and peoples. Harriett Siega Krauth spent her early years in the British West Indies, Lorraine Eason was in Panama for many years, and Greg Blackton has spent long periods in the Argentine, Cuba, and Europe. Irving Hartley seems to hold the championship of the class for all-round experiences. He has been a radio operator, a ticket clerk, manager of a department in a steamship line, a press photographer, and an actor. La Verne Lindsay has composed music and Wilbur Thomas Dillon has served in the technical branches of picture making. The ancestry of the students runs largely to English and Irish, with some Scotch, German, French, and Spanish. The majority of them reside in New York City. The Hollywood sector is represented by three or four, Massachusetts by the same number, while the homes of the others are widely scattered.

Perhaps one of the most significant facts about the school is that many of its pupils have been striving for recognition in the studios with no particular success. The chance to prove themselves which has been denied them through the old system is now theirs. They are installed in one of the largest studios in the world, they are being developed and watched by capable instructors and their lights cannot remain hidden under a bushel. If this spells opportunity to those who have struggled long for recognition, how much larger a development it is for those who have had no experience with the studios whatever!

The Paramount Picture School is a development worth watching. It may revolutionize the whole business of selecting players for the screen and bring the chance for a screen career close to every one's door.

THE NEARLY PERFECT MOVIE THEATER.

It will consist of the following:

Padded seats that do not make us feel, after a half hour, as if were sitting upon a tree trunk.

An arrangement in the ceiling by which a cannon ball will drop upon the head of any one who starts reading the subtitles aloud or who, having seen the pictures before, starts elucidating the plot to the person beside him.
The Baby Spot

"For the manager shook his head. He said: 'You've got a voice all right, but great heavens, man! You've got to go somewhere and learn stage deportment. You must look like a gentleman in opera. You're too uncouth."

Ironies of Chance.

David Torrence and his brother Ernest came to Hollywood three years ago. Ernest had tried very hard to get into the movies in New York. They told him he was too tall. But David had a chance to work for Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country," so he brought his brother along.

"It shows how much this business depends on chance," the character actor continues. "Ernest got his chance—the one rôle that fitted him perfectly—that comic heavy in 'The Covered Wagon.' I don't suppose they dreamed what a hit 'The Covered Wagon' was going to be. In fact, I understand that it was not intended for a big feature at all. But you know what happened. Biggest success in years. Ernest was famous overnight. To-day my brother's salary is scandalously—simply scandalous!"

He grinned good-naturedly.

"And I know any number of good actors out here—trying to get into the movies. They can't even get their heads inside the gate."

Exploiting the Highbrow.

It came to me the other morning as a revelation that I am being exploited. Not only I, but a large class of Americans—it would be a large class if you could get them all together—are being exploited by those who purvey our amusements. Those who read this outburst have undoubtedly said with me—after being inveigled into a particularly dull evening:

"By Heaven, I'll never go to another play! They're all trash!"

Or:

"By Heaven, I'll never go to another movie! They're all trash!"

And then along comes a "Beggar on Horseback" or a "Last Laugh" and we see them and our faith in the theater or screen is restored. Now what happens?

We go gaily off to see the next play or the next movie at the same theater. Perhaps we sit in the very same seat in which, a few days before, we were thrilled, uplifted, and enlightened. And we see an "Abbie's Irish Rose" or a "Her Love Song."

I am now convinced that the occasional appearance of a good play or a good movie is not just an accident as I once imagined. I believe it is deliberate. The producers are baiting us. They recognize the existence of this large class of Americans—and our money looks just as good to them as anybody else's money. So they throw us a morsel now and then, merely enough to keep us coming to the theaters in the hope of more. It is just another variety of exploitation: the pernicious exploitation of the so-called highbrow.

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When a director does not want to use a double for a star, instead of getting a slim graceful girl like Lora Winberg who really looks like Doris at a distance, he gets the chubiest, bulkiest person he can find. Then the star willingly does her own stunts.

"Dolores Cassinelli wears one of those smart, high-necked, satin bathing suits in the picture. It's a pity the film won't be shown until after the northern outdoor swimming season is over. But never mind. Even if it's too late to copy her suit for swimming, it's a great pattern for a dress. No schoolgirl's wardrobe will be complete without one like it this winter.

Speaking of clothes, I don't intend to buy any until all the screen stars now abroad come back home and display the latest styles. Hope Hampton is getting dozens of frocks to use in those fashion films she makes every once in a while; Lois Wilson is going to skip over to Paris to do some shopping when she finishes working in the Meighan picture in Ireland; and Carmelita Geraghty and Virginia Valli will be coming home some time during the fall. They are in Munich now, having the time of their lives. Studios abroad can't work as efficiently as the ones here do, because the girls always have plenty of time to go shopping between scenes over there.

"Speaking of clothes, Madeleine Hurlock is all upset because nowhere in 'Lord Jim' does Conrad tell how the girl should be dressed. So she doesn't know whether to go in for gingham-à-la-mail-order grass skirts, or one of those gaudy things a native wraps around and pins.

"Worry about that if you like, but if I were in her place I'd go in for the long, slinky, plain things like Nita Naldi wears."

At mention of Nita Naldi Fanny suddenly recalled the startling news about Nita's close friends, the Valentinos.
A Test for Mary Philbin

In "Stella Maris" her work must stand comparison with what is generally regarded as Mary Pickford's finest picture.

Motion-picture critics were unusually interested when it was announced that Mary Philbin was to make, for Universal, a new version of "Stella Maris," the picture which is generally conceded to have been Mary Pickford's masterpiece from an artistic point of view. In that picture, Mary, for the one time in her career, stepped into a real character part, and created a type radically different from any she has ever done before or since. This was the rôle of Unity Blake, the little London slavey, whose twisted mind and body required the ability to create a repellent characterization.

The character, as played by Mary, would have been a splendid piece of work on the part of any character actress, and because many persons had claimed that Mary was limited to the conventional type which she had always played before that, her rendition of the rôle caused much comment, and a great deal of praise. Persons interested primarily in the art of acting hoped that the picture would be the forerunner of many others in which Mary would extend her versatility farther and farther along artistic lines. But that has not happened.

Now, however, comes Mary Philbin, willing to be put to a test of a comparison with Mary Pickford's finest picture. Like her predecessor, she is playing both rôles, that of the sweet, fragile Stella, and the embittered, twisted Unity Blake.

The admirers of Mary Philbin, who feel that she has not had the right sort of vehicles in some of her recent pictures, will look forward with a good deal of interest to Universal's production of "Stella Maris."
they do or do not like it. If they do not, I will be in a position to cross my fingers and cry to the director, "See, I told you so." It is human nature to say, 'I told you so,' isn't it? But in this case will I? I will not. We seldom say that to directors.

"I might sit back in my home and wait for only the parts with which censors could find no fault, but I would make little money. And even the censor elements are constantly at war among themselves, unable to decide upon what is objectionable and what isn't, certain things being taboo in one section or city and acceptable in another, so how am I to know what will please them?"

"The critics demand art—but how is one to give it to them? Because such pictures as 'The Enchanted Cottage' fail to reap great financial harvests, the producers are averse to making them and the opportunities to play in artistic films of which the more cultured persons, approve are few.

"That brings us," Helene continued in her definite, businesslike way, "to myself. I dislike the 'wholesome' roles that are so often given me. Because I happened to interpret one or two such parts in pictures that proved successful from the financial standpoint, several producers believe that I should do nothing else. I had such a role in 'The Recreation of Brian Kent' and hated it from the day I started work until I completed it.

"But now the producers inform me that 'Brian Kent' is a popular picture, that it is making money. Therefore, I should play similar roles."

"Personally, I loathe sex pictures. They are not only unclean but most of them are such silly junk. They are well patronized, however, so in order to please the sensation-loving element of the public as well as the producers who find them paying propositions, I have to forget my own dislike of them and play in some.

"I much prefer a film in which I can wear old clothes and interpret an individual characterization, rather than display fashions, but many of the fans demand that an actress adorn herself in all that is of the moment's mode and step onto the screen in resplendent glory. In reply, I sometimes do what they ask."

"I am trying to get a perspective on my problem to achieve a happy medium—if there is such a thing. At least, I can set my foot down on some points. I refuse absolutely to appear in a film that I think will hurt the morals of the children who will see it. I won't play a definitely despicable and unclean part. I might have become a more popular actress, if I were not so particular, but after all respect is worth more than momentary sensationalism.

"When I started free-lancing, I determined to run my career in accordance with my own convictions. But after struggling for some time to play only parts that I liked, I reached the conclusion that I could not draw the line too severely. I must, unless the role is quite offensive, obey the producer and keep discreetly silent."

"I must please the director by enacting the scene as he thinks best, and keep to myself all thoughts that he has the wrong viewpoint. I must attempt to do my work in such a fashion that it will win the approval of the men who sell the pictures, so that they will write and suggest that the producer call me for other films.

"I must remember that the critics who will review the picture will be watching for flaws in my work, so I must be careful of my technique. I must bear in mind that the theater owner has to make money, so I must be a little daring, to please the portion of the public that likes it, and yet not so risque as to arouse the censors' ire and have them cut out many of my scenes.

"And, more important than all else, I must not forget that the public makes or breaks those who act in the movies. If I fail to please the majority of these varied fan classes, my screen life will be brief."

Helene Chadwick does not always keep up a steady, even pace as do some featured players who continue in the same sort of things and retain a regular popularity. This she explains by the fact that she has been experimenting, "trying to figure out if any consistent success in pictures is possible for the majority of us, this regiment between the unknowns and the big stars."

She was at her best, I have always thought, in those Goldwyn comedy-dramas, particularly "Dangerous Curves Ahead," "Scratch My Back," and "Brothers Under the Skin." And of them she highly approved.

"I am not a weak, sentimental heroine. I am not inclined that way myself, and I feel ridiculous acting so before the camera. I would like to do comedy-drama, but good stories in that field are rare. Only very clever people, with a delicious sense of humor and ability to translate that into delightful artistic scenes, like Rupert Hughes, can write them.

"They made money—there is the producers' and exhibitors' answer. And yet we see so few of them now, aside from a distant one of Lubitsch's. Pictures are getting too heavy. I think. All public likes humor. It is human nature to want to laugh and be amused. In that respect, we are all kin. The dearth of comedy-drama must be due to lack of stories.

"I had a reason for doing each," she explained her acceptance this past year of varied types of roles and her appearance in some pretty poor pictures. "I did not have any illusions that 'The Recreation of Brian Kent' would be an exceptionally fine thing, but I knew there was a strong public for the outdoor movie. Men and boys like Westerns. I had noticed that most of my fan letters were from women and girls, and I wanted to interest the men of those families."

"Free-lancing has two advantages. It gives me a better pick of roles, restrained though I am within certain restrictions in trying to please so many varied tastes. At least, I have the privilege of refusing to do something that I think would be really injurious to my career.

"And it enables me to get on all of the programs. For years I played only Goldwyn programs, was seen only in forty houses; then I was on the Paramount release and did pictures for other studios who have various exhibition systems. I had never been on the Universal program, and I knew that they had a string of houses and were particularly strong in the smaller towns in sections where I was practically unknown to the fans."

"That is why I signed for the picture I'm working on now, 'The Still Alarm,' which I do not expect to be anything extraordinary, nor is it intended as a world-beater or sensational success. For one reason I like it—it takes me away from those tiresome 'wholesome' parts. The plot orders me to leave my husband and run away with another man, though my actions are motivated by what I believe will be an understandable revolt.

"Probably the critics will say, 'An old idea done over.' Maybe the public will not like it. But it gives me a chance to be different, so I am making the gamble, which I think will bring me new fans.

"It resolves down to one thing," she summed up. "I must try to give the majority of the public what they want, and the final judges whose opinions are most influential, but I must use tact in dealing with the other factors. You can please some of the people all of the time, all of the people some of the time, but you can't please all of the people all of the time. You can merely—try."

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Watch Out for this Boy! Leslie Fenton, a new juvenile signed by Fox, seems to have all the possibilities of film success.

By Caroline Bell

REALIZING a while ago the scarcity of juveniles, the producers began scouting around for new faces to fill that gap in the male ranks, and on the wave of this favorable attitude toward young men of promise Leslie Fenton has sailed into a five-year Fox contract after a short training.

Les, however, has had a rather varied experience, playing with one profession only to discard it when his interest in another was aroused, all of which, in his changing contacts with life and people and their accomplishments, may be influential upon his picture career, now that he thinks he has found his anchor.

He has been student, poet, tramp, actor—and a couple of other things. To each he gave his whole-hearted—if only momentary—boyish enthusiasm. Each at first colored his imagination with the possibilities of romantic adventure, and while each held him his dreams soared to the heights of attainment in that particular field. He has vacillated, but in so doing has accumulated some knowledge of young men of different temperaments and environment.

You are conscious of this assortment of interests in his inquisitive young mind, that he is qualified to enact the problems of his own generation with which he is so much in tune. He seems less an actor than those of many years in the theater whose thoughts and instincts run constantly to this one form of expression. His boyish eagerness first impresses you, and then the great amount of fun that he gets out of it all.

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Pride Precedeth a Fall

most sublimated of opportunists a wide field for development or portrayal of his real artistry. The public is too prone to concern themselves with the beauties of costumes or sets, and critics apparently judge solely by the seeming reality or historical truth of the plot structure, being unable, because of the lapse in time, to give a true criticism as to the realistic portrayal of the character of a human being who may have lived in previous centuries.

A somewhat changed viewpoint is also found on Schildkraut’s rather distressing experience with the Goldwyn studios and Victor Seastrom’s “Name the Man.” It will be remembered that Schildkraut was engaged to play the leading rôle in this production, but that three weeks later, after having suddenly returned from location, he found himself outside the studio gates with a terminated contract in his pocket.

“I blame myself as much as the Goldwyn company for that fiasco,” he says. “I should have read the script before I signed the contract but, you see, I thought I could play anything then! And when I got out on the Coast, I found that I was scheduled to enact a reserved, thoroughlygoing Englishman!

“How in Heaven’s name could I do that when in the first place I don’t look anything like an Englishman or have any conception of how an Englishman thinks or feels or acts? Tell me that! Why, it was a mistake in the first place and we all realized it as soon as we began to shoot the picture.

“And right on top of that came another bloomer—that part with Norma Talmadge in the ‘Song of Love.’ I am ashamed even to mention the name of the thing, it was so terrible! True, I had read the script in that case and loved it. I was in my element, a Frenchman masquerading as an Arabian, a part that called for temperament in sympathy with mine. But when we began work, what a difference! The story was changed daily; it was rewritten until I was a mere jack-in-the-box.

“I, myself, will always think the real reason was that one day, in the projection room, some one saw a love scene here, a love scene her myself and said I looked like her son instead of her lover. From then on, I found my part dwindling, and in the scenes already finished, the cutting room did the rest!”

Coupled with this new and rather modest naïveté, one can see a great difference in Schildkraut’s deportment on the set itself. It has been said that while making “Orphans of the Storm,” his pompously arrogant parade, both before and behind the camera, once angered the studio workers to the extent that one gang of electricians threatened to drop several tons of floodlights on him unless he behaved. Now, while not having attained the camaraderie of Richard Dix or Monte Blue, he gives and receives the same friendly and unrestrained greetings as dozens of others. In other words, instead of his absorbing the studios, the studios have absorbed him. Whether this may or may not be due to some subtle influence exercised by one Cecil De Mille, Schildkraut’s new patron, is not thoroughly apparent. But it is certain that De Mille has had a great effect on the artistic side of Schildkraut, and has gained an ardent admirer thereby.

“I don’t know whether I’m really designed for a screen actor,” says Schildkraut. “But if I am, I shall certainly show it under the direction of this man De Mille. Why, I find him as sensitive as a violin string! He fairly tinges with emotion. I find we are attuned, perfectly attuned, to the same note. I know before he speaks what he is telling me, and when he moves away from the camera while I am still making a scene, I feel it so keenly that I can hardly go on! It is just as if a taut wire had been broken between us. He utterly dominates my personality and I love it! He is so masterful!

“I figure, of course, that his is the intellect that is governing the picture, so why shouldn’t I let his mind dominate mine? He surely knows how he wants the trend of thought and action to be shown!

“However, I can readily see also how it would irritate and hamper a person with an individuality not attuned to his to enter into close contact with him. He is, of course, temperamental, and clashes of temperament will always produce discord. But in my case, our relations have been perfect. When I first came here, I went to ‘Paradise,’ his country home, and for two days we talked art, literature, life, and the manner of its living; and we conciled and coordinated to a marvelous degree! His thought and mine grooved perfectly, so how can I doubt but that we both will gain a great deal from our mutual relations?”

With his earnest and eager manner, as he bends toward you, his dark eyes intently serious and apparently blind to everything but your belief in his remarks, and his slender, overly sensitive fingers more expressive in their graceful, catlike movements than either his lips or eyes, Schildkraut, under ordinary circumstances, would attract confidence even if arguing on the texture of the moon. If analysis should fail you, you’ll undoubtedly become a willing victim to his almost hypnotic eyes, but if it doesn’t, you may suffer the disappointment of realizing that he well knows the talents which gained him fame on the stage, and is perhaps using them to subjugate another victim, off of it.

De Mille, in speaking of Schildkraut’s probable future on the screen, fails to approach the danger line of histrionics, probably because of an ingrown habit of expressing himself guardedly, but he is not uncomplimentary.

“Schildkraut is undoubtedly a type,” he says, “and as such cannot be used indiscriminately in all kinds of pictures. Great care must be used in placing him in the proper story setting, but once that is secured I have a premonition that Schildkraut will bring the same element of stark, dramatic reality to his screen characterizations as he did in ‘Lilium’ and ‘The Firebrand’ on the New York stage. He is not and never can be superficial, and for that reason makes his portrayals more elemental than the majority of film players. For this same reason, though, he will probably never prove to be a dish which can be served continuously on the amusement menu.”

But withal, Schildkraut’s somewhat unusual and decidedly individual characteristics have not been entirely submerged. He still delights, for instance, in the provocative oscillation of all feminine digits within his reach. His pointed foreign accentuation in ordinary speech has apparently suffered no improvement despite the preciseness of English called for in his various stage rôles. He is still adept in the collecting and memorizing of the first names of all the fair sex in the studio. And he still assumes the rôle of Joseph Schildkraut upon awakening in the morning and discards it not until his eyelids drop in slumber late at night, if you get what I mean.

He’s working harder these days also. He gets to the studio at seven thirty every morning. At eight, he takes a fencing lesson, and after that is over, he must ride for an hour to improve his horsemanship. Both these accomplishments are requirements for his new picture, “The Road to Yesterday,” in which he has a rôle which others say, and he believes, is particularly suited to him.
THIS probably looks like another of those almost ridiculously elaborate movie sets that some critics are always bewailing as being untrue to life. But it happens that it is not a movie set at all, but an actual section of the lobby of the Commodore Hotel in New York.

When they decided to film "Night Life in New York," the Paramount company felt that they wanted to make the atmosphere as authentic as possible. So for some scenes they arranged to set up their cameras and their lights in the lobby of the Commodore. You should easily recognize it when you see the picture on the screen.
The Girl Who Waited

been the center of attraction during those years when she felt the sting of loneliness. "But when I tried it a time or two, I saw I couldn’t, so I gave up, and resigned myself to a vague hope that some day something would change things for me. I never dreamed that love would come, and so beautifully, so perfectly. I’m just beginning, after seven months of marriage, to feel that it is all real.

“Wait, I’ll write you my definition of happiness.” She busied herself at the green-and-gold desk, and then showed me what she had written:

“Some one to love—something to do—something to look forward to.”

“I’m glad you didn’t say, ‘Some one to love me,’” I mused.

“Why, that is wonderful, but the biggest and most precious thing is loving, for that means service. This covers everything. The affection and consideration for another without which any life is incomplete, the work that we all need to keep us busy—and the ‘something to look forward to’—you can guess what I mean by that. Then I’ll have everything. And So-and-so, and the others, whom I used to envy, where are they now? What have they?”

Where are they, indeed? Broken little moths that played too excitedly about a flame that was bound to burn them, or at least scourch their freshness. Trampled little flowers, their petals dirtied. Tired little girls, blasé and cynical at twenty, faces that should be young and eager, already worn and beginning to show lines through the paint and powder. Cheap popularity doesn’t last long.

Ruth pitied herself a few years ago, because she couldn’t be a part of that light fun, because some queer thing in herself kept her at the side lines. She didn’t understand then that it was a selective instinct in her, waiting for the thing that is truly worth while.

Where are they? Oh, some are still “running around.” You see them at the theaters and the cabarets, dancing to the jazz, trying to kid themselves that they are having a grand time. But their mouths droop, their eyes are restless, discontented. Sometimes I think the greatest tragedy of Hollywood is not the down and outer, but the girl who keeps up her show of tinsel, her pretty little display, through which brave and desperate effort you can see the emptiness of her heart, the knowledge that she has cheapened something that should have been kept priceless.

As the wife of Jimmy Cornelius, Ruth moves in a circle in which most picture actresses are taboo. There is, to be sure, a lower rung of society, the newly rich, who welcome movie girls and who lionize—and sometimes patronize—them. But the Cornelius family is of that upper segment where tradition rules, where money has been so long that it is taken for granted and is seldom thought of, of that breeding which is expressed in utter naturalness and simplicity of manner. No definite lines are drawn; but there is a tacit barrier which, though vague, is as invincible as granite.

And in that quiet, charming society moves the young Mrs. Cornelius. Her work is mentioned only quite casually. It is relegated to a comparatively unimportant place. The family had no objections to her returning to the studios when it was seen that she had nothing with which to occupy her days. As Jimmy says, “It isn’t fair, when a girl has worked for years and is interested in it, to take her out of all that and give her nothing but pink teas with which to fill in the long hours.”

Since her return she has played in three films—“As Man Desires,” “The Love Hour,” for Warner Brothers, and “The Titans,” with House Peters. She will take a vacation between each picture, working only often enough to occupy spare time, or when it may amuse her to do so. Realizing that the career to which she devoted years, because she had nothing else, is relatively unimportant compared with what she has found in marriage, she regards it now as a sort of toy or hobby.

As a rule, a picture actress declares that marriage “awakens one to the seriousness of life” and teaches one “how to enact dramatic situations,” and all those high-sounding theories. It has had just the opposite effect upon Ruth Clifford. It has given her a new and thoroughly delightful lightness of spirit, as though a spark of sunshine, long imprisoned, had been let out to play.

It has made her much more independent. As a struggling actress, who must appear on the screen often to keep up her value to the producers, as well as to earn her living, she did not have much choice of roles. With the Cornelius money back of her, she has a new self-assurance. If a role does not interest her, she snippily shrugs it aside. The producers are amazed at this new confidence in her. It isn’t upsurgence. It is simply—and this, to my amusement, bewilders them—that she has realized that for her—compared with the realities of life—the movies aren’t so terribly important!

Jimmy. As soon as we got to know each other, she took me right to her heart. Oh—I’m almost afraid to breathe, for fear I’ll wake up and find it all a dream.

“Work, that was all I knew. All day in the studios, reading a little and fixing my clothes in the evening. Sundays at the beach, occasionally a movie and, on rare occasions, a party. I couldn’t, fit into this Hollywood crowd that runs around and dances until all hours. And the men I met—so many men out here seem to regard an actress cheaply. I couldn’t be the sort of person they wanted, entertaining in a light, superficial way, sparkling with animation, bubbling with chatter, and they had no time for wallflowers. Until Jimmy came. I knew I liked him right away—he was a big brother, sort of. But I thought he didn’t care. I was miserable, but I couldn’t make any overtures.”

From a friend of Jimmy’s I learned the reason for Ruth’s mistake about his feeling, and it expresses the boy—he is over thirty, but is very boyish in manner—better than can be done by any words of mine. His partner and pal had been presented to Ruth first, had admired her, and Jimmy thought, for three years, that this other chap was in love with her. A mutual friend invited them down to her beach parties on Sunday afternoons and at dusk they would light a fire and have winiee roasts.

All that time Jimmy worshiped from afar, but made no effort to gain her attention, not even telephoning or asking permission to call, thinking that his charm had a prior claim. When the other chap moved away and he realized that there was no possibility of a romance in that direction, he hopped to it and in a whirlwind courtship of three months won his bride.

“I was in a daze at first, it was all so new and wonderful, having some one to really care, some one so sweet and clean. I didn’t know there were men like that—unselfish, strong, and yet with a spiritual quality.

“It hurt, a lot of times, to stay at home when other girls were having a good time. I wondered why I couldn’t be popular and receive candy and flowers and have the men crazy about me, like So-and-so, and—”

mentioning names of girls who had

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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

NANCY.—How do I know so much?

That comes from hard study and the fact that I was born with an inquiring nature. When but a mere child, as the saying goes, I stuck a stick in a beehive to find out what would happen. P. S. — I found out.

Florence B. is twenty. Her newest pictures are "The Coast of Folly" and "Stage-struck." Robert Agnew is twenty-six. Viola Dana is a year older. Mae Busch doesn't give her age. Neither Lois Wilson nor Raymond Griffith is married.

THE GREEN IMP.—If you keep right on asking questions, you won't be green long. Norma Talmadge is Mrs. Joseph Schenck; Constance Hackett is from John MacDougall; Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is about fifteen; he seems to be considered a pretty good young actor. Renee Adoree is Mrs. Tom Moore. Betty Bronson is seventeen; I believe that is her real name. The reason you haven't seen Wesley Barry's address is, the list is that he doesn't give a home address and he isn't connected with any particular company just now. I am including the other addresses you ask for.

PAULA WARE.—So you're a very retiring young lady? That's right; get your eight hours' sleep every night. I don't think Anita Stewart and Rudolph Cameron have ever got a divorce. The addresses you want have been added to the list at the bottom of this department.

DIXIE BOY asks me to tell the fans of the formation of the Richard Dix Pal Club, care of Harold Devine, 179 Arthur Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

MARIE.—It's too bad if you went to all the trouble of expecting an answer in September Picture-Play, because that is one of those expectations it's impossible for me to live up to. The actress you describe may perhaps be Barbara Bedford. She was born in Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin, and was married to Albert Kosco after her divorce from Irvin B. Willat. I am not sure whether or not she has a child.

MISS SWEET SEVENTEEN.—Good for you! Never let "sixteen" get all the credit; there's no reason why one can't be just as sweet at seventeen as at sixteen. Raymond Griffith was born in Boston in 1890 and was at one time a scenario writer. And he became a comedian more or less accidentally. He used to play "straight" roles in pictures, but he was always making such clever suggestions to the director as to something that would make a good laugh that really famous players decided to try him out in comedy pictures. And you know the result! Did you see his "Paths to Paradise?" That is one of the funniest pictures I have ever seen. I don't know whether or not that was Peggy Eleonora who played the first bride in "The Night Club," her name is not mentioned in the cast. Pauline Starke is not married and neither is Bessie Love. I should say Lila Lee is not separated from James Kirkwood; they are a particularly devoted couple, and Lila left the screen and went onto the stage so she wouldn't have to be sent out of New York on location, leaving the husband and baby behind.

CREY Z. LOON.—Well, well, you must be quite a personage! New York has a lake named after you—Loon Lake. Or was that named for your sister Panta Loon? Jackie Coogan is eleven years old. Farina of "Our Gang" is a boy, named for John Hawkins.

DOR AND GIX.—That's a combination I haven't tried yet. How is it? I don't know Marian Nixon's exact age, but she isn't much more than twenty. Her early pictures include "Rosita," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," Lobby Light comedies, and the "Hall Room Boys" series. She has now signed a contract with an exclusive studio. Margaret Quimby has also signed a contract with that company. She has been playing the heroine in the serial, "Perils of the Primitive," which, translated, means "Swiss Family Robinson." Hereafter she will play roles in Universal-Jewels calling for skill as a dancer, which heretofore was Miss Quimby's profession. Merna Tillet is not sufficiently well known to me to have any record of her.

TRY'N'FINDOUT.—Well, if one works hard enough at it, one usually does find out. Richard Dix is thirty-one, Phyllis Haver twenty-six, and Vera Reynolds nineteen. It never seemed necessary to give the address for this Information column, as the address of Picture-Play is given in the front of the magazine. Your addresses are listed at the bottom of The Oracle.

A FLORENC-r Vidor Admirer.—I won't keep you wondering long as to whether I'll answer your questions; it's such a lot of work, having to wonder about things. —see Margie. Edmund Burns was born in Philadelphia in 1897 and is not married.

Yes, he used to play on the stage before appearing in pictures. Butler Collier is the son of William Collier, a well-known Broadway star. William, Sr., does not play in pictures, however. Yes, Butler's hair is curly, Florence Vidor was born in Houston, Texas. She and King Vidor have got their divorces; Florence seems to have no present intention of marrying.

JEANNE.—No, indeed, I don't mind answering a lot of questions—and even if I did, I'd have to answer them anyhow, because I get paid for it. Betty Bronson is seventeen; yes, she is making pictures constantly. Since "Peter Pan" she has played in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess."—her first starring picture—and "A Kiss for Cinderella." Malcolm MacGregor is in his late twenties, Doug Fairbanks is forty-two, and Esther Ralston twenty-three. The others you ask about don't give their ages.

TROUBLE.—It's better to trouble some than to trouble everybody. Zasu Pitts has one daughter about three years old. Named Zasu. Ann Doris May Mac-Donald has no children. Alice Day is still under twenty and is not married.

EASY.—Quite right; if every one's questions were as easy as yours, life for me would be very simple. Helene Chadwick was born in Chadwick, New York, in 1897. She is five feet seven, and is a blonde with brown eyes. Willie Reid was a blond, six feet tall.

A K.—Yes, you with your ninety-one photos of screen stars seem to have beaten Quigey's record of sixty-one. Where do you keep them all? Have you a special museum for them or do you paper the room with pictures? Now that you mention it, I don't think Marie Mosquini is playing in pictures any more; I haven't heard of her in some time. I have added the addresses you ask for to the list at the bottom of The Oracle.

ALICE.—I would just love to tell you what you want to know, but Victor MacLagen is so new to the screen world that I know nothing about him. He used to be a professional 'strong man' before playing in pictures. I don't think he is married. The cow-puncher you refer to in "Sun Down" was evidently just an extra whose name is not recorded in the cast.

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Keeping Up the Sister Tradition
Continued from page 55
was working in pictures. Their presence was an inspiration to each other, and in 1921 Lillian enthusiastically directed Dorothy in a comedy, "Remodeling a Husband."

Of similar beauty is the devotion of Norma and Constance Talmadge. When Norma left high school in Brooklyn at the age of fourteen, she joined a group of girls going down to the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush for a lark, and was so charmed by the studio atmosphere that she enrolled for extra work. On that very first afternoon she was selected for a tiny part in a hectic one-reeler called "The Household Pest," which dealt with the adventures of a camera fiend. Her face didn't appear once in the whole picture. Every time the camera was turned that way she had her head under a focusing cloth.

But fired, nevertheless, with that experience, she determined to continue the work. And from the evening Norma went home and told her family about her first engagement in the movies. Constance was consumed with an ambition to follow in her footsteps. Morning, noon, and night she teased her mother to be permitted to leave school and join Norma in pictures.

"Finish your schooling first," her mother said, "and then you may try."

So the afternoon that Constance completed school she hurried to Vitagraph and watched Norma work. While there she made friends with a fat boy named "Billy," and over in a dark corner of the studio put on a strenuous imitation of Flora Finch for his entertainment. She was in the middle of her impromptu performance when Ralph Ince, director, and Anita Stewart happened by. Constance stopped immediately but Ince begged her to continue. He watched her closely and when she finished, offered her a job as an extra. Constance confessed to me that she never had had a thrill like that!

A little later, when Norma received an offer from D. W. Griffith to go to California, Constance decided to give up her engagement in Flatbush and go with her.

Another devoted couple whom all the fans know as sisters are Viola Dana and Shirley Mason. Their other sister, Edna Flugrath, played in pictures for a while but later when she married, gave up her screen aspirations. Then there is Anita Stewart and her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart. And Jane and Eva Novak.

And so the sister tradition has gone on, and probably will go on, as long as the lure of the studios lasts.

Service cannot stop

The telephone, like the human heart, must repair itself while it works. The telephone system never rests, yet the ramifications of its wires, the reach of its cables and the terminals on its switchboards must ever increase. Like an airplane that has started on a journey across the sea, the telephone must repair and extend itself while work is going on.

To cut communication for a single moment would interrupt the endless stream of calls and jeopardize the well-being and safety of the community. The doctor or police must be called. Fire may break out. Numberless important business and social arrangements must be made.

Even when a new exchange is built and put into use, service is not interrupted. Conversations started through the old are cut over and finished through the new, the talkers unconscious that growth has taken place while the service continues.

Since 1880 the Bell System has grown from 31 thousand to 16 million stations, while talking was going on. In the last five years, additions costing a billion dollars have been made to the system, without interrupting the service.

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The Motion Picture of the Future

Continued from page 21

more unity. As in the stage drama, the whole action is centered about one spot.

The modern camera is also a marvel of technical development. It not only photographs but develops the negative and prints the positive in a few seconds. And the positive, reproducing faithfully all natural colors, runs directly from the camera to the broadcasting apparatus.

There are established powerful, movable broadcasting stations everywhere, using various wave lengths. Many productions are staged at the same time, staged as a whole, after weeks of rehearsals, and not piece-meal, scene for scene, as in the old days.

The news of the day forms part of the New Coliseum’s program, of course. There is an earthquake in the West. We see it and seem to rock with the earth, for the sending apparatus is rocking. The Olympic games are in progress in Chicago. We see the events as they take place. The President of the United States is making a speech in front of the Lincoln Memorial in Washington. We see and hear him. A gentleman occupying a seat near us utters a little startled cry, stands up and leaves hurriedly. His home is being destroyed by fire; he has just seen it, there, on the screen!

Have telephoto news done away with newspapers? Not at all. One cannot stand all day before a screen and watch the earth’s events unfold. Newspapers are still a necessity, and they get out news so much faster than they used to! Keen to meet the competition created by the telephoto news service, newspapers have sought novel methods of production. The cumbersome printing press has been done away with. Newspapers print news and pictures—many pictures—by means of the N-ray on sensitized sheets of paper, thousands of copies at a time, and thus manage to issue reports of events almost as fast as they appear on telephoto screens.

Of course, many persons sit in their homes and watch the news or a movie on their own telephoto set. When the home apparatus was first introduced, exhibitors were panic-stricken and believed that their days were numbered. They soon realized, however, that the majority would not be satisfied with middling performances. So they created the contrasting giant Super Motion Picture—which we have just seen at the New Coliseum, in the year 1950.

It’s All Fun

Continued from page 49

City a few weeks ago and heard him laugh in glee at the adversities which have cluttered his path since he ran away from home eleven years ago.

He didn’t have much time to talk. He was working in three pictures at the same time, just then. Mary Pickford had borrowed him from Metro for as much time each day as he could spare, to be her leading man in “Little Annie Rooney.” Victor Seastrom was grabbing him an hour or two to play the lead in “The Tower of Lies.” In between times, he played the juvenile lead in Hobart Henley’s “Nothing to Wear.”

Six feet tall, weighing one hundred and seventy-two pounds, built like an Apollo and, as the flappers would say, “handsome as a Greek god,” this twenty-five-year-old, rollicking, laughing, Virginia had was bubbling with the joy of life, confident of himself and ready for a battle with any adversity—provided they’d allow him to smile while he fought. Some persons have been unkinked enough to say that Miss Pickford asked him to play the leading male role in her picture because he looks like Douglas Fairbanks. There is quite a resemblance. But Bill says Mary got him because Hugh Allen, whom she had selected for his role, had been hurt in an accident and she had to have some one at once.

“She wanted a truck driver,” said William, “and I guess I look like one. That’s why they sent for me.”

But that isn’t what Miss Pickford says. She sent for him because she had seen his work in some pictures made in squahd, obscure “Poverty Row.”

William Haines has been in pictures three years and has suffered enough vicissitudes to dishearten and discourage nine out of every ten actors who ever sought a career.

“Life has been just one up and down after another for me, but, golly! what a dandy time I’ve had.”

“I’ve had the fun. I don’t think I am an actor, yet. ‘Rotten!’ I’d say, just as Metro did. But they keep bringing in work and they’ve signed me up to a new two-year contract and Miss Pickford has borrowed me and—well, I’m not idle much these days with three pictures in the making.”
Would You Trade Places with Frances Larch?

Continued from page 34

was awfully thrilled. I don't always get to go to such things, but she brings us her favors and place cards.

"How many girls' mothers are recognized on the street by total strangers?" Frances' eyes, brows, and entire self became an animated question mark. "You just show me another. But when we go shopping, somebody is sure to follow us, staring at mother, and I feel so proud."

No lackluster story of a child's sacrifices for mother's career would be as sharply, clipped words of young Frances spin for me. Irene had told me how the kiddles had been such good little soldiers during the hard early days of her picture work, how they in their little ways had given up pleasures when her acting inter-rfered.

"Well, sure, there were some things that we missed, that other children had, but what of it?" Frances shrugged. "I didn't mind her not being here all day cooking and doing housework. Once I remember I thought it was funny that other mothers stayed home and baked cookies, but grandmother made pretty good ones, so it wasn't as if we didn't have any. Mother doesn't like to cook and I don't either. I'm going to make a lot of money so I won't ever have to."

"Lots of times we're disappointed, when we plan to do something and she can't go with us, but we know she works hard to give us a nice home and a good education, so we don't complain."

"It comes in handy to have a clever mother, when we're doing school dramatics," Frances reminded, as she recounted her little stack of handkerchiefs. "She, coaches me, and when we have costume parties I win the prize. For four years I have won, with the things she designed for me, always more original than the other mothers could think up."

"Course, sometimes she can't come to things we invite our mothers to, like school plays. Last week we put on 'David Garrick' and I was disappointed because she had to work. But when we did 'Twelfth Night,' she was there, and the girls were so thrilled at having her back-stage."

Following their year abroad, Frances will spend four years at Vassar. She is enthusiastic over her future; but regards it from a much more common sense and practical viewpoint than do most girls upon graduation from prep school.

"Now, don't say, 'And after all that education you will go into the movies!' It makes me boil. I'm not crazy about acting, but if they were dumb-bells my mother wouldn't work with them. No matter what I do, it will always be there, and what you've got inside your head will come handy some day."

"Mother lets me have my own way about a lot of things," Frances replied when I sought to compare an actress mother's discipline of her children with the manner by which a home-mother enforces obedience.

"When she started to work I was only eight, but she used to say, 'Frances, I am holding you responsible for Jane and I want you to do what you think best about everything and not bother grandmother unless it is necessary.'"

"Sometimes she sets her foot down and when she does it's no use arguing or begging. Several of the girls drive their own roadsters and I wanted one. I knew we could afford it. I thought up all the nicest reasons why it was necessary—like taking the copy for the school magazine down to the printer's, and I could drive her to the studio and come for her in the afternoon, and that would help when she's tired, wouldn't it? But she said I couldn't have one until I earned it, so I guess I'll walk or take the street car for a long time."

This most individual young person proceeded next to knock into a cocked hat my half-formed theory about the irritability of a tired working mother in the evening.

"When she has had a hard day she goes to bed early, but she's never unreasonably cross. I've heard stay-at-home mothers act more cranky than she ever does. She's got a pretty good disposition, for an actress. Most of 'em, they say, are temperamental. If she is, it must be only at the studio because she never is around the house.

"It's fun. going to the studio sometimes, and waiting for mother to come home about six o'clock. She's always so glad to see us. Maybe," behind Frances' laugh there was a shrewd truth, "that's because she is away all day. I've noticed where the mothers and daughters are together so much they often get on each other's nerves and quarrel over petty things. The girls want to get away from their mothers, and I think that's queer."

"Mother has lots to tell us about what happened and we are popping full of news. That makes dinner jolly. We take turns telling it."

Altogether, I gathered that Frances Rich considers herself one lucky girl and highly approves of having our well-liked Irene for her mother.
A Prophet of the Cinema
Continued from page 90

told about it very simply, without any
erie, even with an impersonal hu-
more such as the Sea Wolf might have
W could have broken some
Hobart Bosworth. He
rized to 'come back'—and come
h as it. It has let some
in upon his inner spirit. His blue, alert
es look very tired at times. But
the experience gave him a perspective
many a rising young star might
take a lesson from. "I learned that
are only as big as the real you
inside—measures up. Fame? Why
that can pass in the night. It means
thing; less than nothing. Money,
applause, fair-weather friends—they
don't want you stripped of everything, even your
that you find out how big the
iverse is, and how small the
dividual is. You learn that you have
to begin building again—inside of
If you can do that, nothing can
hurt you again."

Now Hobart Bosworth has reestablished
himself as one of the screen's
character actors. He brings to
every characterization a sincerity, a
iness, that is the result of his tri-
phant fight against fate. There
is a bigness about him that sets him
art. A wonderfully sympathetic
voice, a vivility, a graphic trick of
using gestures to illustrate whatever
he is saying. His pictures are ex-
tremely popular in Japan. Even the
"Sea Wolf" has been reissued
many times over there. A Japanese
actor told him the reason for his
Finnish following:
"It is because you always struggle
so hard for what you believe to be
right. Even the Sea Wolf died fight-
ing—his spirit was never beaten."

"Since I am to be billed as a
prophet," he said, "I'll make another
prophesy. The pictures of the fu-
ture are going to swing back to sim-
ple, sincere portrayals of life.
Just now the influence is coming from the
Continent. Emil Jannings' picture,
'The Last Laugh,' is a wonderful ex-
ample of that. Look at the theme! Just the bare portrayal of an
aging man's losing fight. Yet it swept
Broadway off its feet. If I had
taken the script of that story to any
producer in America and said, 'Look,
this would make a wonderful pic-
ture,' would have been judged
insane. But sooner or later it will
come. Pictures of filth and sordid-
ness will pass into the discard.
When? Oh, ask me something easy.
I wouldn't risk my reputation as a
prophet by setting a definite date. The
people who said the world was com-
ing to an end got into trouble that
way."

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The Early Winter Mode

Continued from page 63

sketched an unusual afternoon gown, which is worn by Miss Hedda Hop- per in her role of Mrs. Gould in the William Fox production of "The Silver Treasure." The skirt is of brown velvet, and the blouse is fashioned of crêpe lace, the design ornamented by beadings of tan wooden beads. Miss Hopper is a strict believer in dressing to suit one’s individual type. She never affects the short skirt, in spite of the fact that it is now the mode, as she thinks the long slender line is more becoming.

Although negligees are perhaps rather out of their element in an article devoted chiefly to afternoon wear, still I was unable to resist the ones which I have sketched at the head of the first page. That at the right is to be seen on Miss Florence Vidor in the Paramount production, "The Troubled Satin, Wives." Over flesh-colored satin, a robe of pink soufflé de soie is worn, trimmed with many rows of rose petals that shade from pale pink to a deep rose.

The piquante young lady in the center is Miss Joyce Compton, wearing a simple and practical lounging robe of satin, with wide shawl collar and cuffs of clipped marabou; it is fastened by a knot of silver rosebuds.

Negligees are more easily made at home than any other garment; and any of these, though at first glance they may appear elaborate, are really of simple construction and could readily be copied by any girl with clever fingers.
The Wife's Story

member this is a woman's story and women are always inconsistent. "It's not a woman's story," I replied, pulling on my hat preparing to go. "It's a successful wife's story." Genevieve wrung the doorknob, came to the door. Very chic, very smart, is Genevieve. Well groomed. Very careful. She has a quick wit, a keen mind, a keen interest in everything. She is very happy, which is no more than she should be. That is her reward.

As I walked down the street I passed the kitchen window of the woman who had walked down the road a little earlier—the one with the shopping bag in one hand and the child clinging to the other. And through the window I could see her stewing over a hot stove. All the curl had been steamed out of her hair. Her face needed powder. You could tell she knew all about cabbages—but kings were out of her ken.

I wonder if she will stick for the fun?

The Clouds Roll By

But that will probably remain the one cynical public utterance of the pretty blond ingenue who is the belle of the college boys in New York. For there aren't any three-day rests any more for Edna and me between pictures.

There comes a moment in every reporter's life when she wishes she hadn't used the words "wholesome" and "sweet" and "sunny" in a derisive or critical mood. That moment is when she gets acquainted with Edna and realizes that she has no other words with which to describe her. For Edna is wholesome and sweet and sunny and she makes you consider those attributes quite the most important a girl can have.

The Wife's Story

continued from page 19

Watch Out for this Boy

Continued from page 97

He was born in Liverpool, but shortly before the war the family, parents and six sons, came to America and settled in Columbus, Ohio, where a shoe factory was established and soon became a thriving business. Several of the boys went back to England to take part in the conflict, all returning except the eldest.

Les longed for an adventurous life. After graduating from high school, he had entered the State University but of a sudden tired of school and departed, neglecting to take leave either of the university or the family.

It was just a notion, he says, incoherently. He thought it would be more romantic to be a tramp, and New York was the place where things happened. Walking was his only available means of locomotion, considering the state of his pockets. Perhaps his adventures as hobo were quite prosaic, but he tells them with color and imagination. At any rate, a tired and hungry boy reached the city of his dreams three weeks later.

For a while he lived in a Salvation Army hotel and that organization obtained a job for him. After a time, still possessed of that restlessness, he gravitated to Greenwich Village, went in for the literary art intensively and actually had some poems published. Through his contact with professionals in the Village, he was offered a role with the Bellamy Players and appeared in a number of their productions.

The stage then was to be his goal. During his third season he experienced his most serious disappointment. For once, and to his rather painful surprise, things failed to work out with charming ease. He-understudied Glenn Hunter in "Merton of the Movies" and spent the entire winter praying that the star would sprain his ankle. But Glenn remained disappointingly healthy and capable, and Les never had a chance to play the role.

A year ago he embarked upon a new adventure—Hollywood and the movies. His atmospheric work in two Fox films interested Rowland V. Lee, who cast him in a role in "Havoc." That completed, he was given the part of Richard Harre in "East Lynne" and his contract. His next appearance will be in "Lazybones."

Les is a likable youth, possessing such a keen interest in everything that crosses his horizon that his conversation is spiked with eager comments and his acting mirrors that vital enthusiasm.
If It’s for You—You’ll Get It
Continued from page 16

off to a great start along came the war.

And that brings us to the first side-tracking.

John Roche went to war. He would. I forgot to mention that in addition to ambition I think he has "ideals." He had a dependent, a mother, to support, and like a lot of actors he could have pulled that old one about being of more benefit at home cheering up the home folks than in active participation—the moral being that any one can get killed but an entertainer is greatly to be desired—and not treated rough. But John went to war. Because it was intended that he should live to be a movie actor, the Hepburns missed him and in due time, after the Armistice he came back to Broadway and picked up where he had left off.

He played in "Deburau," "R. U. R.," and with Doris Keane in "The Czarina," among other hits. He had his heart all set to the stage, to the cultivation of his voice, when Destiny, in league with a motion-picture producer, hired him to Hollywood to play in an adaptation of "Lucrezia Borgia," rechristened, as Mr. Roche tells it, "Flaming Passion," or "Tongues of Passion," or just plain "Passion"—I forget which.

"So," went on Mr. Roche, "that thing was shot and finished and mother and I drove over to Pasadena to attend its premiere." Mr. Roche made an odd noise. A sort of groaning noise. When he got back his powers of speech he said: "You can't imagine—I can't tell you how awful I was—never in my life have I seen anything so terrible. My mother and I sat and watched it out because we were too weak to get up and walk out.

"After it was over we drove home in silence. I didn't ask her how she liked it and she didn't tell me. As soon as we got home I dragged out the trunk and started packing. 'What are you doing?' she asked. I said, 'Going to New York on the first train out.' 'Fine!' mother said.

"I don't know whether I slept through the night or whether I was merely unconscious but when dawn came I was down buying tickets to New York on the night train. I sold my car to a friend—allied the company to get my trunks at three thirty, and sat around killing time.

"At two thirty the phone rang. It was First National wanting me to come over for an interview. 'Thanks just the same—awfully kind of you,' I said, 'but I'm leaving for New York to-night.' But First National was insistent. Mr. Roche could at least drop over and hear their proposition. He might change his mind about the New York trip. Mr. Roche said "Ha-ha!" to that, but he borrowed back his car from his friend and drove over—just to kill time. He was through with the movies. He was leaving for New York that night.

"I found that they were casting 'Flowing Gold' and had me in mind for the part of Anna Q. Nilsson's brother," says John. "In fact, they not only had me in mind for it—they offered it to me. 'Sorry,' I said, 'I'm leaving town.' I was firm on that. But did that faze First National? It did not. They said something to the effect of 'Don't be silly,' and went on. When I saw that my immediate departure meant nothing to them I started on another angle. I told them I wasn't the type at all. That I had read the book and knew the character and that personally I couldn't see myself in the rôle. That I wasn't interested in pictures and particularly not in that picture.

"First National said, 'What's your salary?'

"I told them what I got in the Warner Brothers' picture. 'Well,' said F. N., 'we'll give you that and a four-week guarantee.' I was beginning to get a little huffed by then. I told them I wouldn't touch the part for less than a hundred dollars more than the figure I had originally named.

"'O.K.,' agreed F. N. 'We won't quibble about a hundred dollars. Go home and unpack your grease paint.'"

And he's been here ever since. That just goes to prove what I said: "If it's for you—you'll get it." After all, you can't cheat the movies out of as good a character actor as John proved himself to be in "Kiss Me Again." I don't agree with him about playing leads. Characterization seems to be his forte. But maybe I'm wrong. If it's written in the cards that he is to play leads—

he'll get them!

TO A STAR.

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms
That we gaze on so fondly to-day
Were to change by to-morrow, you'd find to your sorrow
Scant chance in the movies to play!
things with great wisdom gained from seven years of life's experiences.

He is the champion spittle thrower of the town and was playing hookey the day I met him. He urged me to play hookey with him and go fishing but I was afraid of Frank Borzage, my tyrant of a director, but I did promise to go before we leave.

The school is one of those you read about and never dream of finding. The youngsters are adorable. They look like something out of "Huckleberry Finn" or "Tom Sawyer" and all eight grades are in the same room. The girls are seated on one side and boys on the other, to preserve the teacher's peace of mind.

My young friend beamed when I came in and immediately began demonstrating his ability to shoot small moist wads of paper at selected points, to the great satisfaction of everyone but the teacher. I had to leave in a hurry for fear I would disrupt the morale of the place by cheering his unerring aim. Since then he has offered to teach me the art and guarantees to make me as good as he is.

In my spare moments I've been fishing—that is, every fish in the Kern River has dined on nice, fat, juicy worms since my arrival but they have not been noticeably appreciative. I have not pulled one in yet.

We're giving a big dance in the town hall this Saturday and the boys from our company are going to play for it. We have a good orchestra with two ukes, a banjo, a violin, and one of the boys can double on a month organ and the piano. I do wish you could have come up, Myrtle, Zasu Pitts, Jane Novak, Edythe Chapman, Emily Fitzroy, and I are going to doll up and look our best.

For the last dance, two weeks ago, people came from miles around. There is one long bench at the door where the babies are parked to sleep while their parents cavort around. The only objection that the people had to us was that, coming from wild Hollywood, we all wanted to go home a little after midnight. Parties in Kernville don't usually break up until breakfast time.

Another novel institution up here is the tag dance, which is piles of fun. You start out with one partner but by the time the number is over you have danced with half a dozen men. Like our cut-in system, but more exciting. And great to make a girl feel popular. Zasu and Jane and I are planning to introduce it to Hollywood when we get back.

While we are on the subject of Saturday nights, let me tell you that I'm sure the time-honored custom of weekly immersions originated here. The hotel is modern—it has two tubs, one on each floor, with faucets for both hot and cold water. But I dare you to try to get into the bathroom unless you sneak up from location by yourself at some odd hour—and even then you're sure to find some one else has had the same bright idea.

And when we come in after a day's work in the sun with the temperature hovering around one hundred, you should see the wild scramble for baths. The whole company is getting in training to challenge Nurni.

I have developed one talent which mother never knew I possessed. I am a really remarkable laundress, if I do say it myself. I was teased terribly the other day because I went down and borrowed a big washboard from a dear old lady and started in to do my own laundry. Some one must have told on me, for just as I was going good the whole company gathered around, giving suggestions by the yard. I finished what I started and I'm very proud of the job.

But here I've gone and written you a young novel without even mentioning the picture we are making. I wouldn't make a good publicity writer, would I? It is an adaptation of "Lazybones," and you know that I am under contract to William Fox. This location is ideal and we have used the local inhabitants for the crowds and for some bits. The scenery is gorgeous, the most beautiful trees around the hotel, and the desert when that setting is something I shall never forget.

Buck Jones is playing Steve Tuttle, who is known as Lazybones, and I am Kit, the little girl whom he adopts and falls in love with. It is an entirely different sort of part from anything I have ever done and I could write pages about it. I had to gather a crop of freckles and then Mr. Borzage wouldn't let me use any make-up. I will ask the still man to send you some pictures so you can see how funny I look.

I could ramble on for a long time but it is nearly stage time so I am going to call it a day. We connect with the outer world twice a day by means of the stage. The mail goes out in the morning at eight and comes in as an event at night around six. In fact, the arrival of the stage, dinner, and the rushes are our usual evening entertainments.

With lots of love,
MADGE BELLAMY.
Eyes darkly divine, a heaven of dreams
captivate all hearts because they are shadowed
by long, dark, heavy lashes. It is the shadow
of the lashes that lends the eyes their tantalizing
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WINX
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Erich von Stroheim is the interviewers
wildest enthusiasm, and if you are observing you can see it in
their work. He hires them with some-
thing of his own interest. I can truthfully say that I have never read
an interview of Von Stroheim that
has not been an excellent piece of
work. Von Stroheim never waits for
you to lead off with an assortment of
three-degree questions. He talks
freely and without self-consciousness.
On the other hand, information has
to be pried out of Reginald Denny.
Our talk reminded me of a district
attorney grilling a murder witness.
Mr. Denny not only seemed reticent
about the facts of his life—he seemed
determined not to tell them. But,
at that, he is very likable and talks
well about everything except himself
(of airplanes, motor cars, motor
boats, and such).

Mae Busch is another prize pupil in
Von Stroheim's class. She is frank
and outspoken and aboveboard.
I understand that Aileen Pringle shares
this distinction. An interview told
me that if Aileen could be quoted
verbatim it would read like a page
from the most scintillating of
the English novels.

Conrad Nagel speaks when he is
spoken to. I mean, he will respond
wholeheartedly to any topical sug-
gestion you make but he never forces
his opinions on you. He, too, is very
frank and never seems to be afraid
you are going to betray him.
Conrad talks enthusiastically of his new
home in Beverly Hills, the new plays,
the new pictures, casting pro and con,
and anything else you care to bring
up.

Elinor Glyn talks past you directly
to the public. In the course of a talk
she will interrupt to say, “Will you
kindly mention—please do say for
me—will you kindly not forget,” et
cetera, and then advises you to em-
phasize this or that in your story.
She also insists on seeing all articles
on herself before they go out. In
a story of mine called “Madame, the
Maligned,” which was submitted to
her, she had her secretary correct my
spelling. If every one were so con-
siderate what a lot of wear and tear
it would save the editors—or the
proof readers. Mrs. Glyn, or Ma-
 dame Glyn, as she prefers to be
called, is always gracious and never
fails to make some sort of startling
remark that is food for thought.
I sometimes believe she does this de-
liberately, but whatever her reason
the subjects she brings up are perti-
inent, and backed by her strange
personality and glamorous background,
make interesting reading.

One of the most amusing things in
the world is an interview that is de-
liberately “set.” There is a little
ingenue in Hollywood who is famous
for this. I had been warned about
this beforehand and naturally I en-
joyed it all the more. She had pre-
pared her little speech and, believe
me, she was going to say it. The
speech she had in mind for this par-
ticular occasion concerned her books.
That one is so old it is more to be pitied
than scorned, but that was her
story and she stuck to it—like glue.
I had my revenge by not mentioning
a thing she had said about her books
in the article.

In this very brief résumé of who
and what constitutes good copy, I
have necessarily omitted many stars;
the “necessity” being that I have
never interviewed them—but in coin-
ing a slogan it might be safe to say,
in general, that “the brightest are the
best.” The qualities and character-
istics which carry them to the top of
the ladder are the very qualities and
characteristics which make up “good
copy.”

"Good Copy"
Continued from page 88

The Screen in Review
Continued from page 53

The Big Explosion.

“The Halfway Girl,” with Doris
Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, is the
picture with the ship explosion in it.
I suppose you read all about that in
last month’s Picture-Play.
Agents and Help Wanted

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Help Wanted—Male

ALL Men, Women, Boys, Girls, 17 to 65 willing to accept Government positions $117-$250, traveling or stationary, write Mr. Osment, 508, St. Louis, Mo., immediately.

EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid as Railway Traffic Inspector. Position guaranteed after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for Free Booklet. CM-25 Stand. Business Training Inst., Buffalo, N. Y.


RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS. $1,000-$2,700 year. Men $18-35. Particulars Free. Write today, Franklin Institute, Dept. 33, Rochester, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted

MAKE $100 WEEKLY IN SPARE TIME. Sell what the public wants—long distance radio receiving sets. Two sales weekly pays $100 profit. No big investment, no canvassing. Sharpe of Colorado made $905 in one month. Representatives wanted at once. This plan is sweeping the country—write today before your county is gone. Ozarka, Inc., 126 West Austin Ave., M. Chicago.

Help Wanted—Female

$6—$18 A DOZEN decorating pillow tops at home, experience unnecessary: particulars for stamp. Tapestry Paint Co., 110, LaGrange, Ind.

Farm Lands


Business Opportunity


Detectives Wanted

MEN—Experience unnecessary: travel; make secret investigations; reports; salaries. Write American Foreign Detective Agency, 114, St. Louis, Mo.


Patents and Lawyers


INVENTIONS COMMERCIALIZED. Patented or unpatented, write Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 225, Earlhart, St. Louis, Mo.


Educational

RAILROAD POSTAL CLERKS start $155 month, railroad pass. Send stamps for questions. Columbus Institute, B-3, Columbus, Ohio.

Stammering


Stamps and Coins

OLD MONEY WANTED. Will pay Fifty Dollars for nickel of 1813 with Liberty head (no Buffalo). We pay cash premiums for all rare coins. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Co., Dept. 440, Ft. Worth, Tex.

How to Entertain

SULPHUR Heals Skin Eruptions.

Mentho-Sulphur, a pleasant cream, will soothe and heal skin that is irritated or broken out with eczema; that is covered with, ulcers, pimples, or is rough or dry. Nothing subsides hery skin eruptions so quickly, says a noted skin specialist.

The moment this sulphur preparation is applied the itching stops and after two or three applications, the eczema is gone and the skin is delightfully, clear and smooth. Sulphur is so precious as a skin remedy for it destroys the parasites that cause the burning, itching or disfigurement. Mentho-Sulphur always heals eczema rash, skin eruptions and pimples right up.

A small jar of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur may be had at any good drug store.

FREE SAMPLE
Send coupon for sample of Rowles Mentho-Sulphur.

-Whitall Tatum Co., Dept. 4-I, New York, N. Y.

Name........................................
Address......................................
City...........................................

Ring Watch

Dia. /32 inch face bordered with 12 coral and silver stones. Handcrafted on ground white gold and stone. White gold center stone is a blazing opaque diamond. Cropped inside, crooked outside. Cropped stone over case, crooked outside. Case only.

Send No Money, Pay Postman $2.45 Complete delivery.

J. H. HUGHES CO., Dept. 414-E 519 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

THICK LIPS REDUCED!

(FREE FOLDER TELLS HOW)

Thin, adorably lips is beauty's cry. Close's lip-reducing lotion makes unnaturally thick, protruding lips, thin, shapeless and beautiful. No plumper, no lip-reducing lotion, is so fast, caring, beauty, starting using Close's today and watch results. Particulars free; send today.

Mlle. Closee of New York
21 W. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Charlie Chaplin Wins His Derby

Continued from page 61

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 112

hostess in the hotel there. Here she meets the shell-shocked Mr. Hughes who is getting over an unfortunate love affair, and seems to be going from bad to worse. The two exclaim at how young people sit around and cry in their glasses. Forgetfulness seems a dreary affair with them.

It takes a shipwreck to bring them out of themselves, and it's really a peach.

Mr. Hughes is hiding on the ship under a false charge of murder. Luckily the policeman who finds him is his own father and he tears up the warrant.

There is a fight in the dark in this picture, too. It saves the wear and tear on the actors. Hobar Bosworth is the father and Tully Marshall is the evil old thing who gets killed.

Two that Strike Twelve.

"A Woman's Faith" is a good melodrama, adapted from the novel "Miracle," by Clarence Buddington Kelland.

The hero, blinded in a fight, is led to the Cathedral of Restoration by the girl who is accused of murder. She ascends the long staircase, praying, while the blind man awaits her below. As she reaches the last step his sight is restored.

It is a legitimate, well-handled picture with Alma Rubens doing some pretty fine acting at times. Percy Marmont is a little stiffed.

"Never the Twin Shall Meet" explains everything right in its title. It is adapted from the story by Peter B. Kyne, and deals with the romance of Tanea, the Hawaiian queen and a young American.

Tanea is the daughter of an Hawaiian mother and a French father, a sea captain. While his boat lies in the harbor at San Francisco, he discovers that he has leprosy, and leaps overboard, rather than face the tedious death that awaits him. His daughter is left with an extremely young guardian, and complications arise. Eventually he follows her back to Hawaii, where in almost no time at all he goes native. She sees his downfall and sends him back to the white girl who loves him. He has a friend, however, who stays behind, so things don't look too black for little Tanea.

Anita Stewart is softly interesting as Tanea, and Bert Lytell is the young fellow who can't stand raw fish. Huntley Gordon is the boy who can't be found when the boat sails for the States.

Matrimony Once More.

"The Trouble with Wives" is another funny story about marriage. This one is pretty cheap stuff handled so well that it really is amusing. The audience loved it.

There is a mother-in-law in it, a best friend, a suspicious wife and a beautiful stenographer—everything, in fact, to break up a little home.

Ford Sterling as the best friend is hilarious. His amazed reactions to broken conventions are wonderful.

Tom Moore is the husband and Florence Vidor is the wife.

The Younger Generation.

"Wild, Wild Susan," is the story of a little hoyden who should have been spanked. It is adapted from the story by Stuart Emery called "The Wild, Wild Child," and Bebe Daniels is Susan.

She is just one of the younger generation who make prankish ways a profession. It makes dull going for a long picture.

Rod La Rocque is the young man who chases about with her.

were mentioned as comedians who had worn a part at least of the Chaplin ensemble, and it was claimed that European clowns had used it in many stage plays. Billy West went on the witness stand and admitted he had worn the Chaplin make-up but had done it openly, as an imitation or burlesque of the great comedian. Rob Wagner testified that others had copied the outward technique of Chaplin but were unable to build up a spiritual entity.

"The costume was essential in establishing the character," Wagner said to the judge. "But around it Chaplin built up a distinctive type that is something more than a man in funny clothes, big shoes, and flexible cane."

It was a peculiar problem that faced the jurist. Could a person copyright a suit of clothing, a dented derby, a pair of preposterous shoes, a little dab of a mustache, and a cane, to such an extent that no one else could wear them and be pictured on the screen? Is Charlie Chaplin an institution in himself upon which no one may infringe? Must the
screen character, "Charlie Chaplin," die when he quits the screen? Shall no one use his mannerisms, his funny little walk, and grinnies without plugging himself in legal jeopardy? In other words, could Charlie Chaplin build a wall about his characterization which would bar all imitators?

Judge Hudner has at last handed down his "findings of fact and conclusions of law" in the case and, in general, has barred all imitators of Charlie Chaplin from encroaching upon his domain. Judge Hudner found that an actor is entitled to the full benefit of a characterization he has made nationally or internationally famous and that no one shall attempt to portray that character in any way that might tend to deceive "the or any people."

And that little clause, "the or any people," is held to be the main point in the decision. If a child who cannot read advertisements or titles sees an imitator of Charlie Chaplin on the screen and believes it to be Chaplin, the child is being deceived and comes under the appellation "the or any people."

The screen colony in Hollywood believes the court has thrown a protective arm about the motion-picture stars and said "Shoo!" to imitators who might seek to enrich themselves through shadows of reflected glory. There is to be no opening in screen work for any Floria Swansun, Merry Tickford, Nola Peggi, or Orna Paladin. A restraining order awaits the advent of any such name.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 12

sweet, and Marie Prevost has the cutest mouth in the world. Clara Bow is a regular flapper with red, red curls all over her head, and she's very sweet. Agness, does is very beautiful and oh, so very blonde. Rudolph Valentino is so dark, so polite and so different than on the screen, much more human. I think Mae Murray is cute, but she is no younger. Walter Heirs is a dream and so is Ricardo Cortez. Lois Wilson has a wonderful smile and Madge Bellamy has the cutest figure and most beautiful eyes. Billie Dove is sweet, too, and Laura La Plante is like a breath of spring air. She is very, very blonde and has small twinkling eyes, and sweet smile—saw that's that. Oh, yes, I want to say that I think Renee Adoree is so pretty. Why don't we see more of her? Her picture on your cover is beautiful.

FANNY, THE FLAPPER.
San Francisco, Calif.

Look Out for Grant Withers

Just a line suggested by a recent letter in your column stating that John Roche is the first Wallace Reid successor. In my estimation, Roche, although a fine performer, does not fill that classification at all. I think he will sooner or later succeed Norman Kerry.

A real follow up for Reid, however, is Grant Withers, one of the handsomest of
Advertising Section

The Spirited Appeal

I often wonder why so much attention is paid to the so-called sex appeal, and so very little attention given to that appeal which takes us out of the material up into the spiritual.

This latter appeal is possessed by some of our biggest stars. A few have it to a very high degree; notable among these are Irene Rich, Lillian Gish, Thomas Meighan, Richard Barthelmess, Douglas Fairbanks, and the late Wallace Reid.

These stars have the power and ability, when given suave roles, to carry their audience into the very gates of heaven.

This, to me, is the supreme test of true artistry.

I have been so exalted by the aesthetic delight of seeing done by the above-named artists that I seemed to dwell in a different world for days afterward.

While each of the above-named actresses and actors possess a goodly amount of attractiveness from a material standpoint, this, of itself, is of small importance. The appeal that these artists have is something far deeper and finer than the mere physical could possibly have.

Los Angeles, Calif.

A Fan.

More Impressions.

Letters have been printed frequently in PICTURE-PLAY listing impressions of numerous movie stars as a person. As I had the advantage of living in Hollywood for a period of time, I was given the opportunity of seeing and meeting a large number of stars. I am writing my impressions with the hope that they may prove a source of slight entertainment to some of your readers.

Norma Talmadge—A tiny person with gorgeous eyes and a protector of a very pronounced individuality. She appears oblivious to the curious and staring people about her.

Constance Talmadge—Tall and thin. To my mind she affects too much make-up for the street. She is Norma's opposite in the regard that she notices her surroundings and every one about her.

Conrad Nagel—The image of his screen self, Medium height, thin and very blond. Does not appear so boyish as the screen would lead one to think. One of the most natural and unaffected persons of the motion colony. His devotion to his wife is superb.

Mae Murray—Owns a perfect figure and has the most beautiful legs and feet I have ever seen. I was surprised to find how exceedingly blue her eyes are. A showy dress does not often play to the public continually. She has a charming voice but in general is too affected to suit me.

Pauline Frederick—Has one of the strongest personalities in the motion picture world. Appears a great deal younger in real life, but seems to be of a decidedly nervous temperament. She is unusually gracious and as for her voice—words fail me. It is a real treat to hear her speak.

Reginald Denmy—Very masculine indeed. Rather ornamental looking and speaks with a noticeable English accent. Has a nice singing voice.

FAYE PAUL.

928 Brand Boulevard, Glendale, Calif.

"Can I Reduce?"

Ask Miss Crawford!

Imagine taking off eighty-five pounds in four months! But this big reduction is not imaginary—Marjorie Crawford has done it.

She used Wallace reducing records to play off this huge excess of weight, and this is what she has to say of Wallace's method.

"The day my weight reached 235 lbs. I sat down for the first time and decided to lose weight. It was novel and I enjoyed it, and lost eight pounds that first week. I used the movements faithfully, and nothing else. I didn't take any medicine, I didn't starve myself, either, and there was not one week that I failed to lose at least five pounds until I was down very close to where a woman of my height should weigh. My present weight is 150. You be sure I'm going to keep it there!"

Anybody Can Reduce by This Remarkable Method

Thousands of women—men too—have restored normal proportions in this way. Reducing 85 lbs. is unusual, but any number of women have played off thirty and forty pounds with these records. Many more have used them for lesser reductions. Such cases ordinarily take less than a month. If you wish too much for comfort, health, or appearance's sake, you owe yourself this trial.

Free Proof to Anyone

Send name and address now and your first week's reducing lesson, record, and all will come by return mail, prepaid. Do not enclose any payment; don't promise to pay anything; this free trial means free.

You'll enjoy the use of this demonstration record. You'll commence to reduce the very first week. Let actual results decide whether you want to continue! The coupon gives address.

WALLACE

68 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE and POSTPAID for a week's final trial the Original Wallace Reducing Record.

Name.

Address.

Bert Lytell—Very handsome and a good dresser.

Clair Windsor—A beautiful girl, but too thin in my estimation. She also affects a great deal of make-up.

Chris Merrill—Vern, Chicago, says she is not tall at all, and here's another surprise—she is also thin. At least, she was when I last saw her. A handsome woman, but oh, she has such a face.

Eugene O'Brien—Just the same as he appears in the movies, crooked smile 'n all. Ever notice the springy little way he walks and the habit he has of raising himself on his toes?

Pola Negri—The most stunning of them all. No one else is the least bit like her.

Lila Lee—Very ordinary and not a very good dresser.

Douglas Fairbanks—The darkest tan complexion imaginable. A snappy dresser and always there with his ever-ready smile.

Norman Kerry—Dashing looking. Also very much tanned. Has a splendid physique.

Mary Philbin—Diminutive and doll-like with beautiful hair and gorgeous eyes.
Laura La Plante—A dear little girl and oh, so sweet. Pretty as can be, too.

And last but not least—

Ben Turpin—A small man maintaining surprising dignity.

Knowledge of the increasing proportions of this letter limits my naming countless others. Perhaps some day, if the fans wish, I would like to write again.

HARVEY M. GLADSTONE.
San Francisco, Cali.

A Word from Australia.

Why is Pola Negri given such pictures, and why is she kept so groomed, repressed and "tight?" "Hair" is the only word which seems to fit. Her hair is plastered tightly in position, her face through excessive use of make-up has a tight, strained look about it, her every gesture have lost that beautiful pantherlike grace so noticeable in her Continental-made films. Only once have I seen the wonderful,reckless Pola of old, and that was the early part of her characterization of the gypsy in "The Spanish Dancer."

Most of the actresses of the present day, for that matter, suffer from over-grooming. Why so much fuss over Dorothy MacAul, Norma Shearer, Mary Philbin, and Colleen Moore? Their work never impresses me as being "anything to write home about," while on the other hand, Doris Kenyon is very good and most natural in her acting. I sincerely hope she does not have her hair cut off. In these days of universal bobbing and shingling, it is absolutely delightful to see an actress who looks the way woman was intended to look and not like a poor second edition of man which seems to be the aim of most actresses and indeed most women these days.

A girl to watch is Jane Thomas. She just sparkles. She is going to be very popular in the future if she retains this sparkle.

E. STELLE J. THOMPSON.
663 Stanley Street, S. Brisbane, Aust.

Theater Managers Who Offend.

A few weeks ago I saw Charles Ray's latest picture advertised as follows: "Charles Ray and Betty Blythe in Percy."

Now, I thought from this ad that Betty Blythe was the heroine and had an important part in the picture. Because I do not happen to care for Betty Blythe I did not go to see it. Recently I found out that she is only a dance-hall girl in "Percy" and has a comparatively small part. Barbara Bedford is the real heroine, and as I like both her and Charles Ray, I am sorry now that I didn't see the picture.

About a year ago when I saw "Wine of Youth," the same thing happened. The signature from the theater read: "Johnny Walker in 'Wine of Youth.'" Being an ardent Walker fan, I went to see the picture. Johnny was in the picture for about half a minute. He was in the part that depended on old-time party which was then compared with a party of to-day. He didn't appear in the picture again, and if Pauline Garon and Eleanor Boardman hadn't been in the picture, I would have walked out on it. Another example of this is "The Folly of Vanity," in which Betty Blythe was advertised as the main attraction. Her part in the picture was no more important than some of the others, and why she was spread all over the ads I don't know. Something should be done about this. Theater managers should not impose upon the public.

MILWAUKEE, WISC.

The Debate Continues.

Yes, the debate continues! Marion Daley's cynical words filled me with rage.
Advertising Section

CLOSING OUT DIAMOND BANKING BUSINESS

Genuine Diamonds Less Than Wholesale

Here’s your chance! Get your beautiful diamond ring or brooch at wholesale price. Pay nothing down—10 Days Trial. We are closing out our diamond banking business, $100,000 stock of diamonds to liquidate. Send car- 

No Money Down

Never before have you had such an opportunity to own a genuine diamond without parting with a single cent. Send car- 

10 Days Free Trial

No obligation. No delay. We save you one
cent—trust it for anything you wish and if you are not 

entirely satisfied within 10 days return your ring or brooch and money refunded. Send car-receipt.

Ladies’ Wrist Watch

$17.99

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Beautifully finished and of the latest design. We prove it to you with your money and our 

Jewelry Book Free

Send for your copy today. If you are not satisfied, return the Jewelry Book and the watch is ours.

KLEIN & CO.

122 W. MADISON ST. DEPT. 1491 CHICAGO

A Century Same Place

Beautiful Photos of Screen Stars

Make a collection of your favorites. Real, life-like portraits, 3x5, 50-c each, 12 for $5. Extra heavy, 3x5, Colored. $1.00 per scene. 11x14, $3.00. Select any star or player.

Fan Studio, P 10, 135 W. 44th St., New York

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Medical Consultation and Treatments with full in- 

surance. Exports to Canada and Mexico. Free Samples Available. View our exhibits for yourself. 

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T. S. DENGSTON & CO., 623 S. WEBBEH, DEPT. 671 CHICAGO

HANDS UP!

Protect yourself against

blisters, warts, etc., with 

this clever cigarette case 

of soft leather. Looks ex- 

actly like the real thing! Pull the trigger and you have 

a cigarette, or show your 

cigarettes. Lots of ad- 

dents and testimonials. 

Sold exclusively by us. 

MANN & LASKIN 5703 

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Money back if not satisfied.

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BUST DEVELOPED

My Big Three Part Treatment is the only thing that gave FULL DEVELOPMENT with Bathing, Massage, and Sun-bathing. FDA guaranteed, No. 60013. Satisfaction 100% or full money back. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

P. J. MAHLER, 131-A MOTHER PARK, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method is the only way to prepare the hair from growing, giving permanent results, but Booked free. Write today enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

KLEIN & CO., DEPT. 1491 CHICAGO

NEW BEAUTY

Comes in 30 Minutes

By Edna Wallace Hopper

I wish every girl and woman would send this 
coupon and see the results of Clay. You will be 
amazed. I have seen countless women seem to 
drop ten years with a single application. I have 
met thousands of plain girls gain a rosy bloom in 
one-half hour.

Clay did more to make me a famous beauty than 
any other help I found. It does more now, at 
my own age, to keep me looking like a girl.

Noted beauties have for ages relied on Clay. 
So have women famed in history for their long-

there is now a super-clay, white, refined and 
dainty. It is the final result of 20 years of scientific 
study. It combines two clays with other factors to bring 
multiplied results. That is the clay I use. All 
total toners supply it at 90c Wallace Hopper’s 
White Youth Clay. The price is 50c and $1.

Youth Clay purges the skin of all that clays 
and mars it. It draws out the causes of blackheads 
and blemishes. It combats all lines and wrinkles. 
It brings the blood to the skin, so every use leaves a 
rosy bloom. No lover of beauty once seen these 
results will ever again go without them.

Send the coupon for a sample tube. I will also 
include a sample of my Youth Cream. That should 
always follow Clay. Learn what White Youth Clay— 
my new-type clay—can do. You will always thank 
me for supplying such a beauty help as this.

For Trial Tube

Mail this today to Edna Wallace Hopper, 
50 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago. Enclose 9c 
postage and iocking.

I want to try White Youth Clay. 4PP

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FREE!

A 14-Kt. white gold filled 
watch or a beautiful man’s watch 
or your choice of any of the vari- 
ous gifts listed in our catalogue 
without a penny’s cost to you 
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Write today for our FREE 
pamphlet and full information 
that will show you how you can secure one of 
these fine gifts.

REPUBLIC TRADING CO., 
25 W. Broadway 
Dept. 170

A Confidential Guide to 
Current Releases

Continued from page 54

“Proud Flesh”—Metro-Goldwyn. 
A clever, rollicking burlesque of a melo-
donamic plot. Eleanor Boardman 
and Harrison Bellant as Stan- 
ders, while Pat O’Malley is the 
plumber who complicates their 
romance.

“Quo Vadis”—First National. Emil 
Jannings appears as Marcus in 
this new Italian version of the 
fictional story.

“Sainted Devil, A”—Paramount. 
Valentino in South America again, 
but with not-so-wonderful results.

“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.

"Shock Punch, The"—Paramount. One of those high and dizzy affairs, with Richard Dix skidding around on the tall girders. Thoroughly enjoyable.

"Smoldering Fires"—Universal. The only way to save a sister gets excellent treatment, and Pauline Frederick, Laura La Plante, and Malcolm MacGregor do fine work.

"Song of Inspiration". A poor stage play, "Great Britain" turned into a good movie. Richard Barthelmess plays the suffering musician, and Besie Love is good as a South Sea island maiden.

"Thundering Herd, The"—Paramount. A thrilling Western, with some wonderful scenes of buffalo stampedes. Noah Beery, Lois Wilson, and Jack Hulbert are in it.


"Wife of a Rogue"—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 whimsical story, but funny at times. Larry Semon plays the Scarecrow.

"Zander the Great"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in some delightful comedy as a tickled-up orphan in pigtaits.

**RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.**

"Any Woman"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry as a pretty working girl who has gother making her employer believe that she has intelligence, too. Not very convincing.

"Burning Trail, The"—Universal. A wild tale of action, with William Desmond playing the hero who goes West.

"Café in Cairo, A"—Producers Distributing. Priscilla Dean as an English girl brought up among the sheiks.

"Chickie"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill's performance seems too good for this cheap story of a poor but beautiful working girl and her romantic experiences.

"Cloud Rider, The"—F. B. O. Not much on plot, but strong on thrilling airplane stunts.

"Crackerjack"—First National. If you like Johnny Hines, you'll find this one of his best comedies.

"Cyrano de Bergerac"—Atlles. An Italian version of the Rostand classic. It doesn't begin very beautifully, but it gets, on the whole, pretty dull. There is a good performance of Cyrano by a French actor, Pierre Magnier.

"Dance, The"—Fox. Typical 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.

"Drusilla with a Million"—F. B. O. Old-fashioned whimsy in which Mary Carr, as a sweet-faced drudge, is left a million dollars. Pathetic and humorous at times, but mostly pathetic.

"Enticement"—First National. A frank tale in which Mary Astor plays a girl who thought all men were noble.

"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.

"Fifth Avenue Models"—Universal. Mary Philbin is splendid as a girl who has saved from marrying her rescuer, Norman Kerr is the man.

"Grounds for Divorce"—Paramount. An adaptation of the stage play, minus more of it. Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are lost in the general dullness.

"Headwinds"—Universal. House Peters and Patsy Ruth Miller in a rather dusky story of a cave man and an heiress. A sea storm supplies more interest than the plot does.

"Heart of a Siren"—First National. Barbara La Marr tempting a couple of dozen more millionaires. 

"Hunted Woman, The"—Fox. A story of a wife pursuing her wandering husband in order to save her brother from jail. Pretty dull.

"Husband Seeks Her"—First National. Antonio Moreno starts out as a bad boy, but reforms when he marries Patsy Ruth Miller.

"I Want My Man"—First National. Doss Kennedy in 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.

"Lady Who Lied"—First National. One of those pictures where the hero discovers his heroine after he marries some one else. Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi play the principals.


"Little French Girl, The"—Paramount. Anne Sedgwick's novel pain as looking translated, but a little dull. Alice Joyce is lovely as the French girl's mother, and Mary Brian is sweet, and sometimes stirring.

"Making of O'Malley, The"—First National. Milton Sills as the policeman who has to choose between love and duty. It is the usual hokum, but well done.

"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 role of villain.

"Necessary Evil, The"—First National. Ben Lyon torn between his good and had hereditary influences. Pretty dull stuff.

"One Year Street, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty with her customary skill, but the picture on the whole is dull.

"One Year to Live"—First National. An imposing cast and elaborate gowns and settings fail to make this count for much. Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Mackaill, and Antonio Moreno are some of the principals.

"My Complexion Friend"

"NOW, my troubles are over— I've found a true complexion friend! I can throw away that gritty cake powder and carry my own Favorite Loose Powder in a Norida Vanity." ONLY Loose Powder can preserve the delicate complexion of your screen hero. Besides, warm texture of the rose to your cheeks! Norida is your complexion friend, exclusively engraved, cast or silver, filled with Eau-Sauvage (Wildflowers) Powder. Refill is economical with your own Favorite Loose Powder.

Worth many times its cost. Buy one at any toilet goods counter. If your dealer can't supply you, order direct from Norida Vanity Co., 60 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

**NORIDA**

Perfect for Your Vanity

I Can Teach You Classic Dancing At Home Only $5.00 A Month

Yes, my remarkable new method makes classic dancing easy and fascinating to learn at home. Under these conditions, why learn the hard way when you can learn the easy way? The simple charts, clear photographs, easy test and your Personal Instructor—so that you can learn the easy way—will make you a fine dancer in a very short time.

Complete Studio Outfit Free

I will send you, with your lessons, analyses practice exercises, comparison charts, "First National's Life of" your favorite star—everything necessary for a practical studio in your own home. All absolutely free.

Write! Whether you dream of a career as a professional dancer, or wish to dance for charm and grace, write today for full information about my wonderful new home instruction method. No obligation. Write today!

Mrs. Sarah Harranoff School of Classic Dancing Studio E-88
1524 S. Sonoma Ave., Chicago, Ill.
How I Was Shamed into Popularity!

For some reason I could never get out of the wall flower class. But one night I had a bitter experience that changed everything. Here's what happened.

By JAMES PRESTON

You know, I once thought nerve alone was enough to get by anywhere. That is, I thought so till I met Olive. You never in your life see two people take to each other the way we did. If only that dance party hadn't come—

But dances are what parties are made for. I ran up to two or three foxy girls watching Olive spin around in the arms of other men and then I decided to take a turn with her. By the very first notes of the orchestra I swallowed a lump of fear and taking a hold that must have been surprisingly funny if it wasn't so pathetic— that I thought was dancing.

Wherever did I get my nerve? Where did that girl ever get her patience? I must have stumbled twenty times—and then in the middle, she winced with pain and stopped to rub her toes. She said, her voice tried hard to be friendly—"Jack—let's not finish this dance. I'm tired anyway," she added, struggling with her self to be nice to me.

But that night I set up and thought—suddenly it dawned upon me why I was so rarely able to make a date with the girls of my social set. Equally suddenly it seemed to me there was a simple remedy that I had seen time and time again yet never heeded.

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That very next morning, I mailed a magazine coupon to Arthur Murray, America's foremost dance master asking him for his free booklet, "A Short Cut to Popularity," and for his Test Lesson. Here was a way to test whether or not I could learn to dance and learn in a few evenings.

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On Thin Ice"—Warner. Another crooked melodrama, but nothing to get excited about. Tom Moore, Edith Roberts, and William Russell play the leading roles.

"Open Trail, The"—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

"Raffles"—Universal. House Peters is not dashing enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.

"Rainbow Trail, The"—Fox. Just another Western picture, but it will delight those who like Tom Mix and Tony fans. Zane Grey wrote the story.

"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.

"Roughneck, The"—Fox. Continuing the adventures of attractive George O'Brien.

"Sackcloth and Scarlet"—Metro-Goldwyn. Another sacrificing big-sis- tem. With relatively new team of Alice Terry is decorative, as usual, and Dorothy Sebastian plays the sister who causes all the trouble.

"She Wolves"—Fox. Alma Rubens as a romantic wife who gets her hands on the latest of adventure outside marriage. Jack Mulhall plays her husband.

"Smooth as Satin"—F. B. O. A story about blundering crooks, with Evelyn Brent the one bright spot.

"Sporting Venus, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Col-man save this hackneyed plot based on misunderstandings from being unbearable. Lew Cody is in it, too.

"Swan, The"—Paramount. The Mol- nar stage play cruelly mangled. You might as well if you haven't seen the original play.

"Talker, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker's mis-guided words seriously.

"Tongues of Flame"—Paramount. Thomas Meighan winning through those terrible barriers he always knocks over so easily.

"Tracked in the Snow Country"— Warner. Some excellent acting by Robert Lewis, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

"Up the Ladder"—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few hops.

"White Desert"—Metro-Goldwyn. Claire Windsor roughing it in the snow country, with Pat O'Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

"Wings of Youth"—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Clayton is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.
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Information, Please

Continued from page 102

ADELAIDE—Yes, Lillian Gish’s troubles seem to be finally over. Her suit against Charles Duelle was won and now she has signed up with Metro-Goldwyn to start making pictures again. Ricardo Cortez isn’t married, but if you believe in signs, it looks as if he and Lillian Rubens may change all that, when her divorce decree from Daniel Carson Goodman becomes final, and when Ricardo’s contract with Famous Players is up. Lillian may forbid his marrying—having in mind the Valen-
tino case. If it weren’t so trite I might spring that old one about the course of true Love ne’er runs smooth. But I’m running in the “Pony Express,” which James Cruze is di-
recting, with Betty Compson—his wife—
in the leading feminine role.

Addresses of Players


Mae Busch, Lilian Gish, Pauline Starke, George Fawcett, Gilbert Mack, Myrtle Magee, Margaret O’Brien, Blanche Sweet, at the Metro Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Mary Astor, Ian Keith, Colleen Moore, Ylima Banky, Ronald Colman, Olga Baclanova, Josephine Crowell, Marie Steward, Norma, and Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy, Margaret O’Brien, Sally Blane, Marion Davies, Ford Sterling, Mariane Gordon, and Mary McAllister, at the Universal Studios, Hollywood, California.


Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthesby, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

Patsy Ruth Miller, at 1522 North Martin Place, Hollywood, California.


Boke Dabhous, Thomas Meicham, Diana Kuhn, Carol Deaven, and Margaret O’Brien, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City, New York.

Maudie Logan, George O’Brien, Anna Roubens, Tom Myt, Edmund Lowe, Charles Jones, Marion Haian, and Pat Faye, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.


Alice May at 114 African Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Don Alvarez, Bradford Chadwick, Irene Rich, John Barrymore, Dolores Costello, Marie Caire, Norma Shearer, Charles Kean, Helen Costello, John Roche, June Marlowe, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Sydney Chap, Alice Joyce, Jettie Gulfal, Huntry Gordon, and Dorothy Devore, at the Warner Bros., 5120 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Robert Kipper, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Constance Bennett, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Artists, 454th-fifth Street, New York City.

Harry Benstock, at the Youman Products Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Associated Artists Studio, 4712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Lila Lee, at the National Theater, West Forty-first Street, New York, New York.

Ruth Chatterton, at 471 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Coogan, at 477 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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How a “Crazy Invention” Ended My Baldness

Sixty days ago they called me “Baldy.” Now they’re amazed at my new growth of hair.

George, don’t be foolish. You ought to know there’s no help for baldness. You’re just throwing your money away.”

“But listen, Bill—“

“Nothing doing. You can’t convince me that anything will grow hair on that bald head of yours. And especially that crazy invention! Take my advice and hang on to your money.

This was how my friend, Bill Jenkins, felt. I had been telling him about a new treatment for baldness I wanted to try. He just wouldn’t listen to me. He was all against it. And in a way I didn’t blame him. For I certainly had wasted an awful lot of money on other treatments without results. I had tried countless tonics and salves, I had tried singing and music, I used pomade oil and many other cures.

But every new thing I tried actually seemed to make my hair thinner.

Still, this new treatment was entirely different from anything I had ever tried. Other methods treated only the surface skin. This one consisted of a new invention which provided, for the first time, a method of getting right down to the dormant roots and nourishing them.

The results it was bringing seemed really astonishing. Men who had been partially bald for years, who had long given up hope, were getting brand new growths of hair in surprisingly short times. Women, too, were using it with equally remarkable results.

But of it all, as I later learned, was this—I didn’t risk a penny in taking the treatment. The discoverer of this new method—Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York—absolutely guaranteed an entirely new growth of hair in 30 days, or the trial would cost me nothing.

I just couldn’t resist such an unusual offer. I had nothing to lose, and perhaps a lot to gain. So I sent for the treatment.

The Biggest Surprise of My Life

When I first saw this new invention I laughed out loud. My friend Bill had called it a “crazy invention.” It almost looked the part. But that didn’t keep me from trying it.

The first two or three days, nothing happened. True, my scalp felt very much invigorated. And I didn’t see anywhere near the amount of hair on my brush that I used to. Then a few days later, I looked in the mirror. What I saw almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking thru, I saw a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every day I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair.

Here’s the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly hair grow you would not think of rubbing “growing fluid” on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing, when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it’s exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment, which Merke perfected after 17 years’ experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

New Hair in 30 Days or No Cost

Merke very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair in this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he invites you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he’s the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether you pay or not.

To be bald is certainly a real misfortune. In my own case it was more than embarrassing. Most of my well-meaning friends called me “Baldy.” At the office they were always “kidding” me.

And at the ball game or theatre, I always felt that the people behind me were doing nothing but giggling at me. I never felt comfortable. So when I saw Merke’s offer of new hair in 30 days or no cost, I determined to give it a trial anyway.

And without a doubt in the world, I will always consider the day I sent for the Merke treatment one of the luckiest days of my life.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

I was once skeptical. And I suppose you are, too. But no matter how fast your hair is falling out—no matter how thin it is—no matter how little hair you have left—I certainly advise you to at least learn more about this treatment.

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The New Way to Make Hair Grow is the title of a vitally interesting 34 page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

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And protect themselves against the hazards of their profession.

Information, Please  The Picture Oracle  102
Answers to questions of our readers.

The Revelations of a Leading Man

THAT is the title of a story which will appear in our next issue. It is one that will interest every fan. The leading man is Wallace MacDonald, and what he reveals are the methods and means which different female stars and leading women have used in "vamping" him on the screen. His observations, as related to Dorothy Manners, are extremely bright and amusing.

What a Pair of Newlyweds Think of Each Other is the substance of another set of confidences, made to Myrtle Gebhart, by the newlyweds themselves, two players who are well known to every movie fan—Helen Ferguson and William Russell. In this article they tell what they see in each other—the faults as well as the good qualities, and every reader who is married, or ever expects to be married, will find a good deal in the way of interest and enlightenment in what this couple have to say.

These are but two of the many interesting and novel features that we are preparing for you next month. There will be some thirty other articles and departments, and we are sure you will find the issue one of the best of any fan magazine that you have ever read.
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Mellin's Food Co., 177 State St., Boston, Mass.
What the Fans Think

From Two High School Flappers.

By the letter from "Two High-school Fans," we take it that they think themselves rather important. They started out by saying: "We are going to tell you what the average high-school student thinks about the stars!"

Well! do they think that because they like and dislike certain stars, all other students think the same? Not by far! As for Gloria Swanson, we'll agree with them that she's a real actress. But as for Ben Lyon not being the berries! Of all the nerve! It's absurd. We'll bet that if a vote was cast among the high-school students as to whether Ben was liked or disliked, about ninety-nine out of every one hundred would be in favor of him. The writers claim that they like Novarro, Valentino, and Cortez. Give us the Americans like Ben Lyon. They're lots better.

We sincerely love Lloyd Hughes, Colleen Moore, Marion Davies, Harrison Ford, and Pola Negri. And, of course, Ben Lyon. He's best of all. Betty Bronson, Greta Nissen, and Mary Brian, newcomers on the screen, are wonderful. And how wonderful Greta was in "In the Name of Love" and "Lost, a Wife." Connie Talmadge is a dear, too.

Two High-school Flappers.

An Amateur Detective.

A funny thing happened the other day that made me think Alberta Vaughn had quite a case on George O'Hara. I received a picture from her but instead of my name on the envelope it had George O'Hara's, with my address.

She must have thinking of him!

Miss Harriett Wetzler.

288 Linn Street, Peoria, Illinois.

The Movies at Eton College.

At Eton College most of the boys like the motion pictures. Some just to go to them when they have nothing better to do, and others as an amusement which they place above many others.

However, this only applies to vacation. At school, we are not allowed into any picture palace in the neighborhood—or anywhere else! But for the last two years, on Saturday nights, during the winter only, we have had a cinema show at school. It is, however, not much of a show. The films are all British and mostly poor, while the projection machine has a habit of going on strike at critical moments. Every time this happens, there are howls and jeers from members of the audience, who, being at their own private show, feel it their privilege to liven up the performance.

I remember a nature study, where a poor insect of sorts was painfully working its way out of its old shell to appear in the end as a May fly. All through the process cries of encouragement came from the boys and shouts of "Hea-a-ve!" When the insect at last administered the final push and emerged exhausted but free, loud cheers broke out that lasted several minutes!

This cinema is not much yet, but it is a start, at any rate, and I, for one, hope that a few years from now, not only Eton, but all English public schools will be showing the boys good pictures once a week.

At universities the men are, of course, already allowed into the town cinemas. Edward Hutchinson.

Les Cytises, Villennes s/Seine, S.e O., France.

An Ardent Fan, Indeed!

To say that the fans don't collect pictures of directors as well as players is not true, for they do. I have a little sister who just adores Cecil De Mille. She thinks he's a wonderful director, but it is Cecil himself and not his directing that she likes so well.

Recently, in one of the movies magazines, there was a very nice picture of Mr. De Mille. As soon as she saw it she cried, "Oh! There's my Cecie! Isn't he grand?" She never tires of talking about "her Cecie." She has said that same thing every time she saw a picture of Mr. De Mille. And it is never anything but "my Cecie."

She is a very ardent movie fan, but none can compare with Cecie!

Amber Renaud.

145th Street, Apartment 5, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

From an Exacting Fan.

My text is taken from Aldous Huxley's "On the Margin." "However much we may admire the 'Chromatic Fantasie' of Bach, we all of us have a soft spot somewhere in our minds that is sensitive to 'Roses of Picardy.' But the soft spot is surrounded by hard spots; the enjoyment is never unmixed with critical approximation."

I had long heard Richard Barthelmess praised and lauded. In fact, he seemed the critic's idol. I went to see him in "The Bright Shawl." After seeing it, I wearied patient friends with eulogies on Dot Gish, William Powell, and Jetta Goudal. I was brought up with a start when, in answer to the question, "How was Dick?" I realized I had hardly noticed him at all!

A year or so later I saw "Classmates." I liked it. For the reason, please read Mr. Huxley's comment; my

Continued on page 10
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Dorothy Sebastian
with

Henry King and Orville Caldwell
in

"Sackcloth and Scarlet."

Neither Miss Sebastian nor Mr. Caldwell meant anything to me, so I did not attend. I received a trade journal later. On the front page listing plays, was:

Henry King presents
"Sackcloth and Scarlet"
starring

ALICE TERRY.

Alice Terry is my favorite actress, and for the first time I missed one of her pictures since "The Four Horsemen." Miss Terry and Miss Murray had worked hard only to be put back for new talent. Was it just? Maybe it was the exhibitor's fault. If it was, can't the picture companies impress upon them "who's who?"

A LLOYD HUGGS AND ALICE TERRY Fan.
Bellefonte, Pa.

We Want Mae Murray!

Last night I saw Mae Murray in "Made-for-Missella. Midnight." I was convinced than ever that she is the most thoroughly delightful actress on the screen.

That woman made over a thousand gestures, and one could not pick out a single one which was meaningless; she moved her eyes, her mouth, her hands, but every one of her movements had a particular meaning, all its own.

I think the most remarkable thing about her is that she is as natural as she is expressive; she is never forced, she makes you feel that she wants to do whatever she does, whether it be to laugh or to dance. Her spontaneity is a joy, and the fact that she is the cutest and most graceful figure on the screen to-day makes her the most enjoyable one of all.

We do not want her changed. We want her to stick to the things she is doing now, just as much as we want Harold Lloyd or Charlie Chaplin to stick to theirs.

Milford, Del.  Mrs. W. H. ROBERTS.

Mary, as We Like Her.

Fans, what did you think of Our Mary in "Little Annie Rooney?" Wasn't she wonderful?

In a recent interview, Mary stated that she desired to play more mature roles. Perhaps it is selfish of us to continue to want Mary, the child, when we know she prefers other roles but, fans, who would object to seeing the most charming lovely little impish little thing, whom we all love, with more genuine pathos, more feeling? Who but Mary can gladden our hearts with a single smile? Who—but why go on?

We need Mary!

True, we found Dearest in "Little Lord Fauntleroy" a beautiful character, Rosita, a lovable screen singer, Elinor, a charming lovely maid. But what are these compared to the mischievous little East Side gang leader she portrayed in "Little Annie Rooney?"

You who agree with me will rejoice to learn that Mary is to play a child of twelve in her next picture, "Scraps."

Mary is truly "America's sweetheart."

No other can ever take her place in the hearts of her faithful admirers. And I, for one, am glad Mary has returned to parts we all love her best in.

Dorothy Atherton.
960 Iglehart Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

Continued on page 112
I Will Train You at Home to fill a Big-Pay Job!

Look What These Cooke Trained Men Are Earning
Makes $700 in 24 Days in Radio

"Thanks to your interesting Course I made over $700 in 24 days. Radio earnings are a little above the average but I run from $10 to $40 clear profit every day. So you can see what your training has meant to me."

FEED G. McNABB, 403 Spring St., Atlanta, Georgia

$70 to $80 a week for Jacquot

"Now I am specializing in Auto Electricity and battery work and make from $70 to $80 a week and just getting started. I don’t believe there is another school in the world where the lessons are a real joy to study."

ROBERT JACQUOT, 205 W. Colorado Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

$20 a Day for Schreck

"If my name is a reference and I send on me as a bursar. The biggest thing I ever did was answer your advertisement. I am averaging better than $200 a month from my own business now, I used to make $18.00 a week."

A. SCHRECK, Phoenix, Arizona

Plant Engineer—Pay Raised 150%

"I was a dumbbell in electricity until I got in touch with you Mr. Cooke, but now I have charge of a big plant including 600 motors and direct a force of 50 men—electricians, helpers, etc. My salary has gone up more than 100%.

GEORGE H. LINTWORTH, 41 Calabert Road, Holyoke, Mass.

It’s a shame for you to earn $15 or $20 or $30 a week when you have the same six days as an Electrical Expert you could make $70 to $200—and do it easier—not work half so hard. Why then remain in the small-pay game, in a line of work that offers no chance, no big promotion, no big income? Fit yourself for a real job in the great electrical industry. I’ll show you how.

Be an Electrical Expert

Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a Year

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the “screwdriver” kind—is making money—big money. But it’s the trained man—the man who knows the why and wherefore of Electricity—the Electrical Expert—who is picked out to “boss” the ordinary Electricians— to boss the Big Jobs—the jobs that pay $3,500 to $10,000 a year. Get in line for one of these “Big Jobs.” Start by enrolling now for my easily learned, quickly grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home Study Course in Practical Electrical Engineering.

Age or Lack of Experience No Drawback

You don’t have to be a College Man; you don’t have to be a High School Graduate. As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know exactly the kind of training you need, and I will give you that training. My Course in Electricity is simple, thorough and complete and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an “Electrical Expert,” able to make from $50 to $200 a week.

No Extra Charge for Electrical Working Outfit

With me, you do practical work at home. You start right in after your first few lessons to work at your profession in the regular way and make extra money in your spare time. For it is you need tools, and I give them to you—a big complete working outfit, tools, measuring instruments, and a real electric meter—a outfit in all.

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ing Works, Ltd, A two million dollar establishment, that assuring to every student enrolled, not only a wonderful training in Electricity, but an unsurpassed Student Service as well.

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Send me once without obligation your big illustrated book and complete details of your Home Study Course in Electricity, including your outfit and employment service offers.
Richard Barthelmess in
"THE BEAUTIFUL CITY"

Another "Tol'able David" character! For years Barthelmess fans have been asking for it. It's the Lower East Side of New York—not the Kentucky mountains—but the sincerity, flesh and blood human qualities that made "Tol'able David" the outstanding picture of the year, are present in "The Beautiful City."

Dorothy Gish plays the feminine lead opposite Barthelmess' role of Tony Gilardi. Time and place dwindle into insignificance with the unfolding of this "David" of the East Side. It's a story of genuine emotions that only an actor of Barthelmess' proven ability could screen effectively.

Edmund Goulding, who wrote "Fury," supplied this original script and the picture was directed by Kenneth Webb.

Milton Sills and Doris Kenyon in
"THE UNGUARDED HOUR"

Skilled picture producers who have read this story by Margueretta Tuttle, declare that Sills, as Duke Andrea d'Arona, has the most chivalrous, picturesque role of his career. With lovely Doris Kenyon as his leading woman he sweeps into step with modern romance in the atmosphere of Italy.

Society's million dollar waterfront estates have been used to make this picture. It's a lavishness of setting that fits this lavish story of romantic intrigue.

Claude King, Dolores Cassinelli, Cornelius Keefe, Jed Prouty, Charles Beyer, Lorna Duveen, Vivian Ogden and J. Moy Bennett comprise the balance of this excellent cast. Lambert Hillyer directed under Earl Hudson's supervision.
Edwin Carewe presents
“WHY WOMEN LOVE”

EDWIN CAREWE’S imprint on a picture is as unmistakable as a Tiffany trade-mark on silverware. In “Why Women Love,” an adaptation of Willard Robertson’s play, “The Sea Woman,” he has again engraved his distinctive, entertaining touch.

Surrounding the stern splendor of a rock island lighthouse—with Blanche Sweet as Molla, and Robert Frazer, Dorothy Sebastian and Russel Simpson in featured roles—and with an emotional drama of sea faring hearts, Director Carewe has produced another picture of unusual strength.

The story’s dynamic force lies in a girl’s fulfilment of her pledge to protect the daughter of a dead man, even to love’s oblivion. From such a problem the spectacular burning of the lighthouse blazes the trail to ultimate happiness.

John McCormick presents
Colleen Moore in
“WE MODERNS”

DAINTY COLLEEN’S first picture in five months is from Israel Zangwill’s stage success, “We Moderns,” directed by John Francis Dillon with June Mathis, editorial supervisor.

Mary Sundale, played by Miss Moore, and her brother, are leading exponents of a smart young set that scoffs at anything savoring of Victorianism. How they learn their lesson through a cloud of whirling gaieties, scared ambitions and near tragedy is a story that will give father and mother their inning.

Topping the plot is Miss Moore’s dominating, whimsical personality and her adeptness at naive, humorous characterization. “We Moderns” holds rank with the best she has ever done.
It often happens in the theatre that the long picture on the program has failed to please you, yet you are delighted with one or several of the "short subjects" that complete the bill. William Fox has given the greatest care to these little "Gems of the Picture Program."

Van Bibber Comedies
Richard Harding Davis wrote the celebrated Van Bibber stories from which is made the series of short "society comedies" in which Earle Foxe has won just renown. Van Bibber Comedies have been ruling favorites in high-class theatres for the last two seasons.

Married Life of Helen and Warren
The stories by Mabel Herbert Umer published in the newspapers for fifteen years under this title have now been secured by Fox—a new treat for lovers of the little good things of the screen. Kathryn Perry and Hallam Cooley play Helen and Warren respectively throughout the series.

O. Henry Stories
You will see them live and move on the screen—those entertaining characters created by America's greatest short story genius, O. Henry. William Fox has made a series of new comedy dramas from these "Gems of Fiction." Never before screened—these little masterpieces visualize for theatre patrons stories and characters long beloved in thousands of American homes.

Imperial Comedies
The old "slap-stick" comedies are things of the past—so far as Fox is concerned! No custard pie or glue-pot messiness mars the entertainment that ceaselessly rolls through these, the cleanest, cleverest and most zestful comedies of this kind. Pretty girls galore, real plots, many clever animal actors—and brains used in the mixing!

Fox News
A vivid, stirring, gripping presentation of the great events of the world unfolded before your eyes. The scenes of today that will be the history of tomorrow, caught by the all-seeing eye of the camera, brought to you with speed, sincerity and truth—and a wonderful feeling for the human angle!

Fox Varieties
New, novel, charming and beautiful bits of romance from the far places of the world. Pictures that push back the walls of the theatres and take you through the lands you dream of seeing—that give you the feeling of far and brave adventures of your own.

They add spice to your favorite entertainment
Surely this picture will arouse the eagerness of every fan to see Metro-Goldwyn's forthcoming picture version of "La Bohème." A story of poignant romance—the atmosphere of the Latin Quarter of Paris—Lillian Gish and John Gilbert—it looks as though a great treat were in store for us.
Have you ever had a movie crush? Have you found yourself falling in love with a screen actor or actress who typified the ideal of your dreams? Have you mentally given to your idol more of yourself than you have ever dared to give to any one in real life? Probably you have been ashamed of this, but if you read this article, you may find that it was the best thing in the world for you.

The Movies

The influence of movies on the emo conservative people, but it is told in may be in offering an outlet to pent-up

By Louise

This is how she got it. I asked her to describe her ideal man. It wasn't hard for her to do. He was dark and romantic looking and a wonderful lover. I found later that she was describing her eldest brother, whom she had adored as a child. Valentino might have posed for the word portrait.

We went to the movies, to see "The Four Horsemen," which was being revived 'at a neighborhood house. I did not sit with her; she did not even know that I went into the theater. I told her to let herself go, to imagine anything she liked about her hero on the screen, to let her desire to love some one go out to him.

She went to the picture several times; later she looked up some of his other pictures and saw them over and over. She began to let the love that was being released in that one way, come out in other ways. The inner irritation which she had felt, unconsciously, and which had made her nervous and hard to get along with, and finally ill, began to seep away.

Valentino, as she imagined him, was not at all as he is in real life. She made him a symbol. She endowed him with all the qualities which she liked most in a man, the qualities which had attracted her in her brother. There was no barrier placed in front of that love, as there was between her and real people. She could feel perfectly free, you see. For the first time in her adult life, she could be herself.

Before that, she had been embarrassed when she met strangers, particularly men, because the ridicule which she had suffered as a child had made her so self-con-
and Love?

Tions has been strongly condemned by this story how beneficial this influence feelings that have long craved expression.

Williams

scious. She grew awkward in the presence of new people, said things she didn't mean to, or else relapsed into what seemed a sullen silence, that really filled her with rage at herself.

When she realized the way in which she was coming out of that self-hypnotism she was heartily amused, and as soon as she began to watch her own progress intelligently, she improved much faster. She recovered her health as the strain on her inner self was dispelled.

The second case is of a woman who had been strongly devoted as a child to her father. To her he had seemed perfect. He died when she was sixteen. She did not get over losing him for years. She kept remembering him.

There were several men who were very fond of her, one who was madly in love with her, for whom she cared a great deal. She realized that he would make her happy, that the marriage was suitable in every way. Yet somehow she could not feel that she loved him. Something seemed to stand between them. And against her will, she kept turning to another man. He attracted her strongly, and she could not tell why.

She was annoyed at herself, disappointed at the way her life was turning out, yet she felt helpless.

She and I talked things over, and as we talked I asked her how she amused herself. She said that of late she couldn't read because she was too nervous; she loved to go to the movies. She particularly liked Richard Barthelmess' pictures.

"The first time I saw him was when he did 'Tol'able David," she told me. "That was shortly after my father's death. The country in which the action took place reminded me of the country where my father was brought up. That is, I suppose the two places were alike; I've never seen the place where my father lived as a boy."

Later, in trying to explain her feeling for the man who seemed to come between her and the man who loved her, she said that he had taken her to that picture, shortly after they first met.

It developed that what she had done was to identify him with the background of the picture which so strongly reminded her of her father's life, and so of her love for him. A tiny thing, but, upset by her grief, she had seized upon it, unconsciously, and then transferred the feeling which the association of the picture with her love for her father made, to the man. When our emotions are seeking an outlet they often will take even so slight a thing as that to help them.

As time went on, she had begun to feel that there was something inexplicable that was drawing her to this man, in spite of herself, and by thus believing in it, she gave it power over herself. Although she knew that if she married him neither of them would be happy, she was on the verge of marrying him, feeling that somehow she was in love with him and could not be happy with any one else. But finally, by analyzing the reason for his attraction for her, she overcame it.

The third case is that of a woman who was unhappily married. There were to be no reason for her irritation with her husband; he was kind to her, very much in love with her—yet they could not get along. She could find no fault with him, specifically—but she did not want what marriage had brought her. He was no better satisfied than she was. Incidentally, they were both motion-picture actors, near the top of their profession.

The woman's childhood home had been a turbulent one. Her mother was a very excitable woman, one of those little, dark women who are never happy unless there is excitement all about them. Everything that she did was done vehemently. The woman's father
humored her mother, treated her like a spoiled child, saw to it that she had the excitement which she craved. Life was a party or a fight, always.

The woman herself, when she fell in love, picked a man who was married, and became engaged to him. His marriage had not been a success, but his wife had refused to free him, when he had asked her to—before he had met the other woman. Consequently the entire period of their engagement was shadowed by the need for deception. He and she were like actors in a thrilling drama. Their moments together were stolen, never as prolonged as they wished, fraught always with the danger of discovery.

The man’s wife finally conquered her jealousy and divorced him. He and the woman were married. The excitement, the thrills were gone. All was plain sailing.

It was too peaceful. Without realizing it, she missed the turbulence that in her childhood had been associated in her mind with love. Her idea of happiness in married life was not perfect peace—although she had always supposed that it was. The period before her marriage had been perfect because it had had the excitement which marriage dispensed with.

She could hardly believe that it was too much peace that was making her and her husband unhappy. When she realized it, the unhappiness vanished.

That is nearly always the case; when people see what the hidden bugaboo is, they can laugh it to scorn, just as the scarecrow in the moonlit cornfield no longer frightens the small boy when he sees that it is not a ghost, but merely a scarecrow.

One of the things that made her realize what was the matter with her life was the fact that the roles which she liked best to play were those in which she portrayed a wife who was having some kind of trouble with her husband—either because he had become interested in another woman or because some other man had come between them. She actually yearned for conflict in her married life. She liked pictures of that type best, when she went to the movies.

There are many cases similar to the first one I have cited. The majority of people do not fully release the love which is within them. By shutting it off from other people in their childhood, they shut it off from people and from their work and their play, in adult life.

This is one reason why the movie crush is a thing that should not be discouraged. Many a young girl makes of Valentino or Richard Barthelmess or Ramon Novarro a symbol of what she wants when she falls in love. She endows her screen hero with the qualities which she wants her ideal to have. By pouring out her emotions in his direction, she keeps them from being dammed up within her.

This symbol becomes part of her life; the cruellest hurt that she can suffer, she knows when some one makes fun of him. This is because he is a symbol, an idol, and not himself, the man. The wise mother makes no protest because her daughter has a screen crush. Rather, she encourages it, realizing that the girl is in this way giving vent to the love which must have release, and which might far more unwisely pour itself out less successfully in real life.

The vampire type of heroine has been successful on the stage and on the motion-picture screen because she answers a need of many people which is involved in their every-day life. Knowing that they are not using all of the ability which they feel they have, most of the people in the world to-day are—unconsciously, as a rule—reaching out toward the thing that will help them.

Women go to see actresses of the Pola Negri type because of two reasons. They want to know what it is in these other women that gives them the power of attracting men, all men. Even while they know that the enchantress of the screen is irresistible to all the men in the story because the scenario says that she is, many of the women in the audience accept her for what she is supposed to be, most of the time. Thus it is curiosity, partly, that takes them to see Barbara La Marr and Pola Negri and Aileen Pringle in such roles.

It is also an unrealized desire to see a woman triumph over a man. They themselves may be irresistible to some men. But they like to think that it is possible for woman to attract man always. The screen vamp gives them what they want.

In this country, however, the seductive woman, who is just that and nothing else, cannot hold her popularity on the screen. Pola Negri’s pictures, for instance, have not the success that Gloria Swanson’s have. This is partly a matter of race. In this country, we do not take the Continental point of view about love outside the marriage bonds. In France, for example, it is an accepted thing that a man and woman may make a marriage of convenience, and then seek love elsewhere, but not so here. For this reason, Pola Negri’s German-made pictures were a sensational success over here, for in them there was much comedy, much opportunity for her to do other things than play the siren.

The young girl who dreams of having all the world fall in love with her, puts herself in the place of the vampire on the screen. The older woman to whom life has not brought satisfaction enjoys the vamp because she can’t help feeling, “Well, I might have done it, too—if conditions had been different, if I’d had the chance.” And the young boy or the man is likely to enjoy such pictures because it flatters him to feel that he might be the object of just such affection as he sees displayed between the people on the screen.

The power of love, if rightly directed, can make those who feel it accomplish their desires, because it makes them go into whatever they want to do, wholeheartedly. For instance, I know a young actress who has achieved great success in a certain kind of role, because she likes so well to play it. She has been acclaimed as a great actress—in that one kind of part.

Not long ago she signed a big contract. Her first picture was one in which she had a role which seemed to lie well within her powers—but her work in it fell far below expectations. When she stopped to analyze her own feelings about it afterward, she said that, although she had felt that she ought to play it, since the story was one by a well-known author and had been much advertised, she did not want to play it.

There is the secret. If you are going to do really good work, your best work, you must fall in love with it. You must care tremendously about doing it.

Such men as Edison have succeeded because they could let themselves be carried away by love for their work. Such success can come in no other way.

It is quite possible that by going to motion pictures you can find out where you are holding your own love back from your life, and why.

For instance, I knew a girl who was a stenographer in the offices attached to the studio of one of the big motion-picture companies. She was secretary to one of the heads of the firm, was very well paid, and had every reason to expect promotion. Yet she was not contented with her work.

“I just haven’t any desire to go on with it,” she said to me one day. “When I wake up in the morning I don’t care about going to work, don’t have any desire even to get up.”

She was energetic, ambitious, the kind of girl who needed a position that would take her out of her home. 

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Don't Be Discouraged!

Thus speaks Harold Lloyd to girls and boys ambitious to break into the movies, and goes on to tell of his own troubles as a youngster and how he overcame them.

By Harold Lloyd

WHILE it is true that Hollywood is filled with ambitious youngsters who may never get their chance to make good in motion pictures, I do not believe in discouraging a single one of their ambitions. The movies literally are a game of chance. If you combine luck with ability, you stand a splendid gamble of making good, in my opinion. Discouragement is the worst enemy of every youngster trying to get ahead in the screen world, and if you can’t stand a lot of hard knocks it’s useless to try to succeed in the field of motion pictures, or in any other sphere, for that matter.

Several times, in the last eighteen months, I have been requested to write an article advising the youth of America to keep away from Hollywood, saying that there is no chance, except for a favored few, for them to make their way in motion pictures, and that if they must come to the West Coast, they should come prepared financially to spend at least a year in idleness.

Always I have declined to appear as the author of such an article, for I consider my own case, and wonder what would have happened to me, where I would be to-day, had I been discouraged from coming to Hollywood. After I landed in the Mecca of filmland, I had a mighty difficult time getting as far as the inside of a studio; but I do believe that for the boy or girl with acting ability, who is persistent, and is prepared to stand some hard knocks, there is plenty of opportunity in the motion-picture field. Certainly, the successors to the Fairbankses, the Pickfords, the Swansons, and the Meighans must come from somewhere. Just where is that somewhere, presents the great problem. A portion of them will come from the field of the legitimate drama, the vaudeville stage, the musical comedy; others from farms, or from offices. That at least, has been the history of the motion-picture industry so far.

Its recruits have come from every walk of life. You can glance through the biographies of the principal stars of to-day and you will find that is true. Gloria Swanson and Norma Talmadge are developments of the screen exclusively. They came from nowhere, figuratively. But they are exceptions.

As for myself, I had quite a little dramatic training before I ever thought of going into motion pictures. In fact, I just literally drifted into them. From the time I was twelve I was on the stage, playing with stock companies in the Middle West and in California.

In San Diego, I was an assistant instructor in a school of dramatic arts, and in the evenings, played character roles with a local stock company. I was then about eighteen. A company of Edison players were working at Balboe Park, and needed a number of extras to play Indians at a Spanish fiesta. I was engaged for one of the parts. That was my first introduction to work before the camera.

Later, when we decided to move to Los Angeles—Dad and I—we had our hard battle trying to break into the film game. At first it was like breaking through a ring of steel. It seemed as though everything and everybody was pitted against me. And I believe it is the same way to-day for the youngster trying to break into the game, unless, of course, you can exert a little inside influence. If you waver or lose hope, you are absolutely lost. I certainly should have been, had I let every little discouragement I met weigh very heavily with me. I will admit, however, that I was pretty sorely tried before I finally managed to break through and get my start with Universal.

Day after day, as I visited the Universal studio, which at that time was the main one on the West Coast, I met with rebuff. In fact, I never was able to get past the gatekeeper, who still stands out in my memory as a demagogue supreme.

Finally, I pitted my wits against his, and I won—by a narrow margin. Across from the Universal lot was a little restaurant, where most of the actors lunched. I noticed that the people in make-up came and went at

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The Sketchbook

Intimate glimpses and impressions of some of the stars, encountered here and there about Hollywood.

By Dorothy Manners

Revelations of a Former Domestic.

BEBE DANIELS is back in California making "Martinique" at the Lasky Studio after several years in New York. I saw her the other day and almost bobbed her a curtsy out of sheer force of habit. Which reminds me of something.

I used to prance up to Bebe on the average of two or three times a day and say "M'lady, the carriage awaits without——" or words to that effect.

And Bebe would say, "Ho-ho, Hortense, without what?" or some such. Then I'd hold her coat and make a snappy little bow as she flew off the set in the direction of the carriage awaiting without.

Or maybe I was one of those up-life maids who giggled at Bebe, the poor little country girl, who wasn't on to our elegant, city sophistications. It all depended on the scenario. But you can count on this—if it was a Bebe Daniels picture, I was the maid.

I used to mind it for Wanda Hawley, May McAvoy, and other Realart stars on rare occasions, but Bebe was, you might say, my permanent employment. I don't know why, unless it was because they were featuring her in clothes extravagant at the time, and wardrobe symphonies are always good for at least one maid.

Bebe's pictures were scheduled like sausages. She used to go from one scenario to another, all formulated, stereotyped, patterned, sure-fire stuff. I used to marvel at her enthusiasm. She began each one as though it was the story of her heart's desire. She played those little lightweight roles with the same enthusiasm she would have lent Zaza or Carmen or Du Barry. I have seen other actresses so bored with a part, it was all they could do to drag around the ermine. But Bebe, never!

I don't know what would happen to Mrs. Daniels' daughter if the Kleig lights went dark and the studios shut down. Other players can be imagined trotting off to Europe, or settling down to the lives of country ladies and gentlemen. But with Bebe it would be something terrible. She would probably haunt the dressing-rooms, a beautiful, wan ghost, grieving over dusty mascara boxes and pink greasepaint sticks. It's in her blood.

I know that if I had to go back to domestic work, I'd rather work for Bebe than anybody.

DOROTHY MANNERS,

who, as our readers know, has been a player of experience, a leading woman to several of the well-known male stars, begins, with this installment, a department of her own, in which she will present, in brief, chatty form, her impressions of the stars whom she knows, not merely as an interviewee, but as a fellow professional.

You will find, in her comments, an unusually interesting point of view, and one differing from that of any other writer on screen topics.

Romantic Interlude.

Now that Charlie has left on the first lap of his trip to Europe, Lita Gray Chaplin has seemingly secluded herself again. For a while she and Charlie were extensively entertained by Mary and Doug, Marion Davies, the Talmadges, and others. Maybe little Charles, Jr., is taking too much of her time. Or maybe Lita doesn't care to go around without Charlie.

Just a few days before he left for New York, I saw the Chaplins motoring along Sunset Boulevard. Charlie was driving his blue roadster and he and Lita were quite chummily alone except for a chauffeur marooned out over the tail light. Charlie was gazing at his wife with what appeared to be all the affectionate ardor of a schoolboy. And Mrs. Chaplin was something to look at. She was in pale-blue sport clothes, and with her black hair and eyes, looked very striking indeed. Also very happy. The dove of peace was conspicuously present.
Mr. Dix, on the New York Shows.

People used to say to me, "You know Richard Dix, don't you?" and when I'd say "No," they were always polite about it, but a little put out. I got the impression that you hadn't lived life fully unless you knew Richard Dix.

Having met him just recently, I might say that he is all he was cracked up to be. He is, by turns, witty, serious, convivial, philosophical, fanciful, and practical.

If I found him a little more of a play boy than "The Christian" had led me to expect, it may probably be accounted for by the spur-of-the-moment impression of a first meeting. Both of us said "How do you do" simultaneously, and neither answered. I once read that Mr. Dix said it was one of the handicaps of this game—meeting people—"especially lady interviewers." I agreed with him. So by way of an opening, I suggested that interviews were rather stupid—and didn't he think so? "Not at all," smiled this hero of a million picture frames, not knowing that I knew better. But at that, it was the only gallant thing to say. The well-conducted young man doesn't look even a lady reporter in the face and tell her she is about to be a bore.

He has since returned to New York, but at the time I met him, he was under the impression that he was going to be in California for several months. California, he said, was a marvelous country. He was smoking as we talked and he might have been burning incense to the weather. New York had its plays, of course.

"But at the present," he said, "they are a little embarrassing for mixed company. You take a young lady to a popular hit and before the first act is half over, you begin to hope she is a little hard of hearing. Not that some of them aren't perfectly wonderful. 'What Price Glory'?—Lord! I haven't any words for it! It is a masterpiece. But it is typically a man's show. Very few women like it. It is war without its glamour, and women aren't used to that phase of fighting. The language is far from pretty, and that goes for 'They Knew What They Wanted,' too. That is also a powerful thing, but when the man in the piece begins to call his wife everything under the sun but a lady, you begin to wish you had come by yourself."

Knowing the way Richard feels about it, I hope they have cleaned up the New York shows for him so that he won't have to go alone. That would be tough on the "debs," or the baby stars, or whoever it is he escorts to the theaters, wouldn't it?

The Puzzling Mr. Nagel.

If you were to get past the gateman at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio and find yourself at liberty to browse around the lot, leisurely, it is more than likely that before long you would run across a tall, fair young man, in pink make-up, on his way to work on one of the various stages. He would be very intent on his destination, and unless you stood on your head or flipped a handpring or something, he probably wouldn't notice you. This would be Conrad Nagel.

Now, because you have always admired Conrad on the screen, you might go up and tell him so. Whereon, Conrad would grasp you by the hand and assure you in almost boyish enthusiasm that he was glad to meet you. As you chatted for a while, you might think how unlike an actor he is. So interested in his new home in Beverly Hills—in his wife—in their little girl. Just like that young Mr. Thompson who married Bessie High—the second High girl, you remember. Like folks. Even as you and I.

You would think these things about Conrad Nagel and then you would go away thinking you knew him. Which would be a little joke on you, because you wouldn't know him at all.

Ever since Conrad flashed on the screen in "Little Women," I have been reading that he is just like "average folks," but either I am all wrong or else every one
way or the other. You sense this quality instinctively. Yet ask him what he thinks of some one or something, and this is what happens:

He looks you amiably in the eye for a moment as though mentally debating whether you are worthy of his confidence. Deciding briskly that you aren’t, he flashes one of his illuminating smiles, and says, “Oh, great! Isn’t he (or she; or it)?” when you know all along he thinks he, or she, or it is a perfect dud.

I have always felt that Conrad is a person who lives in his mind. A few people do. Most of us live in the body, and a scattering few, in the spirit. But Conrad, having established residence in his own head, has isolated himself from petty contact. Few people would be invited to his confidence. He is lavish in his acquaintanceship, being on speaking terms with every man, woman, and child in Hollywood, including the Scandinavians, but I believe his friendship would not be lightly given.

I never think of him as having continuity in his personality in the way that I think of Mary Pickford as being always “wistfully gracious,” or Percy Marmont as witty and friendly. Rather do I think of him as the central figure in a series of disconnected tableaus—standing in the light of a stained-glass window, as a congregation sings hosannas to God—kidding and squabbling with Renee Adoree over a game of mumble-the-peg between scenes—reading popular novels in a quiet corner of the set. Disconnected things like that.

But if I were to try to express the keynote of his personality into a few words, they would be “sympathetic detachment.” No shoddy cynic, Conrad. A believer. Even if his trust should betray him, I imagine he would arise to dust his suit in the face of whatever it was, and continue to believe.

These are all just so many surmises and suppositions on my part, and should be taken for such. For a fact or two, he is now working on “Memory Lane,” with Eleanor Boardman, which you and all may see.

Since California has had rain out of season this year, also earthquakes and forest fires, Walter Heirs says the R. S. V. P. on smart dinner invitations means, “Rain, snow, and volcanoes permitting.”

**This Charming Person.**

I had always wanted to meet Corinne Griffith but I had heard she was a lady so I put it off indefinitely. I had met Hollywood “ladies” before. Besides, I am never at my best near too much refinement and I wanted Corinne to think well of me. She is one of my particular favorites.
On the screen she has always stood so definitely for good taste. It is said around the studios that she won't do this, or that, in her pictures if it borders on the vulgar or the cheaply sensational; and that her professional policies are merely reflections of her personal taste. In Hollywood, where you have to make up your mind one way or another, Corinne was unanimously a lady.

I might have gone on letting her good name stand in the way forever if I hadn't read that she liked beer. I figured that any lady who liked the kind of beer you get now, couldn't be without a sense of humor.

So, by appointment, I called on her at her home in Beverly Hills. Hers is one of the loveliest places in a suburb of nothing but lovely places. Its charming English dignity is an ideal setting for Corinne. It's a place where Corinne and the morning superintend the planting of some of these trees. “Not that I know anything about planting trees,” she explained.

She had thoughtfully sent her car for me and when I arrived, she was waiting. Evidently the lady doesn't care anything about making entrances for effect. But why should she? Corinne Griffith is her own effect. At ten o'clock in the morning, she was looking perfectly lovely, which is no time for any woman to look perfectly lovely unless she was born that way. She wore an utterly enchanting face, framed softly in brown hair and elegantly ornamented with the clearest gray eyes I have ever seen. But I was prepared for her beauty. It is an institution in Hollywood.

It was when she opened her mouth that I got the surprise of my life. And it wasn't what she said, because all she said was “Good morning, how are you?” It was the way she said it.

There she stood, that orchid of the screen, talking to me in a lazy language I hadn't heard in years. Not since the last time I had been home. That particular intonation means just one thing: that ones English has soured at some time or other in west Texas where it is so hot that consonants melt on the tongue and the “r” is dropped, out of sheer fatigue. Right then and there, we launched into a half-hour discussion of the cities, finances and tamales of our mutual State which couldn't be of much interest to the world in general. But Corinne told me something about herself which proves without a doubt that I was right about that sense of humor.

“My sister in Texas had a birthday not so long ago,” she said in drawly humor, “and I slipped down home with a little car as a gift. It was just a tiny little thing, looked like a little bug. But the first night I was there, the whole family decided to go riding in it. You know those Texas roads? You get started on them and they are so bad you can't turn around. We kept right on going toward the end of the world until we ran right into a Ku-Klux Klan meeting. It looked like just a nice social affair but my family was scared to death. My sister was so nervous she couldn't turn back. Somebody had to. So I took the wheel and turned around on a space about as big as a dime between two ravines. I haven't driven a car in four years which probably accounts for the skill. Any one who knew anything about driving couldn't have done it. From the way we scooted home, the dust must still be flying.”

Corinne, the aloof, the unattainable, scooting down a rotten Texas road in a little bug of a car, fleeing from the Ku-Klux Klan was too much for my sense of humor. I had to laugh. And Corinne had to laugh at herself.

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**Keeping Fit**

Tremendously wearing is the life of a movie player, with its long, irregular hours and its drain on the emotions, and unless he makes a point of squeezing in all the physical exercise possible, he may find himself breaking under the strain.

Ramon Novarro always plays such virile parts that he's bound to keep in shape for them—not that he wouldn't keep in shape anyway, for he loves sports as much as any young man in the movies. His attitude at the right is characteristic of his daily activities.

George O'Brien, at the left, is a great outdoor man, as can be seen from the heavy coat of tan that he has acquired. He is one of the finest athletes among all the screen stars of Hollywood.

It's never too soon to start, and at the Metro-Goldwyn studio, even the extra girls have begun to train for the strenuous career ahead of them.

Kathleen Key, shown below, never fails to take time off for setting-up exercises.
When Leatrice Joy, above, returned to studio work after having taken a little time off for maternal duties, she found it even more necessary than Kenneth Harlan, above, had a severe illness a few months ago, but as soon as he was able to be about, he began exercising so conscientiously that he soon got his strength back. It's not at all unusual for him to start the day off with a long, cross-country run with his trainer.

And Pauline Starke, at the right, gets up bright and early every morning, just as regularly as clockwork, and devotes an entire hour to calisthenics of every description, topping it off with a plunge into her swimming pool.

Bert Lytell and Edmund Lowe, above, have become famous opponents in squash, and there is much excitement over the competition between the two. Ed has got a slight edge at the moment on Bert, but they are very closely matched.

Milton Sills, in the picture in the center, looks as though he is fighting in earnest, but he's really just limbering up for another long spell before the camera.
Where Do the

No matter how much they have to begin with they usu

By Violet

for treatments that give you a new face in place of the old one you’ve had a chance to grow accustomed to, but one of those where you are given beauty health, to coin a phrase. It’s like a beauty rest cure, in other words. And no doubt Miss Young had dropped in for one of the cleansing treatments, or rest treatments, for which this establishment is famous.

If you’re as much interested as I was, you’ll want to know what sort of treatments these are.

The shop is high above Fifth Avenue, whose rumbles faintly reaches you, as you take off your frock in a lovely, little gray room and sit down in a big morris chair that is covered with light material. An attendant—a graduate nurse, in my case—sees to it that you are protected by towels so that no oil or cream can get on your clothing, and bind your hair in a towel.

You know the procedure of the usual beauty treatment—cleansing with skin tonic, with cold cream, with skin food; so much has been said and written about the care of the skin that every one knows it. But there were special features about this establishment’s treatments. For instance, there was an eye cream—a fine, fragrant, pale-yellow cream that was lightly rubbed into the skin beneath the eyes. A sure sign of age, those telltale wrinkles that come under your eyes, and another one is the puffing look that is so likely to appear with the years.

But this cream really feeds the skin, makes it look young. I know a young motion-picture actress who some time ago was laid up by an accident. Like most young actresses, she wouldn’t waste time, even while she was convalescing. Twice a day she rubbed cream under her eyes, very lightly, so that the skin would not be drawn. When she went back to work all the sun wrinkles that she had had were gone, and she photographed so much younger in the scenes of the picture that still had to be taken that some retakes were necessary!

Another feature of the treatment I’ve just been telling about is the use of an eye lotion—and incidentally, the best eye lotion in the world is diluted boric acid! It is used with an eye cup. Afterward, small, thin, curved pads of absorbent cotton are wrung out of skin tonic and placed beneath the eyes, and then you lie quite still for five minutes, with other pads of cotton over your eyes, just resting. Try it some time at home, and see how bright and clear your eyes are afterward. This is part of the daily beauty care of many an actress who can’t afford to lose her looks—why not make it part of yours?

When the treatment has been finished, by the use of ice
Stars Buy Beauty?

ally want to get more, and to protect what they have.

Dare

wrapped in gauze that has been dipped into an astringent lotion, there’s nothing but make-up to follow; vanishing cream as a powder base, if you want it, powder, rouge, and you’re done.

Ten Dollars for an Egg!

Here’s another beauty hint that I gleaned from a beauty shop further up Fifth Avenue, one that made me rage inwardly when I discovered it, but which has caused me to rejoice ever since, because it can be used with profit at home. Several motion-picture stars, whom I knew, had told me of this establishment, and urged me to go there—at five dollars a treatment, ten for a special astringent treatment. It was early in the fall, and summer is rather hard on one’s complexion—so I had a ten-dollar one.

And what I got, aside from the usual cleansing treatment, was an egg. Not a whole egg, either, just part of one. The white—not all of it—was smeared over face and neck, and left to dry. As it dried, it drew the skin, making a mask. When it was removed—with cold water—and a light rubbing of skin food had followed it, I looked as if I’d bought a new skin for my old one. Raid the family egg basket and try it yourself!

Another carefully guarded beauty secret, the cleansing sachet, can be used inexpensively at home. Take two cups of white corn meal, two of oatmeal, three tablespoonsful of almond meal, three of orris root, and mix them together. Leave out the almond meal if your skin is very sensitive. Cut some white cheesecloth into pieces measuring three by six inches, sew them down two sides, fill with the mixture and sew the remaining sides, so that you have small bags three inches square. When you cleanse your skin, wash it with hot water and one of these little bags, letting the bag remain a moment or two in the water before using, so that the contents softens and the water turns milky. The action is both cleansing and bleaching.

Speaking of corn meal reminds me of Dorothy Gish. A few years ago, when she was working in “Orphans of the Storm,” she made a number of scenes in which she had to trudge through the dirt after the cart in which Lillian was riding to the guillotine. The weather was unusually warm, and there was a good deal of dirt and dust everywhere. It seemed almost impossible to get clean.

Dorothy solved the problem by having a jar of corn meal in the bathroom opening off her dressing room. By scrubbing

herself with that, instead of with soap, when she finished her day’s work, she made the dust vanish so far as she was concerned.

The Gish girls have only one beauty secret—perfect cleanliness. A formula for cold cream has been handed down in their family for generations, and Mrs. Gish prepares it for them herself.

There is one rather drastic beauty treatment in which many of the stars indulge—I can’t give you their names, because quite naturally, they don’t want it generally known that they’re like other mortals and have to keep on the beauty trail. Perhaps some day this reticence will vanish, just as the old one about a star’s being married has disappeared.

This treatment is based on one perfected by a Viennese doctor. First of all, a brown ointment is spread over your face and neck. In a few moments it begins to burn. Before long you are enduring positive agony.

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get arty, and insist on playing the rôle of the *Angel Gabriel* or anything like that. He has another picture all finished that is said to be even greater than 'The Merry Widow.' It is 'The Big Parade,' and no less an authority than Paul Bern told me that he considers it the greatest picture ever made.

"Then after that, Mr. Gilbert—see how respectful his fame is making me—will be seen opposite Lillian Gish in 'La Bohème'; so I just can't see how any other player can ever begin to race with him.

"The ironic part of it all is that Jack—the old familiarity just will crop out now and then—never really cared about being an actor. He wanted to write or direct. He did both at one time, but some prophetic soul saw that he had a big future as an actor, and discouraged his other efforts.

"Just out of curiosity, I should like to see "The Count of Monte Cristo' reissued. Maybe he was great in that and we were all too blind to see it."

"Are you going to talk about him all day?" I asked, merely out of curiosity, "Because if you are, I might as well go over to 'The Merry Widow' and listen to the audience. Their line is exactly the same."

"All day!" Fanny exclaimed in surprise, "I've been talking about him all week!"

"Well, maybe it would interest you to know that you've been so engrossed in him that you didn't even notice that Alice Terry is sitting right over there, and Lois Wilson and Carmelita Geraghty came in a minute ago, and—"

"Oh, and there's Dorothy Sebastian." Fanny recovered her interest in things other than Jack Gilbert sufficiently to notice.

"I can't figure out whether she is just lucky or whether she really is great screen material," Fanny ventured. "Certainly, none of the critics were moved to dust off their best adjectives to apply to her work in 'Sackcloth and Scarlet' or 'Winds of Chance.' But Robert Kane thinks she has great personality and is going to give her every chance to prove it. Almost every girl in pictures yearns to play a Michael Arlen heroine, and she is to be the first one to do it. She is going to do 'The Dancer from Paris,' you know."

"And one of 'Bluebeard's Seven Wives,' too, isn't she?" I asked.

"Yes," Fanny drawled, "but from the number of girls who have confided to me that they are going to play in that picture, it will have to be changed to the seventeen wives, or maybe twenty-seven when the returns are all in. Blanche Sweet is to be one of them, and she and Ben Lyon are going to appear as Romeo and Juliet, though just what that has to do with Bluebeard isn't entirely clear.

"All that I am sure of is that when the director says

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**Over the**

Fanny the Fan holds forth on the what and why, and on the strange

By The
Teacups

incomparable hero, who is playing ways of motion-picture producers.

Bystander

he is going to have girls in it who are flaw-lessly beautiful, it means something, because the director is Al Santell and he has been directing Corinne Griffith, so his standards are high.

"Of course, you really can’t tell much about a girl’s work on the screen from seeing her in one or two pictures. Or a man’s either. When you consider that Ricardo Cortez has suddenly bloomed out in ‘The Pony Express’ and made himself awfully well liked, then there is hope for every one. Maybe Dorothy Sebastian will be a great popular favorite by this time next year. I wish I knew her. Sometimes, meeting girls whose work in pictures has never impressed you as anything to cheer about, gives you tremendous faith in what they will do when they get just the right opportunity.”

"For instance?” I asked, a hound for facts.

"Evelyn Brent,” Fanny answered, without a moment’s hesitation. "I’ve seen her in a lot of pictures that were just a little better than indifferent. She played crook rôles in a manner reminiscent of Norma Talmadge. But she came East a few weeks ago and I met her, and now I know that with half a chance she will distinguish herself. She is very beautiful and she has a crisp, breezy manner that is all her own.

"But speaking of Norma, let’s all join in the chorus of ‘Old Friends Are the Best.’ If you ever read the papers, you know that her ‘Graustark’ broke the world’s theater record when at the Capitol here. It played to more money during the first two days of its engagement than most pictures collect in a week.

"Major Bowes, the impresario of the Capitol Theater, gave a little party in his office at the theater, on Friday, to celebrate the picture’s astounding success. The one flaw in the party was that Norma was thousands of miles away, but at that, a fine time was had by all. Evelyn Brent was there, and Christine Mayo, whom she is going to take back to Hollywood to go into pictures again, and Lois Moran, just back from Hollywood——”

"Stop!” I ordered, “Is it true that——”

But she didn’t let me finish.

"Yes, Lois Moran is to be Dick Barthes-mess’ leading woman in ‘Just Suppose.’ There is a trail of broken hearts every time Dick picks a leading woman for one of his pictures. All the ambitious girls who are trying to get ahead want to play with Dick because his pictures are always so good and he gives his leading women such wonderful opportunities. But no one can think of any objections to his choice of Lois Moran, no matter how fond they are of the other try-outs. She is so young and cunning and quaint.

"Motion-picture producers are strange people. Several companies made tests of her when she came over from London last spring, and just because she had individuality and didn’t look like somebody who had
With her abundance of enthusiasm, Fanny turned from talk of death before I could remark that she came to praise actors, not to bury them.

"Are pictures really getting much better or am I in my second childhood?" she asked suddenly, and before I could remark that no one had ever observed that she had outgrown her first, she rambled on.

"For a while, all the motion-picture studios in town seemed just like factories. Every one was grimly intent on work, but lately, they have been real play rooms. Up at the Cosmopolitan studios, Leon Errol keeps the 'Clothes Make the Pirate' company in gales of laughter. On a neighboring set, Ben Lyon makes 'The New Commandment' people relax from work long enough for a general rough-house started as a game of tag. And over at Famous Players, mobs of people gather round every afternoon to watch Bessie Love dance the Charleston.

"How Bessie can dance! For a while she wondered if she really were any good at it or if her friends were just prejudiced in her favor. So, she went down to a little theater in Great Neck where they have amateur contests, entered under an assumed name, and won without a dissenting vote! I heard she was going to do the Charleston in 'The King on Main Street,' and I hope it's true.

"The Famous Players studio is a fascinating place to visit now. Betty Bronson, Tom Moore, and Dorothy Cumming, to say nothing of a mob of pretty girls, are finishing 'A Kiss for Cinderella.' Gloria Swanson has every one in an uproar over her slapstick comedy in 'Stage Struck.' Thomas Meighan and Lois Wilson are finishing the picture they started over in Ireland; Richard Dix and Esther Ralston are working on 'Womanhandled' out in the back yard; Carol Dempster and Harrison Ford and W. C. Fields are doing 'That Royle Girl;' and Monta Bell has the most glorious cast you ever saw in 'The King on Main Street'—Adolphe Menjou, Bessie Love, Greta Nissen, Edgar Norton, and Carlotta Monterey.

"I was over there the other day when there was a regular convention on Thomas Meighan's set. Carmelita Geraghty came over with Virginia Valli—they had just returned from Europe, and were so beautifully dressed no one could be expected to like them. Bessie Love came for a few minutes. If Lila Lee had only been there, they could have started an even more exciting argument with Tom over which one was his favorite leading woman. But Lila and James Kirkwood are out in the dog towns somewhere trying out 'Edgar Allen Poe.'

Gloria Swanson had every one in the studio in an uproar over her slapstick comedy in "Stage Struck."

Photo by Eugene Robert Coalge
"But speaking of try-outs"—Fanny's voice rose to
a shrill crescendo of enthusiasm—"every one envies
me, for I went up to Stamford and saw Mabel Nor-
mand on the stage in 'The Little Mouse.' Mabel is
simply darling. She was nervous about making her-
sel heard, but she needn't have been, because you can
hear her even in the back of the theater, and her voice
is quite lovely. She implored me not to come—she
was nervous, and preferred appearing just before strangers.
But I simply couldn't stay away. And when I went
backstage to see her, instead of being annoyed, she
chuckled, 'Oh, you darling!' and heaped my arms full
of orchids that she had had sent up from New York
for me.

"Just before the curtain went up for the first act,
a woman slipped in unobtrusively and sat in front of
me, and who should it be but Geraldine Farrar, who
had come to applaud her old coworker at the Goldwyn
lot! She had motored over from her summer home,
forty miles away.

"Later on, when the play comes into town and set-
tles down for a run, Mabel will make pictures again.
In the meantime, people are simply flocking to see her.
After all, no one else has ever been adored quite as
Mabel is."

"But tell me," I demanded eagerly, "can you see her
feet on the stage?"

"Yes, and they are just as cute and expressive as
they ever were on the screen. They're never still for
a minute. She certainly has exclamatory legs.

"I wonder sometimes if any of the new players,
like Greta Nissen and Betty Bronson, will ever build
up the tremendous following that Norma Talmadge
and Mabel Normand and Mary Pickford had. It's
hard to tell, because now you can't go to see your fa-
vorite in a new picture every four weeks, as you
could in the days when fans were fans, and girls
became bitter enemies because they disagreed about
their favorite movie stars.

"Paramount has two new play-
ers for whom they have high
hopes. I can see a future for
one of them. That's Ruth Wil-
cox. She is a lovely
looking girl, very re-
served in manner and
patrician in type. She
has just finished playing
a bit in 'Stage Struck,'
and now she is being
sent to California to
make a picture for Wil-
liam de Mille.

"Incidentally, she and
Dorothy Sebastian both
came from George
White's 'Scandals,' and
now it is up to them to
prove that the 'Scandals'
is—or should it be are—
just as great a cradle of
film talent as the 'Fol-
lies.' They roamed to-
gether and often used to
discuss going to Holly-
wood to break into pic-
tures. They couldn't
both afford to go, so

Dorothy went, and with her
success as encouragement,
Ruth Wilcox tried her luck
here. Neither of them has
had any of the heart-
breaking struggles that
most beginners go through.

"Gloria was awfully nice
to Ruth Wilcox, gave her
every encouragement and
lots of good advice. By the
way—Gloria has been
working simply frantically
in order to finish 'Stage
Struck' in time to go abroad
for a three-week vacation
with her husband. She
may say that she is going
to Paris to buy clothes for her next
picture, but I know that she is going
to buy a box of games that Allan

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Over the Teacups

Alice Laidley, otherwise known as Mrs.
John Harriman, is playing in Griffith's
"That 'Yoile Girl.'"
Because a Woman Believed

A true story of how a big director who had thrown away his career, was brought back; and how he made, on his return, one of the biggest successes of the present season.

By Myrtle Gebhart

On the screen, four characters moved stealthily, covert eyes suspecting each other. A bent, hook-nosed old woman, who removed her wig and specs and disclosed the lined face of a master criminal, with craft and cunning in his eyes. A lumbering, kno-muscled, huge figure with the dull eyes of a dole. A pigmy, pin-points of accusation squinting from his cherubic, baby face. A girl, hard-boiled, caustic, with bitter eyes that slammed at the others the truth about themselves and spared herself in scorn least of all, with lips that irony twisted, to disclaim the tenderness that lurked behind them.

The action moved slowly, hinging upon little details with an uncanny gauging of suspense, so that the spectators could scarcely keep back their screams; then of a sudden tensed and shot on to a quick and forceful melodramatic climax. The lights flashed on.

"The Unholy Three"—the mystery play that couldn’t be done! Too strange, too weird and unreal, everybody said.” Comments, staccato-like in surprise, struck my ears from roundabout, and cut into my own exclamations of astonishment.

For seven years that story has been a white elephant, banded about the studios. Everybody was afraid of it—and a director who “couldn’t come back!” For two years nobody would take a chance on Tod Browning. Went to pieces, you know. One thing and another. Nobody knows the whole story. Except Tod. And, one should say, his wife. She just smiles. But—when he lost his grip on himself, she pulled him back into self-confidence. And now, he had turned out a picture that was going to be one of the big hits of the season.

“Please don’t, please don’t,” the director disclaimed his right to the congratulations that an enthusiastic audience, partly public but mostly professional friends, showered upon him. “If this picture is a success, the credit should go to my wife. It should be dedicated to her. For it is a tribute to a woman’s faith.”

Those simple but sincerely spoken words interested me, and also the aggravating little rumors I had heard—those chance remarks that hint at a tale but half told, a story of how a plucky wife took hold of a man, when he was down and out, and virtually forced him back into the place that once he had occupied and that his own weaknesses had caused him to lose.

I knew, vaguely, what all Hollywood knew; that for seven years Tod Browning had been connected with the movies in various capacities, ranging from acting to directing, that he had held the megaphone on Priscilla Dean’s best Universal pictures, that he had a distinct flair for melodrama. I knew that two years ago, when he seemed to be at the peak of success, he suddenly went to pieces, that he dropped to the ignominy of being refused a job, that he drifted without caring a rap, until his wife started gathering up the pieces and refashioning them into the man in whom she still believed.

It intrigued me. I wanted to know how she had done it, to hitch together in sequence those scattered comments. So I sought Tod Browning at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where he is preparing to start production on an original story of his own. At first he was loath to talk. His reticence, considering the circumstances, was natural.

“I guess it’s only fair that the truth be told, though it hurts a man’s vanity to confess his own shortcomings,” he finally reconsidered. “I want to give my wife every bit of praise that she deserves. When a woman does what she has done, you can’t eulogize her enough.”

So, bit by bit, he dug into the past that most men would prefer to keep buried from public scrutiny, that tribute might be paid to a woman who “stuck.”

“The whole thing resolves into this: a woman’s faith. Men think they’re so gold-darned important, but they’re weak babies compared to the strength that a woman’s belief in a person gives her.

“I made an ass of myself—we can’t use pretty words about this, because the facts are ugly—and why in the world she ever loved me and thought she saw enough worth in me to salvage, I haven’t fathomed. But I’m not questioning the why of my good fortune. I’m just thanking Heaven that I’ve got a wife like that.

“Two years ago, I went to smash.” he said slowly, with a candor that refused to gloss over his own imperfections. “Temperament, impulse, wanting my own way, stubbornness—there were a number of contributing factors. I had rows with the company with which I was then associated. I may have been partly in the right, for at that time they were in a grand, internal mix-up, changing executives, each man bringing in ideas of his own. There were a dozen people a director had to please, with little chance of doing anything the way he wanted to.

“I had always got what I wanted before. I wouldn’t listen to reason. I was as stubborn as a mule—wouldn’t budge or make concessions, even when I knew inside that I was wrong. I quarreled constantly with the various and assorted swivel-chair bosses, and finally blew up and stalked out.

“I had earned the reputation of being contrary and temperamental and uncertain. The rumor got around that I had a nasty disposition—and let me tell you, it was true! It isn’t easy to say these things about myself, but my wife has taught me to look facts squarely in the face instead of crawfishing.

“For two years I couldn’t get a job. Nobody would hazard money on a production, with me at the megaphone. Once you’re down in this game, the odds are strongly against your ever coming back or convincing anybody in authority that you’re worth being backed up, even if your own inclination is to fight your way back—and mine wasn’t. There’s a funny Hollywood mind that rubber-stamps people and situations.

“It’s queer psychology, that all these brilliant and individual minds, forceful and pioneering minds, should run in a parallel groove on some things. But let the
idea get around that a certain thing is so, and all those minds follow like sheep.

"I suddenly got sick of pictures, work, people, life, everything—and most of all of myself. I didn't care what became of me. I drifted without any interest in what was going on.

"Once I stayed shut up in the house, alone, for three weeks, with scarcely anything to eat, barricaded by a sort of self-hatred. At times, I would write feverishly—the melodrama I always wanted to write, with strange characters in unusual situations. Then, in a fit of disgust, I would throw them into the wastebasket.

"My wife had simply had to leave, of course. I can only realize now, partly, how deeply I must have hurt her. There is just so much that a sensitive, well-bred woman will stand.

"I thought that she had quit me, and it added to my bitterness. But now I see the intuition that motivated her action. She knew there could be no compromising, that only when I came to myself and was ready to stand on my own two feet and quit crabbing against the world, could I possibly pull myself together. And the only way to make me do that was to leave me alone until I began to do some constructive thinking again.

"I'm a queer cuss. I'll have what I want, no matter what it costs me. If I desired something, even though I knew it would pull me down from the top to the bottom, I would have it.

"She knew, this wise Alice of mine, that the only way to salvage me was to wait, and hope for me to want the right things again. Did she pray? Maybe. I don't know. Probably. I did—once. The night I realized what a fool I had made of myself.

"I missed Alice at first, in practical ways. When you've been married to a woman for seven years, you get to take her presence and her work for granted. It was vaguely annoying, after she had gone, that my clothes weren't in shape, the house disorderly, and meals irregular. When things are going well, you never realize the woman's efficient hand oiling the wheels out of sight. Men are animal-like in the way they struggle into comfort, but it seldom occurs to them to consider the work that goes into making their surroundings pleasant.

"It was that which I missed first—the disorganization of the household. Then I began to miss her in deeper ways—her helpful talk, her suggestions, herself. I wanted to ask her advice about stories, and she wasn't there. And I thought of our years together, of those fine dreams we had started out with, of her hopes in me and what a mess I had made of them.

"It struck me suddenly, one night, how much I wanted Alice. I was moody, sunk in gloom. I got out a bottle of whisky, and was just pouring a drink, when it suddenly occurred to me, 'No wonder Alice left a weak specimen like you.'

"I threw the bottle against the radiator, smashing it; said one brief prayer, 'God, help me to pull myself together!' and turned over and went to sleep. That sounds like a scene from an old melodrama, but it actually happened.

"That was the beginning of what might be called a man's regeneration. That term is usually applied to moral ruckers. Fortunately, I hadn't any immoral tendencies, but I think the word could be used just as well to signify a man's getting a hold on himself when he has lost his self-respect from other causes.

"The next day I went to see Alice and told her my decision. But she is the 'show me' kind,

"'If you want me,' she said, 'you've got to prove it. I'll help, but it's up to you. I don't care to go down with a sinking ship.'

"You see her method? Knowing me so well, she realized that the decision must be my own. Of my own accord, I had to want to come back. She was willing to back me up, but I had to prove that my inclination was real and deep, and not just talk.

"Though she wouldn't return to me for a while, she let me call to see her, and take her to the theater. I wasn't quite broke, and scraped together a little to 'court' her again.

"I was all keyed up over my high resolve. Alice intuitively understood that—the little boy that is in every grown man and that makes him like to dramatize emotions. I was anxious to resume our old relationship, suffering acute remorse, vowing reparation, highlighting my own humility, my faults. My trouble assumed, in my eyes, the proportions of a tragedy. Any one connected with the make-believe professional world is subconsciously an actor. I was sincere, mind you, but I was sensitized to feel things in an exaggerated dramatic pitch.

"'She only smiled—that slow, lazy smile—and yawned, 'Why make a mountain out of a molehill, Tod?' Surely, you'll make good. When you stop orating and get down to brass tacks, I'll be waiting. In the meantime, let's have supper.' You see what I'm driving at? By making it all seem prosaic, she brought me back to realities—the actualities upon which the only really worthwhile life can be built.

"I'm beginning only dimly to sense the heartaches that she must have concealed in her effort to keep things on a casual plane. They call them the 'weaker sex,' but I don't see where they get that," he mused. "Women are more strong than men, only it's a different strength. We men, physically powerful, swagger in this masculine bravado, believe we control things. But a frail little woman can make or break any one of us. The strongest man is a child, compared to a woman's spiritual backbone.

"Alice is typically feminine—dainty, charming, pretty. She has a pleasant personality that immediately makes friends. From outward aspects, she is the sort that a man would feel needed protecting and babying. But under that sweet femininity, there is a firmness like granite, sure of her instincts, and unswerving. She determines what she thinks is best, intuitively figures out the way to achieve it, and sticks to the track.

"When she was convinced that I wanted to make good

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A Nordic Eye Opener

Although no camera does her justice, Greta Nissen is undoubtedly one of the six beauties of the screen.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

FOR most people February 12, 1924, was simply Lincoln's Birthday, but to the thousand or more souls who attended the premiere of "Beggar on Horseback," at the Broadhurst Theater, it marked the dawn of a new blond era named Grethe Ruszt-Nissen.

That was a memorable first night. The four hundred and the fourth estate were both notably represented. Diamonds and wit sparkled brilliantly. During intermission the lobby buzzed with praises of the Messrs. Kaufman and Connelly: they had concocted a great satiric burlesque, a triumphant fantasy of the American scene.

Then came the second act with its superb pantomime, in the midst of which glowed a bewitching, delectable blonde, so exquisite, so piquant and beguiling, as to make the Princess of the interpolated masque a dominant figure. And as the curtain fell, the lobby once more rang with enthusiasm, but now the subject had changed. Kaufman and Connelly were abruptly forgotten. Grethe Ruszt-Nissen was the name on every one's lips.

"Where did they find her?" "What has she been in before?" "How did Ziggv miss anything that beautiful?" "Who is she?" "How will she photograph?" "She must be foreign: where from?" The play became secondary for the moment: the Norse star was in the ascendency.

Rumors that were soon verified had it that she was a Norwegian ballet dancer imported to play in the pantomime. Thus it was that Norway involved us in debt.

For Grethe Ruszt-Nissen won Philadelphia and Chicago and Boston as she had captured New York. Before she had been in "Beggar on Horseback" a month, she was signed for the movies. Then, with the conclusion of the play's run, she departed for Hollywood to fulfill her new contract.

The first thing they did at Paramount was to simplify her name to Greta Nissen.

And the first thing Hollywood did was to acclaim her as the latest optical knock-out. She became what is known as the eyecusore of all eyes at the Western first-nights, at the Hollywood parties, christenings, clam bakes, and other social events. Where celebrities of all sorts gathered, she rapidly became known as the newest beauty. In less than six months she was ranked with the reigning quartette—Claire Windsor, Corinne Griffith, Florence Vidor, and Norma Shearer—making it, in fact, a quintette to stagger all comers.

Of all the blondes currently facing the camera, four stand out in my mind. There is Claire Windsor, typical of the American beauty. There is the spirituelle Lillian Gish. There is the alluring Helen Lee Worthing, in the Manhattan manner at its highest degree of charm. And now, there is Nissen, a fitting fourth, a dazzling beauty suggesting the Continent in all its sophistication, subtlety, and naiveté.

No camera will ever do justice to this sweet sister of the Vikings. On the screen much is lost. Her coloring fades, and her perfect complexion is lost on the cold silver sheet.

Hers is a profile bespeaking defiance: the chin determined, the nose definite in its contour. But facing her, you are struck with her eyes, gray, saucy, daring eyes, capriciously screened behind exaggeratedly long lashes. Dark eyebrows contrast effectively with the sunlight of her hair.

She is provocative and beguiling and distinctly Lorelei in her appeal. There is nothing one-hundred-per-cent American in her beauty: she is not "wholesome," in the Pickford fashion. She is obviously Continental, to be associated with Schnitzler rather than Sinclair Lewis, Molnár rather than Channing Pollock. Men will cheer her and women will wonder what cold cream she favors. She belongs, in short, in the category labeled "dangerous, not ingenious." Although, to be sure, there is much that is naive in her outlook.

"This is so much better than Hollywood," she asserted. "New York is beeg and gay. Out there was no life. It was nothing to do—so—"

"Provincial," I suggested.

"I thank," she smiled. "Provincial. That is so. Hollywood is not aware of anything but itself. You know? Everything there is limited and close. Small. So." Her hand daintily described a tiny circle. "They wait but for some one to talk about. Terrible!" Her eyebrows arched in distress.

It is not a simple thing to quote Greta. For you watch her, and you think of Dresdenchina and Della Robbia and spun glass and very rare porcelain, and you forget that she speaks. She is a figurante from a fairy tale, come to life. She is the princess of every legend brought to Broadway. She is the eternal heroine, worthy of any hero.

"I was a danseuse in Christiana," she said. "For many years I train and learn. Very hard. Then I am to dance in the opera, but my teacher wishes that I come to America to dance in New York. I do as he ask. 'Beggar on Horseback' was my first début here."

She speaks timidly, skipping lightly among the words, making quaint little additions and subtractions to the king's English. Her voice is well modulated, low in pitch, and possessed of a sympathetic quality that would probably register on the spoken stage.

When she talks, she chooses her subjects carefully, as well as her words. Some one has coached her in the ways of the press, and her native tact has furnished further guidance. Regarding her work, she was enthusiastic. It was all very wonderful. Yes; she had enjoyed "Lost—a Wife." Yes, "In the Name of Love' had been very interesting. Mr. Higgin was a kind director. She liked the foreign atmosphere. That had led naturally to her work in "The Wanderer," in which she donned a brunet wig, dopped practically everything else, and essayed the rôle of Tisha, a high-powered B. C. home wrecker.

Her eyes sparkled as she told me of the glories of that part, the splendors of that picture.

"Bad women," she vouchsafed, "are so much more interesting to me than good. You know good women are so—"

"Hard to find," I ventured. But this was lost. "Commonplace," I substituted.

"Yes," said Greta. "Yes, commonplace. It is so. There is about the good woman not enough of the color. You know? And the stage, if it is ballet or opera or picture, the stage needs very much color. Is it not? I think."

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GRETA NISSEN is certainly stepping out. She was given another boost in salary while she was in New York for the filming of "The King on Main Street".
THOUGH Clive Brook has not been in this country long, the quietly attractive Englishman has made a great impression on movie fans. With Irene Rich, he's now making "The Pleasure Buyer."
FLORENCE Vidor again has Adolphe Menjou with her in "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter," and it's said that the two of them have made a very entertaining picture.
IT'S whispered that great things are expected of Vilma Banky, the young beauty recently discovered in Budapest. Immediately launched into leads, she is now playing opposite Valentino in “The Eagle.”
VIRGINIA VALLI didn't even have a breathing spell on returning from her trip to Germany, but was rushed straight off to Portland, Oregon, to start another picture.
DOROTHY MACKAILL has a wild fling with a mysterious legacy in "Joanna with a Million." Playing the rôle of a very beautiful girl, she couldn't be more suitably cast.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE is also making a Grau-
stark picture, "East of the Setting Sun." Romance
is a bit of a departure for Connie, but will probably be
greatly enlivened by her priceless comic touches.
MARY ASTOR'S story, revealed on the opposite page, is a strange one. The interviewer found her distinctly different from all the other players he had met.
The Tale of an Old-fashioned Girl

Would you believe that there is a movie star who by her own choice knows nothing of night clubs, petting parties, or any social activities of the gayer sort? No, and neither would the interviewer have believed it if he hadn't talked with Mary Astor and her mother.

By Harold R. Hall

I STARTED out to interview Mary Astor.
Having interviewed many motion-picture stars, I naturally thought getting a story from Mary would be nothing very unusual.
But three hours of conversation convinced me that in Mary Astor I had met one screen star who is really different from all others I had met. The following facts are what led me to this conclusion:
Mary has never seen the inside of a night club.
She has never seen the "Follies."
She hates to be pointed out in public as "a screen star."
She can't be bothered with men under thirty.
She likes to play with birds and animals.
She doesn't believe in petting parties.
She leaves her own family fireside only two evenings a month—then only to attend a movie show with her mother.
She refuses to go anywhere without her mother.
Her mother is her only pal.
She will not even work unless her mother is within sight.
She will not be interviewed without her mother by her side.
Because of the last five statements one simply cannot write about this girl alone. Mother Astor, as her mother wants to be called, is almost as much a part of Mary as are Mary's eyes, or her auburn hair or charming personality. Such being the case, Mother Astor plays a big part in this story.
You might be inclined to infer from the above facts that Mary is a rather peculiar girl; that she must be quiet, lacks a sense of humor, or is uninteresting to meet. As a matter of fact Mary is one of the jolliest girls the writer has ever met, either in or out of screen circles. She is just a nice, beautiful, wholesome, fun-loving young woman, who gets a great "kick" out of playing a practical joke on a camera man, a director, an electrician, or a prop boy. In the studio, she is a favorite with everybody.
"I guess I'm just old-fashioned," is the way Mary put it when I asked her why she never goes to the night clubs to dance. "If I am old-fashioned, I like it," she added, "for no one enjoys life more than I.
"Other girls may like all these things that take up so much of the modern girl's time, but for me—well, I prefer the company of my mother to all of them. I stay home nights because I can't see any reason for running around with a lot of people who are not nearly as interesting as she is."
"There, what did I tell you?" exclaimed Mother Astor. A minute before, while Mary was on the set, her mother had whispered confidentially that she and Mary were pals.
Then Mary sat down and told me a few things about her early childhood, and I had a fairly good idea as to just why Mary loves her mother so dearly. There are not many mothers like Mother Astor; and few daughters like Mary.
Mary was born in Quincy, Illinois, in 1906. From that time on, Mother Astor has lived for one thing—her daughter. From that time, Mother Astor has struggled as few other stars' mothers have struggled, so that Mary might reach the position she now enjoys.
Mary's father was a teacher of German in the Quincy high school. Even as teachers' salaries go, his was not a large one. Meeting the monthly bills and keeping the ice box filled, meant something in the Astor household.
"Do you know," exclaimed Mother Astor, "there were times when a ten-dollar bank note would have looked like a fortune. Mary's teeth were never spoiled with fine bonbons, for whether we wanted her to have them or not, we could not have bought them. We had all we could do to keep clothes on our backs, the rent paid, and sufficient plain food in the house to live on."
Neither Mary nor her mother are "high hat." They are not ashamed of past poverty. Both have a frankness that is delightful.
Mary has not been spoiled by her mother, either, even though that mother's life has been devoted to her daughter. She has always known what discipline is.
When Mary was six, her parents moved to a small farm on the outskirts of Quincy. There, for four years, she attended a little one-room country school during the winter. In the summer she spent most of her time in the woods and ravines with her two dogs. She loved birds and animals and spent hours with them as her only playmates.
"She never cared to play with other children," said her mother. "She liked animals better."
"And I am that way to-day," added Mary. "They're much more interesting than most people."
Mother Astor watched her little girl grow more beautiful day by day and decided that she should some day step out of the poverty which had handicapped her parents.
"I decided on the stage for Mary when she was a little tot, and all my plans were laid in that direction," declared her mother. "I had no idea as to how I should bring it about, but I kept praying, and saved a dollar here and a dollar there, hoping that when the time came, I could take Mary to New York. For there, I figured, would be the field."
When Mary was eleven years of age, America entered the World War, and the child's whole life was changed. German was banned from many of the schools, and there was therefore no work for her father in Quincy as a German teacher.
"Here's where mother shines again," said Mary as her mother told of the turning point in Mary's career.
"I decided we could do nothing for her in Quincy," continued Mother Astor. "So we took the little money I had saved and headed for New York. We got as far as Chicago, when the money played out. So Mr. Astor secured part-time work as a substitute teacher in the Chicago schools. He received eight dollars a day—when he worked. Pretty rough sledding in those days.
"Well, I wanted Mary to go to a private school, but we couldn't afford it. I heard a teacher of dramatics and English literature was needed at the Kenwood Lor- ing School for girls, so I applied for the job and was given it. The next week Mary was in school."
"And this was my complete wardrobe," chimed in Mary. "Two cheap little blouses, one plaid skirt, and one cheap, but good-looking serge dress."
"I did the best I could for her at the time," added the mother, "but at times I did feel badly, for all the girls in the school were daughters of the very rich—and they dressed so well. However, Mary was such an attractive Continued on page 109
George O'Brien is one of the newer stars whose popularity has progressed by leaps and bounds, setting the pace for other arrivals.

The Wreckage

New rules are now in force affecting the

By Edwin

a brand-new sign has apparently been hung out at the entrance way to celebrity—“places for everybody.”

Successively, we have seen the début and rapidly growing popularity of a Norma Shearer, a George O'Brien, a Dorothy Mackaill, and finally, of that most absolute of novices, a Betty Bronson.

We have watched the rapid advance made by an Adolphe Menjou, a Jack Gilbert, and a Ronald Colman, and in the comedy field, Raymond Griffith, Harry Langdon, and Sydney Chaplin. We have witnessed the growing power of a Colleen Moore and Corinne Griffith, not to speak also of Ramon Novarro, Irene Rich, Rod La Rocque, Leatrice Joy, and Marie Prevost. We have heard the rumors of new arrivals and new successes in an apparently unending succession, and we have seen certain of the older notables torn ruthlessly down from their pedestals.

What is the meaning of this new rivalry, this overthrow of long-cherished customs and precedents, this placing of new idols before a public that seems only too glad to welcome them?

Many people, no doubt, have been striving to analyze the situation, to figure out the exact meaning of what has been regarded as one of the greatest shake-ups in screen history, which has always been rather chaotic. Does it mean the gradual overthrow of the old aristocracy and the advancement of a new democracy? Or is it just the perennial readjustment that has gone on ever since films began?

I, personally, have noticed the beginnings of a new order, and I believe that we shall see its complete fulfillment during the current season. The absolute reign of a few has passed, and in its place there has been gradually arising a hierarchy. There are

Of the older idols, Norma Talmadge keeps the steadiest hold on the fans.

Already a stage favorite, Lowell Sherman shows every sign of making a hit on the screen too, and is well worth watching.

The hall of fame in filmdom is no longer a white palatial edifice presided over with royal dignity by a small group of established stars.

It is, instead, a modern apartment-house building with rapid elevator service to the top floors and accommodations for both permanents and transients. Think of the new faces that have shone forth upon the screen during the past season or so and you will admit the truth of the preceding statement.

A complete upheaval has taken place in the realm of stardom, and instead of the old-time “niches for none but the famous,”
of Stardom

destinies of popular idols on the screen.

Schallert

divisions and subdivisions; assorted groups of types ranging from the child, Jackie Coogan, to men such as Luke Cosgrave and Jay Hunt suited to play grandfather roles. We are no longer to have on the star list only Pickfords, Fairbankses, Valentinos, and Talmadges, but are adding to it, gradually, such people as Lowell Sherman, Louise Dresser, Joseph Schildkraut, Lois Moran, Belle Bennett, and others, possessed of peculiar and specialized talents. Perhaps some of them will be featured in only a few pictures, but their names will glow for the time being in electric lights, and their individual achievements will be bailed and remembered.

This evolution is natural. The extensive production of the past season or so has made it impossible for the former limited number of players to carry all the prominent parts. The constantly increasing demand for variety in screen entertainment has made it necessary for producers to go farther and farther afield for talent.

The plots alone of pictures no longer suffice to hold the audiences. There is an increasing stress laid on the importance of characters, and diversity in the types of characters. Big pictures do not arrive nowadays in waves and groups similar in their general aspect; they are, rather, individual units, each requiring an entirely distinct cast. The actor or actress must be chosen not solely because of his or her personal influence at the box office, but rather because of a suitability to the part to be interpreted. Acting, characterization, and type are fast becoming the deciding factors in this new process of selection.

Not long ago, I was talking to a producer on

Mary suffered a slump when she tried to grow up and followed Doug into costume films, but she knows better now, and should regain her old popularity in her return to childhood in "Little Annie Rooney."

Rudy is thought by some to have lost his box-office attraction because of the "Sainted Devil" flop, but if "The Eagle" proves to be good, he may come back with a flourish.

this subject, and he said, "Yes, we can afford to take a chance on a new player these days. Admittedly, one who is known to have a strong box-office attraction is to be preferred, for this always helps a production; but a new one will often do in a pinch. A few years ago, that was impossible.

"It is the production nowadays that is really the thing. The public is beginning to demand more than a personality. No star, consequently, can risk any falling off in the quality of his or her pictures. Audiences are becoming too critical.
The Wreckage of Stardom

"Say that we have a Gloria Swanson or a Norma Talmadge picture that is weak in interest—that the public does not like. It will open with a big attendance, of course. The past popularity of Miss Swanson or Miss Talmadge assures that. But after the opening, watch out!"

Mrs. Smith goes to see the picture, and she is disappointed. She tells Mrs. Jones that Gloria may be all right, but that the film is a lemon. Mrs. Jones may or may not go. If she does, and doesn’t like the picture, she will stay away the next time that Mrs. Smith offers a similar unfavorable opinion. She may have gone the first time to see whether Mrs. Smith was right, but she’ll take her word on the second occasion.

"A star can stand an unsatisfactory reaction to one picture, but he can’t survive two in succession without quite a falling off in attendance, and even on the first picture, there is likely to be a drop of twenty-five per cent in the size of the audience due to the word-of-mouth information that is passed around following the opening."

I need not mention, perhaps, that various stars have suffered greatly from this state of affairs during the past season or two. Rudolph Valentino is perhaps the most striking example. He is thought by some to be dead as a box-office attraction, because “A Sainted Devil” was such a flop as a picture.

Hear the producer again on this point, though, and everything does not look so dark for Rudy:

"There is a bright side to the situation that I have described, and that is that while a star’s popularity falls off very rapidly with bad pictures, a comeback can be made as soon as he or she appears in one good one. The real feeling of interest on the part of the public in a screen personality is not altered fundamentally. They are ready to forget all past disappointments as soon as a star accomplishes something new that is good. There is no need for a long campaign to reawaken their enthusiasm. They will come to the theater if the picture is worth it. But they want acting, nowadays, not merely an heroic manner, or a beautiful and interesting face. Our plays now make our players; not our players the plays—though there are still exceptions.

This statement explains much that has happened in filmdom during the past year. It is in a nutshell the new rule for stardom, and in so far as this new order of things provides a wider latitude for acting, as contrasted with mere personality—great as the allure of personality may be—it is broadening the horizon for pictures in general. There is no longer the evil of fitting plays to a small set of popular people on the one hand, nor on the other, is there the great danger to a star of vanishing completely just because he has suffered one or two disasters.

Various lines of development are suggested as a result of this condition. The first and most important is, perhaps, the future of the older and more familiar stars. They have their niches, and the main thing for them is to hold them.

In this respect, I believe that Douglas Fairbanks has accomplished the most. He has adopted a practice of not making his productions too frequently, and contrary to the criticism that has occasionally been cast his way—because of the delays between releases of his pictures. I think his practice is very wise. He is fortunate, naturally, in being his own producer, and thus able to do this. If he makes one picture, or at the most two a year, he is doing well nowadays, and I do not expect to see him make them oftener than that during the remainder of his career.

Mary Pickford’s problem is different. I think that she made a mistake by following Doug’s course into the costume type of features. I think, too, that she realizes this now, and consequently, has set about to correct the error. If she has suffered a slump, as she undoubtedly has, Mary is not deterred by this. She has been through slumps before.

No one, she declares, has really succeeded on the screen until he has been through one slump, and recovered from it. From what I know myself, I believe that this assertion of Mary’s may safely be adopted as an axiom. Mary is now probably going to bring joy to her admirers once again in “Little Annie Rooney,” a return to her little-girl type of characterizations, and I do not look for her to change very soon again from the type of photoplay in which she relies on comedy and pathetic, rather than decorative, appeal.

Norma Talmadge has been making pictures too frequently. That is practically her only source of grief. She returns altogether the steadiest prestige of the older favorites who are appearing consistently.

Gloria Swanson needs something lively to reestablish her. Poplar as she is, she has slipped somewhat since “The Humming Bird” and “Manhandled.” Here, for instance, is the opinion of a theater owner regarding “Wages of Virtue” that is perhaps typical of the reaction toward her recent pictures. It is badly stated but interesting.

“Wages of Virtue” was an absolute flat tire at the box office. That finishes me with Gloria: they just simply won’t come to see her in that foreign, ancient-history stuff.”

And it is true that Gloria is most relished when she is doing light, bright comedy in the modern or the ultra-modern vein. For which reason, “The Coast of Folly” may be generally liked much better than others of her recent offerings.

But Gloria’s fate will never be secure until she, like Fairbanks, Lloyd, and others, can slow down sufficiently to allow for the careful picking of her stories. When they attain a certain height of fame, stars can no longer manufacture pictures, they have to make them, as somebody—I think it was Lowell Sherman—sagely remarked more recently.

I have no desire to go through the entire list of stars, cataloguing their attainments, in this article. I can cite the success of Charles Chaplin in “The Gold Rush” as indicating that it doesn’t matter how long a star stays away from the screen. If his work is popular, the fans will be on hand to greet him back.

Colleen Moore, on the other hand, has kept up a dizzy pace right straight through, and every picture of hers has seemed to find a greater audience. Richard Barthelmess, under similar pressure, has not fared so well. Neither, perhaps, has Corinne Griffith.

Constance Talmadge’s recent gains are proof again of the comparative ease with which a comeback can be made in good pictures, although Connie has had quite a struggle. Tom Mix can bat the ball three hundred and sixty-five days in succession and everybody will like it.

Meanwhile, a host of new favorites are crowding into the spotlight, and they can do so without any great fear for their future. What with the slowing down in some of the older stars’ activities, there is more and more space for their efforts. The public has no desire nowadays to see the same group constantly. The variety is much more satisfying.

Severally, Norma Shearer has brought a touch of rare refinement; Jack Gilbert, an overwhelming dash; Betty Bronson, the breath of new and vibrant youth. They have set the pace for other arrivals, as have George O’Brien, Dorothy Mackaill, Ronald Colman, and

Continued on page 104
You Can't Ignore Her

Carol Dempster never inspires indifference and you can no more forget the girl herself than you can her characterizations on the screen.

By Helen Klumph

WHEN motion-picture history casts the present-day stars in an allegory and represents them as Luck, Shrewdness, Versatility, Beauty, and Lure, there will be no hesitation about the rôle assigned to Carol Dempster. She will be Miss Independence. For Carol, more than any one else in pictures, has gone her own way and you can love it or leave it. She won't change to suit the shifting tides of public fancy. And if your criticisms hurt her, chances are that you will never know it, for in all probability you will never know Carol. She is the lone star of picturedom.

While the rest of the motion-picture industry has grown to be like a great public school, all sharing the same schooling and pleasures, and rubbing elbows with each other constantly, Carol has remained aloof. She is the pupil who has had governesses and tutors, and her training has been highly specialized to suit her requirements.

For years she worked in the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, remote from the other companies. But even now, when the Griffith pictures are being made at the Long Island Famous Players Studio, she has not met the players on near-by sets. Not that she doesn't admire them tremendously, but she is engrossed in her own work, and also, I think, diffidence is partly responsible.

Any other player who scored the remarkable success that was hers in "Sally of the Sawdust" would have made a grand entrance at the studio next morning. Carol slipped in as quietly as ever, and only Mr. Griffith, and one or two people who had long been with the company, knew her well enough to congratulate her on her triumph.

Carol reminds you of no one else you have ever seen on the screen and no one has ever copied her method of character portrayal. People are inclined to get maudlin over her, if they like her at all. I remember watching one of her pictures in a projection room, and in the middle of the projection, a reviewer spoke up, saying, "Can't she stop using her hands and feet like that? I've never seen any one else do it." Whereupon a voice emerged from another corner of the room with "Well, they're all out of step but Carol."

Carol has been in pictures for eight or nine years, ever since she was a mere child, in fact, and though there were people here and there who always thought she was exquisite on the screen, it was not until she made "Isn't Life Wonderful?" that she was universally acclaimed as a superb actress. That was stark, poignant tragedy and it seemed as though Carol were made for her rôle, or the rôle made for Carol. But then came "Sally of the Sawdust," with as delicious comedy moments as had ever been screened, and Carol was equally at home in them.

I met her, first, some five years ago, when she was making "Dream Street," and found her a slender, flowerlike young person who sat and watched intently what was going on around her. Meeting her again only a short time ago, during the making of "That Royle Girl," it seemed as though the other meeting must have been just yesterday. She was still quiet, restrained, alertly following all that was going on.

I watched her make a few scenes for "That Royle Girl" and was interested in the ease and speed with which they were made. Apparently, the principals had been thoroughly rehearsed, for there were no spoken directions from the director, just "We'll do the scene now," and Carol Dempster and Harrison Ford proceeded to do it—expertly.

"Let's get some air," she suggested, walking off the set. "They won't need me for about three quarters of an hour." And so we went out to where her roadster was parked across from the studio. Carol scurried into a near-by candy store and emerged with paper cartons of ice cream, and we settled down for a chat.

With Carol, there is no exchange of studio gossip, no wise-cracking about current pictures. She sees few pictures, and then, not at first nights when a friendly crowd of reviewers and players and directors usually congregate and exchange views. It may be innate tact that keeps her from discussing the ins and outs of the picture.
From the Pupil's

A student at the Paramount School the movie world, and of things

By Marion

that landed me here, was something quite different.
I had begun to study commercial art, and was planning to go to Chicago this winter to an academy. Along in April or May, I had happened to notice in a newspaper an advertisement of this school, but had thought it was just some sort of publicity stunt, and hadn’t paid any attention to it. I had forgotten all about the thing, when one day, about a month or so later, while I was in the middle of a piano lesson, a local newspaper man whom I knew, phoned me and asked if I should like to go into the movies.
“Uh-huh,” said I.
“Then, come on over to the riding school right away,” he said. “There’s a man here from New York making screen tests of the people who applied for the Paramount School, and I think I can squeeze you in if you come on over.”
I dropped everything, grabbed my hat, and tore from the house leaving my amazed music teacher in a state of rage.
My newspaper friend had more than once told me that he thought I’d screen well, but I had hooted at the idea, because I take such a poor photograph. I’ve learned since, however, that animated photography is quite a different thing from the still variety, and that a person who looks like nothing at all in a set picture, may appear to the greatest advantage in a movie. That’s because a movie shows a composite of your facial expressions, whereas an ordinary photograph catches just one momentary glance of you, which is often not at all characteristic.
Well, anyway, I rushed over to the riding school, and was given a screen test, and was then told to come that night to one of the theaters for a more elaborate test. I was a little scared, but it was awfully exciting. I had to do an emotional scene, and I became so worked up that I began to cry, and cried so hard that the

If any one had told me six months ago where I was going to be now and what I was going to be doing, I should never have believed that person. I still give myself periodic pinches to make sure I’m not dreaming. The reason for all this excitement, I should explain, is that I’m at the Paramount School studying for the movies, and am having the thrill of my life—not just the ordinary, futile sort of thrill, but one that I hope may actually lead to something. The way it all happened was really very strange, for I had long since regretfully, but firmly, put the thought of a screen career out of my mind.

Ever since I had been a kid I’d been movie-mad, and had, when little, been teased because I was always pretending I was a great star, but as I grew up, the movies had seemed so remote, and from all sides I had heard that it was so difficult for an unknown person to break in, that I just hadn’t considered them as an actual possibility at all. I had done bits of stage work with a dramatic stock company in Atlanta, my home, but that was the nearest I had come to an acting career. What I was really getting ready to do, last spring, when the things began to happen

Learning how to walk, how to stand, how to go up and downstairs, is all part of the game.
Point of View
tells of her first impressions of that were revelations to her.

Ivy Harris

mascaro from my eyelashes—for I did have make-up this time—streamed down my cheeks so that there were great streaks of black all over my face. I thought that would finish me, that I couldn’t stand a chance after that.

For two weeks, I lived in awful suspense. Then, late one Saturday night, I received a telegram saying that I had been chosen for the school, and that I must be in New York on Monday to see Mr. Lasky. I went absolutely wild with excitement.

After a night of fevered packing, I just managed to make the morning train for New York, arriving there per schedule on Monday, and was rushed off immediately to the Paramount studio to see Mr. Lasky. He was a great surprise to me. With my mistaken conceptions of the movie world, I had vaguely expected a huge, overpowering, brusque man, who would probably scowl and roar at me. The small, neat, gentlemanly person who greeted me was the exact opposite of the picture I had formed of a movie magnate.

Our interview was very brief, and after a luncheon that was given for all the applicants who had been sent for, we were shown our screen tests. You have no idea what a queer sensation it is to see yourself acting in a movie for the first time! You don’t recognize yourself at all, and are thoroughly surprised at some of the things that the film shows that you did.

When I saw the one of me crying, with the mascara running down my face, I asked Mr. Lasky how in the world he could have picked me after that, and he said that the main point was that I could produce tears, and that the other was just a minor detail of make-up that could be remedied.

One of his men came to me afterward and gave me some stuff to use on my lashes that wouldn’t wash away with tears. It’s just as well I learned about it, too, because I’m the worst one in the school for crying. I don’t know whether it’s a good or bad sign, but I shed tears on the slightest provocation, either before or this is written, there are at least six [Continued on page 94]

Photo by William Potter
A portrait of Marion Ivy Harris, taken at the Famous Players studio.

To fall downstairs backward and head foremost is rather a large order, but in the movies, there’s no telling what may be asked of you.
A Fan Returns to Movieland
And sees "A Kiss for Cinderella" in the making
By Ethel Sands

They're like two kisses," said Cinderella as she clapsed two tiny glass slippers to her breast.

"Like two love letters," added the policeman.

"No, they're—the kisses."

And the trilly laugh of Betty Bronson rang airily through the big studio. Betty and Tom Moore were repeating the last lines of "A Kiss for Cinderella."

A few years ago, I had gazed enraptured at this same scene as I watched Maude Adams on the stage of my home-town theater. This time, I experienced even more of a thrill, for instead of the curtain descending on her last words, the cameras stopped clicking and Cinderella climbed out of bed and came right over to talk to me.

Betty Bronson is Cinderella personified to us fans. Is she not the realization of all our daydreams of ourselves? Haven't you ever just imagined yourself stepping out of the nowhere right into some famous rôle—Peter Pan, for instance? Making a big hit, and becoming a star while you're really young enough to enjoy all the thrills and glamour, without having to attain them by weary years of experience and disillusionment? Why it's every fan's dream! And Betty Bronson has accomplished all of it.

So when I heard she was making her new picture here in the East, I thought maybe—if I just wished hard enough—And sure enough, the magic word came that I was going to be able to see her as Cinderella at the ball. I may not exactly be a Cinderella, like Betty Bronson, but, anyway, I feel like her half sister sometimes, the way I get some of my wishes as a movie fan.

The Lasky studio has always been the most fascinating part of all movieland for me. It was the first studio I ever visited. To the eyes of any fan, the interior of any movie studio seems a fairyland of make-believe.

In the midst of all that array, the little figure of Cinderella in her trailing gown of silver lace stood out, as Prince Tom Moore led her around the ballroom.

Only when you see it yourself on the screen, will you be able to realize what a scene of beauty it really was to greet a fan's eyes, after coming from the plain reality of the everyday world. And then it will be lacking all its gay color.

If it was so thrilling to me just to be allowed to be a spectator, then how must a little girl like Betty Bronson feel, knowing she was the center of attraction in all that gorgeousness? The Cinderella of the fairy tale had nothing compared to this one of the movies!
They were shooting the action almost continuously, so I only had a chance to meet Miss Bronson and say, "How do you do?" She seems so tiny and childlike at close range, I felt as if I were shaking hands with some little fairy person like Tinker Bell, instead of with an important star. Her costume was so heavy she was anxious to get it off, and she was trying to find her mother in the maelstrom of people, so she could linger but a moment. The crowds of extras, the rushing around of assistant directors, and the general air of excitement wasn't exactly conducive to an intimate little chat with Cinderella. We decided that that had best be left for some other time. Besides, there was so much to be seen, I was satisfied just to feast my eyes on it all and try to take in everything.

Herbert Brenon, the director, and the cameras were perched on a high platform at one end of the set. Mr. Bronson was hoarse from shouting his orders, and even so, assistants had to be sent among the crowd of players to straighten things out. Yet it all ran smoothly enough.

The intense heat of the day and the fussiness of the elaborate costumes made comfort impossible, but nobody seemed to be complaining. "Grin and bear it" seems to be a slogan for movie extras. Even Betty Bronson, in her heavy gown with a long fan-shaped train, and with her fluffy hair hanging around her shoulders, was laughing and chatting with Tom Moore and dancing around quite undisturbed.

This ball scene is the dream of a little slavey. She is stricken with brain fever and imagines she is Cinderella. Her sweetheart, the policeman, and the four little orphans she has adopted, are all woven into the dream. Thus, the policeman is the Knave of Hearts—her idea of a prince. It seemed rather comical to see Tom Moore in such a costume and with bobbed hair, with that jovial Irish face of his. Refreshments were ice-cream cones, but because the cream melted too quickly, marshmallow was substituted. A street organ was her idea of grand music. So a crowd of organ-grinders stood at the top of the steps and merrily ground their organs. At the same time, off set, a full orchestra was playing, "I'll See You In My Dreams" for the players to dance by.

It took about ten days to complete the ballroom scene—with the cast sometimes working late into the night. Betty Bronson as well as the rest worked until two o'clock, instead of stopping at Cinderella's time limit of twelve.

The next time I saw her, the final episodes of the story were being made. This time the set was the interior of a little country hospital where Cinderella is recovering from her illness. The policeman comes to tell her he loves her, and the Fairy Godmother turns out to be her nurse. It seemed like "after the ball," all right. Everything was so different from the previous time.

Miss Bronson, in a dressing gown and bedroom slippers, came over to us when she had a brief intermission between scenes. I was glad to see that this time she seemed less like Cinderella and more like Betty Bronson. More little-girlish and friendly, as she smiled up at me when we shook hands.

"We didn't have much opportunity to talk last time,
Her career seems somewhat connected with those of James Barrie and Maude Adams, so I asked her if she had ever met them.

"No, I haven't," she told me. "I've often wished Mr. Barrie would come over here so I could meet him, but I guess that's impossible, as he doesn't like the water."

"Does it seem very different for you to be working in the East, now that you're used to California?"

"Well, I started here, and I used to live in Long Island, and before that in East Orange, you know. But now California seems like my home. Still, when they tell me I am to come East, I'm always glad, because it's a change.

"I always wanted to go into pictures, and I started when I was fifteen. But I only played small parts. I had to wait sometimes as long as six months for a bit in the days before I got Peter Pan."

Remembering how Mary Brian had told me what fun it was to work with all the young people in that picture, I asked Betty if she liked the youthful co-players, too.

"Yes, indeed, it was very nice," she said. "I love to work with Esther Ralston, especially. She is the Fairy Godmother in this picture, you know."

She has a quaint habit of ending her sentences in a questioning little, "you know?" and a childlish way of speaking quite slowly and pausing to think, as if she wasn't quite sure of herself. Peter Pan motions stick to her in the quick tilt of her head and birdlike little mannerisms.

Tom Moore, in hisobby uniform, passed by us, and Betty called him over and introduced him. He has always been one of my favorite actors, and though I had watched him work in various pictures, I had never had the chance to meet him. They were keeping him so busy that he had hardly a moment to mop his brow before they called him back to the camera. I noticed the players don't have such long waits between shots as they used to. Now so much time is lost, and they are kept working almost continuously.

I asked Mr. Moore if he wasn't glad they were winding up the picture with these last scenes, but he laughed and said, "Oh, well, it was fun."

Tom Moore always seems to be good friends with all the members of the cast he's playing with. I've always found him chattering, and making people laugh. A very blonde girl, in a short, pink satin gown and cap of gold net, came over from the next set to watch Betty work. When Tom spied her, he came right over and greeted her enthusiastically. "Why, I didn't know you for the moment," he said, "with that headgear on." It was Greta Nissen, who is playing in "The King on Main Street."

When I heard that Adolphe Menjou was the lead in that picture, of course I couldn't miss a chance of seeing him. So while we waited for Miss Bronson, we walked around the studio to peek into some of the other sets. And, oh, thrill of thrills! Who should I see but the most admirable Richard Dix! He was talking to some friends, and though it has been several years since I saw him, he has changed but slightly. Grown a little heavier, I think, but still possessed of that irresistible manner of his. I shall always remember how charmingly he entertained me when he took me to Catalina Island, out in California. Noticing the difference nowadays in how hard it is to approach the stars, I appreciate how wonderful they all were to me while I was adventuring.
Downstairs, we discovered D. W. Griffith, himself, directing Carol Dempster in a road-house scene for "That Royle Girl." The last time I had watched them work they had been making "Dream Street." And what do you think? Carol Dempster remembered me! It thrilled me so when she smiled at me from the set! And as soon as she had a chance, she came over to me and said, "Well, are you still as interested in the movies as you used to be?" She looked a little thinner, but absolutely stunning in a tight, black satin gown and big picture hat. Miss Dempster may have improved greatly in acting ability, but one thing has remained unchanged, and that is her sweet friendliness. She is a very entertaining talker and we had a delightful long talk. I could write reams and reams trying to convey to you fans how nice Miss Dempster really is, and then I couldn't half tell you.

Mr. Griffith, too, was in a communicative mood. He got chairs for us and asked us our opinion of the scene he was directing. Imagine! The time before, no one was even allowed to see the scene while he was directing.

Upstairs again, an orchestra was filling the big studio with strains of "If You Knew Susie" and "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and as I was led toward a complete set of dining room, drawing room and hallway, Adolphe Menjou, looking every inch a king of anything else but "Main Street," was clapping his hands while dainty little Bessie Love did an impromptu dance.

Bessie is a splendid dancer and she does the Charleston and other fancy steps beautifully. I was surprised to see how much more attractive she looks off screen. It seemed odd for her to be working right in the same studio with D. W. Griffith who had been the first to discover her possibilities.

Back on the "Kiss for Cinderella" set, I met Herbert Bronson. Years ago, when Mr. Bronson directed Nazimova's "War Brides," his name had stood out as that of the greatest of directors, in my estimation. He seemed a very nice, middle-aged man, and not at all like the excited director I had seen on my previous visit. He looked just the type I had always imagined important directors should be. He let Betty and me sit on the bed and talk, while Tom Moore stood close by and joked with us.

There was a book on a table near by, which they told me was an original copy of the Barrie story. I noticed it being referred to often.

"We get the subtitles from the book," Betty Bronson explained. "It's much easier to act when you have lines to speak that really mean something instead of improvising as you go along. The correct lines are necessary, too, when you have to speak them for close-ups."

"Aren't close-ups rather a strain on you?" I wanted to know. They had been filming close shots all morning and I should have thought she'd be rather tired, but her face showed no sign of strain.

"No, I've been working on the studio set while you've been doing "Kiss for Cinderella,"" she explained. "I like working on the studio set, it's better work than standing around and making gams."
MAKE your arrangements to be born in June if you would achieve success on the screen. Your chances are better then than in any month of the year, so statistics indicate.

The opportunities for reaching the topmost rung of the cinematic ladder are good when you are born in January, March, or April—but the greatest opportunity comes to the children of June.

The most successful comedians come into the world during the latter part of spring or the early summer, when the world is smiling with the verdure of another year. The pinnacles of achievement await the children of March, April, and May, although there is not a month in the year in which at least one genius does not appear. The hardiest riders come when winter is here, and the most versatile of all the stars, in summer.

There is an interesting and speculative study in the birthday records of the "movie" celebrities. It has been shown that the greatest number of persons whose names are inscribed in America's Hall of Fame, were born in the month of June. December is the worst month for opportunity, then come August and September on a parity. February is little better.

To find under just what signs of the zodiac it is best to be born, I selected one hundred and twenty-five of the widely known stars. Their birthdays were distributed as follows:

Four were born in December, six in September, six in August, eight in February, eight in May, ten in October, ten in July, twelve in March, thirteen in November, fourteen in April, fifteen in January, nineteen in June.

Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickford, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, and Rudolph Valentino all were born in March, April, or May—in the springtime of the year. Harry Langdon, who has made amazing strides as a comedian, did not appear until June, and Lillian Gish, acclaimed by many as the greatest of all screen actresses, was born in October. However, she arrived under the zodiac sign of Libra, whose governing planet is Venus, and her horoscope predicted that, being naturally persistent and competent, she could, through those qualities, win success.

And she has! It took years of persistency to impress her competency upon the world, but her success is achieved.

New Year's Day saw the advent of Lillian Rich, Marion Davies, and William Haines. They arrived following the December slump, and all proceeded, when they had reached the proper age, to blaze their way into the spotlight of the screen. Molly Malone made her advent on Ground Hog Day, February 2d, and "Buster" Collier on Lincoln's Birthday, February 12th. Lew Cody and Mildred Davis Lloyd celebrate their anniversaries on February 22d alongside of George Washington, while Dorothy Mackaill observes Inauguration Day with the new presidents, March 4th.

Gloria Swanson isn't Irish, but she celebrates her birthday on the seventeenth of March—St. Patrick's Day. Lon Chaney, Nita Naldi, and Kathleen Key were born on April Fools' Day—April 1st. Along in the same month come the anniversaries of Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and J. Farrell MacDonald. On All Saints' Day, immediately following Hallowe'en, Laura La Plante appeared, while Margaret Livingston and Lou Tellegen were creatures of Thanksgiving time, in November.

The fates were unkind to Joe Bonomo whose birthday occurred on December 25th—Christmas Day. He gets only one set of presents.

There isn't a motion-picture star who was born on Good Friday, St. Valentine's Day, Decoration Day, Labor Day, Columbus Day, Election Day, or Armistice Day. (Carelessness, somewhere!)

Now then, what does the zodiac say of these screen stars? Between January 20th and February 19th, under
Star Be Born?

about the month that you choose for your birth, for far more propitious for screen success than others.

Wooldridge

the sign of Aquarius, whose motto is "Human Nature," there were born the following:

George K. Arthur, Raymond Griffith, Greta Nissen, Harry Carey, Ronald Colman, Ramon Novarro, "Buster" Collier, John Barrymore, and Molly Malone. The prediction of the sign of Aquarius is as follows:

You have days of great happiness and days of great misery. To avoid them, understand that you are possessed of unusual powers. But if you are blue or depressed, you cannot use these powers. Throw off your doubts as to your success and you come to great health and wealth. The moment you begin to doubt, fret or worry, the planetary forces cannot work. Always be careful to think alone over a project, and after cool and careful thought go about it. Cast out of your mind all fear, doubt, lack of hope, thoughts of failure, and your life will be bright and happy.

People who are born under this sign are said to be the strongest and weakest people in the world. Your strength lies in your hands and you can make of yourself what you choose. You can achieve the best or highest things, or be a great and complete failure. Your great trouble is that you are not self-reliant. Some days you are happy and hopeful and others, you are so depressed that life seems to have no charm. You possess unusual powers, but don't use them to advantage.

Under the sign of Pisces, February 19th to March 21st, were born Alma Rubens, Lew Cody, Mildred Davis Lloyd, Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Mackaill, Edwin Carewe, Bobby Vernon, Charles Ray, Conrad Nagel, Gloria Swanson, and Betty Compson. Their horoscope is:

People in this sign are naturally generous and helpful. You have good judgment and a discriminating mind, which will place you in high positions of trust. You should spend much time outdoors. By being patient, calm, and cheerful, your powers will increase. If you want health, wealth, and happiness, it will be necessary not to fret or worry. You must learn to become calm, quiet, and tranquil before the planetary forces can help you.

Under the sign of Aries, March 21st to April 19th, come Robert Ames, Madge Bellamy, Warner Baxter, Anna Q. Nilsson, Lon Chaney, Nita Naldi, Kathleen Key, Vera Reynolds, Mary Pickford, Carmel Myers, Claire Windsor, J. Farrell MacDonald, and Charlie Chaplin. Does the horoscope of these eminent actors and actresses tell a truthful tale? It says:

Your success depends upon tremendous push and systematic effort. In love affairs you will be a dire failure if you are the least bit jealous. You are positive in disposition and bilious in temperament. Original, logical, independent, self-reliant, a natural-born organizer. A natural leader, difficult to control—cannot be forced or driven. Not quarrelsome, but you neither meddle with others nor allow others to meddle with you. You have occult powers. It is almost impossible to hide anything from the Aries individual who has recognized his or her power of intuition, and for this reason you develop quickly the gifts of the spirit. Your brain is always busy. You are an independent character and have your own idea of right and wrong. You appear to be stubborn, but really are not. If required to do work in the same manner as others, you are thrown into confusion. You must do everything in your own way.

Under the zodiacal sign of Taurus, April 19th to May 20th, whose motto is "Endurance," come Harold Lloyd, Dorothy Sebastian, Norma Talmadge, Paulette Duval, Frances Lee, John Roche, Rudolph Valentino, Mae Murray, Constance Talmadge, George O'Brien, Willard Louis, and Julian Eltinge. Their horoscope says:

You are generous and like to entertain your friends. It is easier for you to make money than it is for you to save it. No matter what line of work you follow you will be successful if you put your whole heart and soul into it. In love matters, social attainments, and leadership, you will excel. Practice silence and patience. Have self-control at all times. Don't be too exacting. Naturally, however, you will have your own way. But the greatest of all conquests is conquest of self. This is a very hard sign to overcome. It gives you strong likes and dislikes. You generate life force very rapidly, and are very determined in whatever you do. Are sometimes "stiff necked." Are unyielding. As a ruler, are apt to have your own way at all hazards—you think your way is the best.

Under the zodiacal sign of Gemini, May 20th to
Bill Hart

And you will soon see
picture called

By Myrtle

I was welcome news to his loyal fans that Bill Hart was to get back in harness again.

"I never did retire," he drawled, as I talked to him recently, at his studio. "I just quit. I've been a star, and producer of my own pictures, since my first day's work for the camera. I just have to make 'em my way or else pasture myself out on my ranch."

His agreement with United Artists gives him complete supervision of his own productions, with but one stipulation: he and Joseph Schenck must agree on stories.

"I'm right proud to be one of the Big Four, with Mary and Doug and Chaplin," he went on as he tilted back his chair. "We became stars practically together. Mary had been in the movies longer, but about the time Doug and I came in, she was starred. And I remember my first day's work, at seventy-five a week—but a star, mind you—at Edendale. Charlie was there in his baggy trousers, with the hat and cane that were to become a trade-mark, just gettin' started.

"For eleven years we've gone steady upward, and none of us has dropped enough so's you could notice it. That's somethin', ma'am, to make a feller feel right smart. I don't know whether I sing bass, tenor, or alto in the quartet, but I'm dog-gone happy at bein' in it."

Hart's disagreement with Paramount two years ago arose over the question of supervision. Having made twenty-seven pictures for that concern, besides all the others in his years of work, he figured he knew how to do it. They wanted to exercise certain supervision over his work.

"And I'm a pretty old man to have any one pull a 'Betty Bronson' on me," he chuckled.

His face sobering, he added, "But please, ma'am, don't put any harsh words in my mouth, when you write up this piece. We've done our fightin'—and it was a plenty—and now we're peaceable, all differences patched up. I'm inclined to be an easy-goin' cuss and don't aim to stir up any more fuss.

"I've had enough trouble, anyhow. Things have worked out right, as they always do, and I'm on a calm prairie of life's range now, and figure to stay at peace with the world and everybody in it."

He is hard at work on "Tumbleweeds," which records the last homesteading stampede. The story, concerning the feud between the cattlemen and the homesteaders, is being filmed on a more pretentious scale than any Western he has ever made.

The hero, Tumbleweeds, so called because he is a homeless rover of the range, loves a homesteader's daughter. Facing an unjust accusation, he breaks out of the army stockade, has some rousing fights with the villain, saves the land for the girl's father, and eventually closes the breach with peace and the inevitable happy ending.

The same old theme of so many Western pictures, but with novel trimmings. The last homestead rush, filling up with claims the final range of open Kansas territory, has never been filmed. Laid in 1889, it might be termed a link between "The Covered Wagon" period and our own day. And there will be new thrills, set to the old tune of vital Western action.

"What would a Bill Hart movie be without 'em?" he muses. "I ride a lot, and practice flyin' mounts, and limber up, every day, at the gym. When I can't do 'em any more, I'll quit. I'm gettin' along, but I'm still spry. Haven't varied a pound in weight. Eleven years ago, when I started, I weighed one hundred eighty-four and one-half pounds; to-day I tipped the scales at one hundred eighty-four and three fourths."
is Back!

him in a characteristic "Tumbleweeds."

Gebhart

Many of his old gang have come back to him. Only the pinto pony is missing, luxuriating out at the ranch. He isn't so very old, but Hart loves that "paint hoss" so much that he is afraid some accident may befall him, so the pinto has been retired.

After "Tumbleweeds" will come the fulfillment of a dream that has lain close to his heart for twenty-three years—his dearly beloved Patrick Henry. He played that role on the stage and noticed, though he was only a subordinate character, how the public liked the fellow.

"I tried many a time to do somethin' around Patrick's life, but nobody would listen," he said one day as we sat on the sidelines of the dusty little Kansas village street and watched capable King Baggot, who is directing, coach his extras for the next shot, wherein Tumbleweeds was to resent the villain's kicking a small boy and douse him in the well. "Wrote six vaudeville sketches about him, but couldn't sell 'em.

"Did a scenario next, and people who read it thought it so good they suggested I make it into a novel. I laughed. I haven't the education for fine writin', but I'd studied so much about Patrick's time that I knew all the idioms of the day. Finally, I tackled it, and spent three years, spare time, on it. I can turn out Western stories by the yard, but this was real downright labor.

"Every publisher in the country, except one, turned it down. He didn't, because he didn't get a chance just then. Later, when my lawyer sent it to him—because I thought it was no use by dingo, if he didn't buy it! And it's the only book on the American Revolution, written by an American, that has become a popular success in England. I'm right proud of that.

"I studied every research book, every bit of historical data, I could lay my hands on, to get all my facts right. Not much is known of Patrick's private life. But his character is clear, and buildin' on that, I've had a whale of a good time work-
in' in logical incidents, little scenes, and elaboratin' his romance with plausible happenin's.

"He was an ornery but lovable cuss, Patrick. Wore backskin clothes, spent his time huntin' and fishin', drinkin' wine and fiddlin'. Just plumb lazy. I said, 'I can make friends, but I swear I can't make a livin'."

This quaint character will be carried through historic scenes, brimful of action, to the smashing, patriotic ending. "Give me liberty or give me death!" With the ringing of the old Liberty Bell, the picture will flash from the screen.

When the question of Hart's second production for United Artists came up, he took four stories to Schenck—one a snow story, the second a baseball yarn with a Western umpire, the third I forget, the fourth was his Patrick Henry drama.

"If they don't hit you in the right place, Joe," he said, "chuck 'em in the can. But if one of 'em does, holler."

Schenck hollered—for Patrick Henry. When he was told that his own brain-child had been picked, Hart's face broke into a wide grin, and he plunged into preparations with renewed enthusiasm.

It will be a slight departure from his West of the plains, but he plans to embody in it the majority of the qualities that have made his picture endure. Do they endure, you may ask. Well, I am told that every one he has ever made is still running somewhere, in reissues, and just recently he ambled into a cheap little Main Street theater and saw—the first two-reeler that he had filmed, eleven years ago.

"I belong to this here West that I love, ma'am, and I'll keep it on the screen. But let me have my fling with Patrick! I'm a-goin' to make all of you love that gol-darned fool."

The years have brought no noticeable change in Hart. Tall, lean, erect, he moves with the same old lithe grace, living for "spells of thinkin'" out on his ranch, which is off the beaten
The Screen in Review

An impartial survey of films now showing.

By Sally Benson

When Erich von Stroheim produced "The Merry Widow," the beautiful Viennese melodies of Franz Lehar must have saturated him completely, for it is the most tuneful picture I have ever seen. To be sure, the story is preposterous, but under the influence of a series of beautiful waltzes, it seems reasonable enough at the time.

The picture glitters with uniforms, dancing, and light wines. It is thoroughly sophisticated and delightful, and like the Lubitsch comedies, it soars far above other attempts in the thin air of grown-up story-telling.

Not that it isn't full of the good old heart-renders. It is. But when Sally O'Hara, a dancer in a cheap, road company, tells the Prince that she is really a good girl, he doesn't take off his hat in true William S. Hart style; he just doesn't believe her, which is much more logical. And when he finally goes to his family to announce his intention of marrying her, they talk him out of it. Sally is left waiting, wedding dress and all, and in desperation marries the ancient Baron Sadolja.

The Crown Prince was played by Roy d'Arcy, a young man who is a remarkable character actor. He was another astonishingly good part of the picture.

While I have never particularly admired Mae Murray, she gives the best performance of her career in "The Merry Widow." Von Stroheim has toned her down until she seems quite a lot like other girls. About the meanest thing to say about a woman is, "How young she looks," so I will not say that about Miss Murray. She looks eighteen. The rest is no concern of anybody but herself. Tully Marshall is a fine, repulsive old thing who dies obligingly on his wedding night, and George Fawcett is the froggy old King.

And now I am where I wanted to be in the first place. Stop me if you've heard this before. It's about John Gilbert as the Prince, and I am afraid to say too much for fear of the boops and jeers that might follow. I think he is a fine actor, but am not sure. Besides, it doesn't matter the least bit. It is enough to say that he is the most promising star since Valentino. To be sure, Valentino has stopped by the wayside, but somehow I don't think Mr. Gilbert will. Elderly ladies will not like him, and very young girls won't, but for that vast majority in between, I predict he will be the raison d'être for Better Movie Season.

When I left the theater, with the sight it offered of Mr. Gilbert in an amazing array of uniforms, and realized that all that the world held for me was just one Fair Isle sweater after another, with plus fours thrown in, life seemed pretty dull.

And now, just one thing more. I hope that, after seeing Mr. von Stroheim's enchanting "Merry Widow," all other directors, who own manuscripts labeled, "The action of this picture takes place in Paris and Vienna," will either tear them up in despair or head them "Broadway After Dark."

"America for Americans," is my motto.

Where the West Begins, and Begins.

There is no need to tear a picture like "The Pony Express" apart and submit it to a cold, reasonable eye. It is enough to say that it is a perfectly fine Western melodrama; a little too long, perhaps, for more hardened souls, and not half long enough for the romantic, young ones.

It is the story of the political unrest in California shortly before the Civil War. Jack Weston, a handsome gambler, knows too much about the California senator's plot to establish that State as a separate government. With his life in danger, he follows the stage coach carrying the senator to the East, partly for revenge, and partly because he has seen Molly Jones, who is also traveling East.

A little more than halfway, he stops off at the tiny settlement of Julesburg, again partly because of Molly and partly because he is offered a chance to join the Pony Express which has just been established to carry the mail across the continent. Of course the villains try to stop the news of Lincoln's election from reaching California, and of course Jack Weston, as an Express rider, saves the day.

This picture has more than the usual quota of loveable old characters. Ernest Torrence is a pleasant, religious fanatic. There isn't a great deal for him to do—except when he starts amiabley out for converts with a sledge hammer. Wallace Beery is wonderful as Rhode Island Red.

The outstanding performance, however, was given by George Bancroft as Jack Slade. I have never seen Mr. Bancroft before, to my knowledge, but he is a thoroughly smooth and satisfactory bad man, and much
more attractive than the hero. Ricardo Cortez is Jack Weston, the gambler, looking very handsome and not as stiff as usual. The only debit goes to Betty Compson, who seemed entirely futile as Molly Jones.

I don't think this review sounds as enthusiastic as I mean it to be, for “The Pony Express” is a really good picture.

**Expensive and Everything.**

“The Phantom of the Opera” is one of those superproductions. It's the kind of picture that is buoyed up by stories of the terrific trouble and time and expense required to make it. But I don't care how much trouble and care is put in a picture. The only important thing is whether or not I am carried away by the illusion. And I wasn't fooled or scared one bit by Lon Chaney as the reputed, ghastly Phantom.

There were horrid rumors going about as to just how unpleasant he was. I was prepared for quite a shock. But when Mr. Chaney pulled off his mask with an air of going “Boo!” I felt like saying, “Don't you 'bo' at me, Lon Chaney, and take that false face off right away. A great big boy like you scaring children!”

The story, by Gaston Leroux, is a pleasant little thing about a criminal maniac who lives under the Paris Opera House in a maze of tunnels and hidden rooms. He falls in love with a pretty young singer and almost hypnotizes her into success. Then she must pay the rather blood-curdling price of marrying him. When she is carried away to his den beneath the city, her lover rescues her, in spite of trap doors and all the horrors of the torture chambers.

There are a few consciously horrible things in it, as the coffin, with its two large candles, which the Phantom uses for a bed, and the scene where the colossal chandelier falls from the ceiling down onto the audience of the opera. Part of the picture is done in color—well done, if you like the impression of a basket of colored Easter eggs.

I don't know whether or not Mr. Chaney did good work as the Phantom. Behind his make-up his features may have rippled with expression. He opened his mouth rather horribly, and waved his hands about gruesomely, but that was all.

Norman Kerry was entirely wooden as the Vicomte de Chopin. Mary Philbin was pretty and colorless. The rest of the cast included Virginia Pearson, Gibson Gowland, Smitzler, and Cesare Gravina. The film was directed by Rupert Julian.

If you are frightened by pumpkin heads and black cats, you will like “The Phantom of the Opera.” It cannot compare with “The Unholy Three” for sheer horror.

**The Sennett Touch.**

“Bobbed Hair,” produced by Warner Brothers, is a thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, taken from a novel by twenty authors. The whole picture is a series of swift incidents starting with the plan of young Comenara Moore, which is to choose a husband by bobbing her hair, or not bobbing it.

The plot is handled by such competent comedians as Marie Prevost, who knows all there is to know about playing comedy, Louise Fazenda, who is a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan, who is the young man with the money and the motor car. Francis McDonald and Walter Long are the two hard eggs.

There is also a terribly funny dog in it who plays opposite Miss Fazenda, much to her disgust. He has fifty thousand dollars that she wants, but she doesn't get it. I have never seen her as funny as she was in these scenes.

Mack Sennett's pupils never seem to forget their training. A quick, jazzy pace is set for “Bobbed Hair,” and every member of the cast steps in with the syncopated rhythm.

This is by all means the best comedy of the month.

**Another Beautiful Innovation.**

The latest importation from across the sea, Vilma Banky, makes her first appearance in a First National production called “The Dark Angel.”

This story was adapted from the play by H. B. Trelvelyan, and in spite of a rather hackneyed plot, makes a very lovely picture. There is nothing very thrilling about it, but it has the same sort of appeal that “The Enchanted Cottage” had. Captain Alan Trent, a young British officer, and his fiancée, Kitty Vane, decide upon a hasty marriage before his return to the front, but due to the late hour, cannot secure a marriage license. They register at a tavern as man and wife, and spend the night there.

Captain Trent is reported missing in the war, and is given up for lost, but he has really been blinded and hides himself away to avoid Kitty's pity. After a great many heart throbs, everything turns out all right in the end.

Ronald Colman is excellent as the handsome, blind officer. My warped nature was glad to see him playing in bad luck again, after that awful brief début of his as a comedian. I hope that things will continue to go wrong with him from now on, with just enough time off, every now and then, for a happy ending. I won't even begrudge him a smile or two, provided it is a bitter one.

Vilma Banky is not only a very beautiful woman, but she seems to be a fine actress as well.
The beauty, ever, don't have this. If, have the. This is a picture thought, write what is shown, the. It is the idea of how she has liked the other girl's wife. The little girl has as much of her face as the man. The brilliancy was due to W. Somerset Maugham, and the moving-picture ball was pretty cheap stuff, I thought, but little slips like these in a picture can hardly be blamed on the star.

Allan Dwan should hide his face whenever “The Coast of Folly” is mentioned.

Particularly Terrible.

I am still aghast at what they have done to “The Circle.” Next to “Paint Perfume,” it is the most terrible hash I have ever seen, warmed over from an originally choice bit. The play by W. Somerset Maugham was a brilliant one. The picture has no more sparkle than an old boot.

The title, in the movie version, loses its point. I am ashamed to write it, but the English husband turns into a he-man, dresses up as a chauffeur, and when his wife and her lover elope, he drives them away, winking foolishly at the camera, and at the first dark lonely spot, blacks the other man's face.

Sugar and Water.

I am quite certain that in every theater where “Graustark,” starring Norma Talmadge, is shown, the house will be filled to capacity. People will go to see Miss Talmadge, and they will go to see the film version of George Barr McCutcheon’s novel of twenty years ago.

They are going to be disappointed.

Either this light, romantic novel can’t stand the cold gray light of 1925, or it has been adapted badly for the screen. I don’t think the fault lies with the story, for “The Merry Widow” cannot boast of a logical plot, so the fault must lie with the picture itself, and although I hate to say it, with Miss Talmadge.

Since she is my favorite star, these are indeed harsh words. The picture is unbelievably dull. It drags. It does not tell its story well. The climax, where the Princess Yvette appeals to her people to let her marry her American lover and be happy ever afterward, is indeed pure bunk. If this is royalty, even in the movies, let us have bigger and better bombs for 1926.

A Little Bit of Folly.

Another disappointing picture is the “Coast of Folly,” starring Gloria Swanson. Adapted from the novel by Coningsby Dawson, and directed by Allan Dwan, it fails embarrassingly flat. This time, however, the fault is not with the star, but most obviously with the director.

Miss Swanson plays two parts in the film, the part of a mother and also her daughter. I do not believe—to be just—that she has ever worked so conscientiously before. There is one glaring fault in the picture, but whether it is due to direction or titling, I cannot say. As the daughter, Miss Swanson is a girl of twenty, pretty and modern; as her mother she is unbelievably old. The mother’s age must be between forty and fifty, but she looks and acts seventy. If, on the other hand, she was thirty-five when her daughter was born, things might be more reasonable. A subtitle slipped in would clear up the mystery.

This is not meant to reflect on Miss Swanson’s interpretation of the dissipated, pathetic woman, once a beauty, who is frantically clutching at the remnants of her lost youth. I thought that her work was remarkable. I liked her coquettish little ways with younger men, her walk, the movements of her hands. It is not her fault that there was no explanation made for her age. She was at all times excellent.

As the daughter she was fresh looking and pretty. To be sure, at times she was a bit too much of a little romp, and the moving-picture ball was pretty cheap stuff, I thought, but little slips like these in a picture can hardly be blamed on the star.

Allan Dwan should hide his face whenever “The Coast of Folly” is mentioned.

Marie Prevost, in “Bobbed Hair,” shows that she knows all there is to know about playing comedy.
eyes, and takes his wife home. Nothing very circular about that.

The lovely and capable Eleanor Boardman is totally lost. Malcolm MacGregor, as Edward Lutton, the impetuous lover, is pretty bad, and Creighton Hale, as the husband—oh! how could he do it, after the nice work he did with Lubitsch in "The Marriage Circle!"

**Just Some Old-fashioned Melodrama.**

"The Tower of Lies," in spite of the imposing names surrounding it, is just the old story of the mortgage on the farm. Victor Seastrom is the director. Selma Lagerlöf's book, "The Emperor of Portugalia," is the source from which it sprang.

The action of the story takes place in Sweden instead of New England, and there is neither snowstorm nor child. Otherwise, things are about as usual. The landlord is the Squire's nephew, the daughter pays the price, and the papers are turned over to the old people.

Just for a change, the old father loses his mind, and imagines himself an emperor and his lost daughter an empress. After his death, his daughter marries her childhood sweetheart who has remained faithful through all the years.

This is not an especially good picture, nor is it a bad one. There are some beautiful scenes, and Mr. Seastrom has been careful to transplant the simplicity of Miss Lagerlöf's book, both in the action of the story and in the interesting interiors.

Lon Chaney is good as the old father, Norma Shearer is a lovely Glory, good or bad. David Torrence, the villain, sneers successfully.

**Another Good Book Gone Wrong.**

If I were the author of a successful book, I should protect it with my life. It hardly seems fair that Harry Leon Wilson should sell "Bunker Bean" down the river after all it has done for him. The treatment handed out to it is even worse than I expected.

The stage play of this story was pretty bad, but the picture is much, much worse. I can just see the gruesome gathering around the murdered book. "Now here was a funny story," says the first ghoul. "Let's make it funnier."

Matt Moore, that not very humorous young man, plays the part of Bunker Bean. He turns the vague, eccentric character into a funny man, a slapstick comedian. Now, no one loves good falls better than I do, but I like them in their proper place, which is not in "Bunker Bean." The parts of the film showing Bunker Bean's reincarnation are just as bad as possible.

_Grandma the Demon_, played by Gertrude Claire, has also lost her humor in the grand shuffle. In fact, every endeavoring part of the book has been dug out and given a double exposure.

**Not So Side-splitting.**

"Red Hot Tires" is intended to be a high-speed comedy of a man, a girl, and several automobile accidents, which is all very well, if it only could carry out the intention.

The difficulty lies with Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller. Monte Blue is a very good comedian, but not for swift-moving farce. In the Lubitsch comedies, he is wonderful, but in "Red Hot Tires," he seems a step behind the parade. Patsy Ruth Miller just isn't funny. She has none of the requirements of a comedienne. She can look wistful and fairly pretty, but she cannot make me laugh.

The story is about a young man with a fear complex on automobiles, and there are nothing but automobiles in the picture. Some kidnappers steal the girl he loves, and he is forced to mad motoring to save her.

The idea isn't so bad in itself, and audiences may even like it.

**Not a Knock-out.**

The First National Picture, "The Knock-out," starring Milton Sills, journeys from the prize ring to the Canadian Northwest, and it seems hardly worth the trip. However, if you like Milton Sills, you will see a great deal of him if you see this picture.

He is an educated prize fighter, if such a phenomenon exists, and to prove it, you are shown a scene in his library where one of the guests picks up a volume of "Epictetus" and says something about how strange it is "to find him a fighter in the ring, and a cultured gentleman in private life."

The heroine, who owns a lumber camp, can't bear fights for money, much preferring private fights around the house. But when the logs jam, and there is no money, with which to pay off the loans, Milton Sills returns to the ring and wins the purse for her.

There is a pretty fine log jam in this picture, about the best jam I have seen this year. I was disappointed when the dynamite didn't break it up because I should have liked seeing them float down the river.

Milton Sills is a great 'strapping fellow who fights and gets very hot doing it. Lorna Duyceen is the heroine.

**A Mean Trick on Leatrice.**

"Hell's Highroad" is just a mean trick on Leatrice Joy. This is the story about a little girl who pushes her husband to success only to find that he has become money mad—not so money mad, however, as to be blind to the charms of another woman. So she plans for his downfall.

There really wasn't much planning about it, because in the background Sanford Gillespie lurked, and you know how those men with big interests make and break

Continued on page 111
A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beggar on Horseback"—Paramount. James Craze lets loose on the fantastic stage play. Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the Zorro type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His playing of an adventurous young Spaniard is a delight. Warner Gland and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathè. Harold Lloyd's newest and best." College football from an up-to-date angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charley Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pathetic. Nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Grass"—Paramount. A rare and beautiful picture of the tribes of Persia and their journeys to the grassy plains. Actually filmed in Persia, it has persuasive scenery.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"Last Laugh, The"—Universal. A German film of revolutionary technique. Simple character study, without subtitles, made understandable and appealing by Emil Jannings.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. A modern version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus boyden anc. W. C. Fields' screen début as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Bennett is very funny as a yob romancing with a village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make that great entertainment.


"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterization.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful and amusing picture of married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.


"Black Cyclone"—Pathè. An unusual picture featuring Rex, the horse, in which the human actors are merely incidental.

"Coast of Folly, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two rôles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both mother and daughter in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.

"Crowded Hour, The"—Paramount. The story of a girl who went to war to be near her lover and stayed to be spiritually rejuvenated. Bebe Daniels plays her with sincerity and animation.

"Declasse"—First National. From the Zoe Akins stage play. Corinne Griffith appears as the lovely English aristocrat kept by a sadist.

"Frightful Enemies"—Producers Distributing. Weber and Fields in a screen version of their stage tactics of fighting and making up. Rather entertaining comedy.

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Lila Lee, Dresser, excellent as degraded former opera singer who is reformed in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good son.

"Great Divide, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Antique movie plot made enjoyable through expert treatment and the acting of Wallace Beery, Alice Terry, and Conway Tearle.

"Halfway Girl, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, as two derelicts thrown together in the Orient, go from bad to worse until a shipwreck shocks them out of themselves.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with Adolphe Menjou, Sandra, and William Fawcett, Constance Talmadge in dual rôle. Ronald Colman not so good as husband. George K. Arthur also in cast.

"His Supreme Moment"—First National. Romantic love scenes between Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman, and some attractive color photography make this worth seeing.

"Home Maker, The"—Universal. Story of efficient woman with husband who can't live up to her. Alice Joyce, in a cold rôle, is as good as she ever has been; Clive Brook plays easy-going husband.


"I'll Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the best chances Reginald Denny has had to show his flair for comedy. He plays an absent-minded professor whom no one will leave alone.

"Introduce Me"—Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean in a sometimes slow, but mostly amusing comedy about an Alpine guide.

"Kivalina of the Ice Lands"—Pathè. Another picture of the Eskimos. Not as good as "Nanook," but interesting and educational.

"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.

"Lost—a Wife"—Paramount. An adaptation of the French play "Banco," which doesn't mean much except for the screen debut of the lovely Greta Nissen. Adolphe Menjou plays the suave husband.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Lucky Devil, The"—Paramount. Another chance for Richard Dix to look graceful and winning in an auto-racing picture, with Esther Ralston as the pretty heroine.

"Lucky Horseshoe, The"—Fox. A Tom Mix Western, with Tony, as usual, playing an important part. Billie Dove is the beautiful heroine rescued from the wrong man, and Ann Pennington makes a bright but effective appearance.

"Madame Sans Gene"—Paramount. Not Gloria Swanson's best, but well worth seeing. The genuine French backgrounds and settings are strikingly lovely.

"Mystic, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sister film to "The Unholy Three," showing the machinations of three fake spiritualists and a clever crook. Aileen Pringle is quite flashing in the title rôle, Conway Tearle good as the crook.

"My Wife and I"—Warner. A cheap story made into excellent entertainment through the acting of Constance Bennett, Irene Rich, and Huntley Gordon.

"Never the Twin Shall Meet"—Metro-Goldwyn. The romance of an Hawaiian queen and a young American, featuring Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, and Huntley Gordon.

Continued on page 114
Eleven Reasons Why

We should all like to be motion-picture players and live in Hollywood.

For one reason, the players don't take life too seriously. Buck Jones and his cowboys, above, are putting on a burlesque, showing what happens when they try to do the Charleston.

Marian Nixon may have to rise early, but who would mind that, with such a delicious breakfast all ready and waiting?

Everything that makes bathing a real sport is at hand when the players visit the beaches. Here you see Patsy Ruth Miller and Matt Moore with the latest type of surf boat, with balloon tires, and everything!
Eleven Reasons Why

To be good at sports is part of every screen actor's stock in trade. Vera Steadman, of Christie Comedies, qualified as champion girl motor-boat racer on the Pacific coast at the Santa Barbara regatta, driving Al Christie's Baby Mine.

What a chance a star has to make a hit with her young relatives! Here is Pauline Garon with her two nephews from Canada who visited her during their vacation. Just imagine what they think of "Aunt Pauline!"

Think of being picked by a famous European painter as a subject for a portrait! That's an honor that was bestowed upon Jack Hoxie by Stanislaus Poccha, a Polish artist, famous for his pictures of Cossacks. Poccha chose Hoxie as a subject because he considered him a representative type of American plainsman.

Florence Vidor evidently approves of the game which her young daughter, Suzanne, has been putting up against her on the tennis court. It's pretty evident that mother and daughter enjoy each other's company.
Eleven Reasons Why

Stars have such pleasant surprises. Lois Moran was recently presented with an elaborately equipped traveling bag by her producer, Samuel Goldwyn, and director, Henry King, as a token of appreciation of her splendid work in "Stella Dallas."

Nearly all the players have interesting hobbies, and the means for indulging in them. Every fan who’s also a stamp collector will probably start writing to Jean Hersholt, at Universal City, when they learn that he shares their interest in philately.

Irene Rich finds much pleasure midst her rose bushes and other flowers—and you know what wonderful flowers grow in California.

What would people think of a lawyer, doctor, or business man who was seen doing this on his front gate! But Lupino Lane, of Educational Comedies, can do any boyish trick he likes, and no one thinks anything of it.
Some Frocks for the

As Christmas approaches, many exam fashionable bride should wear, as well as holiday mood, will be seen on the players

By Betty

It looks to me,” remarked one of my friends as she glanced over a pile of “stills” from some of the forthcoming productions, “as though December is the appointed month for screen weddings.”

“Mercy no, my child!” said I, patronizingly, “June is the only orthodox time”—but since I possess the usual feminine interest in wedding finery I couldn’t resist a look, and sure enough, there were no less than five pretty brides, and all of them in pictures scheduled for release in December!

“Well,” I mused, “Why isn’t December a good month for weddings?” And as no satisfactory objection was forthcoming, I decided to show at least one of these dainty wedding gowns on this page, for the benefit of the girl who chooses to celebrate her wedding in this jolly, holiday season.

It wasn’t easy to choose between those five brides, because they were all lovely, and even when my choice had simmered down to two, I couldn’t decide for ages, and changed my mind half a dozen times. Finally, I shut my eyes, turned around three times, and stabbed a hairpin at the nearest one—and it was Eleanor Boardman. She wears this dress in “Memory Lane,” and just for good measure, we’ll have a look at the gowns of the maid of honor and the bridesmaids, too.

To begin with the bride’s gown. It is of silver lace over heavy white satin. The demure little basque, with its round neck line edged with a design of seed pearls, has an unusual feature in the soft folds at the waist line, terminating in knots of the lace over each hip.

The skirt, as is easily seen, consists of four very full, ruffled tiers of the silver lace, and it is of very modest length, reaching almost to the ankles. The close, helmetlike cap, from which the tulle veil depends, is of silver lace edged with pearls. A pretty and original substitute for the usual bouquet is the fluffy muff of silver lace and tulle, upon which is fastened a small bunch of orange blossoms and roses, ending in a cascade of ribbons. These muffes were also carried by the maid of honor and the bridesmaids, whose gowns were of pastel shades, with touches of silver.

As, last month, we confined our attention to daytime frocks, so this month we will consider only the more frivolous, evening and dinner gowns. What pretty lines they have this season! The circular skirt, while not new, nevertheless holds undisputed sway, and is developed equally well in either velvet or chiffon. The latter, however, seems to be the favorite for festive frocks of all kinds, and it is the exceptional evening gown that does not show the soft folds of this beautiful material in at least a portion of the gown.

The plain cuirasslike bodice, slightly form-fitting, seems to hold unusual favor. This is generally of chiffon, lace, or brocade, either plain or beaded, and frequently terminates with the “up in front and down at sides” effect used so much this season.

Most of the gowns sketched on the second page are of that type, as our screen stars are quick to seize upon so graceful a style and one so becoming alike to slender or mature figures.

Eleanor Boardman is to be a Christmas bride—on the screen. In “Memory Lane,” scheduled for release in December, she goes to the altar in the gown, of silver lace over heavy white satin, shown at the upper left of the page. Her maid of honor, at the left, and a bridesmaid, at the right, wear dresses of pastel shades, touched with silver. Each carries, as a variation of the usual bouquet, a fluffy muff of silver lace and tulle, on which is fastened a small bunch of orange blossoms and roses.
Wedding
tiles of what the
er other styles in
of the screen.
Brown

The gown at the left
of the group at the top
of the page is worn by
Miss Esther Ralston in
the Paramount produc-
tion of "The Best Peo-
ple." and of the many
beautiful gowns which
she wears in that picture
this one is her favorite.
It is of three shades of
pink chiffon over a slip
of pink satin. The chif-
fon petals which form
the skirt are attached by
pearl beads, and the
double "bib" effect is also
edged with pearls. The
hose are nude and the
satin slippers match the
deepest shade of pink
used in the frock.

The young lady at her
right is Miss Phyllis
Haver, wearing the charm-
ing dinner gown in which
she appears in "New
Brooms." It is of shell-
pink chiffon, trimmed with
bands of silver lace. Gar-
denias are worn at the
waist and on the shoulder.

On the lower half of the
page, I have sketched three
gowns particularly noticed
during the making of the
pictures in which they ap-
pear. The first is worn
by Miss Doris Kenyon in
"The Unguarded Hour."

Continued on page 110

Below, at the left, is Doris
Kenyon as she appears in "The
Unguarded Hour." She, too,
has a gown of chiffon, the tunic
of which is beaded. Dolores
Cassendini, in the center, is
wearing georgette, while Vilma
Banky, at the right, may be seen
in "The Dark Angel." in a din-
ner gown of silver lace and
georgette.
Hollywood High Lights

Reflections of what's going on in the Western studios, with bits of gossip thrown in.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

BOWLEGS have been at a premium in Hollywood ever since Douglas Fairbanks started filming “The Black Pirate.” Doug has decided that pirates are not pirates unless their lower limbs have the contour of a parabola or an oversized ostrich egg, and for that reason extras for his picture have been chosen not for their manly beauty but for the breadth of the distance between their knees. Altogether, they should make a grotesque spectacle, with knives between their teeth, bandanas wrapped around their heads, earrings on their ears, and boots hanging at half-mast.

Doug’s new production is going to be a great novelty. Color photography, as he is using it, will probably prove a surprise to those who have seen “The Wanderer of the Wasteland,” “Toll of the Sea” and other features that have used this embellishment. For Doug is aiming to avoid glaring colors, except in the few instances where they will enhance the dramatic action.

Personally, we will be quite happy if Doug achieves new effects with colors and we have no doubt he will, because he infrequently, if ever, has broken his promises to the public.

Billie Dove has been chosen as his new leading woman, and she naturally has been more than thrilled over this triumph. Strange to say, however, the honor of playing with Doug seems to be a hoodoo. Enid Bennett has seldom appeared on the screen since working in “Robin Hood,” and Julanne Johnston has not been having any luck to speak of in getting good parts since her return from Europe. Even Marguerite de la Motte has rarely equaled the opportunities that she had while appearing some time ago in Fairbanks’ pictures.

Another Palatial Home

It makes us absolutely dizzy these days to contemplate the plans of film stars for new homes. Professional rivalry seems temporarily to have given way to competition in residence building, and not to be outdone by the others, Harold Lloyd has announced plans for a one-million-dollar estate which he will establish—establish is right in this case—in Beverly Hills.

To the usual attractions of a swimming pool, a ballroom, tennis courts, a miniature beach, and the like, which stars frequently have in their back yards, he is adding a bridle path, an agricultural farm, sheep-grazing land, formal gardens, and a tropical forest, not to mention—one minute for rest—a private golf course, open air theater, and a small, fisherman’s paradise, namely, a stream stocked with trout and bass, and maybe little eels. He is also considering a shooting lodge.

As we look over this list of attractions which Harold and Mildred will offer their many friends with characteristic warm hospitality, we have come to the decision that they have overlooked just one very important item—namely, a handsome and ornate boxing pavilion where matches may be staged by such renowned and celebrated fighters of Hollywood as Mr. Dempsey, the illustrious “Bull” Montana, and the incomparable welterweight, Mr. Michael Neilan.

P. S. Speaking of contests, and quite confidentially, we have already made arrangements with the understanding soul Harry Rapf, of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company, to rent for just one evening the discarded set of the Circus Maximus which they are using at present for “Ben-Hur.” And here we plan to stage a two-hundred-round endurance bout between Messrs. Ronald Colman and Jack Gilbert. Also, very enter nous, we have already sold twenty-five thousand tickets at the usual speculators’ figures.

Valentinos on Tour

Is a Paris divorce in prospect for Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova? Mrs. Valentino has gone abroad, and Rudy has also started on a trip to Europe. Whether they intend to meet and become legally separated has not been announced as yet, but it is generally conceded by everybody who is “in the know” that there will be no patching up of their difficulties.

Valentino was in court before he left here but only for speeding. His trial, nevertheless, drew a big quota of ever-curious onlookers, including many flapper adorers. Remaining ever true to his audiences, he appeared in his film costume before the judge, having come to court during the noon hour while working on “The Eagle.”

He was indeed a handsome and magnificent figure in the rich, full-dress uniform of a Russian army officer, with a dashing astrakhan toque, a long, flaring cloak, heavily trimmed with gold braid, sparkling boots, sword, and everything. We must admit, too, it was an impressive and touching ceremony to see our Rudy turn over to the cold, stern minions of the law a single greenback for fifty berries, as John Barrymore would say. Not even a dime for trink geld!
Growing Up Together

Two of the most charming demons for work that we have met in the colony for a long while, are Alice Joyce and Anna Q. Nilsson. These two old friends actually do study French and Spanish in between and during the making of pictures, and judging by the ease with which they carry on conversation in the languages, they will soon be able to qualify as Hollywood's greatest linguists, even against several astute gentlemen who speak some six varieties of the mother tongue.

Alice loves the Continent and proves it by having had her delightful young daughters in charge of a French governess. They are lovely children, and besides talking French intrinsically, they reflect the good manners of their very nice mother.

For her part, Anna Q. is very serious about taking up, at some time in years to come, a residence along the French Riviera, and so is preparing herself in languages that she may do away with an interpreter, and be able to order her meals in peace and safety.

The friendship between these girls dates back many years to the period when they both worked for Vitagraph. Despite the fact that they have been separated for long stretches of time, because they worked at different ends of the continent, their devotion always endured. The very first person Miss Joyce seeks when she comes to California is Miss Nilsson, and the same holds good for Anna when she goes to New York.

"We have been so loyal to each other that we have always told people we were exactly the same age," said Miss Joyce to us. "Until just lately, we always told them that we were both twenty-two. However, since it is more fashionable now to be mature on the screen, Anna and I have reluctantly decided that we will be twenty-eight instead."

Is Dorothy Succumbing?

Although she has definitely asserted in print that she would never marry an actor, Dorothy Mackaill is still kept busy denying reports of her engagements to Thespians. Johnny Harron is the player with whom she has been seen in public most frequently of late, but Dorothy declines to admit that this means anything more than a very pleasant companionship between them.

"Just because I say that I am not going to marry an actor, I have a worried feeling that it may some day be my fate," said Dorothy. "You know how things go—when you say that you won't do a thing."

Which may or may not mean signs of weakening.

The Colony Cut-up

The best one that they have told on Mickey Neilan for some time is that he was robbed of some four thousand dollars' worth of shirt studs, taken from his room at the Ambassador. Mickey's penchant for shirt studs had never been brought into the limelight before, but his possession of so many was attributed to the fact that he had taken such an active part in the social affairs of the colony.

Neilan was personally responsible for another mild sensation when he appeared not long ago with his head shaved, except for a tuft of hair right on top, very similar to a mandarin's. The story went the rounds that Mickey did this to win a bet with Eddie Kline, the director. He had made Kline grow because, in the middle of a scene, he walked on to a set where Eddie was working.

"I'll bet that I can make you laugh," exclaimed Neilan, thinking of nothing better to do.

"I'll bet you can't," answered Kline.

But they say that Mickey did—at the cost of his heretofore always bushy hair.

Irene Rich's Girls

For the time being, Irene Rich is going to settle rumors about her daughters going into pictures. She plans to place both girls in a school abroad during her sojourn in Europe this winter.

Miss Rich will go to Toronto to appear in some race-course scenes made for Lubitsch's production of "Lady Windermere's Fan," and her mother and daughters will join her in New York after these are completed.

"I want my girls to spend about two years abroad in school and there they can make up their minds what sort of careers they desire to pursue."

Lillian Gish will not go abroad to make "Faust" until she has completed another picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It has been decided that she is to star in "The Scarlet Letter," and the best news of all is that she will be directed by Victor Seastrom, who filmed "He Who Gets Slapped."

A Mix Mix-Up

As usual Tom Mix is going the limit. Not satisfied with cornering a good majority of the handsomest shirts, ties, and white gloves in the world, his latest outburst is his new home in Beverly Hills. A quarter of a million dollars is set as the cost of the mansion and the feature of the construction will be nine tile baths.

Needless to say, the stables for his horse will be the very last word in everything, probably including a private harness shop, and certainly a staff of veterinaries.

Mix and his wife, incidentally, were reported separated by the newspapers, but if there have been any differences between them these have been patched up. It all seems to have arisen because Mrs. Mix spent a few days at the Ambassador Hotel while her husband was on a fishing trip to Ensenada, Mexico.

Mary and the Giants

Mary Pickford has a brand-new problem on her hands. She is running into difficulties over the speed she has
late shown in production, “Little Annie Rooney” had hardly been released before “Scraps” was completed, and she wanted to plunge right into another picture thereafter, but she is hesitating about this now.

“Scraps” is the first film Mary has made in some time that will have a fantastic sequence like “Suds” and some of her earlier features. The story is about the sufferings of some children on a “baby farm,” principally their starvation. Mary, therefore, is having some trick photography scenes showing the little waifs being fed during a dream by huge giants.

Lew Waxing Wealthy

Lew Cody is a highly rated star these days. And he has reason to be.

He has recently signed a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer at the twenty-five-hundred-dollar-a-week figure, and considering that he started his comeback about three or four years ago at five hundred dollars a week, in “The Valley of Silent Men,” and was glad to get the job, his progress is quite worth talking about. He has also made many very profitable investments.

Chiefly, though, Lew is happy over his new success in comedy. The first showing of “An Exchange of Wives” promises to be a great occasion for him.

Wonders still happen once in a while. An eighteen-year-old schoolgirl in New York sent a story to the studios recently which was accepted as a starring feature for Reginald Denny.

Lucky Dolores

Dolores Costello is enjoying the greatest vogue of any newcomer in pictures. She has stepped from one good role right into another. Her latest is the lead in “The Mannequin,” the Fannie Hurst prize story, which Paramount is producing. Warner Baxter plays the male lead. Dolores’ rapid progress is attributed to the coaching that she received from John Barrymore during “The Sea Beast.” He helped her particularly to solve some problems with make-up. Among other things, the studio wanted her to apply rouge to her lips in such a way as to form a Cupid’s-bow mouth, but Barrymore advised against this and told her to use the lipstick so as to emphasize the straighter line of her mouth attractively.

A Real Hall of Fame

Five thousand dollars is the nice large sum that will be invested in individual portraits of the film stars to adorn a Hall of Fame dedicated to their honor in a new Chinese theater in Hollywood to be built by Sid Grauman. Norma Talmadge has already had her portrait painted by Howard Chandler Christy which will be one of the first installed. Probably one hundred stars and directors will be represented in the collection which will consequently be valued in excess of a half million dollars, at least. Many famous painters from all over the world are to be invited to enhance with their talents this art exhibition.

We move that the portraits not only be confined to beautiful stars who have made picture history, but include as well those of the great technicians and cinematographers who have contributed so very handsomely to the perfection and beauty of the screen. And last but not least, we really think the portrait of at least one great scenario writer should also be hung and properly draped.

More High Romance

Lilian Tashman and Edmund Lowe were married in Lowe’s home town, San Jose, in the northern part of the State, and about the third day after, Lilian was ordered straightway to Alaska to appear in a lead for Metropolitan Pictures. Siberia couldn’t have been greater punishment for Ed and Lilian, and while the wedding breakfast was a gay and charming affair, we just simply had to weep with Edmund over his sad, sad plight. Lilian has bobbed her spun gold hair, but if anything, she looks more stunning than ever. And that is saying a lot. We wish them well because they are a delightful couple.

A Mexican Find

The discovery of the month is a Mexican society girl, Señora Dolores del Rio, and her first appearance in a second lead in “Joanna With a Million,” with Dorothy Mackaill, is going to be watched very closely in the studio circles. Edwin Carewe, the director, is the Columbus who found her, while on a trip to the Southern republic, and induced her to come to California to work in pictures. As she was not particularly anxious to enter pictures, but Carewe painted such a glowing picture of the colony, and her chances for a career, that she finally consented.
Her husband is so devoted to her that he seldom leaves her side while she is working, and accompanies her both to and from the studio, which is by way of making all the married stars envious.

Amet the Charleston

Hollywood will have nervous prostration if the Charleston championship is not settled soon. The fever has spread to the very exclusive and fashionable Saturday-night Sixty Club dances, and a goodly portion of the program at these affairs is devoted to a Charleston competition.

At the dance we recently attended, the principal contestants were Ann Pennington, Ruth Roland, Lena Basquette, formerly in pictures and more recently of the "Follies," Priscilla Dean, and Viola Dana. And we mustn't overlook mentioning Jimmie Young, the director, who added all sorts of fun to the occasion by giving his version of the dance. Mr. Young is not really a champion as yet, but as some one at our table commented, "Jimmie is all right. He has one step and he means to stick to it."

Ruth and Priscilla did a Charleston duet that was a sensation, particularly to those who knew that the girls, like virtually all the others in the colony, have been practicing it feverishly night after night at "cat parties" held at each other's homes. Ruth has been at it longer than Priscilla, consequently she stepped and kicked faster and more intricately. But Priscilla received a big hand, none the less, for her obvious good sportsmanship. Bessie Love, one of the leading exponents of the "hay foot, straw foot," was absent, or the battle for honors might have been even more exciting.

One great drawback to the pastime has been discovered, however, and may soon result in its passing as a fad. The Charleston is dangerous to the figure, according to Lena Basquette. The hips of the dancer become muscle-bound, and we feel that when the stars who value avelte appearance on the screen, and work so hard to retain it, find this out, they likely will give up their ambitions for first honors in the dance. And quite frankly, we shall not grieve deeply, because there is little in it that is genuinely attractive.

Bert Lytell Progresses

Bert Lytell and Claire Windsor entertained at one of the most elaborate dinner parties at the same Sixty Club affair, and among their guests were several very romantic couples. These included Edwin Carewe, the director, and Mary Akin, the actress, who were wed in Mexico at the same time as Bert and Claire, but who kept their marriage a secret until just recently; Kathleen Clifford, who at this writing is engaged to M. P. Hilliech, a prominent banker of Los Angeles; and Lena Basquette, who has lately become the wife of Sam Warner, one of the numerous Warner brothers.

Bert and Claire are the most delightful hosts imag- able and proved this by the way in which they made everybody as happy and congenial as possible, even though their guests included stars, directors and studio executives not ordinarily grouped together in the social catalogue of Hollywood.

Bert Lytell, it seems, is on the verge of a new success, since he has been playing in "Lady Windermere's Fan," under Ernst Lubitsch. The noted German director is of the belief that his performance is going to be a revelation. And since Lubitsch has often demonstrated his ability to discover new lights and shades in the acting talents of many of our popular players, we feel Mr. Lytell's performance will be worth watching. Bert himself is naturally elated, since he has not enjoyed such an opportunity for some time.

Stars Pay and Pay

Douglas Fairbanks is still the reigning king of income-tax payers. He has given the government $182,190 during 1925 to cover his earnings during the previous year. The amount that he paid in 1924 was $225,769 and the difference is no doubt partly due to the change in rates of taxation.

Other prominent players, directors, and so forth, who paid very large income taxes include Gloria Swanson, $57,075; James Cruze, the director, $40,353; Betty Compson (Mrs. Cruze), $6,192; Lillian Gish, $36,907; Mary Pickford, $34,388; Mrs. Charlotte Pickford Smith, $34,268; Harold Lloyd and wife, Mildred Davis, $28,151; Dick Barthelmess, $24,803; Ernest Torrence, $22,209; Pola Negri, $15,109; Bill Hart, $15,785, and Mary C. Hart (Bill's sister), $15,910; A. E. Christie, $13,974; and Charles Christie, $13,784; Lewis Stone, $12,853; Ernst Lubitsch, $11,464; Corinne Griffith and husband, Walter Morosco, $10,965; Eugene O'Brien, $10,901; Jack Holt, $10,792; Tom Mix, $7,515, and Mrs. Tom Mix, $7,500.

The following are additional interesting figures: Charles Chaplin, $346; Percy Marrmont, $8,153; Adolphe Menton, $1,402; Mrs. Adolphe Menton, $1,452; Wallace Beery, $2,671; D. W. Griffith, $7,777; Jack Gilbert, $5,264; Eddie Burns, $3,885; Lon Chaney, $999; Bebe Daniels, $75; William Farnum, $12; Beatrice Joy, $18; Constance Talmadge, $5,809; Milton Sills, $3,694; Mrs. Milton Sills, 3,743; Florence Vidor, $2,739; Alla Nazimova, $3,953; Will Rogers, $2,700; Blanche Sweet, $3,220; Conway Tearle, $1,551; Ben Turpin, $6,105; Rudolph Valentino, $1,995; Mrs. Rudolph Valentino, $2,350; Francis X. Bushman, $28; James Kirkwood, $3,609, and Lila Lee (Mrs. Kirkwood), $3,813; Bessie Love, $3,006; Monte Blue, $3,996; Jackie Coogan, $2,608; Jack Coogan, Sr., $2,197; Viola Dana, $5,470; Charles Ray, $1,359; Colleen Moore, $1,890.

A Terrible Error

There's no separating the professional from the personal in the movies, as witness the social faux pas recently committed by a prominent critic of pictures. He was the guest at the home of a noted star who is engaged to an equally noted director. The three were together at dinner.

The newspaper critic, it seems, had viewed a picture made by the star's ex-husband, and had liked it immensely. He raved about it in no unmistakable terms, but without any wish to offend—simply with a glowing appreciation of a work where he found it.

The wife naturally listened with interest, but her intended husband evidenced all signs of a deepening depression during about fifteen minutes of tributes and superlatives.

Finally, when the critic had

Continued on page 96
How One Girl Built Up a Fan Club

A letter written by Constance Riquer, only two years ago, was the seed from which has grown, under her guidance, a Norma Talmadge club covering the entire United States and many foreign countries, and including in its membership dozens of film stars.

By Lora Kelly

Youth sits wide-eyed in a darkened theater. On the screen passes a fleeting world, peopled with dream-folk whose magic art lifts one from the dullness of every day. Romance is its setting and chief concern, while adroit twists of adventure, through palace or slum, offer a holiday for the spirit, a release from the commonplace.

For most of us the enchantment fades when the lights come on. But there are exceptions. One of them is a young girl fan in Cleveland, Ohio, whose glimpses into the make-believe world do not end with the exit march. From the first moment Constance Riquer saw Norma Talmadge's charming face on the silver sheet her fancy has been caught and held.

For two years or more, this high-school girl spent what time she could spare from her studies, slowly making her dream come true in the organization of a Norma Talmadge Fan Club. When June brought a diploma, she tied it up in her class colors and put it away with a sigh of relief.

What To Do

1. Inform the star, to whom the club is to be dedicated, of your plans; obtain her permission for the use of her name, and her cooperation in the enterprise—if possible!

2. Invite other stars to join. A bond of union between star and fan is welcomed by both parties.

3. Get as much publicity as possible. Some fan magazines are glad to help in this way.

4. If you have enough members in several cities to establish regular branches, do so. Local activities, with consequent publicity, are very beneficial.

5. Take your progress slowly, if you would take it surely. This includes making no promises till you are sure of your ability to fulfill them; entering upon no project without adequate financial backing and the cooperation of your members; and not undertaking at one time more work than you can attend to promptly and thoroughly.

What Not To Do

1. Do not start activities with the idea that you can "carry on" in your spare time. Be prepared to give to the energy, and some money.

2. Do not limit your membership to just those fans who claim your "guiding star" as their prime favorite. It promotes ill-feeling not only between members and rejected fans, but between various clubs.

3. Do not be so intent upon enlarging your membership, however, as to admit undesirable applicants, or to give those who are already members a chance to lose interest.

4. Do not imitate other fan clubs. There are certain things, of course, that all must do, but beyond these few things strike out for yourself.

5. But—do not make the mistake of considering other fan clubs as "rivals." Cooperation between them and you is the best policy.

"Well, that's over," she said. "Now I can give all my time to the fan club."

There wasn't much of a breathing spell after that commencement for one girl graduate. The mail man who delivers on Northfield Street in East Cleveland was piling up mail so fast that the young president of the Norma Talmadge Fan Club had to delve into it immediately.

A letter she had written to the editor of a picture-play magazine two years before, asking for the address of her favorite star, had started an amazing chain of correspondence, which now covers nearly every State in the Union, with several branches abroad. At the end of the first year the membership had reached nearly five hundred, with an imposing array of screen stars heading the list.

One room in the Riquer residence is fitted up as club headquarters. Noted faces, familiar to all picture lovers, look down from its walls, but the photograph that dominates the room is one of the beloved Norma herself, autographed and sent to Miss Riquer on the club's first official birthday last April.
The president, despite her bubbling enthusiasm, is a businesslike young woman. Her brown hair is cut in a bob, her blue eyes meet yours frankly, and when she smiles, which is often, there are dimples. But she has no ambition to become a motion-picture actress herself. "Mercy, no!" she assures one. "I don't think I have any talent in that direction at all!"

She has never seen Miss Talmadge "in person." The noted Norma is known to her only through the medium of pictures, and through the dispatch of one autographed photograph and two congratulatory telegrams from the Talmadge studios. That has been the sole reward of nearly two years' constant labor on her part, and the part of two or three other members of the fan club who often help her with the burden of her mail.

The purpose of the organization, according to Miss Riquer, is "to band together all sincere motion-picture fans, particularly admirers of 'Our Norma,' to give the stars an opportunity to come into a more intimate relationship with their fans, and to boost the better films."

The ambition of the members, she says, is "to build up the largest fan club in the world, and in so doing, to make others happy, the stars proud of us, and to be worthy of our leader in spirit, Norma Talmadge."

Miss Riquer says her admiration has dated back to childhood days. "My affection for Miss Talmadge began with that burning adoration..."
that only a very emotional child can know," she said.  
"I remember writing to an editor for my idol's address, confirming to him that I should be happy and ready to die if I could only possess her true signature!"

"Well, it came! That phase gave way to photo collecting, and that was followed by a foolish desire to help her. Please don't smile at that impulse—I was so much in earnest!

"And that opportunity came through the publishing of a letter of mine in the column of 'What the Fans Think.' A wee note it was, with a very frightened signature attached, but it brought letters of friendly greeting from other Norma fans. I was thrilled to the core, and every other thought was a wonder if she had seen it!

"Then an idea took shape as I saw the mail man staggering under his load each day: why couldn't all these admirers of Miss Talmadge be brought together in some way? A fan club! I had heard of such things but had not the faintest notion how one should be organized, or what to do first. I went right ahead anyhow and, all aquiver with excitement, told my pal what I had in mind.

"They liked the plan, too, so we proceeded to ask every one to join our club, just as if it had been a long-established reality. It took some patience, I'll admit. We had to take some kidding, too, from some of our friends. But we persevered, and at last—we had a member! That girl will never know she was our first, either. It was nearly two months before another was enrolled—weeks so full of dreams and plans that there was no time to worry about our slow progress.

"Thrill number two came with the announcement that a real photoplay star was coming to town in person. It was Charles Ray, and I liked him heaps, with his fleet, but catching smile. My brain was atingle as I left the theater, but I made myself a dace and took it. No wonder my friends and relatives gave me up for lost, for it was my firm intention to write to Charles Ray and invite him to join our club. It took a great deal of courage and, more time than I'd like to admit, to compose and mail that letter. But the important thing is that Charles Ray answered it, and what's more, he joined the club.

"The next thing that happened was 'Secrets.' By the time that film was announced for its Cleveland showing, our club had two dozen members. We were regally calling ourselves the Norma Talmadge Correspondence Club, and we thought it was about time Norma knew about it!"

"A timid, tiny group we were when we met to write a letter to Norma to tell her of our plans, and to invite her—I almost said implore—her to become our honorary president. A week or more of silence, then the registration card was returned, signed by an unknown—a prop boy, perhaps, I imagined in my disappointment.

"We tried, however, to be Pollyannas. What more could we have expected, we reasoned. Norma is so popular, so famous. Why should I have dared hope she would answer, or even bother to read, my letter when it came to her with a thousand others? What should I tell my scoffing friends? Thank goodness they had already laughed all they could, anyway. Just the same I couldn't still the faint, singing hope in my heart when I peeked into the mail box again the next day. Disappointment again—just a photomailer!

"I had decided to hide my hurt behind a mask of pride over at least receiving a photograph from her, when all of a sudden, I discovered the words 'First Class' written across the outside. That meant a letter—from HER!

"So our Norma did write, and she did express herself as pleased with our venture, and she did accept our invitation to become honorary president.

"Of course, with 'Secrets' showing in Cleveland, our club received its first official recognition. We were honored with bewildering lobby and window displays, photographs and newspaper stories, and best of all, Norma herself telegraphed seats for Cleveland club members, and there never was assembled a happier, prouder group than we were, when the theater manager ushered us into our places of honor!"

A brief excursion to Columbus, Ohio's capital, brought forth another round of triumphs for the growing young club, Miss Riquer relates. "Secrets" was showing in Columbus, and the president and her associates were invited to help with the publicity campaign. "That manager's wishing was weak beside mine," she said, "and when mother said I could go, I could scarcely contain myself. With the aid of our vice president, who lived in Columbus, I attempted to tell every boy in that city that there was a Norma Talmadge Club.

"We had displays in store windows, theaters, and near the State House Square. I went to schools, and the theater entertained for us, and altogether, we were feted quite a bit. We had a gorgeous week of it, all to the glory of Norma. We returned to Cleveland all agog with excitement, and with a determination to work harder than ever. The fruits of our labors were beginning to show.

"One by one, came letters from the big screen stars accepting our invitation to become members of our club. We have quite an imposing list now. I can cite at random the names of Thomas Meighan, Norma Shearer, Eugene O'Brien, Anna Q. Nilsson, Ruth Roland, Adolphe Menjou, Hope Hampton, Glenn Hunter, Constance Binney, Julian Eltinge, Ethel Grey Terry, Alice Calhoun, Alberta Vaughan, Mabel Ballin, Dorothy Dalton, and ever so many more.

"A handwriting expert would find their letters of acceptance interesting. The collection we have in our files shows every sort of letter, from the one-sentence 'accept-with-pleasure' type, to the long, gushing, ultra-complimentary variety that make me blushingly wonder what I could have written them. There were also handwritten confidential notes, and there were the dictated, scholarly masterpieces of eloquence. But I am happy to say that every star has expressed himself, or herself, as happy to be associated with our organization."

**TO A STAR**

**By Lowell Kayne**

A

H, lady of the languid glance,  
What sadness have you seen,  
That in your eyes its traces lurk,  
Where joy should dwell serene?  

Perhaps your sorrow has been caused  
By something no one knows;  
Perhaps by unrequited love;  
Perhaps—it’s just a pose!
Var-time Intrigue

Jo Lea La

Terry and Antonio Moreno get mixed up in the war in the film of Blasco Ibáñez' "Mare.—Miss Terry as a seductive German spy, and a Spanish sea captain who comes beneath her disastrous results. The disreputable-looking above, is Hughie Mack in one of the less-aesthetic scenes of the picture.
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"I remember writing to an editor for my idol's address, confiding to him that I should be happy and ready to die if I could only possess her true signature!"

"Well, it came! That phase gave way to photo collecting, and that was followed by a foolish desire to help her. Please don't smile at that impulse—I was so much in earnest!"

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That in your eyes its traces lurk,  
Where joy should dwell serene?  

Perhaps your sorrow has been caused  
By something no one knows;  
Perhaps by unrequited love;  
Perhaps—it's just a pose!
she danced in her "The Masked One" at the Waldorf Astoria. The world was enchanted by the beauty of her dancing, and her every move was followed with awe and admiration.
War-time Intrigue

Alice Terry and Antonio Moreno get mixed up in the World War in the film of Blasco Ibáñez’ “Mare Nostrum”—Miss Terry as a seductive German spy, and Tony as a Spanish sea captain who comes beneath her spell with disastrous results. The disreputable-looking character, above, is Hughie Mack in one of the less-aesthetic scenes of the picture.
Their Hours

It's pleasant when you've finished the day's work to step into a smoothly gliding roadster and be borne to a large, comfortable home, where you can don your lounging robe, take your pipe, go out onto a balcony, and just dream. That's what Lew Cody seems to be doing. Victor Schertzinger, above, is taking his wife for a quiet stroll about their grounds.
of Ease

Marion Davies in her moments of leisure may, from her lawn, enjoy one of the most inspiring views in Hollywood, one that is only partially shown in the picture above. When Norma Shearer comes home, she usually settles down to a book and a glass of milk, but she and her brother, who are great pals, sometimes take a spin in her roadster.
"The Vanishing American"

The tragic history of the American Indian, from the early days of the cliff dwellers, through the invasion of the white men, up to present times, is effectively shown in this Paramount picture. Richard Dix, as a modern Navajo Indian, who tries to keep peace between the redskins and the whites, does some striking work against the beautiful background furnished by Arizona. It is Lois Wilson bending over him, below.
The Inimitable Two

Fans are probably glad to hear that Mary Pickford is not stopping with "Little Annie Rooney," but is going on to play another ragamuffin part in "Scraps." As for Doug, he is his same old fascinating self in a bandit rôle in "The Black Pirate," ready as usual to challenge the entire world.
From the Land of the Vikings

From Scandinavia comes still another to join our already swollen ranks of foreign screen actresses. The latest arrival is Greta Garbo, who is famed throughout Europe for her beauty and talent, and has just come to this country to do some pictures for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. A native of Sweden, she is a statuesque blonde, very reserved in manner. Just what will be the films that she will make in America has not been decided, but they will probably be of a very dramatic nature, as she has a particular flair for that sort of thing. It was she who played the leading rôle in the big Continental production of Selma Lagerlof's "The Story of Gosta Berling," and it was her performance in that which first brought her fame two years ago.
Hollywood Gets a Kick

No matter how familiar its inhabitants may be with seeing movie scenes being made, they are always ready to be thrilled again.

By A. L. Wooldridge

In no city in the world are so many strange spectacles to be seen as in Hollywood. The point has been reached where nothing surprises its residents because of the activities of the motion-picture producing companies. What probably would result in riot calls and fire alarms and organization of citizens' posses in other places, does little more than offer a "kick" to the inhabitants of cinemaland.

Hollywood gets a kick out of most everything. Whenever a Hollywoodite sees or hears something that interests or amuses him, he remarks: "I get 'awful kick out of that!"

He gets a kick from a good story, a kick from an airplane rodeo, a kick from the motor races and he gets a kick from the movies. When Gabriel blows his horn some enthusiastic native son is likely to rush up and grasp his hand and tell him what a wonderful kick he got when he heard the first blast from the trumpet.

There's always something happening to give that greatly desired kick. A young man tumbled from a street car on Santa Monica Boulevard last year, spilling about nineteen bundles and a turkey into the street. A whole morning's shopping lay scattered on the paving. He wasn't hurt, but the drivers of automobiles and pedestrians laughed gleefully at his discomfiture. Most all of them recognized Harold Lloyd with his horn-rimmed glasses and later saw the scene reproduced in "Hot Water." They got 'awful kick from it. A little while later, a motor car stalled in the center of a street intersection at a busy boulevard corner and within a few minutes traffic was jammed in every direction. Two or three motor cars had driven up to the stalled machine and stopped in awkward positions. A traffic officer vainly endeavored to straighten out the tangle. Horns began honking and sirens wailing. And then from the windows of an adjacent building motion-picture cameras popped and the operators began cranking.

More "Hot Water" scenes!

The motorists got a kick out of it when they learned what it was all about, smiled good-naturedly and watched the performance till it was finished.

Travelers coming into Los Angeles not long ago encountered a strange throng on the beautifully paved road along the palisades near Santa Monica. Fat men and fat women, grandpas in knickers and grandmas in sport togs, flappers wearing tight skirts, and sedate-looking business men wearing puttees, all trundling along the boulevard on kiddie kars and scooters! They were just beating it down the highway. The spectacle was enough to make one wonder if the folks had gone insane or were paying some...
Hollywood got a great kick out of the traffic jam created for scenes in Harold Lloyd's "Hot Water."

foolish election bet. Just around a turn in the road, an old-fashioned, one-lung motor car suddenly came careening down a hill and ended with a suffocated gurgle in the Pacific Ocean. The surf rolled in and over the little flivver, sousing its two occupants with brine. Then Alice Terry and Lawson Butt emerged therefrom and waded ashore while cameras were clicking.

Both the crowd on the scooters and the runaway flivver were photographed for scenes in "Any Woman," a Paramount production directed by Henry King. The passing Hollywoodite got a splendid kick from the incidents.

Two men fought on the girders of a building under construction, high above the busy Broadway tunnel in Los Angeles. Pedestrians stopped to gaze, awe-stricken for the moment, at the battle. The larger of the two men managed to encircle the throat of the other with his powerful fingers and bend him backward over the steel work. In a moment, it seemed, he would be hurled from his perilous position. The clothing of the combatants was being torn to shreds. The smaller of the two men managed to regain his feet and both grasped an overhead cable as they tore into each other with their disengaged hands.

Thrilling? Why, a similar spectacle would not be encountered in a lifetime. Still, no officers came. No one endeavored to stop the fight. Presently, some one in the crowd discovered a motion-picture camera at a respectable distance to one the bathing beauties always draw a crowd. Here is a group used in "The Night Club" to wave at outgoing steamers.
side; then every one grinned. They got a kick from the spectacle. The fighting men were Reed Howes and Ben Hendrick, Jr., making scenes for “The Cyclone Rider,” a Fox production.

Not very long ago, a costly, low-hung roadster stopped suddenly on North Los Angeles Street in the heavy trucking district, with a man knocked flat on the cobblestones, a long, red welt on the side of his head. The poor fellow, collarless, appeared to be badly hurt. An officer dashed out from the curbing, whistling to another that an accident had happened. A crowd assembled and the prostrate man was helped to his feet.

“Stand back!” ordered the man in uniform. “Let’s have air!”

The “officer” was J. Farrell MacDonald and the “accident” had been prearranged for use in “Kentucky Pride,” another Fox production. If the faces of two hundred extras had been desired in the scene, they were on hand before the shot was finished. The crowd got its kick from the incident.

Santa Monica, Sunset, and Hollywood Boulevards are the principal thoroughfares through movieland. On Sunset, recently, a “wild man,”

Alice Terry and W. Lawson Butt rode into the Pacific in a runaway flivver for “Any Woman,” which stunt properly thrilled the spectators.

What looked like a sure-enough accident was disclosed as a movie scene when J. Farrell MacDonald was identified as the “officer,” and the other principals as Fox players.

dressed in South Seas costume—grass skirt, beads, horns upon his head and painted in hideous colors—scrambled up the latticework over an iron gate, closely pursued by two white men at the head of a crowd.

The wild man moved with the agility of a monkey and soon hung in what appeared to be a perilous position.

Continued on page 103
Sets that Reproduce

Used regularly in motion-pictures quaint pieces and rare antiques have been brought to produce those enticing screen effects you see. There are genuine antiques worth a half million dollars. There are imitations in limitless quantity worth twice as much more. There is everything from the cheapest little rug woven in a factory of New England to the most gorgeous design made by the hands of the Turks and Persians. And there is everything from the machine-sawn cupboard evolved in Grand Rapids to exquisitely hand-carved period chests and tables.

Housewives who have enormous bank accounts might be able to duplicate one of the handsomest interior sets, but such a thing is beyond the average person's purchasing power.

In this day and age when so much hokum is resorted to in putting over picture plays, many persons look upon the gorgeous stage furnishings as being made of papier-maché or in some way photographed to make them appear much more luxurious and valuable than they really are. In many instances it is done. The camera can work wonders. But if all the stocks in the largest furniture houses of New York, Boston, Grand Rapids and San Francisco were arranged in one vast exhibition room, they would not offer the range of things that the prop rooms in Hollywood offer, because they do not go in for the odd and strange and quaint things that picture producers do.

Outside of the studios of Hollywood, too, are outfitting houses which carry enormous stocks of beautiful furniture, rugs and tapestries. Their rental charge is ten per cent of the value of each article, per week. The huge sums which some of the sets cost is what started the studios equipping their own and in recent years they have grown to be worth millions.

Rental of the stage furnishings in Norma Talmadge's picture, "The Eternal Flame," for instance, cost fifteen thousand dollars. The cathedral set in "The Merry Widow" alone cost one thousand dollars a week. The drawing-room sets, rugs, tapestries and the like in "One Year to Live," cost nearly one thousand dollars a week. For each picture produced at each studio which owns its own props, a cash rental is paid to the property superintendent, even though it is little more than taking money out of one pocket and putting it into another. It enables the company, however, to determine whether or not the props are earning interest on investment.

The most extensive stock on the West Coast is owned at the United Studios. Nearly one million dol-

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**This reproduction of a section of Maxim's, the famous Paris restaurant, was made with the aid of props from the Metro-Goldwyn studio for "The Merry Widow."**

**T**HOSE lovely boudoir sets you saw in the exotic De Mille pictures—you are going to duplicate them when again you furnish your home! And that refined, luxurious private office with its carved desk, deep chairs and harmonizing rug—"John" just must fit up his office that way! The table in the reception room—it certainly shall have one of those exquisite vases!

Is there a woman anywhere who hasn't yearned for those beautiful things?

But—try and get them!

In the motion-picture studios of Hollywood are more than three million dollars' worth of props or stage settings. From the distant corners of the globe, from the islands of the sea, the Orient, the Dark Continent, the quaint little shops of Paris and the musty basements of London; from attics in New York City and from the cliffs where dwell the Indians of Arizona; from the tropics and from the arctic circles the quaint and
sent Fortunes

ture productions are odd, tiques which cost millions of search and care to accumulate.

Emerson

lars' worth of stage settings are housed there in an enormous two-story warehouse. From it the First National, the Corinne Griffith, Ritz Carlton, M. C. Levee, and other productions have been outfitted. Levee is president of the holding company. Sets and furnishings are rented to other producing concerns. Seven years have been spent in assembling the stock. Thomas Little has done most of the buying. He is an authority on the value of antiques.

"We didn't have much money when I started gathering this supply," Mr. Little said. "I bought what I could and I got in the habit of poking around in the Los Angeles city dump where broken furniture and iron and such things are junked. Sometimes I picked up a quaint metal vase or an iron lamp or something of the kind, usually worthless. But I found other pieces which were valuable. You know, every one does not understand the value of old furniture and vases and urns and I guess millions of dollars' worth of these things have been thrown away when art shops would have paid princely sums for them. On the other hand, thousands of persons believe they have antiques in their possession worth fortunes when, in fact, they are almost valueless.

"A man came rattling up to our 'prop' room not long ago in a flivver with an odd-looking chair bouncing around in the back seat. It was a beautiful thing, hand carved, old and undoubtedly the product of some noted craftsman. He wanted to sell it.

"'Where did you get it?' I asked.

"'Oh,' he replied, 'it came to me.'

"'From where?' I insisted.

"'From the family,' he added.

"I couldn't figure how a man driving such a cheap car could own such an exquisite piece of furniture, but he said it was his and in two minutes it was in my possession. About the same time, a woman, apparently in moderate circumstances, appeared with several pieces of antique furniture which fairly made me gasp. Beautiful work, beautifully paneled and carved, quaint in design, different from most anything I ever had seen and 'as old as the hills.' I looked them over and turned to her.

"'Madam,' I said, 'I would love to have this furniture, but I cannot possibly pay you what it is worth. You had better take it to some collector who has unlimited means at his command.'

"'But I don't know any collector,' she complained. 'I wouldn't know where to start. Won't you make an offer on it?'

"I set a price—the very limit I could pay. She studied a moment, then replied:

"'Well, you have been honest about it at least, and I'm going to let you have them. Some time, maybe, I can see them again in pictures.'

"We stored the pieces alongside our other antiques. They are beautiful!

"There really isn't any necessity for using genuine antiques in motion pictures. The imitations serve virtually as well. We have here the bed used by Mary Pickford several years ago in 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' It is an exact duplicate of a famous hand-carved sixteenth-century canopy bed now in a London art gallery. Yet it was made in the U. S. A., by American craftsmen. We have replicas of the most famous pieces manufactured during the periods of Louis XIV., Louis XV., Marie Antoinette; of the walnut pieces manufactured during the time of Queen Anne and of William and Mary, and of the master craftsmen who made such marvelous furniture centuries ago in Italy, Flanders, China, and Spain.

"For stage scenes we are able to supply furniture which looks similar to the handiwork of Antonio Zucchi, Cipriani, Peronesi and Pergolesi, who went to England from the Continent during the seventeenth century, and we have furniture indicative of the efforts of Thomas Chippendale. Admittedly, these are imitations, but they have been made by the most skillful craftsmen of the present day and are worth what persons ordinarily would look upon as enormous sums.

"Different plays, of course, require different styles of furniture. The pieces manufactured in the French
periods are most frequently seen where lavish wealth and luxuriousness are demanded. The furniture you see with massive and grand lines is of the period of Louis XIV.; the overelaboration of mounted ornaments, twisted curves and fanciful details is of the period of Louis XV., and the sober and sedate lines with jewellike metal work is of the period of Marie Antoinette. Following these come the Directoire and First Empire styles."

Mr. Little frankly declares most of the stage furniture is merely in imitation of the old masters. If all the pieces from boudoir sets which were said to have been owned and used by Marie Antoinette were placed under one roof, the collection would cover a city block. And if all the so-called Chippendales were similarly assembled, they would stock a warehouse. Yet Thomas Chippendale had only a small factory in London when he won immortality as a furniture designer during the latter part of the eighteenth century.

The property manager is conversant with the method of blowing "worm holes" into wood with a shotgun to make it look antique and of the difference between a finish given to woods by beeswax dissolved in turpentine and rubbed intermittently for years and a finish supplied by paint and varnish as is done in modern times. The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City uses a four-story brick building to house its collection of props, valued at approximately three hundred thousand dollars. It owns few real antiques but has, on the other hand, some of the most exquisite pieces of modern furniture to be found. It has one thousand chairs valued all the way from fifty cents to four hundred dollars each. It devotes a whole section of the building to rugs and tapestries. It maintains its own manufacturing rooms, its own upholstering plant and employs the most skilled workmen it can find. It could outfit a complete gambling hall with faro, roulette, baccarat and other gaming tables and it could from its silverware department set a perfectly appointed court dinner. E. B. Willis but recently returned from New York, where he bought nearly twenty thousand dollars' worth of new material to be used in scenery for picture making.

Metro-Goldwyn some months ago from its prop room and craft shops, duplicated a section of Maxim's restaurant in Paris when it filmed "The Merry Widow." It reproduced the stage of Ziegfeld's "Follies" in "Pretty Ladies," and its cathedral scene, previously mentioned, was one of the most beautiful ever built on the West coast.

The Lasky studio, where Cecil De Mille has filmed so many gorgeous pictures during recent years, has an enormous sum invested in props, largely of French and Italian design, and Universal has an equally large amount.
Sets that Represent Fortunes

The picture is of the larger studios contain almost every article which might be needed for any picture. Armor, grass skirts from the South Sea Islands, spears, lances, bolos, machetes, snowshoes, grapevines, throne chairs, moses heads, tiger skins, gorgeous crystal chandeliers, priceless Chinese and Japanese vases inlaid with pearl, tapestries from the countries of Europe, earthenware from Africa, tom toms from India, musical instruments from all the other peoples of the Orient. The list is endless.

At each studio, too, are the highest skilled interior decorators and designers, paid big salaries to arrange studio settings. The little odd crook to a table cover, the slight turn of a chair or a table or a couch, the different hanging of a drapery or arrangement of a tapestry or rug, can change the appearance of an entire room. Because of this these skilled decorators are employed. If a housewife untutored in such work were to attempt duplicating a setting, in many instances she would wonder why the effect she obtained was not the same. Undoubtedly, many women have obtained ideas from screen plays on how to make rooms appear unique and attractive and they may be assured that the stage-set rooms—of certain productions, at least—are correct in their fittings. But they need not feel disappointed or surprised when they are unable to obtain many of the beautiful designs in furniture and vases or of tapestries and rugs they see pictured on the screen.

Indicative of the enormous growth of the motion-picture industry is this assembly of props at the West Coast studios. The first complete motion picture made in Los Angeles was produced by Colonel Selig in 1908 in an old mansion rented at Eighth and Olive streets. The name of the picture was "In the Sultan's Power," and the props consisted of whatever could be found in the house. In 1909, New York sent out the old Bison Company and in 1910 came the Biograph with D. W. Griffith as director. With him were Mack Sennett, Owen Moore, Arthur Johnson, Mary Pickford, Lee Dougherty, Florence Lawrence, and Marjorie Favor. In the picture, the props consisted of neighborhood houses, the streets, and what have you!

In 1911, David Horsley, Al E. Christie, Thomas Ricketts and Milton Fahrney arrived in Hollywood with two thousand five hundred dollars, leased the old Blondeau Tavern at the corner of Sunset and Gower—now a part of "Poverty Row"—and presently Jesse L. Lasky came. He bought an old stable and lot where the great Lasky studio now stands and from this studio made the first Paramount picture. The first picture made in the first studio of Hollywood was titled "The Law of the Range." The props therefore were the wide open spaces and whatever could be borrowed.

Now, scarcely fourteen years later, the props alone cost millions.

For "The Wanderer," a new Paramount production, one of the most remarkable and expensive sets ever built was constructed. Hundreds of carpenters, electricians, and prop men went fifty miles from Hollywood and there built an entire Biblical city. It bore the exact appearance of such a place years before the birth of Christ. Thousands of extras may be seen roaming its narrow streets. The city did not last long, however, being destroyed almost as soon as it was erected. An earthquake—not a real one—brought the wrath of God upon the city and its wicked inhabitants and its mighty buildings were soon nothing but smoking ashes.
How Players Safeguard Their Health

Though accidents sometimes happen, everything possible is done to prevent the players from becoming ill or suffering injury while at work.

By Myrtle Gebhart

You read of accidents in which stunt men, doubling for the stars, suffer injuries, but you seldom hear of a featured actor being hurt or even indisposed. Rarely is a production held up because of the illness of a principal.

The main reason for this is that the majority of the actors have good health and strong constitutions to begin with. If they hadn't, they would never have been able to withstand the hardships which at various times during their careers they have had to endure. And they keep their health, or most of them do, by a certain amount of exercise and a common-sense diet.

A sickly person would not last very long in the movies. For even the featured players, though they do not take the risks run by the trained stunt-athletes, imperil their health by water scenes, by performing the less hazardous thrills that cannot be faked, and in various other ways necessary to their work.

Klieg eyes are common ailments and so far no practicable method of eliminating the ultra-violet ray from the lights—which causes the temporary blindness—has been found. All a player can do when so afflicted is to bandage his eyes and live in darkness until the pain subsides. Often a drop of olive oil in each eye before facing the big sun arcs serves to ward off the strain. Some, with more pigmentation in their eyes, are exceptionally susceptible to Klieg eyes.

It is curious that so few of the girls are annoyed with colds, in view of the fact that practically all of them at one time or another have to enact night scenes out of doors and often clad in gossamer chiffon evening gowns. Frequently, garden moonlight parties are filmed on outdoor sets and such productions, destined for spring release, are usually taken during the winter months. And, while the cold of the East is unknown in the West, the nights are far from warm, with the chilly fog seeping down in a mist from the hills.

When such scenes are being taken, big iron stoves are placed at the edge of the set. About them, wrapped in heavy coats, the girls huddle cozily until called. The more important players usually wait in their motors—or, if the set is on the studio's open stage, in their dressing rooms—until the last moment.

Water scenes are always dreaded. In the kindest of climes, they are unpleasant, and immersion even in heated studio tanks for an hour or two causes a great deal of discomfort. And ocean sequences are reasons why some players wonder that so many fans want to see movie stars. Several of the comedians, who more often have to do water stuff, coat their bodies with grease and oil and wear woolen underclothing to avoid taking cold.

Because of numerous accidents in the past growing out of the extras' desire to work regardless of the risk, and their insistence that they were expert at aquatic sports when perhaps they could not swim a stroke, tests now are made of applicants for such work. De Mille had a difficult time selecting the girls for the "Feet of Clay" aquaplane episode, keeping in mind the twin necessities of beautiful faces and figures and familiarity with water sports.

During the preliminary tests it was discovered that a number, eager to play in the picture, had claimed to be good swimmers when in reality their lives would have been endangered had they been permitted to participate in the scene. In addition to these thorough tests, which now are insisted upon by most of the directors when such sequences are included in pictures, lifeguards are stationed just outside the camera range.

Similar tests are made for riding and steeplechase scenes, not only that the most skillful may be chosen but that no foolish young people, with thoughts of an opportunity overbalancing common sense, may be allowed to risk their lives unnecessarily.

Working with animals is dreaded by all of the players, though as a rule the ferocious jungle beasts, under the guidance of experienced trainers, appear only in the long shots, more tractable animals being used for close-ups. Even so, however, there is danger, because the best-humored citizen of the menagerie is likely to be blinded and bewildered by the lights and run amok. The most hazardous animal scenes recently filmed were for a Sennett comedy, in which Madeline Hurlock permitted a tiger to follow her around and to stand upon the train of her gown as she walked about the room.

The set was inclosed in a high iron cage. One surly beast, annoyed by the lights, performed his scene perfectly through rehearsals, then, as it was being filmed, turned, snarling savagely, and made a dash for the cameras. Trainers ward off with whips just as he was about to leap over the barricade of chairs and boxes which served as semiprotection to the director and camera men.

When Lois Wilson sprained her wrist during the stampede scene in "North of 36," Ernst Torrence rendered first aid with the kit that accompanies every movie company on location.

(Continued on page 107)
Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney directed by Victor Seastrom in "The Tower of Lies"

Still another proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's superb genius for selecting Stars and Directors to produce the utmost in motion picture art.

The "Tower of Lies"
Starring Norma Shearer and Lon Chaney
A Victor Seastrom Production
Adapted for the screen by Agnes Christine Johnston. From the novel "The Emperor of Portugallia" by Selma Lagerlof.
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture.

Lon Chaney as Jan
Norma Shearer as Goldie

"The Tower of Lies" is a powerful, heart-stirring drama based on Selma Lagerlof's Nobel Prize novel—"The Emperor of Portugallia"—you will breathlessly await each new unfolding of the plot.

In this picture the art of acting and the art of directing are united as you, who have seen "He Who Gets Slapped", have learned to expect in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer dramas.

Stars that brilliantly dominate the motion picture firmament—the cream of the World's directing genius—these are the factors that have made such pictures as "The Unholy Three", "The Merry Widow" and "Never the Twain Shall Meet" possible.

They stamp all Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen-plays as undisputed classics.

You who have learned to measure motion picture perfection by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions will find the "Tower of Lies" just another proof of your good judgment.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in Heaven"
When Should a Star Be Born?

You are of a naturally jovial, friendly disposition. You are born under very fortunate planetary conditions. You have the strength of character not to succumb to an unhappy or unsuccessful situation, and if you are unhappy or unhappy, it is due entirely to the fact that your heart is more sensitive than is generally considered. You have a natural talent for cooking. You are kind-hearted, generous, sympathetic, and magnetic. You are very intellectual, and possess so much magnetism that, as a rule, you will get through life without much friction. You are a good talker, good at debate, and can make a point and always get it across. You are practical and incisive if you learn the pathway of silence. You would rather plan than work, and are not as fond of detail; are sometimes lazy and fond of taking things easy, yet, when necessary, are up and doing, and do not shirk work or duty. You are fond of home comforts and have a genius in catering for the table, and would make a fine cook. Your love of nature is your weakness, and you are misled by those professing friendship to you. You know things, but can't tell how or why you know them.

Under Virgo, August 22d to September 23d, whose motto is "Purity," come Esther Ralston, Betty Blythe, Priscilla Dean, Pat O'Malley, and Nol, and cool, calm, and confident, and who are promised a marked success in whatever calling they choose. Under the zodiacal sign of Libra, September 23d to October 23d, come Tony Moreno, Renee Adoree, Buster Keaton, Huntley Gordon, Irene Rich, Lillian Gish, Evelyn Brent, Lloyd Hughes, and Harriet Hammond. Their horoscope says of them:

You are naturally persistent and competent, and can, through these qualities, win success. Your foresight and judgment are excellent. Don't worry over losses, troubles, and obstacles. The moment you do you are in danger. Be self-reliant; you will succeed when you rely upon your own abilities, when you can be calm and tranquil no matter what. That moment you become powerful. What you attribute to luck is not luck, but the work of unseen, intelligent forces or powers, which help you or help themselves. All born under this sign are naturally energetic, ambitious, generous, and inspired.

Under Scorpio, October 23d to November 22d, whose motto is "Determination," come Hope Hampton, Dorothy Phillips, Gertrude Olmstead, Lewis Stone, Betty Bronson, Jobyna Ralston, Reginald Denny, Marie Prevost, Leatrice Joy, and Laura La Plante. The horoscope says of them:

Scorpio people have great magnetism. You have great possibilities. The most helpful and men are born under this sign. In money matters you can amass large wealth by sensible and persevering efforts in one line. Traveling is beneficial to you. Don't worry, don't hurry, take it easy. In love affairs you will be successful from the moment you fully control your feelings of anger or jealousy. The worst tendency in this sign is the tendency to get disturbed if things don't go just as you think they ought to go. For this cause, many Scorpio people are not so happy and successful as they might be.

You have a great magnetic heart. You have a high temper and a great deal of jealousy in your nature. You have a great tendency to be wary of others, and you have to lead and have others look up to you. You set too much value in external things. As a rule you are very exacting and see that your laws are carried out. You love to be praised.

"Activity" is the motto of Sagittarius people, born on November 22d. Between that date and December 21d. Under the zodiacal sign of Capricorn, December 21st to January 20th, is the dark and mysterious sign of the earth. Its motto is "Understanding," and under it come Minfred Bryson, Ann Pennington, Joe Bonomo, Marion Davies, William Haines, Pola Negri, Lillian Rich, Tom Mix, Pauline Starke, Monte Blue, Bebe Daniels, Patsy Ruth Miller, Noah Beery, and Milton Sills. Says their horoscope:

Among you are rulers of many people, actors, musicians, Act as you think best and in an unpretentious way, be a leader in your affaire. At times you are liable to become blue and despondent. You have wonderful hypnotic powers. Don't help others too much. It is your duty to develop and great things. It is foolish for you to engage in any work in which you cannot willingly put your whole heart and soul. Don't talk too much. Be a good listener. You must control yourself with an iron will. There is scarcely any limit to your wonderful powers.

You have strong individuality, great enthusiasm, strong love of life. You are many-sided in capabilities, talkative, versatile, competent to bear great responsibilities. You cannot be the natural head of large enterprises. You are proud, independent, high-minded, and indisposed to labor with your own hands. Continued on page 94
Famous Marcelling Cap
Now Offered at New Low Price

Tremendous volume of sales makes further reduction possible on re-markable Curling Outfit, which marcelles your hair at home in 15 minutes

—a total of 50,000—we could afford to sell them at a still lower price. But we're not going to wait until the 50,000 are sold to give you the benefit of this quantity production. We're going to give it to you now while orders are still pouring in at the regular price almost as fast as we can fill them. We're going to cut nearly one dollar off the price and distribute this saving of approximately $40,000 among the next 40,000 girls and women that order!

If you read the newspapers and magazines regularly, you are more or less familiar with this remarkable hair waving device. You can see at a glance just how it works. There is nothing complicated about it; nothing to get out of order. It is so amazingly simple that you can hardly believe your eyes. But 40,000 girls and women throughout the country are using it with gratifying results. That's the best proof we can offer.

For Every Type and Style
Whatever style of "bob" you prefer—shingle, Ina Claire, cross-wave, center or side-part bob—whatever kind of hair you have—soft and fluffy, coarse and straight, long or short—this new marcelling device is guaranteed to give you just the kind of marcel you want in 15 minutes' time. And the beauty of it is that you can have a fresh marcel every time you need it with as little trouble as it ordinarily takes to comb long hair.

Think what a saving this will mean. Instead of paying $1.00 to $1.50, plus a 25 to 50 cent tip every time you need a marcel, now it will cost you only about one cent! Instead of one hour or two going and coming from the Beauty Parlor, it will take only 15 minutes at home!

But even more important than the saving of time and money is the benefit to your hair. Any specialist will tell you that constant marcelling with artificial heat is most injurious. Shortly after you discard the harsh, artificial method of "rolling and drying your hair, you'll begin to see the difference. Split ends and unruly strands will vanish. You can put the waves in the same place each time and soon you will be able to draw your hair and keep it naturally marcelled with very little attention.

The Curling Liquid that goes with the McGowan Hair Waving Outfit is most beneficial to the hair too. It de-centuates the curl, but acts as a tonic for scalp and hair, eradicates dandruff and itching and promotes rich, luxurious growth. It is absolutely nontoxic and is guaranteed not to stain the hair or affect its color in any way.

Be Among the 40,000 Who Will Profit by This Reduction
The McGowan Marcelling Outfit consists of the Marcelling Cap and a large size bottle of McGowan’s Curling Fluid. The Curling Liquid itself has always sold for $1.50 a bottle at retail, and we've priced it separately, for the same amount—a total of $3.75. When we offered the combination for $3.37, we had to do some close figuring, but we did it in order to get a great volume of sales in the shortest possible time. Now we're going the limit and making another reduction to $2.45 for the entire outfit and this price includes the postage—a price which, as we have said, is based on the anticipation of selling 40,000 more during the next few weeks.

Frankly, unless we can do so it will be impossible to maintain this price. We may have to change it at any time, so if you've been thinking about one of these Marcelling Outfits, don't lose any time. Remember, we still take all the risk. We guarantee Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back applies at this reduced price just as it did before.

Send No Money—Just Mail the Coupon
Even at this reduced price you do not have to pay for your Marcelling Outfit in advance. Just sign and mail the coupon and when the postman brings your new found beauty and, simply deposit with him $2.45. Then after seven days, if you aren't entirely satisfied in every way just return it and we will refund the purchase price in full.

We couldn't afford to make such an offer if we didn't stand behind the McGowan Marcelling Outfit. We stand behind it for the entire time. We're as sure as we can be that you will be satisfied. We are prepared to accept the responsibility of giving you satisfaction, and we accept your judgment as the sole judge. If you don't find the McGowan Marcelling Outfit the greatest beauty invention you ever used—if it doesn't give you the loveliest hair you ever had—then we are not simply delighted in every way with both the Marcelling Cap and the Curling Liquid—then the cost of the trial is on us.

Don't put it off another day. You have nothing to lose. Everything to gain. Tear out the coupon, fill in and mail today. You'll always be glad you did.

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Dear Sir—McGowan—Please send me your hair-waving outfit, which includes your recently patented Marcelling Cap and a large size bottle of McGowan's Curling Fluid. I agree to deposit $2.45 with the postman upon its delivery to satisfy the purchase price. I am not satisfied with results in every way I will return the outfit and you are authorized to keep it free of cost, without any further obligation on my part.

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Address_________

Note: If you expect to be out when the postman calls, please mark this coupon and write your request to have the McGowan Marcelling Outfit be sent postpaid.
When Should a Star Be Born?

Under the sign of Pisces, Gloria Swanson is told that she has good judgment and a discriminating mind which will place her in high positions of trust. Didn’t Famous Players-Lasky find this out when they began negotiating with her for a renewal of contract? Under the sign of Aries, Mary Pickford is told that her brain is always busy; that she is an independent character and has her own idea of right and wrong; that she must do things her own way.

Douglas Fairbanks, born under the zodiacal sign of Gemini, found that he was of a restless, anxious nature, apt to be an extremist in all he did. Yet he found true the prediction that he would make a success in any line of business where he had control or direction of the efforts of many people.

Do the horoscopes picture them correctly?

Judge for yourself!

From the Pupil’s Point of View

Continued from page 49

big productions all being made here in the studio at the same time, and I’ve been snatching glimpses of all of them!!

Now and when we of the school aren’t watching the stars, and getting pointers, they drop in to watch us—not, however, to get pointers! I was surprised at first to find how friendly they all are—not a bit uppity, as I had thought they might be.

They are full of fun, most of them, and have a grand time together when they aren’t working. The other day, we heard a big uproar over on the set for “The King on Main Street,” and I sneaked away and ran over to see what was going on. During a rest period, Adolphe Menjou, the suave and dignified, in very correct full dress, was doing a clog dance to the accompaniment of a brawling jazz band, while the darkly leader of the band sang at the top of his voice, and everybody on the set stood about and applauded. Then, Bessie Love joined in with a demonstration of the Charleston, and Menjou sat down and clapped time, whooping and yelling to spur her on.

But the one thing about this movie life that has impressed and surprised me most of all, is the good moral atmosphere that seems to exist. After the usual ugly tales that every one hears, I certainly never expected to find things as they are. And my mother, who came North with me, has confessed that on the trip up, she had no intention of letting me really stay, but that after she got here and saw how things were conducted, she changed her mind completely, and quite happily went off and left me.

So I did stay, and am surely glad I did. There were lots to learn at first, and of course, we all made idiotic mistakes. There are so many technical things to know that just don’t occur to the beginner. For instance, one of the first things we were told was to move much more slowly than you would in real life—the director said that coming from the South, I ought to find that easy—and to underact rather than overact. For the camera exaggerates everything.

Now on the stage, it’s quite the opposite, for there, it’s you who must do a little exaggerating, because if you moved and acted at a perfectly natural pace, the play would be inclined to drag. The usual rule, on the stage is to speed up and act up, be it ever so little, in order to get your stuff across the footlights, but in the movies, no—you must linger over every little point, or it will appear blurred in projection; and you must hold yourself in a little in a dramatic scene, or the camera will turn it into melodrama.

Another thing was found hard to grasp was just where to direct our acting in reference to the camera. You shouldn’t play entirely toward the person with you, for then your facial expressions are lost, nor on the other hand, should you turn entirely away from him and stare straight into the camera. Learning to strike a happy medium was difficult. Also, we were taught never to turn the head without first turning the eyes. Otherwise, the motion, when seen on the screen, loses its effect.

Some one, by the way, asked me not long ago, if I hadn’t found it hard to act with so few spoken lines to guide and inspire me. I had expected to, but on the contrary, I’ve found that it’s really much easier, for with no set words to worry about, you can concentrate so much better on just the acting. One thing that is sometimes difficult to manage, however, is to save your best acting for the camera instead of wasting it on rehearsals. After you’ve rehearsed an emotional scene four or five times, you’re apt to find, unless you’ve been careful, that when the camera begins to grind, you’ve used up all your inspiration and shed all your tears.

The problem of make-up is a very trying one for the camera is certainly cruel. You think you have at last discovered just what combination of grease paint, powder, and so forth, makes you look best, and you labor over your face, eyes and lips for an hour, then go onto the set and act as you never have before, and when the scene is later projected onto the screen, you take one look at your face, and are ready to quit.

Many funny things have happened, of course, as we’ve gone along. One day, in the early stages of the school, I had to do a bit with a boy in which I was supposed to lose my temper and pull his hair. Unfortunately, I really did get mad, and pulled his hair so hard, and yanked him so far away from the camera that the director had to stop the shot, and then swore that he would never act with me again.

“For Pete’s sake,” shouted the director, “don’t be so realistic! Remember, there’s a camera here. This isn’t just for fun.”

And another time, one of the girls spent ever so long rehearsing to perfection a part in which she was to be very sweet and lovely and gracious, and just at the height of the actual shot, when everything was going beautifully, she tripped and fell flat on her face.

We are growing more and more proficient, however, every day, and hope by Christmas, when the course comes to an end, to be full-fledged actors and actresses.

We’re to finish off with a big, complete production, in which we will all take part together. What will happen to us after that, remains to be seen, but nobody can say that we haven’t been given a chance. If we don’t succeed after these six intensive months of preparation, it will be because we just haven’t it in us, that’s all. But of course, we don’t think about that side of it, because we all have great hopes that we shall succeed.
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Continued from page 71

somewhat exhausted his adjectives and compared the picture with "The Birth of a Nation," "The Four Horsemen," and sundry other screen masterpieces, and its maker with D. W. Griffith, there was a momentary lull of absolutely dead silence, and then the director broke in with what appeared to be a nonchalant:

"Oh, well, I don't know. I don't know. Who knows, maybe it won't be so much after all. Ha-ha!"

Is it necessary to add that the critic forthwith changed the topic of conversation to the latest picture of his host's fiancé?

**Rudy and Vilma**

There is an exquisite young creature in Hollywood called Vilma Banky. We have spoken of her before. She made her bow to American picture audiences in "The Dark Angel," with Ronald Colman. But now there is added reason for talking of her, since we have seen her several times escorted to various functions by Rudolph Valentino. At the last Sixty Club dinner, they danced beautifully together, and though Miss Banky is Hungarian and speaks little English, she and Rudy seemed to suffer no difficulty in making themselves understood to each other.

**Elsie Glyn's Double**

Not so long ago, Syd Chaplin created a sensation in the Montmartre Café when he appeared in a satin dress and picture hat, smoking a big black cigar. Syd is doing his second female impersonation in "Nightie Night Nurse," his comedy for Warner Brothers.

Most amusing of all is the fact that Syd says that people have been taking him for Madame Elsion Glyn. He probably uses the cigar to counteract the mistaken impression. Madame, of course, does not smoke.

**Theodore Roberts' Wife**

Most tragic of recent occurrences has been the death of the wife of Theodore Roberts, the character actor. Mr. Roberts as everybody knows, has been ill for a long time, and has been able only occasionally to appear on the screen, when his role permitted his working in a wheel chair.

His wife has been nursing him all through his illness, and was seemingly in good health. Her death was due to heart failure, and has been a deep blow to Mr. Roberts.

She was known professionally as Florence Smythe, but seldom played on the screen.

**New Triumph in Offing**

Another Cinderella has triumphed. Little Lois Moran is certain of a great success in "Stella Dallas." We have seen this picture and are ready and willing to concur with Samuel Goldwyn in the belief that he has a great find in this little girl.

She has a child charm and lack of obvious sophistication that are seldom seen in film discoveries. She is the first little girl that can truly be described by that alluring adjective, wistful. She may indeed be a genius in the making. Certainly she looks far more promising than any of the other débutantes, with the possible exception of Betty Bronson. And all things considered, we think that she has even greater talent than Betty.

"Stella Dallas" is quite a remarkable picture in every respect. It is an indication of the exact certainty with which producers are selecting talent these days, regardless of the box-office allure of names. The actress whose performance is absolutely tremendous is Belle Bennett. Her work, we believe, will register alongside of Pauline Frederick's in "Madame X."

Ronald Colman also offers a splendid performance, as do Jean Hersholt and Alice Joyce, and the others.

We viewed the picture in Pasadena at a so-called "sneak-out" preview, a test showing, where very few of the professional group were present. Those who were there, however, including Norma Talmadge, Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge, Frances Howard, and a few others, all emerged from the theater with eyes still shining with tears.

"The Big Parade" and "Stella Dallas" are the best pictures that we have thus far glimpsed at the previews in Hollywood. "The Big Parade" is a tremendous war spectacle destined to create a greater sensation than anything since "The Four Horsemen."

We believe we have mentioned before that Karl Dane, who plays in that picture, is one of the greatest character finds since Ernest Torrence came to the front. If we have, it will do no harm to tell it again.

**A Nordic Eye Opener**

Continued from page 84

Her little accent reminded me of Nazimova, of Fay Bainter in "East Is West," of Elsie Janis imitating some one. It was chiseled and perfect, and the quirks and turns came at delightfully unexpected moments. Yet, hearing it, you would swear to its authenticity. Listening to Jutta Goudal, or Dagmar Godowsky, one may pardonomously suspect affection. But Greta is Greta, and her Norwegian tricks of pronunciation fall on the ear as genuine.

Signed at the canny sum of seventy-five dollars a week, Greta recently saw her contract destroyed, to be replaced with one calling for fifteen hundred dollars a week. So she may be said to have arrived.

She is not vain, but she is conscious of her beauty, sparing herself wherever possible. Between scenes, for example, she permitted another girl to pose for her, for lighting and timing, while she sat quietly adjusting her make-up.

In addition to looking very lovely, Miss Nissen is said to design her own costumes and headresses.

"It is all part of the work of acting," she said. "The costume is much of the part, I think. Is it not so?"

She is the opposite of Pola Negri—in coloring, in manner, in disposition. There is nothing fiery about her, nothing temperamental, nothing excitable. To all outward appearances, she is calm, assured, facing camera and director alike with inscrutable poise.

She finished a particularly adroit love scene with Menjou, and returned to her chair smiling.

"Good," she said. "He is the good lover. Very foreign. Americans are so conventional in all things."

This was promising, but Greta stopped abruptly.

"I like the picture work," she admitted, "all but the waiting. You wait hours, and you are acting only but minutes. Then the last time a scene is taken, perhaps you are tired of it, and they decide to use that one."

Because her beauty is aloof and cool and piquant and unusual, Miss Nissen will never be a great popular star.

So long as they cast Greta Nissen in spicy, saucy roles, she will gleam resplendently. But it were foolishly to attempt to make a Gish or a Talmadge of her. She is a lovely golden figure, graceful, flippant, transient in her appeal. Few audiences will give her sympathy; she must hold the whip hand and let her picture roles if she is to be successful.

It is too bad that the all-seeing eye of the camera sees so little of the Nissen magnetism.
1915: Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen", a De Mille "coop" and a never-to-be-forgotten picture, which marked a big step forward in the film industry.

1916: Under DeMille's management, "Wally" Reid was the best loved of movie heroes.

1920: Gloria Swanson—Lila Lee—Thomas Meighan—headed for fame in "Male and Female".

1924: "The Ten Commandments"—a stupendous spectacle, still playing to crowded houses. No one can afford to miss it.

1922: "Manslaughter" brought to Meighan a new leading lady and to the public a new idol—Lairce Joy.

1926: "The Road to Yesterday"—DeMille's first great independent offering through the Producers Distributing Corporation. Adapted by Joanie Macpherson and Beulah Marie Dix from the play by Beulah Marie Dix and E.G. Sutherland.

A LITTLE over ten years ago, Cecil B. DeMille was putting in his second year in the moving picture field, and he was working feverishly to prove that there was a place in motion pictures for bigger and better films.

In between those first desperate days and the present time, is a record of achievement which has been equaled by no other producer. With each succeeding DeMille triumph, it has seemed as though the topmost pinnacle of Motion Picture perfection had been reached, and yet when it seemed as though there were no further heights to which he could climb, there burst upon the world, two years ago, that greatest of all DeMille spectacles—"The Ten Commandments"—a production so vast and so absorbing that it held audiences breathless and convinced them that DeMille must, indeed, be a worker of miracles to have wrought so stupendous a masterpiece!

WHAT will Cecil B. DeMille do next? DeMille is looking forward to even more glorious achievements in the future. He and his Associate Directors have planned a series of pictures, each one of which will be a notable event. The finest stories have been secured and they will be interpreted by artists who take pride in upholding the DeMille tradition of Supremacy!

The clean, fresh beauty of Luretise Joy and the charm of Rod LaRocque have been captured for these DeMille pictures. And there are hosts of other well known names, each a guarantee of quality in itself: Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Lillian Rich, Noah Beery, Harry B. Walhall, William Boyd, Vera Reynolds, Robert Ames, Robert Edeson, Theodore Kosloff, Rockliffe Fellows, Clive Brook, Edmund Burns, Julia Faye, Trixie Friganza—just to mention a few.

NEW talent being developed in the DeMille Stock Company: In addition to those artists who have already made a place for themselves, Cecil DeMille is constantly working new personalities into his pictures. He has a glorified Stock Company in which promising youngsters are drilled, encouraged and shown the way to make the most of their own possibilities.

All Cecil DeMille productions, and those of his Associates, will be released through the Producers Distributing Corporation. There is untold wealth of entertainment ahead of you. Watch for future announcements.

A magnificent picture magnificently acted by Joseph Schildkraut, Jetta Goudal, Vera Reynolds, William Boyd and Julia Faye.

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Where Do the Stars Buy Beauty?

Continued from page 27

You feel that you’d rather die than have that stuff on your face any longer. You’re told that it is good for you, that it increases your circulation, makes the skin active, toughens up relaxed muscles, closes enlarged pores—and you believe all that, for you can feel the blood rushing from the very tips of your toes into your face. In the mirror you can see that your skin is beginning to redden beneath its brown coat.

When you feel that you’ll commit murder or suicide in another moment, the brown stuff is removed with pads of cotton dipped in a soothing oil. Your face is still red, it still burns a little. The oil is left on for a while, then is rubbed off, and a skin food is rubbed in. Your skin absorbs that greedily. A little later, when that comes off, you want to turn hand springs just for joy. The little, fine wrinkles that you may have had, have vanished. Your skin is soft and velvety as a baby’s. You feel as if the woman at whose shop those treatments are given ought to go out on the street with a parody of Aladdin’s cry, shouting, “New faces for old!”

I know one very beautiful girl, a famous movie actress, who uses this treatment every morning when she is working, because it makes her skin photograph so well, and makes her eyes look so bright. She buys jars of the brown ointment and bottles of the oil, and puts it on herself.

To Have Beautiful Hair.

I took in the various hair specialists, too, in my adventures in quest of beauty culture. To a motion-picture star it is most important that the hair be in good condition, so that it will photograph well. And there are several excellent systems of caring for the hair.

Anna Rubens, whose black hair is remarkably beautiful, used to apply hot olive oil to it before it was shampooed. The best way to do this is to part the hair and rub the hot oil on with a pad of absorbent cotton, then part it again and repeat the procedure. Afterward, the hair should have the oil rubbed on each strand.

Coconut oil is used by several of the starlets, and is applied in the same way. You can buy a jar of it for a quarter, and use it twice a month; the hair should be shampooed each week, or every ten days, at the longest.

A beauty treatment for the hair that brings sure results consists of the use of iodine. It is applied to the scalp with a small brush, each day until the old skin of the scalp has all scaled off.

Pure soap makes an excellent shampoo, and if you want to wash your hair in the most approved method, get a small sponge, and when you begin to wash your hair, dip the sponge in very hot water, rub it hard on the soap, and then on to your scalp. Part the hair and go all over the scalp in this way, then apply the soap to the hair.

Massaging the scalp with the finger tips is a good practice, one that should be indulged in for a few moments every night.

When you are caring for your hair, don’t forget your eyebrows and lashes. The brows especially need attention, for powder gets into them, and they lose the lustrous look that is so essential if they are to add to your beauty.

Hot vaseline is good for both lashes and brows; the brows can be washed in hot soap suds first, so that they are thoroughly clean.

Apply the heated vaseline with an eyebrow brush, to the brows, and with your finger tip to the lashes. Leave it on overnight if you can; if you’re just dressing for a party, take it off after a few moments.

Remember this, if you go in for caring for your looks: it isn’t just what you do to your skin in the morning, or when you’re dressing in the evening, that counts; the skin that is not properly cleansed and cared for each night may look well when you finish powdering and rouging it, but after a little while it will look gray and dull. The girl who looks as nice when she goes home from a party as when she arrives is the one who devotes at least five minutes every night before she goes to bed to caring for the skin of her face and neck.

She may vary it; may use a skin food one night and a bleaching cream the next, may wash with soap and water occasionally, and use cleansing cream at other times. But she sees to it that her skin is clean, and well nourished, every night.

Don’t neglect your complexion, no matter how tired you are. That one night of neglect will show for days afterward. It’s really a small price to pay for beauty, five minutes a day!

You Can’t Ignore Her

Continued from page 47

business, but I think it is more a desire to keep a firm hold on the few other interests for which she has time.

Clothes engage her passing interest, motoring she loves, and Waley’s translation of poems from the Chinese is the book with which she whiles away waiting hours at the studio. But her real interest is in homes. At the moment, she is going around studying the little country places her friends have bought, trying to decide on a locality that would be near enough to the studio for commuting, and yet would give her the surroundings she desires. There must be a little rambling cottage with lots of flowers that look as though they had been growing there for years; there must be quiet and solitude—and a cow and chickens. Carol is adament about the cow and chickens. Accord-

A Fan Returns to Movieland

Continued from page 53

much. I haven’t many friends here and I’m generally with older people. I have relations here—my grandmother and mother are mostly with me, so I spend my time with them. I get a lot of pleasure out of making a picture, so I hope the movie fans get as much enjoyment out of seeing them.

Which we do, I’m certain.

Little Miss Bronson is fortunate in having what we girls call a “line” all her own. Neither does she look like, or fit into the type of, any other movie favorite. Creating her own niche, and original in her style of acting, she furnishes the “something new” we fans are always wanting.

But I wonder if we should be able to get all our fun out of just playing in pictures, as Betty does? It isn’t everybody could be a Betty Bronson, you know.
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**Send No Money Down!**

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| $1 Deposit | $3 | A Month | **$37**
| It is amazing to be able to get this gorgeously beautiful cluster of 7 sparkling, bright, blue-white, genuine diamonds set in platinum, in this solid gold ring, regret $37. It's worth $50. |
| $1 Deposit | $2 | A Month | **$37**
| All the colors of the rainbow flash and sparkle most attractively from the best quality genuine blue-white diamond set in this hand-somely designed 18-Kt. solid gold ring, it makes a splendid present. |

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**No. CS8**

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| $1 Deposit | $3 | A Month | **$22**
| Latest style, engraved and pierced 18-Kt. solid white gold mounting, set with brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamond, which flashes and sparkles with the color of the rainbow. |
| $1 Deposit | $4 | A Month | **$22**
| Extra fine quality, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamond, full of fire and sparkle, set in a most artistically designed 18-Kt. solid gold ring, having 2 dark blue sapphires in shanks, family worth $75.00. |

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| $3 Deposit | $5.50 | A Month | **$69**
| The 7 beautiful blue-white sparkling, brilliant genuine diamonds comprising this big cluster are set in solid platinum in the handsome ring. It looks like a solitaire of large size. |
| $5 Deposit | $7.50 | A Month | **$69**
| Extra large solitaire cluster of 7 quality brilliant diamonds are set in solid platinum in this beautiful mounting, which is engraved all around. Has 2 dark blue sapphires. |
| $1 Deposit | $4.50 | A Month | **$69**
| Man's 14-Kt. solid white gold heavy-weight ring, attractively set in popular style, set with a genuine diamond that flashes and sparkles, in a most attractive and fascinating manner. |

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| $1 Deposit | $5 | A Month | **$61**
| This is one of the most beautiful mounting we have ever come across. It is exquisitely designed. The gorgeous beautiful blue white diamond is full of fiery sparkling colors. |
| $1 Deposit | $6 | A Month | **$61**
| Extra fine quality, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamond, full of fire and sparkle, set in a most artistically designed 18-Kt. solid gold ring. |

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| Extra fine quality, brilliant, blue-white, genuine diamond, full of fire and sparkle, set in a most artistically designed 18-Kt. solid gold ring. |

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The Movies and Love

Continued from page 18

Obviously, the thing for her to do was to find work which she would want to do, work with which she could fall in love.

She liked going to movies, provided the picture shown was one in which women wore beautiful costumes. She said that she could almost feel the delicate silks and velvets beneath her hand. She enjoyed any picture in which there were beautiful sets and lovely costumes.

"Do you ever go into the costume department at the studio?" I asked her. "Have you ever thought of studying costume design?"

She hadn't; she knew nothing about sewing or designing. She went in, one day after that, and was so happy just handling the beautiful fabrics that were used that the answer to her problem lay right there before her.

She gave up her position and took one in the costume department, that brought her much less money. Most of that money, incidentally, she spent on clothes for herself, clothes made of the fabrics which she liked to handle. It might have seemed useless extravagance to one who did not understand, but it really was economy. She was happier in fabrics that she liked than she was in the cheaper ones that she had bought when she was putting all the money that she could spare into the bank. She was saving her own ability to work, her own power.

She advanced rapidly in her new work because she cared so much for it. Every moment that she was at it, and even after she had gone home at night, her mind was going back to it, as the mind of a man or a girl who is in love goes out to the beloved one. Therefore new energy, new intelligence, was released to go into that work.

To-day she is a remarkably successful young woman, with an establishment of her own. The work with which she could fall in love has brought her everything that she has always wanted.

You may feel that life hasn't been quite fair to you, that you haven't had the opportunities you should have enjoyed, that things have been difficult for you. If you could really understand yourself, you would realize that the fault lies within yourself, because you did not know how to use the ability which really was yours. It lies within yourself, but you have not known how to release it. It is like the ability to love, which does not have its full expression in the majority of lives.

In many cases, things which have happened during childhood, conditions which have prevailed at that time, have resulted in the bottling up of one's ability. This ability has never been released. It is a gold mine that lies within. The key to your own character is within your own reach, if you know how to take hold of it.

Through analyzing your own preferences in motion pictures, through seeing what you like best in the pictures to which you go, and why you like certain people or certain things, you can see what you have been missing, what ability you have used only partly, perhaps, and perhaps not at all. It is there before you, if you know what to do with it.

Because a Woman Believed

Continued from page 32

again, she came back to me. I had to live down that reputation for un- dependability. Finally, Bernie Fine-
man gambled on me and let me direct two Evelyn Brent films. What a great feeling it was to be in harness! I slaved like a Trojan, and once the word got around that I was running even again, I felt a gradual change in the attitude toward me, more friendliness.

"But still it was hard. I had to fight my own cussed disposition, the impulse to flare up, to disagree. I had to beat my cantankerous spirit into submission, into calm cooperation. But I won. I schooled my tongue and eventually had my temper under control.

"Then Irving Thalberg sent for me. Irv had always believed in me—we had worked together on the U lot—but he had to fight harder for me than for anybody or anything else he has ever gone to the mat for. Say, there's nothing I wouldn't do for that boy!"

"M.-G.-M. took me on. The story question came up. For seven years I had wanted to do "The Unholy Three." It had been owned by almost every film company. Many directors had considered it, recognizing its novel theme and interesting characters, but every one of them had discarded it as one of those things the industry is afraid of. It had certain gruesome possibilities that might be offensive. It wasn't pretty and light and sentimental. Even Irv balked, but when I told him the treatment I planned, he wired to his New York office to buy it for me.

"Hollywood laughed, and shrugged me aside. 'Here he's got a big chance to come back, but he's up to his old tricks,' they said, with the air of washing their hands of me. 'Ted always was a fool and always will be one.'"

"I got a little scared, myself, realizing that all my hopes of reinstating myself rested upon the success of this one picture, and also that its failure would reflect upon Irv's usually canny business instinct. I didn't want to get him in bad.

"But Alice backed me up. When she met the producers' wives at teas and luncheons, and they repeated, 'Joe says this can't possibly succeed— why don't you make Ted drop it and try something else?' she just smiled and replied, 'Why should he? I believe in it and he believes in it.'"

"She had always thought the story had possibilities, and it meant the fulfillment of a seven-year dream to me, besides bringing me back. I had a novel theme and story, splendid actors, but most of all, faith in what I was doing—and carte blanche. It was to be Tod Browning, sink or swim. And if you look back you will see that most of the best pictures have been to a great extent one person's inspiration. Too many minds are bound to cause conflict.'"

So that is the story of how "The Unholy Three" came to be filmed. Into his unusual picture he introduced adroit humor; and the characterizations were uncannily clever.

It brought something distinctly new to the screen, an eerie quality made into entertainment without any of the usual trappings. Even the hackneyed courtroom scene had a breath of novelty. And the man proved himself a genius at sustaining suspense until the moment of a swift and logical climax. True, his actors contributed skillful and human performances, but the picture is really Tod Browning—the Tod Browning that one woman had known once and believed might be reborn. It is a success because she had faith in it, and in the man who made it.

He will next film two of those stories that he salvaged from his moody weeks at the typewriter, when he was shut in from the world, wallowing in melancholy self-disgust. One deals with a criminal's regeneration, the other is an exposure of fake spirituality.

Oh, yes; the sequel is a happy home, over which a charming woman presides, to which every evening a man hurries as fast as his new car can take him.
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As an extra special offer to those who hurry their order for the 77-piece combination outfit offered below, we shall include in addition, absolutely free, this entire 7-piece set of GENUINE CUT GLASS: Pitcher of 2 pt. capacity and 6 tumblers of 9 oz. capacity. Each piece is pure, sparklingly clear, thin and dainty. Hand cut decorations consisting of large floral design with appropriate foliage. Useful for water or other beverages; set makes a handsome display with your other glassware. A limited number given FREE— as an introductory offer during this special sale. Send coupon today while this offer lasts.

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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

HOT DOG.—Yes, hasn't George O'Brien come to the fore of late? He met some of the stars socially when he was just an extra, and they liked him so much they helped him to get ahead. This is most unusual, for with Hollywood so full of extras, it's seldom that any one of them gets personal attention. George isn't married. His recent pictures include "The Man Who Came Back," "The Roughneck," "The Iron Horse," and "The Dancers." He has recently been working on "Havoc.

F. V. F.—If you'd change those initials about, you'd be one of the F. P. V.'s. "The Birth of a Nation" was first released in 1915. Robert Warackwell alternates his screen work with stage appearances; I think he has been playing on the stage most of the time during the past few years. I haven't seen Gordon Griffith's name in connection with any recent pictures. His pictures include "Tarzan of the Apes," "Son of Tarzan," "Watch My Smoke," "Village Blacksmith," "Penrod," "Main Street," "Little Sunset," "Huckleberry Finn," and others. I have no record of the career of Norman MacDonald. The players in "Born Rich" were Bert Lytell, Claire Windsor, Doris Kenyon, Cullen Landis, Frank Morgan, J. Barney Sherry, and Maude Turner Gordon. The cast of "The Golden Bed" includes Rod La Rocque, Lillian Rich, Vera Reynolds, Julia Faye, Theodore Kosloff, Robert Edeson, Warner Baxter, and Henry Wallahl.

HELEN OF TROY.—How many ships has your face launched? Of course, a thousand seems rather a lot to ask of any face. Anna Q. Nilsson is under contract to First National. No, Betty Compson is not playing in "Evie's Lovers"; "Evie's Secret" is the name of her picture. Evie seems to be getting heavily into the limelight after all these centuries. Clara Kimball Young has been playing in vaudeville and I understand has been breaking records for attendance wherever she has appeared. Larry Semon's new bride appeared opposite him in his new picture, "The Wizard of Oz."

FIGHTING BLOOD.—That must be convenient when the flu gobs come to your house. Yes, Jack Dempsey is going to make another picture. He and Estelle are now making one for Associated Exhibitors called "Manhattan Madness." Bull Montana also plays in the production, and it should be a treat for the fight fans when Jack and Bull have a fight mix-up. Bull is something of a fighter himself. George O'Hara seems to be pretty expert with the gloves. He is going to do another series, as yet untitled, when he completes "The Face-makers." No, I don't think George and Alberta Vaughn are likely to be married soon. In fact, I suspect they aren't going to get married at all. George O'Brien is no weakling when it comes to fighting; he handed Harry Morey a couple of staggering blows in the making of "The Roughneck."

FRANCIE.—Yes, it is true that Frances Howard has retired from the screen. She still had several more pictures to do under her contract with Famous Players, but after her marriage to Samuel Goldwyn, the contract was canceled by mutual agreement. Mr. Goldwyn said he was relieving the screen of its worst actress. However, she'll probably return eventually. These screen stars always do. Her latest picture is "The Shock Punch," opposite Richard Dix. Agnes Ayres is married to a Mexican, S. Manuel Reachi. May McAvoy is playing in a Universal picture, "Old Dutch."

JAZZ BIRD.—I suppose you only warble at night—or is it all the same? Beverly Bayne returned to the screen some months ago via Warner Brothers pictures. Pauline Garon is playing in "The King of the Dudes," and Miss Gras is married. She comes from Montreal. The girl who played the rôle of Fox Trot in "She Wolves" is Judy King. I agree with you that she shows great promise. David Butler's current release is "There's Snow," which has Rin-tin-tin, the police dog, as a star. June Marlowe is also in the picture.

ALL ABOARD.—No, I hope including your heart! I can't think of any screen stars who used to be sailors, with the exception of Hobart Bosworth, who ran away from home when he was still a boy and went to sea. Hoot Gibson used to be a real cowboy, and then he went to Australia with a circus. He has been playing in pictures since 1911.

DOT.—I haven't had any Dots on this page for quite a while, and I understand data are quite in style this season. Harry Hammond is to play opposite Ramon Novarro when he gets around to making that picture dealing with life at Annapolis. Trina Harrison was the girl who played the colored maid in "One Exciting Night."

She recently appeared in "Lilies of the Street." Irma was "bawn" in New Orleans, as you Southerners would say it. No, Mildred Davis hasn't been making pictures lately, but has devoted her time to mothering baby Mildred Gloria Lloyd. However, she wants to continue her screen career and has at last persuaded "papa" to let her. That's her nickname for Harold; I don't call him that myself.

WHO'S HUGHES.—No, Gareth and Lloyd Hughes are not related. Gareth hasn't done much on the screen lately; he appeared not long ago on the Broadway stage in a play called "The Dunce Boy," which was not very successful. Gareth played the title rôle, but he achieved the dunce boy—he wasn't born that way. He was born in Wales, in a town called Llandeilo—only he doesn't pronounce it that way. He calls it by its Welsh name that is as long as the name of one of the royal families, Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. He is married to Gloria Hope. He played opposite Corinne Griffith in "De-classe," and opposite Colleen Moore in "Sally." Colleen has been vacationing in Europe, getting completely recovered from her recent accident, when she was in bed in a plaster cast for several weeks.

ANN.—George Hackathorne was the actor you refer to in Bill Tilden's "Haunted Hands," Marie Dore. Dore was the leading lady in that production, and there was one of those rumored engagements between Marjorie and the tennis champ. Only the star has to be freed of one husband, Eddie Sutherland, before she can very well acquire another.

MURDER WILL OUT.—I do hope you haven't one concealed about you anywhere. Forrest Stanley is married to Marion Hutchins. He is playing in "Beauty and the Bad Man"—I don't know whether he will be seen as the bad man or as beauty. Previous to that, he played in "Up the Ladder." Joseph Schildkraut is returning to the screen in a picture personally directed by Cecil De Mille, "The Road to Yesterday."

THE OLD LADY.—But not, I see, from Dubuque. It must be quite amusing to live near the New York-Pennsylvania border line and see pictures as they are cut by the censors in both States. But don't ask me why the Pennsylvania board of censors cut the pictures the way they do—I can't fathom the mind of a censor! I don't

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Hollywood Gets a Kick

Continued from page 85

But a camera was shooting and the "wild man" was only Jimmie Adams making a scene in "Savage Love," a Christie comedy.

Hollywood watches amusedly the comedy stunts in the out-of-doors. It isn't perturbed when it sees Bobby Vernon in one of his wild dashes after some trick motor car or Larry Semon cavorting around the front lawn of some expensive residence with a motion-picture camera in the offing. Hollywood stops to look with just as much interest as does the tourist from Iowa or Kansas. When Walter Hiers drove up in front of a bank at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Cahuenga Avenue atop of a load of hay in "Hold Your Breath," business there, for a time, stopped. Hollywood got a kick from the spectacle. It got another kick when a party of bare-legged girls dressed in Persian costumes did an ancient dance in the street, their jeweled anklets jangling like silver bells, their slender bare torsos twisting gracefully, their brown limbs flashing beneath translucent, twirling skirts. They were there to attract a crowd to a theater where Doug Fairbanks' picture, "The Thief of Bagdad," was being shown.

Hollywood chuckled when it learned that some young men had stolen two terra-cotta deer from the picturesque grounds surrounding the home of Carter de Haven. It chortled when it learned the police had shot the large cinnamon bear belonging to Jack Boyle, short-story writer, after the beast had escaped from his home. It got another kick in discussing the request made by Lord Auckland of Tottenham that the authorities grant him permission to keep two wolves as pets in the back yard of his home on North Corncado Street. It debated his assertion that wolves make wonderful "watch dogs" or household pets. The discussion ended only when it was learned that City Prosecutor Friedman had drafted an ordinance prohibiting any elephant, bear, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, lion, tiger, leopard, wolf or other wild, carnivorous animal being domiciled at a private home within the city limits. Hollywood is accustomed to seeing these wild beasts being transported from studio zoos to location but it doesn't want any of them around as pets.

It doesn't even like dogs. Effort was made a few months ago to have four dogs in a home adjoining that of Mae Murray declared nuisances.
because they barked and yelped at night.

"If they don't go, I'll move!" Miss Murray said to Judge M. J. Kavanagh.

The piquant little actress meant it. The dogs stayed. Miss Murray moved.

It is no uncommon sight to see the historic old stages of pioneer days lumbering along Hollywood's boulevards behind four to six horses or mules, on the way to location. Recently, a number of these old vehicles of bonanza times were purchased in Nevada and moved to the film capital for use in wild West scenes. These were said to have included stages which had been ridden in by Mark Twain, Bret Harte, John Mackay, Adelina Patti, Senator James G. Fair, as well as the one in which Senator William M. Stewart rode to face a mob forming tolynch him. The miners had been told he was trying to have their wages reduced. It took considerable strengthening and patching to make some of these old stage coaches hold together, but they are looked upon as almost priceless around a few of the studios.

Irrepressible press agents do much to add strange spectacles to Hollywood's boulevards. A panorama of bare legs—some of America's prettiest—caused a mild sensation recently when screen celebrities appeared without stockings and with short skirts and sandals to enhance the effect. Dorothy Revier was one of the first to be seen. She wore a knee-length dress, sandals and a coat of natural tan. Nita Naldi, screen vampire, came out with a serpent stenciled on each leg and a touch of rouge on both knees. Anita Stewart wore a pink pearl ringlet around her left ankle and Jacqueline Logan was just stockiingless, with no make-up on her nude limbs. Clara Bow, diminutive flapper, had her legs painted a rich bronze from the knees down. Pauline Garon, Viola Dana, Clara Horton and Mae Busch were among those advancing the new fashion. Of all these, they were deliberately seeking to attract attention but maintained that comfort and economy dictated the abdication of silk stockings. Boulevardiers got a kick from the innovation.

Away from the boulevards, Griffith Park, Hollenbeck Park, the Lasky ranch and the beaches see the strangest outdoor activities of movieland. Of the four, the beaches offer the most opportunities. From one of the big loading cranes at the Los Angeles harbor docks recently, Charlie Chase, comedian from the Hal Roach studio, was seen suspended in mid-air closely holding the figure of a woman in his arms while gaping crowds gathered to see what it was all about. Then they discovered the camera. A little farther down the water front on one of the piers were a dozen bathing beauties waving occasionally at outgoing steamers. The mermaids were there for scenes in "The Night Club," a Paramount picture featuring Vera Reynolds and Raymond Griffith.

However, spectacles such as have been mentioned are not continuously in evidence. Hollywood, nestling in the shadows of the Sierras, is a placid, flower-strewn little city, humming with business, happy with its motion-picture activities. Its streets afford strange sights sometimes but they just help give that kick to life in movieland.

The Wreckage of Stardom

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others. They are all finding niches. They have not yet reached that stage in stardom where as much is expected of them as from the established personalities, but they too will have to proceed more and more carefully in proportion to their success.

There is no wreckage in stardom—really. It is just a changing of the set of rules for the game. Mary Pickford is potentially as popular today as she ever was, and it needs just the right sort of play to bring her back with a flourish. Too much ambition in her case was dangerous. She made her mistake when she tried to grow up. She, as well as the majority of others, has always done best when adhering to her type. Mary has too fine a sense of comedy to waste, in this age which loves laughter more than any other one thing.

Rudolph Valentino? Watch him. If "The Eagle" is good, he'll be back with a fanfare of trumpets, for despite all the sheik stuff, Valentino is an actor of ability. And he's done wisely to choose a comedy rather than a more serious type of picture in which to exploit his talent.

I look to see much applause won by John Barrymore in his next film, "The Sea Beast." He is making a definite break from highbrow and elegant roles, that brought him only limited popularity, as the returns on "Beau Brummel" showed, although this was considered one of the best of last season's pictures. The new
The popularity of stars will react accordingly, there seems no doubt. The field is open to everybody, and all entrants are certain to be warmly welcomed according to their merits of their work. Moviedom is no longer narrow and restricted as to its favorites, but after all, I believe that the more familiar stars are, as always, the ones loved the best, and will hold their own provided they stick to good pictures.

Don't Be Discouraged!

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will, past the gatekeeper. So one morning I brought out my make-up box, and just before noon, went behind the restaurant and made myself up. As the crowd drifted back to the studio after lunch, I went along, and before I realized it, I was inside the studio. Once inside I was still without a job, but at least, I had a start.

I had not been in there very long when the assistant director of one of the companies met me, and learning that I was not doing anything, engaged me for an extra role—at three dollars per day—in a picture called "Samson and Delilah."

With the ice broken, things came a little easier. I received enough work to keep me going. It was while with Universal that I first met Hal Roach. Some time after we had formed our friendship, Hal was willing a little money, and he started producing pictures—comedies, they were called. He asked me to go with him, and on being offered forty dollars a week, a small fortune at that time, I went without hesitation.

Those early days presented a continual struggle, but struggles are easy when you don't lose your sense of humor. As we progressed and our pictures kept improving, naturally things looked rosier for both of us. Opportunities to improve our pictures kept coming all the time. Roach had a lot of foresight, and instead of pocketing the profits on each of his pictures, he put a good share of it back into his next production, thereby constantly improving the class of his pictures. It was a sensible move on his part, as the future revealed.

From the "Lonesome Luke" one-reelers, we moved into the two-reeler class, when we hit upon the idea of wearing the tortoise-rimmed glasses, or rather lensless glasses.
blame you for considering John Gilbert one of your favorites; he is surely one of the coming stars—and it won’t take him long to get there.

RED-HEADED GIRL.—I suppose you always put your money on the white horse. Elsie Ferguson recently made a picture for Vitagraph called “The Phantom Lover,” but for the most part she has been giving her time to the stage. One of her recent plays, “Moonflower,” was produced in pictures a few months ago under the title “Exe’s Secret.” Betty Compson was the girl with the secret. Miss Ferguson is married to Frederick Worlock. Yes, Mrs. Valentino is making a picture now, called “What Price Beauty”—at least, the film was to be called “The Price of Beauty” but there seems to be some dispute about her right to use that title, inasmuch as there is a play running on Broadway called “What Price Glory.” Nita Naldi and Pierre Gendron have the leading roles in the production.

A LOVER OF SERIALS.—And which kind do you prefer for breakfast? Yes, it is quite true that your old favorite, Helen Holmes, is making serials again—one, anyway. It is a railroad picture, and is called “The Road.” Perhaps because Bonenfant is making a serial, “The Great Circus Mystery.” William Desmond and Eileen Sedgwick are costarring in “Beasts of Paradise.” And “The Thrill of It” with William Duncan is back in pictures again, making three serials—“The Fast Express,” “The Steel Trail,” and “Wolves of the North.”

A-CHOO!—God bless you, not to mention Germadeth. That last just to show you the German word that I learned in school. Yes, Matt Moore made quite a hit as a comedian in The Narrow Streets, and is now making “His Majesty, Bunker Bean,” which ought to be a very amusing picture. Dorothy Devore plays opposite him in that also. Cullen Landis is playing with May McAvoy and Pat O’Malley in “My Old Dutch,” for Universal.

BLOOMER.—Yes, you are quite right, Laura La Plante is coming to the fore these days as a first-rate little comedienne. She plays opposite Tensaw in “Dangerous Innocence,” and will soon be seen in “Winnie of the Wolves,” which ran as a series in the Saturday Evening Post. Eugene O’Brien plays opposite Nora again in her new picture, “Graustark,” though he has been playing mostly in Universals of late—“Dangerous Innocence” and “Sige.”

LETHA L. FLOOD.—Of course I don’t think you are trying to wear me out with your letter. In the last one you thought the director, James Flood, was born and educated in New York, and has been directing pictures for twelve years. That is about all I know about him. His most recent picture was “Satan in Sables.”

A. J. B.—I have added Alice Terry’s address to the list on the bottom of The Oracle.

EILEEN SEDGWICK’S FAN.—I should think she might have more than one. Eileen was born in Galveston, Texas, and is the sister of Josie, and of Edward, the director. She attended Ursuline Convent in her native city, and then went on the stage, appearing in stock, vaudeville, and in musical comedy. She has been playing in Universal pictures for seven years.

She is five feet three inches and a blonde; she was at one time married to Justin McCloskey.

G. B. V.—If you’re interested in one area there’s the reason why you shouldn’t ask a lot about her. Ethel Stan-

The Blue Moth.—Don’t blame me because the captain writer in Picture-Play said Greta Nissen was Swedish. I don’t think I ever said so, did I? Anyhow, the editor tells me that the error won’t happen again. You are right; Greta is a beautiful dancer; I saw her dance on the stage in New York before she signed her film contract. Gloria’s little girl is the daughter of her second husband. Herbert Som- born. I believe she is about four years old now. Gloria is said to be very much in love with the actor who married her; he is certainly very attractive. Sigrid Holmquist returned to Sweden a few months ago, and there has been nothing about her coming back to America. I’m sorry I have not heard of Devah Dharma. Ian Keith’s address is at the bottom of The Oracle; yes, Blanche Yurka was his first wife. I do hope you will write me again.

JUSt A FAN.—It was most thoughtful of you to send in your extra picture of Olive Thomas which one of my readers wanted. I don’t think that film companies as a rule will send out stills to fans; perhaps you could get one from the picture in question through the exhibitor who showed the film. I am sorry I do not know anything about Jack Joyce, as he is so new to pictures. I believe he was a monologist in vaudeville. If you give me the date of Variety, a theatrical publication, at 134 West Forty-sixth Street, New York, he would probably get your letter. Victor Ward is doing very well in any recent pictures, and I have no idea where he can be reached. Marc Mac- dormott’s address—the only one I can suggest for him—is at the bottom of The Oracle.

A GIRL FROM THE WINDY CITY.—You asked where one could get a photo of Olive Thomas, and “Just A Fan” was good enough to send me a small kodak picture of her. If you will let me know your address I will gladly send it to you.

BUSY No. Lillie Rice is not related to Irene or Virginia. She is about twenty and is not married. Julia Faye is with Cecil De Mille’s stock company. Warner Oland was the villain in Pearl White’s old serial, “The Iron Clad,” and also played in “The Iron Clad.” “Dick Turpin” was filmed out in California. So far as I know, Patsy Ruth Miller uses her real name. “The Man from Nowhere,” in which Tom Fox seems to be a Swedish production. The leads were played by Mary Johnson and Dinar Haxsson.

VIRGINIA ANNE.—Yes, I’m afraid it would be necessary to send return postage when you submit your book to a pub-
How Players Safeguard Their Health

Continued from page 90

When stunts are filmed they are timed as accurately as possible beforehand and such safeguards as thick mattresses and nets are placed at the point of fall when they can be concealed from the camera.

Location trips, while affording much fun and a welcome contrast to studio work, are fraught with danger.

As a rule, a doctor or nurse accompanies a large troupe and a temporary hospital is the first building or tent to be erected. And no company would think of going on location without a complete first-aid kit.

By these means, such precautions as are possible safeguard the health of the actors, reducing risk to a minimum. But a certain amount of danger must be faced and to avoid serious illness they must keep themselves in the best of physical condition.

Bill Hart is Back!

Continued from page 57

paths—a rather solitary life, but his own by choice.

"It was black for a while," he ruminated, when the conversation had turned upon those months of his retirement, when his matrimonial troubles brought him unjust accusations. "I was in the kind of a hole where a man, if he's halfway a gentleman, can't answer back. I had to take it, smack in my face, standin' up.

"The day of my vindication was the happiest of my life. It brought me peace again, and the old ambition that had gone to sleep when things looked so bad. I had determined I wouldn't appear before the public again until I could come back cleared of all charges, provin' myself worthy of the ideal of Western chivalry that the people had always thought me a symbol of.

What is there new to say of Bill Hart? Nothing. He is like the mountains that never change. His personality, his strength, contrasting with his tender gentleness toward women and children and animals—all the facets of him have been so often mirrored in print that there's nothing new to say. He champions the weak and fights the strong, and will permit no disrespectful word to be spoken in a woman's presence by any man.

All I can say is that Bill Hart is just the same. He feels that you want him back, just as he used to be; so here he is, lean, lanky, bronzed-faced, likable Tumbleweeds.
The Sketchbook

Continued from page 28

By that time I was awfully glad I had come.

Later the talk got around to pictures, as talk always does, and she told me she hoped to make a costume picture.

"Cesar's Wife," my next picture, will give me an opportunity for several sequences in costume," she said, "but I am so anxious to do a real, costume drama—"Monna Vanna," if possible.

For second choice, a dramatization of the life of the Empress Josephine. I don't know whether costume dramas are practical or not. I am told they are simply 'out' at the box office. I wonder? I think the fans will patronize any picture if it is good.

I think so, too. Corinne Griffith, in fluffs and laces, amid court intrigues and medieval tragedies, would be Corinne Griffith come into her own.

But if she could get a screen story that would employ some of her own charming, lazy humor, it would be a sensation.

Of all the charming people—

Beauty Parlor Notes.

Hair is being worn off the forehead and ears this season. As practiced in Hollywood:

Dorothy Devore looks like some one's little kid brother.

Patsy Ruth Miller looks like a young débutante who is determined to wear the prevailing style or die.

Aileen Pringle looks dashing—and daring.

Anna Q. Nilsson looks like a lady viking in from a cruise in icy waters.

Perfect Café Behavior.

Mr. Donald Ogden Stewart, who has several bids to celebrity, other than being one of Patsy Ruth Miller's boy friends, wrote a book called "Perfect Behavior." It is quite a good book if you care for humor at its best. But carelessly, Mr. Stewart omitted a chapter on "How to Act In Cafés—Though Bored." Having picked up some firsthand observation from some of our mutual screen friends, I should suggest to Mr. Stewart that the chapter run somewhat as follows—if at all:

"Under no circumstances should the well-bored patron order more than lettuce or less than coffee. Potatoes, rice, puddings, and pork, making for bigger and beeker movie stars, should be dodged like personal appearances. When served, the idea is not to eat, but to toy negligently with (1) the soup spoon, (2) the stem of the water glass, or both. This last is not recommended with any degree of enthusiasm, however, as it creates the illusion of energy, which in turn creates the illusion of activity, which might be mistaken for a good time."

But anyway, it is funny how bored the players are with cafés. It is the fashion at the moment for stars to pick out inconspicuous little tables in the corners and around the walls and sit there for the rest of the evening.

The only person I have seen recently who seemed to be getting any fun out of his cover charge was Syd Chaplin. Syd often visits Montmartre on the dance-contest nights. On one of these occasions, there was a draw between the final two couples. It seemed impossible for the judges to decide which of the rival ladies merited the prize of the dancing slippers.

With Solomonlike wisdom, it was Syd's idea to give them each a shoe.

"Unhappy Hollywood?"

Speaking of café boredom, there is a great deal being written now about "unhappy Hollywood." Clever philosophers and keen diagnosticians insist that, behind their seeming gayety and contentment, the stars are nursing secret sorrows.

And there is no getting away from it—you do hear a lot of sob stories. The more stars you know, the more sob stories you hear. I remember that actors are essentially egoists—which is meant in no disparagement, egoism in some form or other being an attribute of all creative artists—but some of the stars are inclined to take their moods and whims too seriously. With almost childish morbidness, they dwell on their misfortunes, and emphasize them out of all proportion to their importance.

One girl told me she was simply a slave to the studios. She had no time to read new books, to attend concerts or theaters, or to pay attention to other developing influences. I nearly wept over her plight until I ran across her spending a two-week leave of absence executing the Charleston on the sets of her friends.

This Hollywood "unhappiness" reminds me of the philosophy of a little girl I used to know. Every new doll she got she immediately proceeded to smash in the face and otherwise mutilate. When her mother asked her why she acted so horribly, she said, "Because, after they are dead, dear, I enjoy burying them so much."

I may be wrong. Maybe they are unhappy. But I do know this: if they weren't just a little bit miserable, they wouldn't be happy at all.

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ADVERTISING SECTION
The Tale of an Old-fashioned Girl

Continued from page 43

child that her clothes were not noticed.

Mother Astor still had her eye on New York, so to earn a few extra dollars toward the carfare, she secured evening work coaching several community dramatic clubs.

Mary was thirteen when she sent her picture to New York for a beauty contest, and was chosen as one of the honor beauties. She and her mother were certain that she could make the motion pictures then. So when she was only fourteen, the Astors gathered their stray dollars together and started for New York.

"Mother and I went to Charles Albin, the New York photographer. He made some photographs of me and declared that I had a future in pictures."

"He said you were one of the most beautiful girls he had ever seen, Mary," added Mrs. Astor.

"Oh! but, mother, that doesn’t sound nice coming from you."

"Well, it is true, anyway," replied her mother, with emphasis.

"After Mr. Albin saw her, the rest seemed easy," continued her mother. She started right in with Truart in two-reelers, which were followed almost immediately by ‘The Beggar Maid.’

"You know, I have had many good laughs over ‘The Beggar Maid.’ Mary was not quite fifteen when she played her first love scene in it. She came to me the night before and asked me about it. What in the world shall I do, mother?" she asked. I told her just to kiss the man as it is done in real life. ‘But, mother, I never have kissed a man,’ she said, and I laughed. She did well, and is still receiving letters from fans about that picture.

Mary forged rapidly ahead from then on, and soon found herself in demand. But she had a few ideas of her own which her friends have never been able to understand. They have to do with night clubs, petting, going to dances in hotels, and the like.

"Why don’t you go to night clubs?" I asked.

"Why should I?" Mary countered. There was a sticker. ‘I get no good from them, why go to them? All you do is drink and dance. The next day you have nothing to show for your evening.’

"But surely you like the company of young men?"

"Do you know," she replied, "I simply can’t be bothered with men under thirty."

"What!"

"Yes, I mean it. All they can think of and talk about is flasks on the hip, dancing, night clubs, and petting parties. Give me the men between thirty and fifty. I think they are the interesting ones. They have gone through their puppyhood and know something about life. They know that flasks and those things mean nothing. They are interesting. Why, I could talk for hours with a man like John Barrymore. But the young things—no!"

"What do you do with your evenings?" I asked.

"You tell him, mother."

"She stays home with me, all but two nights a month. Then she and I go to a motion-picture theater. We go early and see the first show."

"Another thing I hate," added Mary, "is this pointing out of stars in public by the fans. I hate to be pointed out and have everybody looking at me and saying, ‘There goes a screen star.’"

"I rarely go to the legitimate theater, either. When I do go, it is to a ‘Follies’ and don’t care to go."

"What do you read?" asked the writer.

"Shakespeare."

"Now, now, Mary, that is what all the publicity men used to train the stars to say before ‘Merton of the Movies’ was published," I chided.

"But I mean it. I do read Shakespeare and Plato and Aristotle."

"Mother Astor," I protested, "Mary is not what she seems. I can’t believe this."

"She is right," Mother Astor replied. "She loves Shakespeare, and sits on her bed with a shaded light and reads until far into the night."

At this point, Webster Campbell, the director, started calling for Mary. She was working in ‘The Pace That Thrills,’ which was being made by First National at their New York studios. She and Ben Lyon are co-featured in the picture.

A bullfight scene was about to be staged in which Ben kills the bull with a slim little sword. Mary was wanted in the seat of honor next to the ring.

"I love scenes like these for they make me terribly excited," said Mary, as she powdered her nose. "And Ben looks so wonderful in his torcador suit."

"Just one more question. Why haven’t you bobbed your hair?"

"Probably another of my old-fashioned whims," answered Mary. She smiled and was at work.
"Your Fat
Will go as mine did"

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What Do the Players Read?

Lon Chaney.

Reading good books is the only way in which an actor may further his education and entertain a balanced view of life. Working at all hours, he has less time for contact with men and women engaged in other fields of endeavor than have persons who are not so confined to one profession.

Comprehensive autobiographies of interesting men and women are always worth one's time. Studying actual lives and reactions to true circumstances add greatly to one's fund of knowledge, round out a viewpoint that easily becomes warped, enlarge a horizon that otherwise might suffer through limitations.

Of fiction, stories dealing with character studies rather than plot machinations have usually arrested my attention, though a good mystery tale often relieves my tired mind.

Romain Rolland's "Jean Christophe" always interests me. It is impossible to absorb this book at a single reading, for only with time can every detail be grasped. The plot, however, is simple, yet every bit of the life and soul struggle of this man who becomes the great musician Christophe is vitally exhilarating, and understandable to the attentive reader. Rolland writes dexterously of thought shadings so difficult for the less skilled to delineate.

Marie Prevost and Kenneth Harlan.

Our tastes seem to run along parallel lines, so may we write together? We're crazy about fiction and read all the new novels. At first we argued over which of us should have each new book first, but now we compromise by reading together. My favorites—this is Ken—are Harold Bell Wright and Zane Grey. That's Marie, pen in hand—is because he knows Mr. Wright personally and played in the film of one of his books. Catty—from Ken—she likes him, too. Besides, the man knows how to write. Marie—again—I can't pick a choice, but when, once in a while, I tire of the modern authors I resort to Dickens. I have always had a boundless enthusiasm for "A Tale of Two Cities" and "Bleak House."

Joe Bonomo.

I study physical-culture books, but for recreation I pick mystery stories like Conan Doyle's. Lamuel L. de Bra writes vividly of San Francisco's Chinatown, and in the Hercules Poirot stories Agatha Christie has evolved a new type of fiction detective, and her trick of pausing near the end of the story with the suggestion that the reader, before going further, try to guess the solution, has always intrigued me. Sax Rohmer, Edgar Allan Poe, Emile Gaboriau and Gaston Leroux come next.

William Desmond.

The wild he-man of the great movie open spaces does not always care for raw, red literature. I never read Westerns, for that would be like talking shop at home. Instead, I'll take Irish sentiment, next to Shakespeare. Mae of Baudelaire in the original French, Robert Burns, Locke, Sabatini, Conrad, and Poe, Wilde, and Holmes.

Theda Bara.

My reading has covered a wide range, both as to subject matter and authors. French literature from Balzac to Anatole France holds my interest. I have studied the philosophy of Hegel and have found comfort and inspiration in the humor of Mark Twain, while the wit and satire of Rabelais never dull for me. And of course there is always Shakespeare.

Poets I have enjoyed range from Keats and Swinburne to Oscar Wilde and Walt Whitman.

Among the later writers whose literary products have given me pleasure are Fannie Hurst, Willa Cather, Sherwood Anderson, Arnold Bennett, Margaret Kennedy, Havelock Ellis, Carl van Vechten, and Ronald Firbank.

Some Frocks for the Wedding

Continued from page 67

The cuirasslike tunic is of beaded, pastel-tinted chiffon. The most distinctive feature of the gown, however, are the ornaments of paradise sprays which appear at shoulder and side.

In this production, Miss Dobres Cassinelli also wears several beautiful gowns, one of which is the one in the center of this group. It is also of the ever-popular beaded georgette, with full circular skirt. An immense rose, with pendant leaves and buds, is its principal ornament.

The last figure in the group is the exquisite dinner gown worn by Miss Vilma Banky in "The Dark Angel." Like the others, it is of georgette, with wide flounces of silver lace. A noteworthy feature is the scarlike arrangement of silver lace depending from the shoulders.
people. So all Leatrice Joy had to do was to say the word, and her husband became rich or poor at will. It was a case of now you see it, now you don't.

Beggared by the stock market, he finds his wife with Sanford Gillespie, and starts choking her. Here is where the prize subtitle was used. It said, "Thank God you have blood in your veins instead of gold," and was spoken by Miss Joy.

There is a typical Cecil De Mille party in it with confetti and everything.

Not Tom's Best.

Thomas Meighan isn't really a crook in "The Man Who Found Himself," so he really never lost himself. In other words, there is not much point to this story. Just how Booth Tarkington could condescend to write such a mediocre plot for a picture, will go down as one of the mysteries of the film world, and there are many of them.

It is the kind of story where there is a shortage at the bank, and the heroic brother takes the blame to protect the cowardly one, who stole the money. The one bright spot of the whole thing was a brief glimpse of lovely Lynn Fontanne in a part that didn't matter in the least. She photographs beautifully.

Ralph Morgan plays the rôle of the real offender, and does very well with it. Virginia Valli is the girl who misunderstands things. Norma Trevor appears for an instant, and so does Julia Hoyt, looking not at all like a beauty. She photographs very badly. In spite of this imposing cast, this might be anybody's picture.

Society Again.

"The Love Hour" begins with Coney Island and gayety, and ends with gilded palaces and attempted murder, with nothing in between to account for the change in temperature. The cast includes Ruth Clifford, Louise Fazenda, Willard Louis, and Huntley Gordon, and they all pretty nearly work themselves to death. They even have Miss Fazenda in curl papers in case she might not be funny enough. Willard Louis is a composite picture of all the fat men in the world. It did my old heart good to see the scenes of wealth in the so-called society scenes. Huntley Gordon almost succumbed to a slow case of poisoning.

Tod Browning's latest picture, "The Mystic," can't compare with "The Unholy Three," although the story has infinite possibilities. It deals with fake spiritualism, that interesting study which occupies so much of Mr. Houdini's time.

Aileen Pringle is Zara, the strikingly handsome mystic, and Conway Tearle is the brains of the hoax. They manage to fool a wealthy young girl with messages from her dead father, and almost manage to take everything she has. Conway Tearle relents a little at this point.

I was almost afraid that he was going to reform enough to marry her. Gladys Hulette was the young heiress.

Mr. Browning has an original way in handling his stories, and "The Mystic" makes fairly exciting entertainment.

Odds and Ends.

I liked "The Golden Princess." The story is by Bret Harte, and the title an unfortunate one, I think. Any suggestion of Betty Bronson and a fanciful plot is bound to fall rather flat. However, it is a story of the West and the gold rush.

Betty looks exceedingly charming. When she grows older, I hope some one will cast her as Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair," because she has enough slyness and sophistication to interpret that successfully. Phyllis Haver is very good as the fallen Kate Kent, young Betty's mother. Neil Hamilton is an attractive young man—and the hero, of course.

"In the Name of Love," with Ricardo Cortez and Greta Nissen, is also fairly good entertainment. It is taken from a play by Bulwer-Lytton, and changed about a good bit to make it more modern. A newly rich mother and daughter find themselves alone with their wealth and decide to capture position with a title. Two genuine titles are offered, but the personalities attached are so unattractive that they are difficult to swallow. A bogus title and a handsome young man win out.

Ricardo Cortez is the determined young man. Greta Nissen is very beautiful and spoiled as Marie Dufreyne, and Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton are the dissolute nobleman.

"The Coming of Amos" ought not to cause a very great stir. It is a William J. Locke story done too elaborately and with too much fuss. Rod La Rocque is an uncouth young Australian who lands at the Riviera. He falls under the spell of a scheming princess, played by Jette Goudal. Noah Beery also helps to meddle things up.

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How To Live

Cut it out, men! Why not be honest shooters? Don't you realize what it means to you? Do you know you will really miss better and live longer? Sure, you have to give up some things, but think what you get in return. I would give up a dime to get a dollar any day. The difficulty is, you are so choked full of vanity, and deceived upon your own, it would take years to turn you away from the road of destruction.

But listen, fellow! There's a short cut. I found it. I've been shooting arrows to take it for nearly 15 years. And not only do I chase those distant goals but out of pure joy, and clean all that rotten trash out of your body, but I put good solid tissue—live, animated tissue in its place. I build out your shoulders—I strengthen your back—I give you arms and legs like native. I teach you how to breathe so that your lung capacity is doubled. Every time you take a breath, you draw rich pure oxygen from every last minute cell of your lungs. This builds your blood with red corpuscles rich in oxygen. By aspirating and coughing out the contents out of your brain, toning up your liver, kidneys, heart and lungs, and getting them to work in less time you'll feel the thrill of life shooting through your veins like lightning from a wild cat. You will have the body to your eye and the spirit to your feet that will make people stop and say, Is there a doctor in the house? You can bet your Sunday suit that you'll be the hero of your school and the best of it is—it's a sure bet that you'll get it. Remember, I don't put emphasis on these things, I guarantee them. Can you beat that? Try and do it. Are you with me? Of course you are. Well, let's go.
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Over the Teacups

Continued from page 31

Dwan told her about. Gloria and her husband simply adore games. They don't go in for poker or bridge or that lost art, mah jong; they play pachisi and tit-tat-toe, and things like that.

“The perfect Gloria Swanson fan was found while they were down in New Martinsville, West Virginia, on location. He beat his way there on a train from Florida, was found by the train crew, and broke his leg in the chase that followed. He was put in jail but luck was with him, because the town jail was right next door to the house where Gloria was staying. He stayed at the window hoping for a glimpse of her, and after a day or so, one of the men in her company went over to talk to him. When he learned how the boy happened to be there, he bailed him out, and then fairly stumped him by asking if he wouldn't like to meet Miss Swanson. He was taken over to her house and introduced, had a long chat with her when he recovered his voice sufficiently to speak, and now adores her more than ever.

“Gloria will be back soon, but I hate to see her go away. That's the chief fault in popular players—they are such will-o'-the-wisps. Carmelita Geraghty is going to rush out to California, but I think she insists that her official residence is now New York. Virginia Valli came back from abroad intent on parading before Hollywood in her marvelous Paris clothes, only to find that she had to go to Portland, Oregon, to make a picture. Helen Ferguson, or Mrs. William Russell, if you insist, arrives in New York within a few days to make a Pathé serial. Esther Ralston is off for Texas to make scenes for 'Womanhandled.' Marguerite de la Motte is here for just a few days to make the exteriors for 'Fifth Avenue.' Dorothy Gish is going to London to do 'Nell Gwynne.' Let's go over and weep on Lois Wilson's nice new fall suit.

"All right," I agreed, "but first tell me what you meant a moment ago when you said that Paramount had signed up two players, and that you liked one of them?"

"I hope I'm getting excited over a false alarm." Fanny grew indignant. "Jesse Lasky has signed Fay Lamphier, the winner of the Atlantic City beauty contest, to appear in pictures, and he says that she is the type that is going to be popular. And, oh! what a bitter blow—she weighs one hundred and thirty-eight pounds! Just think how Nita Naldi must feel when she thinks of how she suffered to get down to one hundred and eighteen. I can't bear the thought of hefty screen players. I hope that some one tells Miss Lamphier that she reminds them of two or three of their friends. I suppose when Miss Lamphier arrives at the Famous Players studio, the popular luncheon menu will cease to be thin chicken sandwiches; on dark bread, unburnt, with pickles for dessert. There may even be a run on ice cream."

Fanny was getting weepy already as she picked up her things and headed for Lois Wilson's table.

"Oh, well," she murmured philosophically, "if this terrible prediction is true, we'll have to make the best of it. Let's get up a house party at the Milk Farm."

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

From Seven Coeds.

We're really just seven crazy "coeds," but we're dead set on telling the world in general what we like about the movies and what we don't like about the movies, so here goes.

Of course, it's frightfully bad manners to start off with a grievance, but we just absolutely cannot understand the popularity of Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, or Richard Dix.

Now, on the other hand, we're wild about Norma Shearer and we rave over John Gilbert. They're a perfect screen combination, and every time we see them we're going to shout "Rah! Rah! Rah!" Jack is the only one who does the "Romco" stuff exactly to our liking. We're simply got to see more of that man. Seven Coeds.

St. George Street, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

In Defense of the Horse Drama

In your October issue, while reading "What the Fans Think," I came across some statements of Miss Esperanza Es curda in regard to horse dramas. Here tofore, I thought it was bad enough finding fault with the stars and leads, but why find fault with the poor dumb animals? Can't the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals do something? Miss Es curda does not think that they should be shown because the horses are her. Well, I beg to disagree. I think horse dramas are pictures which should appeal to all ages—to the young because horses have been cast in leading roles, and to the animals because the acting of these animals is so remarkable. After seeing them, I certainly believe in "horse sense." Indeed, either horses have a certain amount of intelligence, or else their director was a genius. "Black Cyclone" was the second picture of...
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What the Fans Think
Continued from page 112

Better Roles for Ronald.
My reason for writing this letter is to appeal to Ronald Colman's producer, or to whoever selects his roles for him, to give him better material than "The Advertising Veins" and "His Supreme Moment." When I saw these pictures, the entire audience in each case, laughed and loudly, during some of their most serious sequences, at their absurdly ridiculous situations.

His greatest dramatic roles were in "The White Sister," "A Thief in Paradise," and "Tarnish." I didn't think so much of "Romola"—but it wasn't his fault.

Box 1293, Detroit, Mich.

Praise for Lucian Littlefield.
The "Our Gang" comedies are, I think, among the most entertaining of the screen.

"What Price Goofy" is one of the funniest comedies I have seen in years. The butler is a scream. Lucian Littlefield, who played that role, is an artist. I wish him the greatest success.

Doris Burns.
1417 Peach Street, Dallas, Texas.

A Tribute to Ramon.
These people who think it is their mission in life to knock Ramon Novarro make me furious! They are, I find, the comics who enjoy Nietzsche, envy beauty, believe in evolution, point out Shakespeare's dramatic weaknesses, and think the Apollo Belvedere is vulgar, and flapping its wings, for the good of the world. And, God forbid, who are intrigued by the glamour of sophisticated evil, read Elinor Glyn, think youth is rather disgraceful, and are unprivileged to appreciate it. Thank goodness, though, that the former class is scarce and the latter will soon reach maturity. As for me, I'd like to give Mr. Novarro the laurels of all the great for bringing joy, splendor, and goodness before the public eye.

Granmey! Ramon the Radiant! May the chariot of Jodah, Prince of Hell, carry him farther along the road that leads to immortality.

S. ELAINE THOMPSON.
Port Huron, Mich.

A Confidential Guide to Current Releases
Continued from page 62

"New Lives For Old"—Paramount. Betty Compson as a beautiful French dancer involved in a love game.

"New Toys"—Inspiration. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, properly enough, play the couple.

"Night Club, The"—Raymond Griffith in an excruciatingly funny comedy about a bridegroom deserted at the altar. Louise Fazenda and Vera Reyna help the world to laugh.

"Night Life in New York"—Paramount. An amusing and authentically set story of an Iowan's adventures among the bright lights. Rod La Rocque is good in the "Sally" role, while Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence also contribute some fun.

"Old Home Week"—Paramount. Better than the average Thomas Meighan picture of the small-town pattern. Lila Lee is unusually pretty as the girl.


"Percy"—Associated Exhibitors. Charles Ray back in his old forte of the bashful boy painfully growing into a man.

"Pretty Ladies"—Metro-Goldwyn. Mostly glorifying the Ziegfeld "Follies." Famous stage personages are represented, while Zasu Pitts gives a new interpretation of the role of the thin and lonely comedienne of the show.

"Proud Flesh"—Metro-Goldwyn. A clever, rollicking burlesque of a melodramatic plot. Eleanor Boardman and Harrison Ford are excellent as Spaniards, while Pat O'Malley is the plumber who complicates their romance.

"Quo Vadis"—First National. Emil Jannings appears as Nero in this new Italian version of the famous story.

"Sally"—First National. From the popular stage play, with Colleen Moore as the dancing heroine.
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Personals

Cyrano de Bergerac

An Italian version of the Kostand classic that is sometimes beautiful but, on the whole, pretty dull. There is a
You Owe 
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By Edna Wallace Hopper

Lucile Lantelme, a famous Parisian beauty, first told me of this supreme beauty help. But French scientists gave it to her. Now great beauty experts everywhere are using and advising it, but their price is high. As a result, most women do not know it. It is a liquid cleanser, containing no animal, no vegetable fat. The skin cannot absorb it. So it cleans to the depths, then depart. All the grime, dead skin and clogging matter come out with it. I never knew what a clean skin meant until I used it.
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good performance of Cyrano by a French actor, Pierre Magnier.

"Drusilla with a Million"—F. B. O. Old-fashioned whimsy in which Mary Carr, as a suave drudge, is left a million dollars. Pathetic and humorous at times, but mostly pathetic.

"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a haron marries for her money, then falls in love with after a time. Fox, C. Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.

"Fifth Avenue Models"—Universal. Mary Philbin is splendid as a girl who is saved from jail and later marries her rescuer. Norman Kerr is the man.


"Grounds for Divorce"—Paramount. An adaptation of the stage play, minus most of its flavor. Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are best in the general cast.

"Headwinds"—Universal. House Peters and Patsey Ruth Miller in a rather slushy story of a cage man and an heiress. A sea storm supplies more interest than the plot does.

"Heart of a Siren"—First National. Barbara LaMarr tempting a couple of dozen more men.

"Hunted Woman, The"—Warner. A story of a wife pursuing her wandering husband in order to save her brother from jail. Pretty dull.

"I Want My Man"—First National. Doris Kenyon as the positive heroine, with Milton Sills playing the man who almost escaped her.


"Lady Who Lied"—The First National. One of those pictures where the hero discovers his heroine after she marries some one else. Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi play the principal roles.


"Little French Girl, The"—Paramount. Anne Sothern as the heroine, with Milton Sills as the man who has to choose between love and duty. It is the usual hokum, but well done.

"Man and Maid"—Metro-Goldwyn. More Elinor Glyn stuff, but not up to her usual boxed. Harry Hammond returns to the screen as the heroine, and Lew Cody is converted to the role of a hero.


"Not So Long Ago"—Paramount. Rather tedious picture of old New York, with Betty Bronson not at her best, and Ricardo Cortez stilted.

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One-way Street, The”—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson again plays a rejuvenated beauty with her customary skill, but the picture on the whole is dull.

“Year One to Live”—First National. An imposing cast and elaborate gowns and settings fail to make this count for much. Aileen Pringle, Dorothy Mackail, and Antonio Moreno are some of the principals.

“Open Trail, The”—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

“Raffles”—Universal. House Peters is not dazzling enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.

“Rainbow Trail, The”—Fox. Just another Western picture, but it will doubtless please the Tom Mix and Tony fans. Zane Grey wrote the story.


“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.

“She Wolves”—Fox. Alma Rubens as a romantic wife who gets her fingers burned when she looks for adventure outside of marriage. Jack Mulhall plays her husband.

“Smooth as Satin”—F. B. O. A story about blundering crooks, with Evelyn Brent the one bright spot.

“Sporting Venus, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save this hackneyed plot based on misunderstandings from being unbearable. Lew Cody is in it, too.

“Talker, The”—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker’s misguided words seriously.

“Tracked in the Snow Country”—Warner. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Llo. 

“Up the Ladder”—Universal. The story of an inventor who has a fluctuating career, but learns wisdom after a few flops.

“White Desert”—Metro-Goldwyn. Claire Windsor roughing it in the snow country and O’Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

“Wild, Wild Susan”—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a little hussy chased after by Rod La Rocque. Dull going for a long picture.

“Wings of Youth”—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Clayton is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.

“Moonlight” Helen O’Hara Premier Dramatic "Overnight!"
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Continued from page 106

fisher. It is always customary with unsolicited manuscripts of any kind. When you realize how many thousands of them publishers receive, you can readily see that their postage bills would run into thousands of dollars a year if they paid for the stamps on manuscripts they returned. 'Three Thousand' was produced on the screen too long ago for me to have the cast. I am sorry.

MOSLEY ERNEST — The only way to know is to be nosy, and ask questions. Marian Nixon was the heroine in "The Circus Cowboy." She was born in Wisconsin about nineteen years ago. She has an underground contract to Universal, and her latest pictures include "I'll Show You the Town" and "Sporting Life." Lloyd Hughes is twenty-six, he is not married, but featured. "The Lost World" was shown in New York about six months ago, but was held up for fall release throughout the country. Richard T. Hughes is an F. O. D. star. Doug Fairbanks is forty-two. "Don Q" had its New York premiere on June 15th. Harry Myers recently played in "Grounds for Divorce." Pauline Garon's latest picture is "Rose of the World."

MRS. JOHN GILBERT — Now that Loretice Joy has gotten off from John she can't mind your signing yourself that way. But one can't be too careful, you know. John has never mentioned having a middle name, how do you know he has one? His mustache is a bit odd for a film hero to wear a mustache, isn't it? But I must say it's becoming. Before playing in pictures John used to play in stock companies in Chicago, Cincinnati, and in road companies.

NEEA GINGRAS — I'm glad you're only lonesome sometimes, and not all the time, and I hope you'll write to me whenever you feel like it. That's just what I'm for, in this department. Clara Kimball Young has been playing in vaudeville most of the time lately, though she appeared not long ago in a picture called "Lying Wives," in which she played a villainess. Pearl White has been in Paris for several years; she occasionally makes a picture over there, but plays most of the time in revues. Yes, Gordon Griffith played the little girl in "The Hite boy in the Hite Harem" and seems to have retired from the screen; whether she will ever play in pictures again I do not know. She is married to Alan Dale and they have a little daughter, Ka-trew, born in March, 1924. Thanks so much for the flower.

JAMES W. BRADY — James Kirkwood has returned to the screen, I am sure you will be glad to know. He has been playing in "The Girl" in which D. W. Griffith is making it for Famous Players, with Carol Dempster as the heroine. Just before starting work on that picture, James played in one called "The Police Patrol," with Edna Murphy. He is married to Lila Lee, and was formerly married to Gertrude Robinson. Most stars charge a quarter for their photos in order to cover the enormous expense of sending them out. I don't know whether Mr. Kirkwood sends out his photos or not.

NU CENS — Better be nuc census than no census. Richard Dix was born in St. Paul in 1894. He has brown hair and eyes and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. I can't think of any stars whose birthdays occur on August first. I'm glad you think I'm a blessing; that's because I sneezed so much as a child, and the family always said "God bless you."

PERSONAL

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Desk P. T. 4.
S. E. T.—Mary Brian first became known to the public in “Peter Pan.” After that she played in “The Air Mail,” and then in “The Little French Girl.”

POOR LITTLE ME.—Never mind, maybe you’ll grow. Virginia Lee Corbin is fifteen. Dorothy Dalton retired from the screen several years ago and has been traveling about in Europe for the last few months. I don’t know where she can be reached now. The other addresses you wish will be found at the bottom of this magazine.

ROSE WAR.—You write from Los Angeles, and you say it’s raining! Aren’t you afraid the Chamber of Commerce will get you? Gloria Swanson will probably return East to make pictures. Her little girl can’t think of any other place. Gloria feels she should not be thrust into the limelight before she is old enough to decide for herself whether she wants to be. I think it most commendable of Gloria to take that attitude.

HAZEL LEWIS.—If John T. Murray persists in making such a hit I shall certainly have to do something about it—such as write him and say, ‘Who are you, anyhow? Because I don’t know. A few months ago he had never been heard of in pictures, and now here he is with a lot of fans asking about him. I do know, however, that he formerly played in vaudeville.

M. O. CLARKE.—So you’re very, very fond of Bebe Daniels? You’d be surprised how many other fans are, too. Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, and attended a convent there; she was on the stage at the age of four. Bebe is five feet three inches tall and a striking brunette of the Spanish type. She is about twenty-four and is not married. Ben Lyon was born in Atlanta, Georgia, and educated at Baltimore Park School and Baltimore City College. He played on the stage for several years before appearing in pictures. He is a brunette with dark-blue eyes, is about twenty-six, and is not married. His latest picture is “The Pace That Thrills.” I’m sorry, I have no information to speak of concerning John T. Murray. He is about twenty-five, I believe, and I think he is not married.

TANNED.—I hope you don’t mean that some one gave you a “tanning.” So you think “Mr. Mystery” fits me? Well, when one can’t think of any other way to be fascinating, being mysterious will just have to do. The hero in “The Hunted Woman” was Earl Schenck. Pierre Gendron in one of the new players who has suddenly become prominent; something will have to be done about him. I am swamped with questions concerning Pierre, and I have no list of his pictures.

SLIM.—No, I didn’t get cross-eyed reading your letter, and even if I had, Ben Lyon makes a lot of money, doesn’t he? You don’t have much room for wall paper, do you, with seventy-two pictures of screen stars all over the walls. Virginia Lee Corbin, of course, is in her latest picture is “Headlines.” Ben Lyon has been making “Invisible Wounds.”

A PRINCESS.—That’s really quite a thrill in my life, having a princess write to me. Mildred Davis hasn’t made any pictures since her marriage; she is going to make “Alice in Wonderland” some time soon. If you wish to write to the “What the Fans Think” department, just use that heading of your letter, addressing the letter to Picture-Play. It takes about three months for the letter to appear in print.
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Addresses of Players


May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zsa Ziss, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Luise Downey, Alice Faye, Sally Easterbrook, Horace MacGrath, Pole Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Maude Adams, Claire Windsor, Carole Lombard, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Mae Murray, and Blanche Sweet, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Alice Joyce, Lewis Stone, Dorothy Selena, Thurman, Vagabond, Anna Q. Nielsen, and Belle Bennett, Besee Love, Victor MacLaglen, Len Keith, Colleen Moore, Willa Barnaby, Ronald

Directory Section

Mary Magdalene.—I see you have quite a few people, don't you? like Ronald Colman, Jack Gilbert, Norma Shearer, and all the new stars who have suddenly become so popular. And you want to know everything to say about Glenn Hunter; that's a large order, but here goes. Glenn was born in Highland Mills, New York, and is in his late twenties. He is not married. He played on the stage for several years before appearing in pictures; he first came to public notice in Booth Tarkington's stage play, "The American Idea," where he is ideal Clarence Darrow, a character of the adolescent type of role. But it was "Merton of the Movies," which ran for several years on Broadway, which made him a star. Glenn's pictures, lately, have been more or less lackluster. His latest are "The Little Giant," a Universal production, in which he played with Edna Murphy, and "My Buddy's Wife," where Glen is about to link with another bother blond.

Mary W. Spruol.—Yes, I see that you love to ask me questions, but that's all right with me. I can answer so many in a lifetime, and they might as well be yours. For instance, was the queen in "Rosita." "Cyrano de Bergerac," which was made in Italy, with a famous French actor, Pierre Magnier, in the title rôle, Linda Magilla played Rosita, and Angelo Ferranti played her lover. Milson Sills is in his forties. Yes, Adolphe Menjou is married. Bebe Daniels has signed a new contract with Paramount. Constance Talman is divorced from John Talman. Mary Pickford is the sister of both Jack and Lottie. Dorothy Gish's next picture is "The Beautiful City," opposite Richard Barthes. After that, she is to be starred by Inspiration Pictures. I don't know whether Elaine Hammerstein has a middle name; no, indeed, she has not re- tired, but has been working in pictures constantly. She plays for one of the smaller companies, whose films perhaps you don't see. Her recent pictures include: "Pas- sianian Nights," "The Romance of an Ac- tress," and "After Business Hours." Esther Ralston finished "Beggar or Horse- back months ago, in fact, that was first shown in New York. She then: since then she has played opposite Richard Dix in "The Lucky Devil," and in Mal St. Clair's picture, "The Trouble with Vesp," in which she is featured after playing in "Are Parents People?"; played it: "Not So Long Ago," and with Ricardo Cortez, and is to be starred in "The Golden Princess." Bebe Daniels' next is "Lovers in Quarantine," and then she will be seen in "Mar- tinique." Doug Fairbanks is making "The Black Pirate," to follow "Don Q." That does seem to be rather a lot of questions for one little girl in one little letter, but that's all right; it keeps us both from being idle, doesn't it?

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Also Julia Faye, Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelemy, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Betty Brooks, care of Hal Howe, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the famous Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Madge Bellamy, Gage O'Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Charles Jones, Marion Harlan, and Earle Fox, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.


Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 14, 1912, of the PRACTICE & MAGAZINE, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1925.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ormond Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor, manager, and business manager of Publishers, Street & Smith Corporation, publishers of PRACTICE & MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the above publication, as the same is required in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Corporation, 70-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; editor, Charles Gatchell, 70 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; managing editor, Street & Smith Corporation, 70 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; business managers, Street & Smith Corporation, 70-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, owned by Ormond Smith, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and by Anna K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Anne K. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; and 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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ORMOND G. SMITH, President, of Street & Smith Corporation, publishers.

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JANUARY, 1926.

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Douglas MacLean

As the hero of "The Hottentot," "Going Up," "The Yankee Consul," "Never Say Die," "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," and "Introduce Me," Douglas MacLean needs about as much introducing as the sunshine.

The way comedy is divided up is very unfair. Some people scrape along on one smile per week and others can hourly trail by the laughs they leave behind them.

Nobody ever proved to Douglas MacLean that there was any serious trouble in life that couldn't be laughed back to happiness, and ten thousand Paramount audiences are perfectly willing to be persuaded he's right any leisure hour of the week.

With Douglas, entertainment is not so much an art as a way of living. And you live it with him, and enjoy the plot, an' everybody feels kinder young, and that's that . . . see you again, Thursday night.

His latest Paramount Picture headed to your theatre is entitled "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

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The Great

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Your fame invades half a dozen more countries, applause following your fleeting image wave on wave.

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

The United States finds two or three million people any evening of the week to see your Paramount Picture.

The great screen artists are right. They need a vast organization for the fullest presentation of their genius to the world, and Paramount provides it.
DO YOU KNOW KARL DANE?

Possibly not. But you will, as soon as you see "The Big Parade"—a picture that every fan is going to want to see. Karl Dane doesn't exactly steal the picture away from Jack Gilbert, but he does such outstanding work that everyone is going to ask, "Who is he, anyway?"

If you read the next issue of Picture-Play, you will learn just who he is and all about him, for Edwin Schallert, as soon as he found out what a fine piece of work Dane had done, sent us a story about him, which will be printed before most persons see the picture.

While we have no intention of neglecting our old favorites, we consider it part of our duty to keep our readers informed about the new players who appear from time to time, especially when they attract special attention, as George Bancroft did in "The Pony Express." You'll find something about him, by the way, in this issue. By reading Picture-Play Magazine regularly you will be able to keep posted on all such new players who are doing unusual work.

Besides stories about individual players, our next issue will have several general articles—one, by Myrtle Gebhart, on the opinions of several of our younger male players as to what type of girl each prefers, which we guarantee to be one of the most interesting symposiums of the sort you ever read. Edwin Schallert has collected some amazing facts about the history of "Ben-Hur," which will probably have its New York première at about the time the issue is on the stands. There will be other articles of interest by Helen Klumph, Malcolm H. Oettinger, Dorothy Manners, and the other well-known contributors. Don't fail to get a copy.
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What the Fans Think

Doris.

D for Dear and Dainty and Desirable.
O for Oh, a lot of pleasant things.
R for Radiant energy untirable.
I for Inspiration that she brings.
S for Something simply unacquirable.

That holds us all without the aid of strings.

Can an actor, and a screen actor at that, be a motion-
picture fan?

Yes, yes! Many yesses. Anyway, the writer is a
Doris Kenyon fan to the extent of the foregoing acrostic,
and then some.

You fans who see her on the screen or stage call
her dear and adorable and all the other nice adjectives
you can think of, and you are more than justified. But
let me tell you that personal association with this girl
raises your sense of appreciation to the nth degree.
She is just about the sweetest thing on the screen, or
off it.

What's that! In love with her? Sure I am! Who
wouldn't be?

New York City.

Warren Cook.

Personality is the Thing

Those connected with the production end of motion
pictures seem to think it a strange and unexplainable
and even deplorable situation that the fans are more in-
terested in personality than in fine acting.

This, however, is a very natural situation and one
which is easily explained.

To their fans the motion-picture actors and actresses
are not artists, they are just folks.

I choose my friends among the players on the screen
in the same way I choose my personal friends in real
life. If I choose a certain girl for a friend, it is not
because she is a wonderful musician or dancer, or law-
yer, or doctor, or cook—I choose her for my friend be-
cause of my personal regard for her, regardless of what
her accomplishments and achievements may or may
not be.

My favorites among the screen artists are chosen,
not for their histrionic ability, but because I love them.
When I go to a motion-picture theater, I go to spend
the evening with a friend; and I would rather see one
of my favorites in a poor picture than some one for
whom I do not care in a good picture.

To me personality is the whole thing.

Kansas City, Mo.

A Fan.

Some Vivid Impressions.

Acting ability, plus personality, defined as the state
of being individual, is, in my opinion, the factor which
makes any actor what he is to the public.

May I presume to give a personal
analysis of a few outstanding types?

Just to see a still of May McAvoy
makes me think of sunlight, dreams, fairy princesses,
and apple-blossom memories. She represents all girl-
lishness.

Nita Naldi symbolizes the primitiveness and dormant
passion of all women—poppy, enticing in her pure sug-
gestiveness, a nature so plain that it is complex. A
gypsy woman!

Barbara La Marr is a woman repressed, dominated
by modern culture and civilization. In her the fires
of the ages have been banked and she is to-day's woman
still with the fires in her breast, but smoldering.

These three are combined in Gloria Swanson the
woman finished! She has just enough of bouncy to
offset the calm control of the woman of the world, with
the added touch of passion loosed from the primitive.

Once I saw a personality vivisection of Lillian Rich
which aptly characterized her as the clinging vine; upon
that I cannot improve. Her beauty is of an ethereal
sort, which inspires protection in a man making that
the way to his heart.

Claire Windsor is a wonderful silken rose, made of
the daintiest satin, perfect, inexpressibly lovely; yet
she lacks a personal quality which would make her
more than an enchanting picture.

Corinne Griffith is to me the "girl woman," a piece of
old lace from Valenciennes. Roses, red and yellow,
soft feathers, curled and plumed, needle dagger, rich
velvets speak the sumptuous Middle Ages through her.

5105 Holcomb Avenue, Annabelle Urban.
Detroit, Michigan.

They've Missed a Lot.

I am so glad to see that Theda Bara is coming back.
I met a family just a few days ago that told me they
hadn't been to a movie since she left the screen. I
could scarcely believe it! But they explained that they
went only to see her, so when she quit, they quit also.

130 Beltzhoover Avenue, Barbara Henderson.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

What a Princeton Student Thinks.

When it comes down to brass tacks—I am talking
about stars and their beauty—Norma Shearer surely
holds all prizes. All the Princeton fellows voted for
her as their favorite and they are mighty hard to please.
In "He Who Gets Slapped," Norma certainly gained
millions of admirers and many more devoted fans than
any other actress. I admit Pola is good, Gloria attractive,

Continued on page 14
Sixty days ago it made me boiling mad. Today I look back and laugh at the incident for it brought me a marvelous new growth of hair.

I'm willing to bet that I've wasted more money trying to end my baldness than any other man in the world. So naturally I laughed at any ad that sounded like a barker's. The other evening I was over to a friend's and the fellow I laughed, the more bald I became.

When my wife began to look sorrowfully at my thinning hair I smiled and regrettfully. When my friends began to call me "baldy" I felt somewhat annoyed. But when my private secretary began to look strangely at my glistening scalp and snicker—well it made me mad!

But the worst was yet to come. About sixty days ago I saw a tooth paste advertisement that offered to send a free booklet. It sounded interesting so I clipped the coupon and gave it to my secretary to fill in and mail.

Well, a few days later, to my utter surprise, I found on my desk—not a booklet on toothpaste—but a booklet and a letter telling how to end baldness in 30 days!

I glanced from the booklet to my secretary. I felt my blood boiling. "Miss Harris," I said to her, "I can't say that I appreciate your sense of humor. Just what is your idea? Is it...

She paled. "Why, Mr. Burns—what's wrong—what have I done?"

"Done?" I shouted, "aren't you content with laughing at my bald head—must you make matters worse by sending me this hint. If it pains you to look at my head you are always at liberty to resign!"

Tears came into her eyes. And between sobs she explained why it wasn't really her fault.

She said that the coupon which I asked her to mail had another coupon printed on the back—and the other coupon offered to send a free book about baldness. Well, she simply used her own judgment! "Hm," was all I could say. And during the entire day not a word passed between us.

But that night on my way home I read the book about baldness. And I have to admit that I'm more interested, more helpful, more honest book I've never read in my life. It described an entirely new method of making hair grow—a method perfected by Alois Merke, founder of the Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. It is the only treatment I had ever heard of that actually reached right down to the hair roots and awakened them to new, vigorous activity. As I read, I felt my self weakening in my resolve not to try another hair treatment. And then when I read that Merke actually guaranteed a new growth of hair in 30 days or no cost to me—I felt reborn and sent for the treatment.

The first or two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But, a week or so later when I looked in the mirror I saw something that almost bowled me over! For there, just breaking through, was a fine downy fuzz all over my head.

Every night I spent 15 minutes taking the treatment at home. And every day this young hair kept getting stronger and thicker. At the end of a month you could hardly see a bald spot on my head. And at the end of sixty days—well, my worries about baldness were ended. For I had regained an entirely new head of healthy hair. Can you blame me for laughing now at the strange incident of 60 days ago?

The Merke Institute many have paid as high as $500 for the results secured thru personal treatments. Yet now these very same results may be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

The thing I like most about Merke is that he very frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees it to produce an entirely new hair growth in 30 days or the trial is free. In other words, no matter how thin your hair may be, he teaches you to try the treatment 30 days at his risk, and if it fails to grow hair then he's the loser—not you. And you are the sole judge of whether his methods work or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment. The New Way to Make Hair Grow, which explains the Merke Treatment in detail, is the title of the really interesting 32-page book, which will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book tells all about the amazing new treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—do keep it. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now and get the marvelous Merke hair book free! Address: Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 351, 512 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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Dept. 351, 512 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.

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WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART
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Please send me, without cost or obligation, your new book on art, “QUICK EASY WAY TO BECOME AN ARTIST,” and details of your special offer.

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City ____________________________ State ____________
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Church Singer Delights Congregation  
I cannot help but say “Thank God” for everything you have done for me. As I sang in church yesterday people turned to see who was singing.  
I hope you will always think of me as one who has made a big success in the work I chose to do.—Carolyn Baker.

Inspiring Book Now FREE  
The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of “Physical Voice Culture” — a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon TODAY!

Singer Triumphs Over Discouragement  
Did you think one year ago that I would now be singing as high as High C? I am very sure that I didn’t. I often think of that hopeless first letter I wrote to you and I want to thank you for the help you have given me and especially for the cheering letters at the beginning when I needed boosting along the worst way. I hope you will believe me to be your grateful friend.—Mrs. Mary Brown.

Perfect Voice Institute  
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Send Coupon!  

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Please send me, FREE and without any obligation, Prof. Feuchtinger’s new book, “Physical Voice Culture.” I have checked the subject in which I am most interested.

\[\text{ } \]

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The coupon will bring you a FREE copy of “Physical Voice Culture” — a valuable new book on voice building. Do not hesitate to ask for it. It is FREE and need not be returned. This may be the first step in a great career for you. Send the coupon TODAY!

Harry Lompreierre Finds the “Right Way”  
I wish to give credit where credit is due. The past twelve years have been spent in professional singing.

Believing that I had at last found the right way, I cancelled an entire season’s bookings to apply myself diligently to your book.

Today my voice is completely new. Formerly, I could sing only a fair “F” fifth high. Now I can sing high, pitch, with volume, and power. —Harry Lompreierre.

For obvious reasons the names signed to these letters have been changed. But the letters are all true and the real names of writers will be sent on request.

SendsCoupon!
What the Fans Think
Continued from page 10

Mae Marsh pretty, and Mary Pickford sweet and homelike, but Norma with her winning ways and pleasant smile, is too lovely to compare with any other screen star but Patsy. He can't compare with Norma! She was also wonderful in "A Slave of Fashion," and every one I know saw it at least six or seven times — did, anyway. — A COLLEGE BOY, Princeton, N. J.

A Kind Word for a Writer.

The one and only time I was in Holly-wood I met Myrtle Gehhart. She is so tiny, so gracious, and so interested in her fans, that you just can't be still or formal with her. She lives up to your expectations, and going away you hope fervently that you've lived up to her. She is the one writer-person I know — and most awfully nice she is. — V. R. FERGUSON, 919 Lincoln Street, Station A, Bakersfield, Calif.

Ready for War Pictures.

I have just seen the film "Havoc." It's a war picture from beginning to end, with fighting, killing, and the effect of war on the lives of the soldiers.

I went to see it, wondering how the public would take it, and whether I, myself, would enjoy a picture bringing back all the griefs and memories of the war. I came out at the end, deeply stirred and with patriotism swelling inside me. The theater was crowded, and the majority of those present were young, and many of them ex-soldiers and sailors. Near our row sat five men in khaki, one with only one leg, and using crutches. Did they enjoy the pictures? Yes, with all their heart. They laughed at the lighter comedy parts, and shouted at the thrilling scenes, until we all began to laugh and cheer, and it did worlds of good to hear them. The picture was splendid, for the proof lay in the audience. Laughs, shouts of joy, and tears. I confess to the weeps myself, and saw more than one hundredscar appear, and I think that is enough praise for any picture. I fully believe that pictures, good ones, I mean, depicting life during the war, will be welcomed and enjoyed by the public, and I am waiting anxiously for "The Big Parade." — ELMOR GARRISON, Olympia, Wash.

The Magician of Laughter.

The audience is quiet. Not a noise in the vast theater. Why the sudden hush? The Great Magician approaches. Those who have witnessed his performances before smile to themselves in delightful anticipation. Those who have not—oh—they sit in silence. Is he the greatest of all times? The light flashes on the door screen and in walks a short skinny man with a moustache. He is the magic on this is not the great one? But behold—he raises his high silk hat and his lips part in the most delightful grin the audience ever witnessed. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is my bag of tricks." The audience roars with laughter. Laugh? You say, laugh? Whoever heard of laughing at a magician? But, hold, can't you guess? He is the magician of laughter. This little man holds the key to every bit of humor in your hearts! It does one good to glance over the audience. Look there in the corner. That old war veteran chuckling to himself. There a child is splintering with glee. The plump woman is actually shaking with laughter. Even the stern, melancholy man in the third row is trying vainly to hide a smile. The whole crowd is one at last. Who ever thought, Raymond Griffith, that you would become a magician? You have, and with bells on. Every time I see you I feel so gay that I could jolly well put you in your high silk hat and bundle you off to my home to keep me gay throughout eternity!

ROMA HOLLINGSWORTH, Curtis Field, Building 86, Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.

A Word of Reproof.

No one asked my advice, but I am offering it anyway. Here it is: I advise every picture player to stop, completely and at once, the practice of sending photos to the fans. The letter in the November Picture-Playfoaming the fan who has a collection of over nine hundred so exasperated me that I decided to speak a word in defense of the stars. Why, in the name of reason, does a great mass of pictures? It's a gross imposition on the stars, but some people haven't brains enough to realize it. One boy wrote to me something like this: "I have seven pictures of Mr. Novarro alone! Poor Ramon!"

For the writer who inspired this outburst I have a great many memories of the row. For the letter which so pains her, his secretary undoubtedly wrote that by mistake. Another thing, at twenty-five cents each, her collection was probably only a hundred and twenty-five dollars. How many of these did she pay for?

I consider myself a good fan, yet I have only three pictures. A large one from my favorites, Mr. Barthesilum. It is autographed to me personally, and I have it beautifully colored and framed. Reginald Denny sent me a personal autograph, and I wrote him about it in Picture-Play. And Malcolm MacGregor sent me a nice autographed picture because I wrote him a letter of congratulation.

All the magazines publish beautiful pictures of the players, so if the fanatics must collect, let them collect one or two or four, but not! — MATTY LINDELL, 710 South Rampart Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Two Girls Who Like the Cowboys' Best.

As I was looking over your magazine in the "What the Fans Think" department, I noticed that every nice piece of praise was given to the society players and not a cowboy got a bit of praise. Well, I will give you my idea of a hero. I think the cowboys are heroes. He has a fine picture than a Western picture. I have seen a great many Western plays and I want to see more. I love to see Hoot Gibson, Jack Holt, and all the cowboys play. I love the cowboys and I would like to know all of them. — ETHEL E. ARNOLD, 2220 Park Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Why does every one rave about Novarro, Gilbert, Lyon, and Valentino? Of course, every one for his own choice, but give me Tom Mix, Jack Hoxie, Fred Thomson, Hoot Gibson, Buck Jones, and Richard Talmadge.

Continued on page 111
The Midshipman

Story by CAREY WILSON  
Scenario by F. McGREW WILLIS  
Directed by CHRISTY CABANNE

Superb acting, splendid direction and the critical supervision of the United States Navy Department have combined to produce the first authentic picture ever shown of our Admirals in the making.

Thrill follows thrill throughout the yarn as rapidly as wave follows wave at sea—it will leave you breathless and satisfied—another proof of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's supreme genius in the making of motion picture masterpieces.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More stars than there are in heaven"
Mary Pickford's Holiday Gift to Everyone whose heart is young-

SCRAPS
Her latest production
An unusual thing is a formal, off-the-set photograph of two screen stars together, but these two, Anna Q. Nilsson and Alice Joyce, have long been such great friends that it's surprising they aren't pictured together oftener.
Revelations of a Leading Man

Every feminine fan will be interested in what Wallace McDonald learned about women from seven of the screen's most wily women, for his revelations contain many points on how to attract the male of the species.

By Dorothy Manners

I

MIGHT have loved her but she wore flat heels,” I quoted from the well-known nursery rhyme. Or was it a subtitle? “Any one but an actor would know that.”

“Can't they beat just as honestly over French heels?” he countered, being without shame. “Flat heels are like flat tires. They belong in that great catagory of Things That Should Not Be. If I were to write a book entitled 'How to Hold Husbands—Though Married,' my advice to all women would be, 'Step it in Cubans.' But then, I could tell a lot of things in my book if I wanted to.”

I said “Yes-s,” like that. But Wally evidently wasn’t sensitive about his book. Carefully ignoring my interruption, he went on:

“Great educational force, the movies. The three Rs aren’t in it with the three Ss—scenarios, subtitles and scintillating stars. Stars especially. Constance Talmadge, Constance Bennett, Pola, Norma, Barbara La Marr, Clara Bow, Betty Compson, and others of equal voltage have been teaching me things for years. I learned about flat heels from Constance Bennett. She never wears them.”

Now what Wally said was perfectly true. He had betrayed the Spanish army for Barbara. Pola had trifled with his honest heart. Constance had wound him around her finger. He had looked into the fascinating orbs of little Clara Bow and lived to tell the story. All in fun, of course. But surely, the man must have picked up something was the way I figured. Even professional proximity to such experts could not go for naught. So with the avidity of an amateur, I led off with a hard one, hoping something beneficial to the poor working girl would come out of it.

I said, “Has a close-up with Pola taught you anything that you could pass on to the world of women for their own good?”

“Ah, many things. Pola convinces me that all brunettes should live in Europe until well seasoned. But—and this is important—sophistication should be used only as hors d’oeuvre, not a steady diet.”

With the steamship rates to Europe what they are, there was nothing for the average girl in that one. But I thought I might have better luck with Norma Talmadge. And I did.

[Continued on page 96]
Hats Off to George Bancroft!

Unknown, he accepted a part in "The Pony Express," and against the competition of Ernest Torrence, Ricardo Cortez, and Wallace Beery, made his characterization the most outstanding feature of the picture.

By Katherine Lipke

PARAMOUNT wanted a killer for "The Pony Express."

Besides being able to appear as a cold-blooded villain, he had to make up to resemble Dick Slade, a famous bad man of early Western history.

Because he qualified in the latter respect, George Bancroft, an actor practically unknown on the screen, got the job. If you have seen the picture, you know how well he made good in the rôle of the man who could "shoot them down with a smile."

When I saw the picture in a Paramount projection room, the huge, smiling person with the flapping coat tails interested me amazingly. He was so casual about his murders—so genial, and tremendously likable.

When the showing was over, the one question I asked was, "Who is George Bancroft?" Surely a man six foot two in stature, with a smile like that, couldn't have remained unknown all his life. To satisfy my curiosity, a press agent obligingly hunted out the giant and brought him over for inspection.

Under a five-gallon hat stood a mortally shy man who looked as though he would run for cover at the first indication of any shooting. It was plainly evident that he was expecting the worst—and that I was it. No joys over forthcoming publicity lit up his countenance. The man who had been so quick on the draw seemed anxious to be equally sudden on the withdrawal. So I mentally took him under my wing, instead of looking a bit frightened and saying, "What a big man you are!" as I had previously planned.

The fringe of beard which formed a short facial decoration, did its best to prove adequate, although it was grown for a rôle he was playing in "The Splendid Road," under Frank Lloyd. Instead of a villain, he is, in that picture, a drunken miner who sees life through an aura of in- toxication, a six foot two, comic relief for Lionel Barrymore. A tremendous undertaking!

Under direct pressure, Mr. Bancroft confessed that he had been a romantic leading man on the New York stage for years.

"But this face of mine would never spell romance on the screen. There's too much of it entirely. There is nothing left for me but heavies, and as long as they are human beings, I don't mind."

That is just it—he doesn't mind. He shot men down with a smile in the picture, and there is a distinct possibility that the ever-present genial smile will shoot down film opportunities as well.
The taking of the picture was even more exciting than the scenes that will be shown on the screen, for an accident, in which five chariots, twenty horses, and their drivers went down in a heap, will never be screened.


"Two thousand more needed!" sounded a voice. "Drag the city parks!"

The "Ben-Hur"
This scene, the most spectacular one in the most expen-

By A. L.

Francis X. Bushman as Messala.
Chariot Race

The most fearless drivers that could be procured were selected to drive the chariots.

Came the unshaven and unshorn. The ‘idlers. The ne’er-do-wells. The human derelicts. Came the adventurer, the clerk with a day off, the retired business man out on a lark; the professional extra, the aged Shakespearean actor in need of food, the Mexican laborer, the high-school lad playing hooky for a day. "Five dollars cash, and lunch!"

Grasp all that and you have an idea of what took place at Culver City when the chariot races in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s belated "Ben-Hur" spectacle, was being filmed. In Culver, the producing company had reproduced Circus Antioch so that it looked grander even than in the best days of the real Cir-
The Sketch

In which you will find a collection of vivid im
a girl who is herself a screen player of experience,

By Dorothy

I WANT to forget as soon as possible,” said John Gilbert, “that I ever made ‘The Big Parade.’

“The Big Parade” is the big picture of the season. I think there is no doubt about that now. Preceded by “The Merry Widow” and followed by “La Bohème,” it will make Gilbert the most popular and discussed man of the screen—an idol. There is no doubt about that, either. Everything considered, then, and in view of the hurrahs it has occasioned, those were strange words he spoke as we sat in his dressing room between scenes of “La Bohème.”

I felt I might be pardoned a faintly skeptical smile. Was the young man by any chance kidding the nice reporter? That was the question. John Gilbert is always raising questions in my mind. It is annoying. I like to have people pigeonholed in set, obstinate opinions. But he eludes. At times, he seems a dashingly handsome young man-about-town—wearied, slightly sardonic, and wholly sophisticated. At other times, he is as eagerly interested and ingenious as Harold Lloyd’s freshman. Moods, perhaps. If that is the explanation, I had

The Future of John Gilbert.

captured him in the lighter tempo, this time, for with sudden, boyish seriousness he leaned forward. He had said, you remember, “I want to forget as soon as possible that I ever made ‘The Big Parade,’” and at my smile, previously described as “faintly skeptical,” he protested:

“No, I mean it. Listen!

“After Henry Walthall played the Little Colonel he was the Little Colonel forever after. He was an actor who had played one part. You can name several others who have had the same misfortune, I’m afraid of that. I’m afraid that is what ‘The Big Parade’ will do for me. Because never in my life will I have another part like that one. I loved it. I absorbed it and I let it absorb me. When we began ‘La Bohème,’ I found I was playing this tempestuous Rodolphe in the manner that I had played the easy-going Jim. I had to fight against it. I don’t want to become ‘the gentleman known as Jim.’ That is the reason I want to forget it as soon as I can.

“It’s funny the grip that picture got on me. It just grew—both the picture and its hold. When we started it, we didn’t know we were going to make a big picture. It began as a starring feature for me—just for program release. That was all. But the second day of shooting, we knew we had it. It was uncanny—the feel and swing of the thing. Not because I worked in it, but because I love it, I think it is the greatest picture of years.”

He interrupted himself to inquire, “Cigarette?”

Reaching under the dressing table, he struck a match. To the right of him, just beside the mirror where he makes up, I noticed, for the first time, a picture of Lestrange Joy and a baby. I was looking at it when he glanced up and caught the direction of my eye. He flicked the burnt match away and went on:

“I am afraid of a lot of things in this business, but of nothing so much as a definite hit. ‘Up to’ a certain point you have every one’s good wishes, and then you begin to notice a change. I’ve seen it happen to other people. The world says, ‘Sure, he is sitting pretty for a little while, but wait until he slips. He’ll break his neck.’ I picked up a magazine the other day, and under a picture of mine was written, ‘How long will he last?’ The only way to dodge the crash, I figure, is not to sacrifice the

Clarence Brown, who has been directing Valentino, says that if “The Eagle” fails to be a success, he will not be able to say as an alibi, that Rudy overrode him.
player to the star. In this picture, I am Lillian Gish’s leading man, and proud of the job. I begged for it. I'll take all like it I can get."

I was just getting ready to say something about riding the crest of the wave while the riding was good, and not letting it get on your nerves, when some one from outside called, “On the set, Mr. Gilbert!” That was my cue to exit, so I didn’t get to tell him. Anyway, I like John Gilbert in that mood. Better than the dashing young man-about-town, I like him young, uncertain, hesitant—a little worried about how to go about this business of being an idol, without “breaking his neck.” In that mood, he is what every young fan should meet.

The Future of Valentino.

We now have before us the case of a young man who, having ridden the wave, finds himself stranded on a problematical shore—Rudolph Valentino. In spite of Jack Gilbert’s undisputed rise to matinee supremacy, Valentino is still very much a topic of essays and table talk in Hollywood. Just where he stands, no one knows. His current pictures, “The Eagle,” and “Cobra,” will decide the question. In particular, “The Eagle,” For this the finest technical and artistic brains in Hollywood were assembled. Hans Kraly, the brilliant German dramatist, adapted the story. Vilma Banky, starring material in herself, headed the supporting cast, and Clarence Brown, responsible for such knock-outs of the year as “Smoldering Fires” and “The Goose Woman,” directed. I met Mr. Brown at lunch recently, and we talked of Valentino. It is no secret that he has been considered “difficult” by former directors. But either Rudy has learned that he is not infallible in his judgment of screen values, or else he has undergone a severe right about face, for Mr. Brown says of him: “During the making of ‘The Eagle,’ Valentino was like a child. He put himself entirely in my hands. If the picture is not a success, I won’t be able to fall back on that old one—Rudy overruled me.” Win or lose, I directed that picture exactly as I would have directed a no-star cast. As for his staging a successful comeback—why not? The first fever of Valentino’s flair was over his personality. Now he can show them what he can do as an actor. He is an excellent picture actor. There is a great difference in being merely a good actor and a good picture actor. Rudy knows timing and all the other tricks of the camera trade. He moves with ease and grace. He is an all-around athlete. He rides, swims, dances—does all the physical things which are nine parts of screen acting, and just as important in themselves as being able to register love and hate in a four-foot close-up. From now on, it is just a matter of whether these talents are utilized to the best advantage. Mr. Schenck is willing to go the limit for him. So where is the great problem of whether Valentino can come back other than in the mouths of the calamity howlers?”

In spite of Mr. Brown’s enthusiasm, that re-
liked the Lafayette but she liked Montmartre better. You saw more people you knew, there. But cafés were an awful lot alike, weren’t they? Slight pause. Well, good-by; she was glad to have met you. She hoped she would see you again soon. With a pleasant little inclination of the head, she was gone. I doubt if any one in the place recognized the inconspicuous little figure in black, as Mary Philbin. I wish Mary’s mother wouldn’t let her come to cafés. She ought to be at home playing the piano for an old-fashioned beauty.

On the other hand, no café entertainment is complete without Lucille Le Sueur’s exhibition of the Charleston. Lucille, newly rechristened Joan Crawford because it is easier to pronounce, does the tantalizing, fascinating, irritating Charleston as nobody else can. Yes, sir; when it comes to doing those Southern steps, Lucille Le Sueur Crawford, is the lady. Yes, ma’am; she wins all the dancing contests. First come, first served. The management is not responsible for casualties in the crush.

**Seen Within One Week—**

At the Orpheum—Leatrice Joy and Paul Bern.

Dining at the Lafayette—Leatrice Joy and Paul Bern.

Supping at Montmartre—Leatrice Joy and Paul Bern. Now every one is wondering if that constitutes a romance or if it is only good for a rumor.

Speaking of the Orpheum, the Los Angeles fans get more than their share of entertainment there. Some movie stars are bound to be in the audience, and the Dutch comedian always spots them and insists that they take bows. Walter Hiers, who can do more than bow, is always good for a few dialect stories, and Ruth Roland’s yodeling song is a regular box-office feature. When the jazz impresario, Abe Lyman, played there, a select bevy of beauties went down in a body to pay him honor. Kathleen Clifford hopped out onto the stage with a huge bouquet of flowers, and amid much enthusiastic applause, Norma Shearer, Wanda Hawley, Beverly Bayne, Ruth Roland, and others, made blushing bows from the lower box. Norma Shearer even threw kisses, which was sweet, but not necessary.

**Tribute.**

Ramon Novarro has never made any secret of his deep admiration for the artistry and beauty of Lillian Gish, and now that Lillian is well into the making of “La Bohème,” Novarro is often seen on the outskirts of her set. The other day, he was over in a corner quite alone. When Miss Gish finished the scene, Ramon went up, rather he ventured up, and spoke to her. I once saw a freckle-faced little schoolboy present a beloved teacher with a bouquet of flowers. She thanked him for bringing them. “No, ma’am,” he replied, “thank you for taking them.” Such was Ramon’s attitude. His defense was a lovely tribute from one artist to another.

**Autumn Colorings.**

The fashions of the fall are running to bright and gaudy colors. Pastels are out. Dashing combinations, and plenty of jewels and ornaments, are the latest decrees.
Norma Talmadge has a tomato-red gown which she wears with a black, picture hat.

Norma Shearer wears an all-purple ensemble.

Pauline Garon was seen lunching in an off-color, green sport suit that only a beautiful girl could have carried off successfully.

At a dinner party given by the Clarence Browns, Ruth Roland was strikingly effective in a short, tight-fitting black gown worn with red shoes and stockings, and with a brilliant flower in her hair.

At the same party, Claire Windsor was adorned with heavy silver earrings, and a dashing plume falling from the brim of her hat. Mrs. Brown, whose magnificent jewelry is the envy of feminine Hollywood, was in red, with a plumed, black fan giving the necessary staccato effect.

Gay greens, bright reds, yellows, blues, and purples—earrings, beads and bracelets, are the thing. No getting away from it, the ladies of the black and white are going in for colors with a vengeance.

Free Publicity.

A little "newsy" on the beat of Hollywood Boulevard swears by Aileen Pringle and the Christian faith, with Aileen several laps to the good. He is so enraptured of the dashing Glyn heroine that he supplies her with papers gratis. When Aileen insisted that she should pay for the offerings, he was so insulted that she apologized, pocketed the offensive money and never made that mistake again.

The other day she entertained him at tea in her home. As a climax to the festivities, she presented him with an elegant "eight by ten, autographed" of herself. Now you ought to hear him. The combined efforts of the Wampas couldn't do more for the Pringle name.

Romance of Beauty and the Bad Man

I called up Wallace Beery and his wife the other day and learned that they were up in the northern part of the State on a hunting trip. That rather muffed my idea of doing a little squib on Rita about how it feels to be married to a villain. So instead, I am going to reminisce about their romance.

They met when Wally was a king in "Robin Hood" and Rita was a court lady, also in "Robin Hood."

It was not a case of love at first sight with them. They used to say "Good morning" and "Good evening" when they passed each other in the studio corridors, but in the beginning, Rita was interested in some one else, and I think Wally was, too.

One day, between scenes, Wally was perched up on his

throne cracking walnuts, much to the disgust of a prop man who had put them there for the purpose of a banquet. He cracked one that came out whole. Instead of letting it go the way of the others, he tossed it into the lap of the lovely, blonde Rita. That went on for days, Wally cracking nuts and tossing the good ones over to Rita.

Then, one day, when Rita was particularly tired and footsore, Wally asked if he couldn't drive her home. "Wally's playing favorites!" the other girls yelled, as they drove out the gate.

But things didn't get serious until his accident. He was driving home from location one evening when another car crashed into his, and he and several other people were pretty badly cut up. While he was in the hospital, Rita and a couple of the girls formed the habit of dropping in to cheer up the long afternoons.

On a certain day, Rita came into my dress-

Continued on page 103
A Master of Suave Sophistication

Adolphe Menjou, the world-weary man about town, is making capital of the new vogue which he helped to start.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

T HE grown-ups are coming into their own.
Where once we had to choose between Valentino in an Elainor Glyn marshmallow drama and Jack Holt in Zane Grey horse opera, we are now offered an occasional adult film as well.

The movement for sophistication, inaugurated some years ago by the ruthless Von Stroheim, has been more tactfully advanced by other hands, and such pictures as "The Marriage Circle," "A Woman of Paris," "Forbidden Paradise," and "Soul Fire" are more recent evidences that the cinema is coming of age. The hot and heavy Glyn tintypes continue to raise the blood-pressure in the more ingenuous neighborhoods, and Tom Mix receives more money now than ever before, proving something, to be sure; but it is gratifying to note that these are not the only contributions the screen is making to posterity.

The big special productions have almost all been above the juvenile level, but now adult entertainment is finding a place for itself in the general, workaday output of Hollywood and Long Island.

Chief among the priests of the new order is Adolphe Menjou.

Introduced to prominence through the excellent medium of Chaplin's "A Woman of Paris," Menjou has consistently progressed, lending subtlety and assurance to each new picture since, and he has not been idle by any means.

He belongs to that select little group who may safely be cast as gentlemen, valet at elbow, Rolls-Royce at beck, Mumm's extra dry within reach. When he discards dinner jacket for brocaded dressing gown, you find the gesture credible, gesture though it may be. When he glances at the gallery of fair women adorning the wall of his bachelor apartment, you grant the premise that he had engineered such conquests. He is the Gallic Romeo, casual, airv, cool, practiced, in his affairs of the heart.

And he endows his characterizations with a flavor of the genuine. His suave philanderer in "Broadway After Dark" was matched by his gay bachelor in "Sinners in Silk;" his Prince in "The Swan" dominated the picture just as surely as his Prince Minister carried off the chief honors of "Forbidden Paradise." In film after film, he has created convincing, believable figures, possessed of all those important little details that distinguish artists from hams.

Cornell, "Broadway" in its brightest phases, and the war all prefaced Menjou's Hollywood career. Minor parts in minor pictures were his portion for years. True, he served in "The Three Musketeers," but it was not until Chaplin launched him in "A Woman of Paris" that he achieved anything approaching success.

"And now," he told me, "now my chief caution is not to make too many pictures. From one extreme to the other. Popularity can be killed—like that!" He snapped his nervous fingers, "Pictures like 'For Sale' and 'Lost—a Wife' cannot help any one!"

He is of medium height, slender, debonair, sardonic of face, sure of himself. When he is not smiling quizzically, his expression is one of patient boredom. If I were painting a canvas of that universal fellow, Man About Town, I should use Adolphe Menjou as my model.

Essentially an aristocrat, he may always be counted upon to essay the regal manner, whether as duke, prince, or archdiplomat.

Bored he is, certainly, but not too bored; cynical in a kindly, gentlemanly sort of way; and with a general deportment that must be termed elegant. Now his hand toys neatly with pendent monocle, now it carelessly adjusts tie that needs no adjusting, now his forefinger deftly caresses the edges of his trim mustache. Through half-closed eyes he surveys the scene, his mouth curved in a faint smile, his body half-mooned against a prop castle's marble pillar.

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The Pringle Shingle

WHO would have thought, when short hair first came into vogue, that there would be so many variations of it? The mere conventional bob was at that time thought dreadfully extreme, but what would have been said if the shingle of to-day could have been seen, particularly the closely clipped variety that is almost an exact copy of the man's style. The old-time bob, standing well out around the head and discreetly covering the ears, in womanly fashion, is now tame by comparison. Very bizarre are some of the cuts to be seen in these days, with not an inch more of hair than is absolutely necessary.

We might have expected Aileen Pringle, with her fame as a screen vamp, to affect one of the most extreme styles, but her new shingle, as you can see, is really quite conservative. She has, 'tis true, brushed her hair well back over the ear, leaving only a mannish side burn, but she has cautioned the barber to use circumspection in clipping the back, and so has retained a well-rounded effect, which shows off to advantage her shapely head. And the bangs in front give a feminine touch that offsets the masculinity of the side view.

She had not yet acquired this new trim when she was making scenes for "The Mystic" so that fans will not be able really to judge whether or not it's more becoming to her than the fuller bob that she used to have until she appears before them in "The Reason Why." And if she wears such a succession of headdresses in that picture as she does in "The Mystic," they may even then get only a glimpse of it. But it's said that several people out in Hollywood like it so much that they have told their barbers to do the same for them.

Aileen prefers to have only a trace of a wave, and does not like more than a slight point of hair at the nape of the neck. Her profile is the most attractive of the three pictures of her, giving the full effect of her particular style of shingle.

The bangs are something new for Miss Pringle, as she has been in the habit of leaving her forehead bare.
Suit Your Make-Up

How you should vary your rouge and your and mood is interestingly told in this article,

By Violet

Remember that most women’s faces are their own fault. They want to be beautiful, yet they so often allow themselves to be limited by what they think they were born with. They don’t realize that beauty is a flexible thing. They look enviously at Gloria Swanson or Corinne Griffith or Norma Shearer, and then go right on doing their own hair in the same way for months at a stretch, and using the same shade of powder and rouge for years, perhaps.

Your face is like an artist’s canvas. You can’t change the shape of your nose or the color of your eyes—I grant you that—but you can make them look different.

Sit down and study, not just your face, but what’s behind it. Don’t be satisfied with making up just once before you go out for the evening; do it three times, perhaps, so that you can be sure which shade of powder goes best with the frock you want to wear, or with your mood; which shade of rouge to use on your lips, and how much.

Cosmetics and Character.

Let’s suppose you have medium-brown hair and gray-blue eyes. Your features are all right in their way, but you can’t lay claim to striking beauty. In temperament you’re the average sort of person—neither a Pola Negri, nor yet a Mary Pickford.

Your skin may be very white, like Pola’s—incidentally, nightly applications of a good bleaching cream will encourage this tendency—or you may have one of those in-between complexions.

Pola Negri is of that rare type that can use make-up so that it is obvious.

I CHANGED my make-up three times before I got it right for that part,” a well-known star said to me the other day, in speaking of one of her most successful rôles. “I went over and over the character of the girl I was playing, and then studied my various big scenes before I got it exactly right.”

Now, wouldn’t you think that the average girl would pay as much attention to her looks as that screen star did? Wouldn’t you think she’d be willing to shop for hours till she found the powders and rouges and lip sticks that best suited her? She doesn’t do it, however. She usually buys the first cosmetics that come to hand, or else the same brand that some friend uses.

Any girl who wants to be distinctive in appearance can acquire that distinction by studying, not merely her face, but her character. She may be of the gentle, sympathetic type. Or she may be restless, quick of movement, energetic. Two girls who have much the same coloring, or shape of face, may yet be absolutely different in character.

Or one girl may have moods that vary as widely as day and night. Just stop reading for a moment and study the accompanying photographs of Esther Ralston. They look almost like pictures of two different people, don’t they? It’s all in the make-up.

You yourself have your frivolous moods and your more serious ones. There are some people who stimulate gayety in you, others who make you feel grave. Now, remember that, when you’re putting on the powder and rouge, which are as much a part of the modern girl’s costume as her frock,

How two contrasting moods can be brought out with make-up is shown in these two pictures of Esther Ralston. One should never, however, rouge the lips solidly as she has done in the upper picture.
up to Your Mood

powder according to the nature of your character
with other valuable tips on the use of make-up.

Dare

Whatever it is, the first thing for you to do is to find a powder that exactly matches it. This may be any one of the three shades known as brunette, rachel, and flesh. Probably you will have to mix two of them to get the one that matches exactly. That one should be your stand-by. It's best, when you mix powder, to use shades of the same brand. These have about the same consistency, and so blend more smoothly than two shades made by different manufacturers.

Do the same thing with rouge. There are many different tints of rouge; now on the market, varying from the sharp pinks that have a good deal of yellow in them, to the dark red, that has a touch of blue. If you use a grease rouge, you can blend two shades exactly. Grease rouge, however, though a good thing to use at night, is likely to be a bit garish in daylight unless you are an expert at applying it.

The compact rouges don't mix so well as the grease variety, because you have to put one on your face first, and then use the other over it. However, after a little practice, this can be done quite successfully.

Mascara, for your lashes and eyebrows, can't be mixed. Of course. You must choose between black and brown, according to your brows. "Lining," as the cream for eyelids is called, comes in blue and brown. The powder which can be used instead, comes in the same shades.

Now, if your coloring fits the general description that I have given, it probably has an inclination either toward blonde or toward brunette. You should, as a general thing, select all your make-up accordingly. Your powder should have a touch of flesh in it; instead of rachel; you should use black mascara, if any, and blue "lining"—very little of it, if you are rather blonde.

Greta Nissen says, "The dark brunette type can use a little more freedom in making up for the street than can a girl of my type. Dark hair can stand stronger contrasts than can the blonde or the girl with golden hair and hazel eyes.

="If a woman is naturally pale or fair, that fairness will often

be found to be her charm, and for her to redder her cheeks would be a mistake. She can rouge her lips, perhaps only the upper lip—she should strive for an effect of delicacy."

Where Your Mood Comes In.

Now, you may be of the in-between type that I've described, and have your blonde moods and your brunette ones. Then have two sets

Different modes of dressing the hair can change one's appearance entirely, as may be seen from these three interesting studies of Greta Nissen. She has also, as you can see, varied the shape of her lips by skillful application of the rouge.
of make-up. You'll see, in the pictures of Esther Ralston, how two different moods can be brought out.

If you're feeling frivolous, you shouldn't use rouge that is all wrong for that character. You can afford to use the light rouges, even the rather sharp pinks, if you blend them in well when applying them. You should have no make-up on your eyelids at all, no mascara on your brows, very little on your lashes. Your lip stick should match your rouge, and you can afford to outline your lips rather sharply, even approximating a Cupid's bow, if nature hasn't given you one to start with.

But—don't redden your lips solidly, as Miss Ralston has done in one of her photographs. Blend the rouge down from the outer lines of your mouth, so that the lips are light and delicate looking.

When you're inclined to be serious, don't make up to look frivolous. The effect would be like a slap in the face—the other person's face, not yours. Use a soft rouge with red in it, and use enough of it to give your mouth character. Make up your eyes with brown shadows, rather than blue; let these shadows be very delicate and soft, so that they deepen the color of your eyes.

In applying rouge, the general plan is to let it make a 'V,' following the line of the cheek bone toward the nose, then back toward the ear. But if applied near the eyes, it makes them more brilliant than they would be otherwise, and not so soft and sympathetic. Let the contour of your face guide you in your use of rouge.

Just as an actress makes up differently for close-ups and for long shots, you should use a different make-up for big parties from what you use for evenings at home when the favored suitor calls. I know a girl who complains that she always looks nice in her own home but that at parties her looks are gone before the refreshments are served.

"People say I'm witty in a crowd," she told me mournfully. "I have to be. I have to make people think about my mind instead of my face!"

Now, when you're going to a party and want to look as nice from across the room as from near by, and also to be as attractive late in the evening as when you arrive, use grease rouge, which only cold cream or soap and water can remove, and accent the brightness of your eyes with mascara on lashes and brows.

Blue will probably be better for your eyelids than brown, brown having a tendency to deepen them. Accent your features with your make-up, this time.

If you're going to stay at home, in all probability the powder you should use is Rachel with a touch of flesh color, which is rather pink. This will give your skin a faintly glowing tint. Use powdered rouge, and blend it very carefully. Make up your eyelids with a touch of brown powder, if you want to, but don't use mascara on your lashes or brows—it is likely to give a rather hard effect.

You may want to harmonize the colors of your

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One Hollywood Night

A vivid picture of an evening spent in one of the most interesting spots in the motion-picture colony.

By William H. McKegg

A MEXICAN village in the heart of Hollywood! Impossible? No, such a village exists, and shelters several of screenland’s stars.

Mexican plants and flowers abound, to keep up the illusion of the surroundings. Leading off from the patio are entrances to various apartments.

In this place Hollywood offers an Arabian entertainment to any one not too fed up with movie people.

From where I sit, dining with two of my intimate friends, I face a long window. Through it I can see every one entering the patio, and get as much interest as old Daudet obtained from looking through the window of his mill.

Toward evening, the stellar residents return. The first arrival is George O’Hara. Earlier in the day he had rushed from the studio to visit his mother down at the beach. With maternal instinct she sends him back with a chicken—one she roasted herself.

Instead of going next door to his own abode, George pops in to say hello and is invited to join us. The radio, made by our ingenious young host, pours forth selections from “Carmen.”

As if the music alone is not sufficiently appropriate for the Spanish environment, a personification of Bizet’s wild gypsy flashes into the patio in the form of Leatrice Joy.

“Ah, there’s a Carmen!” I exclaim, nodding over my piece of bass toward the long window. “Leatrice always makes me think of the wild Rákóczi March—so dear to my heart—rhapsodies, strains of the Magyars, Redetzkys, et cetera.”

My three companions glance toward the patio as Leatrice passes the fountain—its silver jet of water refracting a nimbus of colors in the late sunlight. She enters an apartment directly opposite ours.

Its owner, William Collier, Jr., is there. With him—you’ve guessed right—are Norma and Constance. All are preparing, I surmise, to breeze off to the Montmartre, or to the Ambassador, or to wherever the bou vivants gather.

“Are they really engaged? Should one inquire?”

All know to whom I allude.

“I shouldn’t be surprised if they were, nor would I be surprised if they weren’t,” comes from George over his iced tea.

I call to mind his own reported engagement to the sprightly Alberta. A moth-eaten publicity stunt, that!

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What I Think of My Wife

Bill Russell talks about his recent marriage to Helen Ferguson, telling good-naturedly what faults he has found in her as well as what he likes about her.

By Myrtle Gebhart

For five years, Helen Ferguson and Bill Russell were engaged. Their marriage a couple of months ago joined two distinctly opposite temperaments: a man of thirty-eight whose life had been comprised of acting and sports—a vigorous, vital "man's man"—and a girl of twenty-three, typically feminine, rather quiet in manner, with much depth and sweetness.

I sought Bill first, and then Helen, to find out what this little while of marriage had taught them, what they loved in each other, whether or not matrimony had changed either.

We sat on the veranda of their beach place and talked. His comments, succinct and to the point, summing up definite qualities, reveal the man's mind, thinking along less subtle channels than the woman's.

He began, after a bit of gentle prodding:

Helen is my ideal girl because she is a wife and hopes to be a mother.

We want children—and not when it will be "convenient" to have them, but when it pleases God to give them to us. I believe that woman was created for wifehood and motherhood, that all other interests must be subordinate, and Helen agrees with me. I am ambitious for her in her work, and expect her to do very good things, but her career must never conflict with her home.

Helen's faults? Ha! let's see. Faults? Well, she worries too much about things, and over other people.

You noticed how upset she got to-day just because I had forgotten to tell her you were coming to luncheon? It's the maid's day out and she insists the house isn't cleaned up, though I can't see anything the matter with it. Helen takes it to heart, makes a tragedy of it, when company comes in and she hasn't a nice luncheon prepared.

And she is always worrying over the troubles of somebody else. When she hasn't any of her own, she takes unto herself those of her friends. She usually finds a way to help them, but in the meantime she makes herself miserable crying over them.

That's because she has such a deep well of sentiment and sympathy, but I'd rather have her that way than callous to other people's afflictions. That mother-instinct causes her to adopt every stray cat and dog that happens along. It will find full expression some day in motherhood, and I am glad that she has it, for she will make a wonderful mother.

One of her outstanding traits is her practical common sense. If she were in a shipwreck in the middle of the ocean, she would rest one elbow on a wave, raise her head above the surging seas and, looking around carefully, decide what to do. And do it. I can't imagine her ever becoming rattled in any situation.

She was not accustomed, for instance, to managing a household and giving orders to servants. For one day, after our wedding, she was upset, but quickly got things organized and arranged as efficiently as if she had been a housewife all her life. Like to-day—she was in a panic for a few minutes, but the picnic lunch she scraped together was fine, wasn't it?

Both husband and wife must make adjustments. I know Helen has made some concessions, though she has not whined over them. So have I, but so willingly that they have not assumed the proportions of sacrifices.

For instance, Helen once objected to my going in so much for sports, following the races and such things, and spending my time with those old boon companions of the sport world. Before our marriage, I insisted that, while I would give up many of them, I must have two evenings a week to spend as I chose. She consented.

But, darn it all, I've wanted to go out only one evening—and it was the longest I've ever spent. The things that interested me before our marriage have lost flavor. Though we have passed the billing and cooing

Continued on page 98
My Husband, His Faults and His Virtues

Helen Ferguson, not to be outdone, retaliates with her opinion of Bill Russell, sparing him no more than he spared her—singing his praises, too, however.

By Myrtle Gebhart

HAVING obtained from Bill Russell his reaction to his marriage to Helen Ferguson, and an analysis of her character, those traits which appealed to him and won his love, and those less pleasing, I thought turn about would be fair play, and asked Helen to focus the searchlight on Bill. Her story, in her own words, follows:

Billy's finest attribute is his attitude toward women. No matter what her reputation, I have never heard him utter one disrespectful word about a woman. That was the first trait in him that I liked.

We both have old-fashioned ideas; I admire masculinity in a man, and he worships femininity in a woman. It seems to me the two essentials for a happy mating are: respect for the man, and appreciation of the woman.

Billy's strength, his physical power, the very vitality of him, always appealed to me. He stirs in me the old, elemental impulse of wanting to be controlled by a man so much stronger than this little feminine me.

Marriage, while showing me some little qualities in him which all humans possess but which we would rather not see in one we love, has revealed in Billy a trait that I did not suspect: tenderness. Somehow, you never associate that with strength. He had always seemed so masterful. But his love for me has made him so tender and thoughtful and considerate of me.

With his friends he remains the same; vigorous, opinionated, stubborn. I see another side to him, which I suppose every man lets just one person, the woman he cares for, see.

We can't quarrel, because we laugh at each other. One starts out excitedly, "I don't like your doing so-and-so, blah, blah, blah," and the other bursts into a laugh, and there we sit, howling at each other. People do look so funny when they fuss.

Billy's bad traits? Well, it takes that man longer to dress than any girl I ever knew. He fools for an hour. And I tell him that I can't see where the process improves his face a bit.

I am always ready in the morning long before he is, and I sit waiting impatiently, thinking up choicey worded reprimands. He emerges from his dressing room, all slick and shiny. I open my mouth to tell him how mad I am, but when I see that beaming face I end lamely, "My, how nice you look!" Sometimes I see the with a furious self-disgust because I can't stay angry, but I simply can't. Love does queer things to people, doesn't it?
Our meeting, friendship, and romance have been very thrilling to me. I'm the only girl fan I ever heard of who actually married the hero of her dreams, the movie idol she had loved from afar.

You see, I was Bill's fan, about seven or eight years ago, when I was a youngster at school in Chicago, playing hooky to work extra in Essanay pictures. When I ambitiously braved New York, I had a difficult time, but no matter what was the state of my pocketbook I managed to see his movies. I often went without lunch or dinner, choosing to satisfy my heart—by the long distance of dreams—rather than my tummy.

I thought him the homeliest man I had ever seen, but I liked his smile. It seemed so friendly. I used to think, "Well, he isn't anything to rave over, but he looks as though he would understand things, and would be a comfortable sort of person to tell your troubles to."

No, love and marriage haven't blinded me. He hasn't become handsome in my eyes. I still tell him that his face is nothing to brag about. But I've found that he does understand. So my first instinct was right.

Determining to be his leading lady, I spent rapturous hours planning how I should dress to impress him. When the fatal day of our appointment came, I was in an agony alternating between hope and fear, and paraded the best of my meager wardrobe. My heart was going pit-a-pat.

He looked me over, very casually, and asked, "How tall are you?" I'm ordinarily quiet but, summoning all my nerve, I replied flippantly, "Tall enough for you."

Evidently he disagreed, for he shook his head and said I wouldn't do.

Agnes Ayres got the part. I shouldn't have forgiven her, except that I felt I must stand in with her in order to get news of my idol. She told me every little thing he said and did, and I treasured each bit of information.

Later, after I had come West, I was called to be considered for his lead. He glanced at me, just once, and nodded his approval. We left next day for location in Arizona. At the station, he asked if I might carry my bag. When I replied that George Stewart, Anita's brother, was carrying it, he looked huffed and said, "Oh, is that so?" and stalked away.

Being the star, Billy had a drawing-room, but seeing that another girl and I were not very comfortable out in the Pullman, he kindly gave up his drawing-room to us. Meeting us as we returned from the dinner the first evening, he looked right at me and asked, "Have a nice dinner, little lady?"

My heart fluttered so that I could only nod an answer. I hated myself for being such a silly fool, but remember, I had been crazy about that man for years. I'm sure any girl fan would be just as excited at having her hero so solicitous.

The next morning he surprised me by getting off the train at Barstow and buying me a perfectly huge box of candy. I still have the box and the ribbon that tied it!

After we had worked a few days on the picture, he began to appear smitten. Once, when I made some remark about New York, he said, "You lived in New York, Miss Ferguson? Why didn't I meet you there!"

"You did, Mr. Russell," I replied, relishing his discomfort.

"No, no," he insisted. "I could never forget having met you."

And to this day, he has no memory of that first meeting.

During December we finished the picture. He seemed anxious to please me in every way, but I thought it merely kindness. "If I can't impress him," I decided, "I positively won't let him impress me."

But—when he proposed, the following March, I didn't even wait to let him plead, for fear he mightn't, but answered breathlessly, "Yes, yes; yes."

Five years were to come and go, however, before we married. And, though in our case, they led to a better understanding, I think it was four years too many. I don't believe in long engagements, particularly if you are separated for any length of time. The irony is that you become accustomed to not having each other and realize that the one you have thought indispensable isn't quite so necessary.

No matter how much you care, you can live without any certain person. Life goes on, brings new contacts and experiences, and you are in danger of gradually becoming adjusted to new friendships and, perhaps, affections, so that the one you previously thought so important becomes less so.

I favor an engagement lasting from six months to a year, in order to give time for the two people to thoroughly know each other's characters, but I do not believe in prolonging a romance too long beyond the stage when the first glamour goes. However, it is better to wait long enough to be sure, and have a marriage that will last, a love that is a fruition of genuine comradeship and understanding. Any one not worth waiting for isn't worth having.

That's what I told Billy all along, and he has been very sweet and patient with me, while I found my way through my little problems. There were various reasons why our engagement dragged out for five years. I determined not to marry until I had reached a certain point of financial independence. Though Billy would gladly give her everything he has, I would not let him support my mother. She lives with us, but I insist upon taking care of her with Helen Ferguson money.

And I wanted to be in a position where Billy's gifts to me would have no sense of duty attached to them. It is glorious to receive, when you know that it is a free offering, given in love, with no strings of proprietorship.

Several little habits of his also displeased me and caused me to hesitate. He is a typical man's man. The sport world was his life, aside from his picture work. He didn't like parties or the entertainments that I cared for. He preferred going down to Tia Juana and betting on the races, and all that sort of thing. The vigorous masculinity of him appealed to me, but his life had elements in it that grated on me, and there were times when I was afraid that we would not be well mated.

I made a mistake, which caused us both much heartache, by hesitating to speak my mind. So often a word can straighten things out, but I held back, fearful that it might lead to a quarrel, and poor Billy had no idea of how he had offended me. So I kept postponing the marriage date, without offering any adequate explanation. It was just a fear that we couldn't fit our lives together.

Finally, Billy demanded a definite explanation, and when I mentioned the things I did not like he immediately gave them up. I did not ask him to, for I felt that would not be fair. No girl has a right to come in and disrupt a man's whole life. But if he really cares, he realizes that the girl means more to him, and of his own accord will make these sacrifices.

My contract with Pathé, to do alternate features and serials, gave me the financial independence I had been waiting for. So we set the day and were married. He was nervous, did you notice? I wasn't. I was perfectly calm. I had known for five years that I would be there at the altar with him some day, so it seemed quite natural. In contradiction to the wise psychologists, I think men are more excitable than women, anyhow.

Continued on page 88
THE wistful Zasu Pitts is developing into a gay comedienne. Having made a great success of comedy in "Pretty Ladies," she will try a bit of it again in "The Mannequin."
AFTER two years of domesticity, Mildred Davis Lloyd returns to the screen in "Behind the Front." Known before only as Harold Lloyd's leading lady, it is interesting to see what she will do independently.
DORIS KENYON teams so well with Milton Sills that he and she are again playing together in "Men of Steel," the story of the steel industry that First National is filming.
AFTER having long given vivid support to various stars, Clara Bow at last stepped into her own in the featured rôle in "The Plastic Age," and is said to be the life of the picture.
THERE'S no
holding Bebe
Daniels in the West
any more. She
did return, after an
absence of over a
year, to play a
crook part in
"Maggie," but she
was soon yearning
again for the East.
MARY is going abroad with Doug and hopes while there to shoot some scenes for a picture, as yet unnamed, in which the two of them are planning to appear together.
NOW that her husband, Rex Ingram, has a studio in Nice, Alice Terry makes her pictures abroad, and after a flying visit home this fall, is already at work again in France.
LOYD HUGHES has been a favorite with the fans for years, but of late his popularity has greatly increased, and it's said that his weekly mail has become something tremendous.
Lloyd Hughes Has Arrived

His ascent has not been of the "skyrocket" kind, but for that reason he probably will not suffer a sudden descent from the cinema heavens.

By Harold R. Hall

NOW and then, those of us who write about motion-picture people meet a screen player who leaves an impression that not only remains, but grows on us as time goes by.

That probably explains why some of the articles that you read about stars fairly bubble over with nice things that the writer has to say about them. Human nature is a peculiar thing, and as writers, after all, are human, it is only natural that they write glowing phrases about people who cause their hearts to jump a beat when they meet them.

All of this brings us to the subject of Lloyd Hughes, whom I introduce to you as one of the screen's most modest young men.

For a number of years I have watched Hughes on the screen, and I must admit I have always had a warm spot for him in my motion-picture heart. He has always seemed such a clean-cut young man. When he walks across the screen he never exhibits the swagger that you sometimes see in other young leading men. He seems to be there for the business of portraying a character rather than for the furtherance of Lloyd Hughes—the person.

The peculiar thing about Hughes and his screen work is the fact that, until recently, when he signed a contract with First National, the producers who had him under contract seemed to be trying to hide his light under a bushel. Not much was written about him. Nor did he have the sort of roles that gave him much opportunity. Of late, however, he has been coming into his own, and fans have shown their rising interest in him by increased fan mail, and floods of inquiries sent to movie magazines and writers.

When I met Hughes, I knew at once that my opinion, formed from the screen, was not wrong. His kindly personality is as captivating in real life as in pictures. He looks you squarely in the eye, shakes hands vigorously, and sweeps you off your feet with his smile.

"You know, I have never got used to being interviewed," he said. "I still feel as upset and excited over it as I did at the very first."

So we agreed to "just talk things over," and he immediately felt better.

We had hardly started when an incident occurred which illustrates, perhaps much better than anything else, the type of man Hughes is, off the screen.

A publicity man from his office interrupted to ask him if he knew whether his name or the name of the feminine player who was to be cofeatured with him in the picture he was making should be used first in billing and publicity.

"I don't know," replied Hughes. "It has not been settled yet, but I think it would be polite to mention the woman first, don't you?"

To the unsophisticated, this might not mean much. But in the motion-picture and stage world, the position of a player's name in advertisements, and so forth, means as much as a prince's title. It is the banner, as it were, which tells the world where he stands in his profession.

Yet here was Lloyd Hughes freely stepping aside because the other party happened to be a woman. Perhaps this sort of attitude may be the reason why he has had to work so hard for eight long years to reach the place he now holds in the film world. Perhaps it has held him back a year or two, but if it has, I feel that perhaps it will hold him on the heights just that much longer.

Reaching his present position has been no easy task. Every step of his advancement has represented work of the hardest kind, and there are many men to-day who started with him who gave up the struggle long ago.

Unlike many of the present stars, Hughes, in becoming one, has achieved a boyhood ambition.

He was born in Bisbee, Arizona, but his parents moved to Los Angeles when he was a baby, and he grew up in the atmosphere of the motion pictures. His father figured he would make a good electrical engineer, so his high-school course was so shaped.

Lloyd had other ideas, however. While still in school, he decided to become a movie actor. Not until he had finished school, however, did he tell his parents. But he thought he was too young to be a leading man, so he announced that he would go into business until old enough to start his screen career. He went to work as a clerk in a tailors' trimmings shop and remained there six months.

"Then I figured it would be a good thing to learn something about some of the side lines of the screen game," said Hughes, "so I got a job with Selig as a developer in his laboratory. A year of chemical smells and darkness was enough, so I left and went to work clerking in a hardware store."

At the end of six months, he left the hardware business, bought a make-up box, and started his first tour of the studios looking for work as an extra. He was just nineteen years old—the age when boys are easily discouraged.

"Getting work as an extra in those days in Hollywood was no cinch," said Hughes. "The casting directors really seemed insulted when you asked for work. I tramped for weeks before I secured my first job."

"I was to take part in a night scene to be photographed on an estate in Hollywood. I told my mother, ate an early supper, put on my evening clothes, and set out. When I reached the location, I and the other extras learned that a hose pipe was to be turned on us for several hours during the filming. It was a cold night for California, and we kicked. We were to get three dollars for the work. When the director promised us five, we agreed and took the drenching. I admit the film game did not look so rosy the next morning."

Then followed a long period in which he wore out more value in shoe leather than he earned.

"Great mobs of film-mad men and women would be ahead of you even at an early hour in the morning," said Hughes. "After we had waited for hours, the casting director used to come out, look over the mob, pick a half dozen, and tell the rest to go home. It would be too late to go to another studio."

Finally, Hughes made himself known and was placed on the preferred extra list and was notified by casting directors when he was wanted.

"This didn't mean much," he said, "but it saved shoes anyway."

Twelve months passed and it looked as though he...
On Sober Reflection

By Horace Woodmansee

"The Good Old Days."

I REMEMBER, I remember, those movie days of yore; When the hero socked the villain, how the crowd would gasp or roar! While now they yawn, "Oh, apple sauce, this hero stuff's a bore."

I remember, I remember, "The Exploits of Elaine." Though the villain still pursued poor Pearl, with all his might and main, Through ninety-seven reels or more, the fans came back again. I remember, I remember, the slushy custard pie, And the cross-eyed Keystone copper who got it in the eye; It used to make 'em howl with mirth, but now they'd merely sigh.

I remember, I remember, those "flicker-dramas" old, When the most atrocious sort of stuff was sure to "knock 'em cold;" The old thrill's gone, despite the fact the tales are better told!

Charlie Himself.

Many who have read of Charlie Chaplin's aloofness, of his frequent refusals to see reporters and interviewers, may have gained the impression that Chaplin is a rather unpleasant person for the average man to rub elbows with. Quite the contrary is true. When Chaplin came East to be present at the New York opening of "The Gold Rush," his fellow passengers on the train had frequent contacts with the genius of pantomime. Chaplin had his own private compartment, but frequently he emerged. At meals he was besieged by strangers who wanted their menus autographed, and he cheerfully complied with their request. At many towns along the route, groups of excited small boys were waiting to catch a glimpse of their idol. Chaplin spoke to them, apparently enjoying the experience.

A friend of mine who has always disliked the Chaplin of the screen was very favorably impressed by the courteous way in which the comedian greeted the advances of persons who were entire strangers to him. If he felt that they were prying too much into his affairs, he gave no evidence of it.

Concerning Carol.

If you were unexpectedly introduced to your favorite film star, what would your first remark to her be? Do you think you would have the nerve to invite her to a football game?

That's what a friend of mine did. Meeting Carol Dempster for the first time, he asked her to come and root for the pigskin warriors of his Alma Mater.

"I'd love to," responded Miss Dempster, "but I'm going to be busy with Mr. Griffith making some cyclone scenes for 'That Royle Girl.' Wouldn't you like to come and watch them?"

My friend decided that a cyclone is the equivalent of a football game any day.

A Real Convenience.

Two women moviegoers were having a little afternoon chat in one of the downtown film palaces during the summer hot spell. The seats next to them were piled high with plunder from their shopping tours.

"Say, these refrigerated cooling systems are a great thing," remarked one of the women, who was glad she was not out in the broiling sun.

"They certainly are," enthusiastically responded her friend. "Why, I can do my shopping for supper and stop in here on my way home without the ice cream melting."

Impertinent Paragraphs.

A certain producer announces that his films "have sentiment to burn." Chorus of fans: "Then why not do it?"

A New Yorker was arrested and fined for walking into a studio and getting in front of the camera in an important scene. Wonder if he had the presence of mind to ask for his resulting "film test?"
Universal plans to produce "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Small-town audiences will never accept it as a substitute for the road shows because there will be no ham actors to pelt with overripe vegetables.

Suggested all-star cast for "Uncle Tom's Cabin:" Charlie Chaplin, in blackface, as poor old Uncle Tom; Noah Beery as Simon Legree; Mary Pickford as Little Eva; and Louise Fazenda, in blackface, as Topsy.

Observation: From year to year some Hollywood actresses, like the special productions, seem to be getting bigger and bigger.

Judging from recent "bigger and better" productions, an "epic" is anything over ten reels which cost one million dollars or more to produce.

The practice of moving-picture producers of calling their season’s output, "The Tremendous Twenty," "The Thrilling Thirty," or something similar, has suggested a bright idea to a theatrical producer. He is planning to advertise his year’s output of bedroom farces as "The Dirty Dozen."

Art Is Art.

The Hollywood director dropped in at the home of his fiancée, the movie queen, entering so quietly that she did not hear him. There was his bride-to-be, in the arms of his rival.

"Darling," he heard his rival say, vibrantly, "You are the most wonderful woman in the world!" And he registered a kiss which would have made any flapper roll her eyes in ecstasy.

For an instant the director observed the amorous tableau in tense silence. His eyes glinted with a strange light. His chest heaved.

"Great stuff!" he ejaculated. "At last I've found just the right type to play opposite my Tess in 'Flame of the Desert.'"

Another Tongue Twister.

Mary Callaghan, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, offers this one:  "Milt Sills' swell sea shows seldom sell slow."

Little Stories of Big Successes.

Calvin Coolidge, popular film star now appearing in Pathé, Fox, International, and Kino-gram pictures, set his heart on becoming a picture actor while still a small boy. This in itself was quite remarkable, as the movies had not been invented at that time. Knowing that one must prepare one's self for one's career through long study and intelligent application, he ignored the movies entirely, and so attained the enviable distinction of starring with four companies every week.

Will H. Hays laid the foundations for his film career in the United States post office. Knowing the attention given in that department to excluding indecent pictures and literature from circulation, the movie magnates hired Will to make everything all right with the film censors. It is rumored that if "Jurgen" is ever done into the films, Hays will stipulate that the adaptation be prepared by John S. Sumner.

Before Jack Dempsey went into pictures he was known as a home body, making his principal interests socks and knitting. His method was to liberally distribute the socks and then wait for the bones to knit. A film magnate, having read somewhere that beauty is only skin deep, gave him a starring contract. At the present time he receives 159,483 fan letters a week, most of them from the managers of championship contenders.

A Herculean Job.

"And where has your husband been these past twenty years, Mrs. Rip van Winkle?" inquired a neighbor.

"The poor man is a film editor," sighed Mrs. Van Winkle, "and he has been trying to cut down the latest Erich von Stroheim picture from the original ninety-two reels to program length."

Shed a Glycerine Tear.

For million-dollar Mary Pickford, when she makes a bid for your sympathies as a poor ragged little waif whom nobody loves.

For Jackie Coogan, who between spins in his Rolls-Royce appears as a pathetic little street gamin.

For Harold Lloyd, the pale, timid, half-starved-looking screen figure who is really a healthy, athletic, practical business man of great wealth.

Sleepy-time Story.

Once upon a time there were two girls named Bess and Tess. Both of them lunched for movie careers. They were equally beautiful, equally talented, equally accomplished. But Bess had lots of initiative and persistence, and so she packed up and went to Hollywood to begin the long, weary climb of the extra girl, while Tess, unwilling to work hard for success, shrugged her shoulders and stayed at home.

Before long a motion-picture beauty contest came to Tess’ home town. Tess submitted her photograph, was declared the winner, was sent to Hollywood with a flourish of trumpets, and soon became a featured player. Bess is still working as an extra and hoping to attain her sister’s eminence.

The moral of this is that really serious candidates for a film career had better follow the example of Tess’ more industrious sister.

A Solemn Thought.

You have all heard that the films have a great influence on our ideas and deportment. Consider how unjust our treatment of that faithful animal, the horse, has been. We have allowed our dogs and our cats in the house, and have let them lie under the stove or on the davenport. But have we accorded equal rights to our equine pets? No, we have not. The faithful horse may cock a reflective eye longingly at the living room, but social caste is against him.

But the movies have raised a champion of man’s great burden bearer and pal. Tom Mix with the aid of his

Continued on page 105.
How a Studio Lot was Transformed

THE story for Mary Pickford’s next picture, “Scraps,” is laid in a Southern swampland, centering about an old dilapidated house surrounded by moss-hung trees and ditches of stagnant water.

Undoubtedly such a location, already made, would have been comparatively easy to find by traveling some distance and staying there while the exteriors for the picture were being taken. But Mary was loath to leave her home to undergo the discomforts of living on location, so the experts were set to work to see what could be done on the Pickford-Fairbanks lot.

These pictures show what they achieved. The one above shows the selected section of the lot at the time the work was being started. The one below shows the same spot after it was ready for the camera. Everything that you will see in the scenes taken around the old house was built. The ditches were dug, the trees were planted, the moss was hung. It scarcely seems possible that a house so dilapidated could have been erected, but even that was accomplished. And to make the scene still more realistic, the fall rains began just as the picture was about to be taken.

A dismal setting for a picture! But Mary’s fans know that she will supply enough sunshine to make up for that.

The story has to do with a group of children who are mysteriously brought to this old place and left to the care of the old man and woman in charge. Mary is the eldest of the children, and she takes it upon herself to become a sort of “little mother” to the rest. Finally, through the intervention of a wealthy man whose child was stolen and taken to this place, all of the children are rescued from the dismal swamp, and are placed in happy, wholesome surroundings.
Christmas in Hollywood

These pictures give you a glimpse of a few typical scenes in the movie colony at holiday time. To the fans who live in the North, the picture above will seem like an odd Christmas picture. Yet just such a scene will probably take place at the Christie studio, where this was snapped, when the comedy girls get together to hold their annual, studio Christmas party, with a comedy Santa Claus to distribute the presents.

The picture below shows Frank Currier, the veteran character actor, reading “The Night Before Christmas” to a group of the children at the Metro-Goldwyn studio.

Jackie Coogan appears in the small oval, playing Santa Claus for the amusement of his baby brother, Robert Coogan.

There are Christmas trees in Hollywood, even though there is no snow. Aileen Pringle is shown in the picture above, trimming one of them.
How Would You Like this Dancing Lesson?

It's the kind that Pauline Starke took while preparing for her work in "A Little Bit of Broadway." Fanchon, of the vaudeville team of Fanchon and Marco, was her instructor, and Fanchon's method includes stringing her pupil up by a rope attached to a belt around the waist, and putting her through several exercises while thus suspended.

At first it seemed a lark, but finally after going through all the different exercises, Pauline begged for a rest and when she was at last let down, she lay limp on the gymnasium mat, as you see her below. However, by the next day, she was quite ready and eager to go through the whole experience again!
When the Stars Speak Over the Radio

A description of what goes on in the broadcasting studio on the Warner Brothers lot each evening.

By William H. McKegg

K. F. W. B.
The big letters pierce the evening dusk. They shine in bright electrics on the sides of the two spiring radio towers in front of the Warner Brothers studio. In daytime, this large structure, with its white façade, is the most handsome studio in Hollywood. At night, its columned front takes on a multicolored appearance—an effect caused by skillfully concealed lights.

Every evening a concert is broadcast from the studio. Between ten and eleven o'clock, various Warner stars—if not too tired after a day's hard work on the sets—drop in. The great event, however, is the "Sunday Night Frolic." Sunday is the night devoted especially to the stars. Any of them are likely to appear.

Once every so often, a particular Sunday is set, with a definite program, and some of the stars prove that they possess talents not limited simply to acting on the screen. Therefore, from nine to twelve on a Sunday night, the radio towers glitter brighter than ever. These three magic hours are worth the attention of any movie or radio fan, for many of the stars broadcast delightful impromptu pieces.

In the broadcasting room—decorated like a genuine De Mille boudoir—Syd Chaplin or Monte Blue may act as official announcer. If either fails to turn up, or if both are still working on the sets—for stars have to work even on Sundays sometimes—Huntley Gordon or Matt Moore takes up the task.

The most delightful spirit results from the fact that no prearranged program is fixed. The stars, after all, are only human. And broadcasting according to a cut-and-dried schedule would prove rather boring. The players are free to drop in whenever they feel like doing so. No one knows what he is going to say until there. These impromptu renderings add to the fun.

Louise Fazenda can always be relied upon to get across some humorous statements. A lively repartee flashes between her and "Chuck" Reisner. Any opportunity that offers itself is seized upon as an excuse for badinage and good-natured raillery.

Paul Bern, in his clever conversational manner, tells young literary aspirants the right and wrong way of writing screen stories—which to me seems a waste of time, as stories are so seldom bought from any but professional writers. All the same, young brainwaves constantly write in for more scenario advice. You can't keep great minds down.

Marie Prevost, looking as cute as ever, gives an account of how she felt, having her husband play opposite her in "Bobbed Hair." Kenneth Harlan, likewise, says what he thought under similar circumstances—Marie rushing to the microphone to contradict some husbandly joke Ken broadcasts about her.

Patsy Ruth Miller is always dependable and never fails to tell something appropriate, while a crowd of young gallants look on through the plate-glass wall of the anteroom.

The word "sweet" generally irritates me when I hear it attributed to some person by an admirer. With Irene Rich, however, it seems exactly to fit. Her smiling appearance makes you associate "sweet" with her name right away. It is better to miss the hilarious comedy songs sung by Messrs. Blue, Gordon, and Moore, than fail to be present when Miss Rich is there.

Warner Brothers are planning to use their radio to advantage. A movement is now on to have receiving sets installed in all the first-class picture theaters of the country. In this way, whenever a particular picture is being shown, instead of giving those direful personal appearances, the stars can speak to the fans over the radio.
The Baby

Bringing to light some more of those little things

By Don

Illustrations by

Putting One Over on the Censors.

"Why are the movies making so many biblical stories nowadays?" I inquired of the practical young producer.

"All trying to beat ‘Ben-Hur’ to it?"

"Yes, partly so," replied the practical one. "But that isn’t the only reason. The other reason is censorship."

"Censorship?" I echoed.

"Sure. Don’t you see? The censors are laying it on for anything that’s snappy in the way of a dance or a vamp scene or anything of that sort, but no censor is going to raise his shears against an authentic Bible scene."

"We all know that in Bible times people didn’t wear very many clothes in those hot countries, so when one of our cuties comes out in an Oriental outfit, all we have to do is call her by the censors is to label her ‘Salome’ or ‘Bethsheba’ or something like that."

"A shimmy dance performed in a modern cabaret will get the censor’s goat right away. But no censor is going to monkey with an authentic shimmy of the ancient Egyptian variety performed against a proper biblical background. Get me?"

I recalled some of the biblical stories from my early Sunday-school lessons and I removed my hat.

"Accept this tribute," I said, "and with it my apologies for having, in times past, reproached motion-picture producers for a lack of active cerebration."

Pat O’Malley on Barrymore.

John Barrymore is lunching with his keepers, the Warner brothers. He does not take the trouble to make his hosts feel at ease. He is like a disdainful wolf hound escorted by its trainers. Across the rattle of Musso-Frank’s dining room we hear his languid voice.

"I am getting fed up with Hollywood again—"

The Warner boys wrinkle their brows and raise deprecating elbows, "But I still have many debts in New York." The Warner boys beam joyously.

Pat O’Malley, with a knowing forefinger, taps the table at which we are sitting.

"There he goes!" he exclaims. "Always like that. Always an artist. You know—that man’s ideal. When a scene is about to go flat with me, I say to myself, ‘How would Barrymore play it?’ I never get what Barrymore would do, but the result is always satisfactory."

"What is the distinguishing feature of Barrymore’s work, do you think?" I demand.

"That he never makes the mistake of being serious. That is the great danger with us movie actors. We take ourselves, and the roles we have, altogether too seriously. Barrymore never fails to bring out the human comedy of a part. Even in a grotesque thing like ‘Dr."

The Shimmy in Celluloid.

It is a keen disappointment to Hollywood that "Aloma of the South Seas" is being filmed in the East. For Hollywood remembers the merry times we had when Gilda Gray was among us on her stage tour.

It was during that time that I held my one and only salon, which was a howling success. The crowning glory of the evening—as the society reporter might have said—was the $769.74 worth of shimmy generously donated by Gilda.

Miss Gray was getting $15,000 a week for her shimmy. That is what her percentage in Los Angeles amounted to. For this amount she was doing three fifteen-minute shows, in which her actual shimmying time was two minutes each. At this rate she received $178.51 a minute. For us she performed exactly 4.2 minutes. I held the watch myself.

Which figures down to $769.74 worth of shimmy that we received free, gratis, without let, hindrance, or encumbrance—$769.74 worth of glittering motion, which Cecil De Mille would have given his right eye to have incorporated in an ancient Egyptian sequence.
in the movie world that aren't generally known.

Ryan
K. R. Chamberlain

Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." That's his secret. Comedy opposed to tragedy. Somehow or other, that combination always gives the effect of absolute reality.

"I suppose," concludes the Irishman, thoughtfully, "because life itself is that way."

Minnie, the Double.

The question of a double has been solved most successfully by Mae Murray, who has been playing the star part in "The Masked Bride" at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios.

Mae uses a dummy. Minnie is the dummy's name. And Minnie takes a load off Mae's feet.

I'm not saying that Minnie actually acts—although I am almost convinced that she could get by in the movies. Minnie is a very talented dummy.

What she really does is to stand at rehearsal in the spot designated for her mistress until it is time to shoot the scene. Then an assistant director shouts, "Give Minnie the air!" A grips whisks her away and the real star steps into her place.

Minnie is exactly the height of her mistress. She has a pretty face—not exactly mobile, but still as expressive as many other faces that are frequently acclaimed in the movies.

It is amusing at rehearsals to see the hero making passionate love to Minnie, or the villain twitting and sneering at this innocent and helpless creature. Sometimes I have hoped that the assistant director would forget to yell his insulting line at Minnie—that the camera would actually start grinding on her—that Minnie would have her chance at last.

But it will never happen. It is only in fiction stories of Hollywood that the girl who is beautiful and good gets her opportunity at last and becomes a star. It is only in the minds of dreamers that Cinderella ever slips out of the ashes into the glittering beauty of the palace.

Poor Minnie—she will never be anything except a dummy. She is beautiful, is Minnie. Beautiful, but dumb! Yet, you say, many such have won fame in the movies. Ah, yes, my friend. But—bend closer—Minnie lacks something without which no girl can ever become a star. Poor Minnie has no sex appeal."

Catering to the Majority.

B. P. Fineman may not be a name that is known to fans. But the name of Evelyn Brent is well known. She is his wife. And Bernie Fineman is one of those who in business or politics, amusements or what not, are content to sit behind the scenes and pull the strings.

His official title is general manager for F. P. O. Bernie is shrewd. He has a conviction about what movies ought to be. And he has followed this conviction to a triumphant end.

"There are probably one hundred and twenty million people in this country," remarks Bernie. "Of these, probably eighty million go to the movies constantly. These eighty million people are of the great proletariat—so-called. They are the dressmaker and the carpenter and the woman who fusses with her housework all day. Now when these people who work hard in the daytime, go to the pictures at night, they go seeking entertainment."

"On the other hand, there are, let us say—to be liberal—thirty or forty millions who occasionally go to the movies. They do not go seeking only entertainment. They are interested in art. Yet it is a grave mistake to produce pictures for this minority who go to the theater only once in a while—a mistake which some producers are still making."

Bernie has taken the certain formula of crook melodrama as a vehicle for Evelyn Brent, and the reports of the trade journals show that every one of her pictures has made money. "Smooth as Satin," made at a cost of only twenty-eight thousand dollars, went into the Capitol Theater in New York and was a success.

What is an Artistic Picture?

"I don't bother about art," states Bernie, flat-footedly.

But he is wrong. These crook melodramas are sound artistically. They are logical in their milieu. Consequently, they are popular.

Being true to a mood is the only critical test. It is a truism that movie audiences demand entertainment. The movie-going public—in which artists are in the minority—is not interested in art in itself. But that is not saying that the movie public are not attracted or repulsed by sound artistic values.

The producers who are failing are those who try to outrun the public demand for entertainment.

"The Unholy Three," starring Lon Chaney, is an example of an artistic crook picture, because the characters behave naturally in the environment provided. The development is logical in this environment. Therefore the story is convincing. If it were not convincing, it would not be entertaining.

"The Monster," another melodrama starring Chaney, which immediately preceded "The Unholy Three," is an example of the direct opposite. Not satisfied with melodramatic situations, the makers tried to get the audience both coming and going. They injected a lot of slapstick comedy into the picture, ruining what otherwise would have been a soundly artistic piece of work.

Slapstick comedy also can be soundly artistic. It always is when it remains slapstick. But the producers seemingly argue in this fashion: the public like melodrama; the public like slapstick; therefore we will combine the two and make a knock-out picture. What they made in the case of "The Monster" was a flop.

To sum up this critical brochure, we might conclude: It is a mistake, as Bernie Fineman points out, to make...
Looking On with

Whose varied travels on the screen have carried her in the days of the gold rush, and thence to a modern

By Margaret

After our perilous trek across the continent, with Indians always somewhere about, and after that stormy sea voyage, for—we did things right in those days—I reached Sacramento by both boat and covered wagon, so as to be sure of getting there.

The reason for this was that some of the extras who were used as pioneers arriving in California by ocean were also used as the brave souls who plodded across the country in the vehicles James Cruze made famous. Our first work was on a lumbering old ship in San Pedro Harbor, just outside Los Angeles. From the outside looking in, it will doubtless be a gallant picture—the heavy barque cutting the water, white sails flung taut to the wind. But from the inside looking out—how that deck rolled and rocked and dipped!

Then we worked on prairielike land many miles from the city, journeying on and on with our ox-drawn wagons, camping at dusk round great crackling fires. And so to Sacramento.

This was a street of wooden buildings on the back lot at the United studio. Ramshackle houses, a shop or two, and the rest saloons, lining a narrow, dirt road pitted with ruts and mud puddles.

"So this," one extra remarked. "is the Splendid Road."

Our call had been an early one, and the set looked realistically gray and desolate. Bearded extra men swore cheerlessly as they smeared grease paint on their faces, making of the benches by the horses' hitching stand an impromptu dressing room. Ambitious lady pioneers practiced the Charleston, despite interfering hoop skirts. The cowboys in charge of the horses somnolently shot craps.

The only working person in sight was a tanned and out-of-doors-looking man, apparently fulfilling the duties of an eighth or ninth assistant. His wide, bovish smile was greeted by the gloomiest with an awakening interest and friendly shouts. The gentleman replied in broad Scotch accent. He was Major Sutherland, Scotch-Canadian war hero and Victoria Cross man, and owner of Ceylon tea plantations that have amassed him just five million dollars. When exteriors for Frank Lloyd's previous picture, "Winds of Chance," were being filmed in British Columbia, no one could be found, even at an enormous price, to double for two principals in a canoe shooting the falls—no one until the company was entertained at dinner by Major Sutherland on his magnificent estate, and told him of their difficulty. Next day he and his wife stepped into the canoe and hurtled over the dreaded falls in great glee at this new lark. And so enamoured of the movies was this daredevil soldier that he asked Frank Lloyd for a job in his next picture. So now he was having a lovely time taking orders and hauling props for forty dollars a week.

Within forty feet of the end of Sacramento were the projection rooms. As we waited for activity to begin, a little group filed out of one and came toward the set. They were our company, discussing the "rushes" of yesterday's work. The nucleus of the group was a gentleman who looked as though he had won early success in banking circles or some line of finance equally refined and stable. For Frank Lloyd—it was he—is of

Among the seekers after gold in "The Splendid Road" was Anna Q. Nilsson, who arrived in Sacramento with a baby on her hip.

Oh, the places I have been, the sights I have seen, the lands I have lived in, the history I have helped make. I have journeyed to Haddon Hall with Queen Elizabeth, I have seen the Man of Sorrows whipped through the streets of Jerusalem, with bloody hands I have stoned Marie Antoinette and the next day fled before the revolutionists as one of her ladies-in-waiting. I have cheered English and German regiments onto the Great War, and wept at the return of both the Blue and the Gray from the Civil. Crinolines I have worn, jewel-encrusted satins and rags, court gowns and peasant costumes, one-piece bathing suits and bustles. I have pioneered in New York when the Battery was a wide, quiet place to promenade. And now I have pioneered in California when Sacramento was a gold field and Hollywood a potato patch.

The illustrious Frank Lloyd was making "The Splendid Road," which treated of the days when avid fingers, the world over, itched to dig into the gold-infested earth of Sacramento. By land and by sea they came, in broadcloth and in tatters, crowding into the mushroom growth of shacks and saloons that was then Sacramento.

I speak authoritatively, as an inhabitant of the town in that period. Ah, the brawls they had in that saloon next the meeting house! But even that seemed peace-
An Extra Girl

now, via "The Splendid Road," to Sacramento Spanish café in "The Girl from Montmartre."

Reid

a very businesslike air, with no time for moods or inhibitions, no patience for whim emotions. One could tell that his métier would be the depiction of people who work rather than feel, think rather than react—the average, sane and human individual.

The first scene was the entrance of Anna Q. Nilsson, the heroine, into the town. Coming, as she did, with a baby on her hip and clad in a flannel shirt and canvas trousers tucked into high top boots, she caused a consternation among the conservative natives that was supposed to be unbounded.

Mr. Lloyd in a brief rehearsal, briskly outlined every one's action, then went back to the cameras with a crisp, "All ready, Ann? Let's take it."

At the end of the first shot—"Well, the baby was fine in that one, folks."

At the end of the second—"Great, great! Everybody was good that time. Let's do another for safety's sake."

Mr. Lloyd could work with no more fitting star, I think, than Anna Q. Nilsson. The boyish costume she wears in much of the picture is singularly appropriate. Her charming femininity in more formal attire to the contrary, this costume best fits her off-screen personality. This personality is an odd thing. I don't know that there is much softness in it, nor many tenable points where you could reach Anna's heart. She is such a very efficient person, strong-willed, and firm-opinioned, I am sure. And I imagine she is the sort of woman who would count no sacrifice too great to make for any one dear to her, but she would make it briskly and matter-of-factly. It is impossible to imagine her gently sentimental.

Robert Frazer is the hero of the piece, and Lionel Barrymore is a sort of sympathetic heavy. Mr. Frazer is a very tall, dark, and handsome young man who drove up to the set in an eye-filling, specially built roadster.

Lionel Barrymore will always stand out in my memory as a gentleman with infinite capacity for sleep. He is an interesting-looking man with keen blue eyes and graying hair. Most of the time, between scenes, he sat in his chair, with great dignity and with his eyes closed in slumber. Awake, he surveyed the adjacent scenery with what might have been boredom, or amusement, or neither. When spoken to, he replied with charming courtesy, and went back to sleep.

Luncheon was called, and we hurried out the gates to Madame Helene's tea room. Anna Q. Nilsson came in and sat down alone. A few minutes later, the door opened and a pretty, dark-eyed four-year-old peered in. "Over here, Peggy," Miss Nilsson called, and Peggy entered, followed by a governess, an older sister, and her mother—Alice Joyce.

Miss Joyce, as usual, looked the way all women pray they may look in heaven. Her eyes are very dark brown, her clear olive skin unrouged, and her full lips scarlet. The eldest little girl—about ten, I should say—looks very like her mother, but the youthful Peggy resembles her mother only in coloring. They are beautifully mannered children, but, of course, Alice Joyce's children would be.

After lunch we stepped back through the years again into the turbulent life of our ancestors. Lionel Barrymore worked now, as the proprietor of the most successful saloon. Pauline Garon and Gladys Brockwell were his dance-hall attractions.

The very blond and sprightly little Garon arrived on the set with an enormous Mexican-straw sombrero, which she arranged dashingly on Mr. Lloyd's head. "There," she beamed, "if it just must have a straw hat, the darling."

The day before, straw-hat season having closed some time previous, she had snatched Mr. Lloyd's straw chapeau, thrown it on the floor, and stamped on it. And this umbrella effect now reposing on his head was a gracious gesture of penitence.

To hear Pauline Garon talk is nothing short of a shock. She is very little over five feet tall and, as I said, very blonde. It is startling, when you expect a corresponding voice, to hear, instead, deep resonant chest tones.

Apropos of nothing in particular, Lionel Barrymore is a fascinating soul. My hero—that is, one of them—Mr. Arlen, would say, "He was a deep one, that man." He works cleverly, with subtle nuances and shadings, technique that has ceased to be tricks and become habit.
Then when the camera stops, you see that sardonic
gleam in his eye that might be boredom, or amusement,
or neither. And you can't discover whether or not it
has been there all the time.

But about the metamorphosis of Miss Nilsson there
is no doubt. One minute she is the cheery Anna Q.
kidding with the "gang." She steps before the camera
and at once her gentian-blue eyes soften, her beautifully
chiseled lips grow gentle, and she is the familiar, lovely
lady of wistful charm.

Quitting time, and the daily transition with it, the boundary line between
the years being the line of cars parked
at the end of the set. Cross it and
you are back in the world of to-day.

There are stars, as you may have
heard, and stars—players who might
live next door to you, so simple and
human are the impressions they make
—others of the intelligentsia, dashingly
clever, jauntily bohemian—still others,
in the minority, who are such lofty gods
and goddesses, so far removed from
the mundane, as to be tinged with the
unreal.

And then again there are stars—those
charmed creatures who ride in imported
limousines, clad in the most luscious of
Paris whims, precious stones reflecting
their smooth beauty, scented fur drawn
round their white shoulders. Their
every personal appearance, whether at
an opening or in an exclusive shop, is
the occasion for gratified murmurs from
spectators who feel they have seen the
heart of Hollywood, spectators who
don't get that vague cheated feeling they
had when told that that plainly dressed,
quiet girl walking—walking—down the
street was Norma Talmadge.

There are many to uphold the stellar
tradition. There are, for instance, Mae
Murray, with her canary Rolls-Royce
and rapid gestures, Claire Windsor, in
the crystal-sewn white gowns she af-
facts, Gloria Swanson just being Gloria,
Constance Talmadge with her jewels and beaux, and
Barbara La Marr.

Before she went East I had seen Miss La Marr at a
brilliant opening. She stepped from the velvet depths
of a long, blue limousine. In the white glare of the
spotlights turned on the street, I saw how green her
eyes were and how white her skin. I remember I quite
liked her because she neither blew kisses, nor frowned
languidly, as she walked up the narrow lane through the
onlooking mob. Paintly smiling in a
friendly fashion, she walked through the sea of craning
necks and popping eyes to the entrance of the theater.
Stardust—

Now that I have worked with Bar-
bara La Marr, I know that she is a
regular person, a very human sort of
person, and even on a dingy set, in
the hurly-burly of the studio, she
preserves that strange, fascinating
substance—star illusion.

By some fortunate mistake I was
called to work in a Spanish café
scene in Miss La Marr's picture,
"The Girl from Montmartre." I—a
blonde. But then, the whole thing
lies in what the wardrobe lady hands
you, and in how you make up.
Decked with a Spanish comb and lace
mantilla, I sought out the little rustic
café on stage No. 6.

On the benches off the set, I found
few extras whom I knew, and only
one or two speaking English. The
majority were Spanish and Mexican
—warm, dark faces, quick of interest
and easy of laughter.

Round the edges of the set hovered
a man in a gray suit and tennis shoes.
Now and then he walked briskly on,
spoke a few words to Jack Boland,
the cheerful young assistant director,
then, interest seeming suddenly to go,
wantered away again. It was only
later, when he stood by the camera
and rehearsed the first scene, that we

Continued on page 92.
All is Not Tinsel that Seems So

Lillian Rich shattered our interviewer’s preconceived idea of how a De Mille star should look and act, but she proved to be none the less interesting.

By Helen Ogden

So silly!” said Lillian Rich in throating British disgust. “Why do people say those things? When you get to know Cecil De Mille, he is the kindest of men. You’d be surprised at his thoughtfulness for his family, his players, and his company. As a director, De Mille is fascinating: as a man, he is charming, and simple in his tastes. When I signed my contract with him he told me he had investigated my private life, found out I was happily married and contented, and that he was very pleased.”

Lillian Rich’s revelations of a homespun De Mille, putting his paternal blessing on domestic felicity, were surprising to me. But for that matter so was Lillian herself. I had seen her only once before—a mere glimpse through the banks of lights, just before she stepped before the cameras for “The Golden Bed.” If you remember, she wore a blond wig in that picture. If not, you will see her wearing it in future pictures, for she is to don it again. That wig does something which I think is unflattering to her. In “The Golden Bed” she looked physically beautiful, but characterless. In addition, it gave her an annoying resemblance to Alice Terry. I watched a while as De Mille draped her on a lounge and put her through languorous pose after languorous pose. When I went away I put her down as another would-be follower in the trail of Gloria Swanson. She looked so expensively indolent—like other De Mille duchesses I could recall, striving to perpetuate their silken characterizations between scenes as well as before the cameras.

I thought: Now that she’s a De Mille leading lady, but she’s forgotten that she ever supported Strongheart, that sterling animal actor. Probably rented herself an apartment with the personality motif emphasized. Orange frames against pale gray walls. Dorothy chairs slung with Spanish shawls. At least one first edition, preferably of Sherwood Anderson, but Michael Arlen would do in a pinch. The lady, I expected and suspected, would fit the setting.

That was my guess about Lillian. Not so good as you can see for yourself if you read on.

Certainly there had been nothing to prepare me for a brunet young lady of engaging frankness and candor, who lives in a little colonial bungalow that is neat without being the least bit gaudy. True, there were silken cushions about, but for comfort, not effect. Also books—Stephen Leacock and P. G. Wodehouse. And last, but not least, was a framed enlargement of Strongheart over the fireplace. Surprisingly enough, the lady did fit the setting. She was recuperating from an attack of throat trouble that had kept her from the studio for

Continued on page 100
What Does Wealth Mean to a Star?

To some, extravagance; to others, thrift, charity, peace, or the chance to pursue a hobby. This article tells you how money has affected some of the leading players.

By Barbara Miller

Did you ever, in imagining yourself a motion-picture star, speculate on what the sudden wealth accompanying that position would mean to you? It might mean various things, according to your temperament, for it has meant various things to the hundreds of players who have experienced it in the last few years.

To some it has meant only the opportunity to indulge in purposeless spending, often ending in wretchedness or ruin. Of late years there has been much less of that. The example of the downfall of those who could not stand prosperity was a warning to those who followed. There are, however, any number of players who passed through the bonanza days of the movies without losing their heads. Mary Pickford, made rich while still a young girl, is a conspicuous example of this.

It may surprise you to know that Mary has made the observation that "The chance to do things for my family," was Louise Fazenda's answer when asked what success had brought to her. She is shown at the right with her mother.

"The chance to do things for my family," was Louise Fazenda's answer when asked what success had brought to her. She is shown at the right with her mother.

Wealth has not brought her freedom, due, no doubt, to her sense of responsibility.

"It has, however, meant ease and comfort," she added. "And, most of all, it has given me the opportunity of doing things that I have long wished to do for others."

Elusive Mae Murray, typically perverse, declares that her money has enabled her to afford the luxury of being—selfish! And hear her unique idea of selfishness—unique, at least, in that few of us would be so self-centered:

"One cannot afford to give until one has attained a certain amount of success. And I enjoy being able to do as I like, to give when I please," in her decided, low voice.

Without hesitation, Irene Rich proclaims her three great and only true interests in life—her two daughters, Jane and Frances, and her work. By the latter she has gained security for these attractive girls.

"I entered pictures solely to provide for the children. Now that success has come to me, I am investing in stocks and bonds. I have a definite amount for which to strive, and am religiously putting aside part of my salary each week."

Far be it from Adolphe Menjou to admit anything even approaching altruism. No indeed! He talks of
security and tells of hard times he has experienced. But there is a huge life-insurance policy and trust fund in case of his death, so that his wife and sons are in no danger of privation. Menjou is very firm in his attitude.

"I know what it is to be broke. When I was twenty-one, after I had gone through Culver and Cornell, my father lost all his money, and I had to get busy. So now we don't use up all I make, only a small part of it. And everything we do buy is of a type that can be readily sold—jewels, cars, and so forth.

"I'm not going to put on grease paint for five years and then have nothing to show for it!"

Another thing, these people who have arrived so conclusively talk in the most matter-of-fact manner of that future time when they will be passé. Stars like Menjou and exquisite Florence Vidor simply take the prospect for granted. Whoever heard of a business man even considering such a possibility? He might retire, yes, but not because he was "through." Just another phase of that same frankness which permits the mention of their poverty before the golden era.

At any rate, Menjou puts his cherished savings in bonds, of the good, reliable government variety. He fairly writhes when investments paying seven and ten per cent are mentioned. No risks for him—just security.

That phenomenal young Latin, Ramon Novarro, seriously explains that with nine in one's family, a salary of movie proportions is quite a welcome, as well as an essential, thing. Nine in the Novarro family! Horrors! Young Ramon says that his mother and brothers and sisters were very, very poor before he succeeded.

"Only, even now I cannot say that I am a financial success," he says, with engaging modesty. "Once I worked as a theater usher here in Los Angeles for five dollars a week. My mother wished me to quit, saying that I could make more money elsewhere, but I preferred to starve and be happy—in the theater."

Out in the Creighton Hale household, there are three boys—Creighton, Pat, and Bob. Pat is six and Bob is three, while Creighton—well, he is more of a big brother than a dad, a playfellow thinking of the future, which must be insured against, so that his small sons may work out their own lives, unhampered by an insistent bread-and-butter demand.

In spite of a not-too-easy road, Louise Fazenda is still a carefree, frank individual who finds life quite an interesting excursion, who is even strong enough to laugh over old hurts without bitterness.

"If I hadn't succeeded, my folks would have been just 'working people.' So I have been able to give them—oh, things, a pretty home, cars, and trips. Just a few weeks ago, I took my two old aunts up to San Francisco for a little visit. It means so much to be able to do things like that for those you love."

Thus the girl whose childhood hopes had been submerged by her father's inability to provide, had faced the future, almost penniless, and totally unprepared to make her way, and had come out on top.

And there is Noah Beery. Now, a ponderous heavy like Noah should have at least a

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Gilda Gray's Gowns from Paris

A peep at some of the smart creations brought home from abroad by Paramount's new star.

By Betty Brown

Here are four of Gilda's street frocks, distinctly Parisian, and yet so simple in cut that any girl could copy them. They seem to indicate that skirts will continue short, sleeves long, and collars rather high.

Whether one lives in New York, where the contemplation of new and smart styles is but commonplace in one's journeyings about the city, or whether one is so far removed from such distractions that one's only glimpses of fashion are gleaned from magazines or moving pictures, one's interest, or at least that of the feminine portion of the population, never fails to be stirred at the thought of trunks full of lovely frocks, hats, and fripperies fresh from their Parisian birthplace.

Such is the wardrobe that Gilda Gray brings back from foreign shores, and although much of it will be seen in her new productions, it is impossible to resist giving you an advance peep at some of its glories.

Miss Gray's taste seems to run to frocks which depend for their style on simplicity of line rather than elaboration of trimming. Many of her gowns are the very acme of simplicity, the exquisite material of which they are made and their perfection of fit and line being their only claim to ostentation.

This is quite as it should be and we must "hand it to Gilda" for knowing so well the style that best suits her blonde and rather childlike type. For it is easy to stray very far from one's own style if turned loose among the Paris couturiers. There are fashions to suit every type—the vamp, the ingenue, and the flapper; but Gilda is none of these, and she knew it. The ones chosen by her were not theatrical nor spectacular in any way. They are simply such gowns as Ethel Smith and Mary Jones and Betty Brown would like to wear if they could choose what they liked. These are what Gilda liked.

At the top of the first page, at the right, Miss Gray is wearing an ensemble suit created by Jeanne Lanvin. It is an ideal costume for afternoon wear and is as
simple as a gown can be. The coat is of black wool kasha cloth, trimmed with wide green-gold braid in a shawl collar effect. This also forms the lower part of the sleeves. Beige fur makes the odd flaring cuffs. The dress worn beneath the coat is of apple-green velvet with silver-bead embroidery.

The next gown almost explains itself, as its only trimmings are the shaped bandings of the material—unless the many bone buttons could be considered trimming, as they certainly add to its effectiveness. This gown shows the ever-popular turtle neck which bids fair to carry its popularity well into the spring season. Although this does not exactly come under the category of ensemble suits, Miss Gray always wears with it a coat of the same color, a soft beige shade, trimmed with raccoon fur.

The gown on the seated figure is my pet of the entire collection. It is of seal-brown, brocaded-velvet chiffon, made over a coco-brown crape slip. Its Eton collar and turn-back cuffs are of heavy gold seal-brown lace, with

More modern in its lines is this dance frock. Its silver-embroidered bodice is of flesh-colored crape, and the skirt of black chiffon.

velvet tie and bandings as its sole trimmings. This dress is by Lucien Lelong.

I love the Parisian custom of giving a name to each new creation. The one below is called "Parade," and very aptly, I think, for its gay colors remind us strongly of the gorgeous trappings of the circus parades we used to view in our childhood. This model, another Lelong, by the way, is of navy blue, silk voile trimmed with bandings of crimson velvet and lavishly embroidered with metal rings and various gayly colored beads.

The Lanvin evening gown worn by Miss Gray at the top of this page is reminiscent of our grandmothers' day, with the quaint, tight bodice and long, full skirt. Its odd feature is the wide, Tuxedolike collar, with its vest of silver cloth. A corsage of pink satin buds and silver ribbons gives a finishing touch. The gown itself is of palest pink, antique satin.

The long flowing lines of the original dress need not be taken as an indication that long skirts are soon to be with us again, as everything points to the opposite extreme. One need not feel out of place, however, if one prefers long skirts, for some of the smartest models feature them, as witness this one. This gown could be charmingly copied for the débutante, however, with skirt of regular dancing length.

At the left of this page, I have sketched a bona-fide dance frock. Its bodice is of flesh-colored crape with silver embroidery, while its fur-bordered skirt is of black chiffon. Odd silver ornaments are appliqued on the skirt.

The last gown of this group is one that would be particularly

Above is a Lanvin evening gown of palest pink satin, giving a quaint effect with its tight bodice and long, full skirt—exceptional, but smart.

suitable and becoming to the matron, as its graceful and clinging fringe arrangement gives delightfully long and slender lines. Although this is one of the most effective dresses of Miss Gray's collection, it is one that could be most easily copied, as its foundation is simply a sheathlike slip of flesh-colored crape. The long, silk fringe is of the same shade and its odd zigzag arrangement is really simple to copy.

Although none of these models show any revolutionary changes in the mode, they are all indicative of style tendencies which will appear in early spring frocks. Skirts will continue short, sleeves Continued on page 107
Over the

Fanny the Fan expresses her peats a few rumors which are

By The

when we first saw it was because we hadn't been studiously looking for evil. You really have to have a censor's turn of mind in order to see the worst. So in order to encourage detection of sin, we offered a prize to the person who could put the worst interpretation on any seemingly harmless scene of the picture. I won't tell you who won it; it might get to the censors' ears and then what a good time they would have cutting that person's pictures! Well, anyway, the prize was supposed to be a copy of the Censor Board's annual report on eliminations, but I couldn't get that so I substituted a pamphlet on vice issued by the Society for the Suppression of Vice.

"I'm really awfully grateful to the Censor Board for providing the inspiration for such hilarious evenings.

"Constance and Norma are both here now on a visit, but I haven't seen either of them, except at a distance. Norma is busy getting clothes to wear as Kiki and a few trunkfuls for herself. Constance is getting outfits for 'East of the Setting Sun,' but really, it wouldn't matter what her clothes were for that. She will have Von Stroheim directing it, so it is bound to be marvelous.

"I wonder who the first player will be to introduce the new bob in pictures." Fanny rambled on as she directed the waiter to bring her anything that looked interesting to him.

"Maybe Leatrice Joy. She's always doing original things."

"But what is the new bob?" I interrupted her monologue long enough to ask. "The last one Gloria introduced left us only one long lock to distinguish our hair cuts from men's.

"Oh, but the new one is much more fascinating. The short side where it is parted is short and straight and sleek; the other side is left rather long and fluffy, and covers the ear. Of course, you always have to stand with your profile toward people; otherwise, you look a bit unbalanced. It would be a great test for a player.

"New fashions in clothes are playing havoc with the intended seriousness of some pictures, though. The new skirts are so dreadfully short that most of the girls have had to stop rolling their stockings. Dorothy Mackaill made the first few scenes of 'Joanna' with her stockings rolled, as usual, and when she saw the rushes, she got mildly hysterical. Every time she walked a step or two, her bare knees showed. Imagine that in a heavy dramatic scene!

"Dorothy is not to play in 'Mlle. Modiste' after all; Corinne Griffith has bought it from the First National company. But Dorothy is coming to New York soon to appear in 'The Lunatic at Large Again,' with Leon Errol."

"The New York studios have been awfully quiet lately; everybody seems to be away on location or just getting ready to work. But the night clubs have been opening at the rate of two or three a week, and you can usually find a few of your motion-picture
Teacups

gratitude to censors, and re-
interesting even if not true.

Bystander

favorites there. Not that they like late par-
ties, you understand, but merely because it
gives them little glimpses of human nature that
help them in their characterizations."
"Is that excuse really still in circulation?" I
asked, in amazement, but Fanny looked on it
as purely a rhetorical question.
"Every one goes to 'Texas' Guinan's, of
course, when they first arrive in New York.
That is a sort of official registration booth for
Broadway's Who's Who. And then crowds
go to the Club Lido to see Barbara Bennett
dance with Maurice. She is Constance Ben-
ett's younger sister, you know, and she has
worked in pictures a little. She was just a
youngster—she's hardly more than that now
—when George Fitzmaurice gave her a job as
page in the big banquet scene of 'The Eternal
City.' She was the most adorable-looking,
doll-like young creature you ever saw. Now
she looks like Paris' idea of the perfect young
debutante—is very fresh and refined and sub-
dued, wears pale-pink tulle and almost no
jewelry. I heard, a while ago, that she and
Maurice were going to play in a Famous Play-
ers picture, and I hope it is true.
"The most heartbreaking sight in New York
for a girl who thinks she knows how to dance,
is at the Club Mirador. Marjorie Moss and
Georges Fontana dance there, and Miss Moss
utters through the air just like thistledown.
She makes every one else you ever saw seem
chummy."
"Where's Gilda Gray?" I asked unmoved by
her interest in night-club
celebrities.
"Down in Porto Rico
shooting the first scenes
for 'Aloma of the South
Seas,' of course." Fanny
glanced at me in shocked
surprise. "Is it possible
that you haven't heard
about the marvelous cast
she has—Sessue Hayak-
awa, William Powell,
and Percy Marmont.
Gilda would be the per-
son to have sense enough
to bring Hayakawa back
to the screen. Just to
make her departure quiet,
 początku of her friends went
down and serenaded her
with a brass band.
Viola Dana doesn't care much
for New York, and her one
thought, when she was there
making exteriors for her next
picture, was to get back to
Hollywood as quickly as she
could.

"Porto Rico is pretty well civilized, so the
studio carpenters sent all the makings of a
barbarous country along with the company.
They built outrigger canoes, for in Porto
Rico the natives travel in rowboats with those
little put-put engines attached. They even
had to send along a lot of bamboo huts, well
weathered, because even the most primitive
huts in Porto Rico are likely to be of native
plaster, which looks like fine white stucco,
and even the poorest families have a few
saints' images in the wall, or a Della Robbia
plaque or two.
"Gilda went down there almost immedi-
ately after her return from abroad. On the
ship coming home, she raised a lot of money
for the widows and orphans of dead sailors
by giving a dance recital, and so captivated
the French diplomat who was on his way
back to his post in Martinique, that he im-
In the island would be hers, he declared. But, after all, what can a girl, who is busy making pictures, do with one island more or less? She decided, instead, to go to Porto Rico, where the social life wouldn’t be so strenuous.

"Gloria is abroad on a vacation, and the rumor gets more persistent every day that she is going to leave Famous Players to join United Artists. It isn’t a question of more money—Famous Players will meet any offer made by any one else and I understand that already they have gone up to twenty thousand a week.

"I’ve heard from a friend of a friend who is very close to Gloria, and probably doesn’t know anything about it but tells an interesting story anyway, that the real, underlying reason for her wanting to leave Famous Players is because of some advertising. When she married the marquis, it was distinctly understood that his name was never to be used in connection with her pictures, particularly in France. And then, when ‘Madame Sans Gene’ was shown abroad, she was advertised as la marquise. I understand that she really feels terrible about it, and that one reason for this trip abroad was her anxiety to straighten the matter out and convince her-husband’s friends that she did not deliberately try to capitalize on his name. Well, there’s the story and you can take it or leave it.

"Incidentally, Gloria will have another marvelous home when she returns. She has leased the whole eighteenth floor of the Park Chambers Hotel, up at Fifty-eighth Street and Sixth Avenue, and is going to transform it into one of those roof mansions with gardens and walks and fountains. I wouldn’t be at all surprised to hear of her having a private skating rink up there this winter. The view is gorgeous; you can see all over Central Park. Imagine how beautiful it will be to see pictures in her projection room far above the lights of the city.

"I suppose you’ve heard that Gloria is so discouraged over the reception of ‘The Coast of Folly’ that she is going to make a picture that is rather like her old clothes-horse roles to see if that is what her public wants. She will probably bring a lot of fashion novelties from Paris for it.

"Hope Hampton brought back loads of clothes from Paris to wear in her fashion films. She brought some sheer silk stockings that have anklets of rhinestones sewn in them, but how is she going to show, in a picture, that they aren’t the same old, real diamond anklets that people have been wearing for years?

"Hope may be awfully popular with the shopkeepers in Paris, but imagine how Carmelita Geraghty felt when she went to the leading lingerie shop and found that they wouldn’t even begin making up her order for weeks, because Hope had bought their entire stock of samples, and ordered enough to keep them busy for ages.

"Blanche Sweet left town the other day with the most dazzling lot of clothes you ever saw. Most of them were for her own use, but some were costumes for ‘The Far Cry.’ Won’t it seem nice to see Blanche in a picture in dressed-up, modern clothes?

"She says she couldn’t resist buying almost everything she saw because the styles this winter are so interesting. And you should have seen her pearls! Hattie Carnegie, the dress designer, has a string of pearls valued at sixty-five thousand.

Gilda Gray’s friends saw her off with a brass band when she sailed for Porto Rico to shoot the first scenes for ‘Alona of the South Seas.’"
dollars. She puts them in a jewel case with a lot of strings of imitation pearls, and then challenges you to pick out the real ones. Blanche, having real ones of her own, thought she could distinguish them, and she was so fascinated when she found she couldn’t, that she bought four beautiful strings of the imitations.

“One night, just before she left, she and Marshall Neilan went to see the ‘Vanities,’ and were dragged up onto the stage by Julius Tannen to be introduced to the audience. She had been out shopping all day and had been too tired to dress, so had just worn an old brown suit and a close sports hat. She produced the strangest effect. You see, Katherine Ray, who frollicks about in the ‘Vanities,’ wears only a rose or two by way of a costume, and she is the exact image of Blanche. To see her stroll off the stage wearing next to nothing and then to see Blanche step up, a moment later, demurely clad in a tailored suit, was simply uncanny.

“I’m anxious to see if Katherine Ray looks as much like her in pictures as she does in real life. We’ll have a chance to find out soon because both of them are in ‘Bluebeard’s Seven Wives.’ Blanche appears just in one sequence as Juliet, with Ben Lyon as Romeo, and she is the most exquisite Juliet you ever saw. Even the blasé people up at the studio go into the projection room and run it over and over.

“Isn’t it terrible the way nothing interesting happens for a long time and then suddenly, everybody you like comes to town at once? Irene Rich was here for a few days on her way abroad with her two daughters. She is putting them in school in Switzerland. Helen Ferguson was here for a week or two on her way to New London, Connecticut, to start a Pathé serial. Not exactly cheerful for her husband, for she had been away about two days when news came of the disastrous sinking of the submarine up at New London, and a lot of Helen’s scenes take place in submarines and speed boats and airplanes. Luckily, he was just finishing a picture, and a chance came along for him to make two pictures in New York, so he jumped on an eastbound train and now, if the hero of the picture — George O’Hara, incidentally — isn’t right on hand to save Helen, Bill Russell will be standing by.

“Viola Dana was in

Diana Kane, who is quite different from her sister, Lois Wilson, is playing with her in ‘Bluebeard’s Seven Wives.’

Photo by Mobbin

Over the Teacups

Betty Jewel was picked by a merit committee as the player of greatest promise in ‘The New Commandment.’

Photo by Oxford Studio

town making exterior scenes for a Marshall Neilan picture, but her one thought was to get back to Hollywood as quickly as she could. Of course, a cold wave had to hit New York just as she got here, so she hated it even more than usual.

“Oh, I almost forgot to tell you. Remember Ben Lyon’s plan to have a merit committee choose, from each picture he makes, the player who most distinguishes himself? Well, in ‘The New Commandment,’ it was himself who won the honor, as it happened, but it was Betty Jewel whom the committee selected as the player of greatest promise. Right away, she was rewarded with a marvelous part in ‘Bluebeard’s Seven Wives,’ and a lead in ‘Broken Homes.’

“The title of that picture seems to be prophetic. Alice Lake, who is playing the lead, is divorcing her husband and will marry again soon. And Gaston Glass, who

Continued on page 92
THE Vanishing American," the new Paramount production, is a beautiful, somber saga of the rise and fall of the American Indian. It is not a picture for those romantic souls who want their Indians clean, dashing, and interestingly primitive, but it is an authentic, pictorially perfect film, telling a sad story a little too faithfully.

Of course, there is always a question as to just how much rose color should be added to make things less plausible and more pleasant, and in this instance, George B. Seitz, the director, has chosen to be authentic rather than thrilling. The disintegration of a race has seemed dramatic enough to him to be able to stand by itself, without any support of a very meager plot, against a background of the most stupendous beauty that I have ever seen before it.

In fact, most of the picture rises above the story, which strays from fact to fiction, and back again, in a most bewildering way. Some time during the third or fourth reel, a modern plot rudely intrudes on the dignified procession of a race, and a very ordinary Western story of a good girl, a bad man, and a handsome young Indian, takes charge of the remainder of the film. To be sure, there are interesting bits in this, but even they are pushed about by the disjointed action.

Richard Dix is the only member of the cast who is not entirely eclipsed by his surroundings, always excluding the real Indians, of course. On so tremendous a stage, even the best of actors might blur into the background, but Mr. Dix has been wise enough to make himself a part of the picture rather than to endeavor to stand out against it. At no time is he the usual, pleasant, smiling Mr. Dix who steps in and out of sporty roadsters so easily. He has become, as Nophiaie, one of a waning people making a last flurry of protest against the civilization surrounding them. He plays with dignity and reserve, and seems, on the whole, more like a real Indian than many actors I have seen who have that sort of rôle. They usually look like Al Jolson in blackface, about to burst into a "Mammy" song. Some of Mr. Dix's close-ups were a little trying, but not once did he fall into stagy, conventional attitudes. He didn't fold his arms once, to my knowledge, nor did he wrap a blanket around himself and look toward the setting sun. And there was a surprising but pleasing scarcity of "heap big" in the subtitles.

Noah Beery, as the bad man, seemed a little too leering for a modern story. I think that all along, he thought he was in a story of the California gold rush. His hair, clothes, and general villainy caused that impression.

Lois Wilson, as Marion Warner, the schoolteacher loved by Nophiaie, seemed almost unbearably sweet. She didn't in the least look like a little desert flower, and she patted a great many Indian children at every opportunity.

Malcolm MacGregor had nothing to do as a young lieutenant in the army.

The Indians themselves are wonderful, especially one small boy known only as The Son of Man. In fact, educationally and semantically, "The Vanishing American" surpasses any other American story that I have seen, but don't expect a glib of steel and flying sparks. Look instead for a once-wild people, calmed and bitterly facing the inevitable.

A Better Lowell Sherman.

In "Satan in Sables," another Warner Brothers picture, Lowell Sherman turns his back for a time on villainy, and decides instead to be a rather dissipated Russian prince with a philanthropic nature.

Besides wearing some amazingly stunning uniforms, Mr. Sherman is attractive through the sheer force of his acting. If he decides to be a Russian prince, he most decidedly is one, and though I have never seen a Russian prince, I am ready to take his word for the way one would act. Even against my better judgment. I suppose that is the definition of a very experienced, capable actor.

Michael Yerwoloff becomes interested in a little street gamin who strays into his house one night when he is giving a party, so much so, in fact, that his former mistress, Dolores, feels called upon to have her revenge for his neglect. Knowing that he adores his younger brother, Paul, she strikes through that channel. If you want to know the rest of the story, I should advise you to go to see it. You won't be sorry.
in Review

the latest releases.

Benson

Caricatures by John Decker

Pauline Garon is Colette, just another one of those naughty but innocent French girls. Gertrude Astor is a very beautiful Satan in her sables. John Harron, that fine young actor, is the young brother.

Classmates at Annapolis.

"The Midshipman," produced by Metro-Goldwyn, is the picture of life at Annapolis that you have heard so much about. All of you who have been to Annapolis will recognize the background, without a doubt, but I am not at all sure that you will recognize the life.

In an endeavor to bring before the public some of the traditions and ideals of the Naval Academy, the director, Christy Cabanne, has sacrificed both his star and his story. Ramon Novarro is the one person in the entire world who should not have been chosen for the title role. He is badly miscast, and in his anxiety to be one of the boys, turns prankish and young. Naval officers in the making often err on the side of dignity, but they do not turn into little mischiefs. The boyish horseplay was unbelievable and as antiquated as a college picture of ten years ago.

Aside from the story and such impossible situations as the rescuing of the heroine from the bad man's yacht with the aid of a navy plane and one of the minor destroyers, the picture manages to be mildly interesting. Some of the scenes are really beautiful, and Metro-Goldwyn went to the maximum of trouble to make them as authentic as possible.

The plot follows pretty much along the same line as that of "Classmates," only instead of an old father, the Midshipman has an old mother, and he does not go to the jungle. But there is the impending disgrace on the eve of graduation, and the sense of duty intruding uncomfortably at the wrong time.

Secretary Wilbur makes his film début by handing out diplomas at graduation time. But except for a few such realistic touches and the authentic and lovely background, I cannot say that I liked "The Midshipman." However, I saw it, uncut, in a projection room, and to avoid being accused of disloyalty to the government, I shall only say hopefully that it may be better with music.

Some Comedy Relief.

"Classified," a First National picture starring Corinne Griffith, is a thoroughly delightful comedy with the best subtitles these old eyes have ever seen. The story is by Edna Ferber, and is about a poor working girl who is employed in the want-ad department of The New York Times, and who rides to work every morning in a Rolls-Royce or a Renault by the simple method of standing on a street corner and looking anxious until some one offers her a lift. One morning, when imported cars are scarce, she accepts a ride from a carefree young man in a homemade car, who supplies the love interest from then on.

Corinne Griffith is Babs Comet, the astute young lady who knows when it is time to leave. She proves, in this film, that it is possible to be both funny and beautiful, and with no great wardrobe either.

Everything about the picture is refreshing. When Babs comes home at six o'clock in the morning, after a long walk back, the breezy young Irishman who is in love with her does not turn away, crushed and broken. Instead, after one quick look at her worn and muddy shoes, he believes her story. The rich young man really does want to marry her, and when she refuses him, her family, instead of being righteous about it, are a little disappointed that all that money has vanished from their lives.

Jack Mulhall is engaging as the poor young mechanic, Ward Crane is the most plausible idle-son-of-the-rich I have ever seen. Charles Murray as Old Man Comet is excellent, and of course Corinne Griffith reaches a new milestone in her work.

Movies Made Romantic.

"The Pace That Thrills" is what seems to me a mean trick to play on Ben Lyon. It is a false, silly story of the life of a moving-picture star.

Danny Wade is accused of being cowardly because he won't take a chance. Doubles are used for all his rough work in pictures, while the rest of the cast look on and sneer. Doris Tate, daughter of his producer, believes in him, but even she has moments of doubt when he refuses to enter a race, and forfeits the ten
thousand dollars put up as good-faith money. Danny’s mother is serving a life term in prison, unjustly of course, and it is for her that he sacrifices his honor.

This might have been a legitimate racing story, but it has been distorted by a lot of silly incidents.

Ben Lyon is miscast as Danny. In one scene, he wears a Spanish toreador’s costume which doesn’t suit him, but I thought he was really good when he posed as the tough, very Irish-looking son visiting his mother in the prison. However, if you like Ben, there is no use in my saying anything about the picture, because you will undoubtedly see it anyway.

**Something Louder and Funnier.**

I can’t say very much about the new Warner comedy, “The Man on the Box,” starring Syd Chaplin, because when I saw it, a man who sat in the row behind me distracted my attention by leaning on my shoulder, helpless with laughter. He completely lost his breath with mirth, only reviving long enough to gasp, “This isn’t really good, you know,” and then subsided into a helpless mass again. At that, his criticism is a pretty fair one. It really isn’t so awfully good, but it is funny. The comedy is old, but Syd Chaplin reduced the audience to a mass of ten-year-old boys screaming with delight at every funny fall. The film is put together with the assumption that all the well-rounded jest in the world are not worth one good stumble. Syd Chaplin walks in and out of the picture, in and out of the plot, entirely stopping the show at times to do a funny trick, but he does it with the same broad and heavy fun that he handles so successfully.

Ever since the day I saw a fish swim in and out of his mouth, I have liked him. His pictures are the burlesque shows of the film world.

**West of the Mississippi.**

There is something engaging about the way Tom Mix, in an extra large hat and dressing clothes, rescues a girl. In “The Everlasting Whisper,” he rescues one right at the start, just to show what he can do at a minute’s notice. This time he snatches the beautiful girl from her horse just before the animal reaches a broken-down bridge. The rescue is so close that the horse jumps over the gap after Tom has obligingly removed his passenger.

The villains of the picture haven’t the ghost of a show with the experienced Mr. Mix, who makes them look exceedingly foolish and helpless.

**A Fine Cast in Fine Clothes.**

“Fine Clothes” was adapted from Franz Mohar’s stage play, “Fashions for Men.” It is the story of Peter Hungerford, a mild-mannered haberdasher who turns the other cheek with an annoying regularity. His wife elopes with the head clerk, his business is taken over by his creditors, and his cashier, whom he loves, is beset by an oily earl whose intentions are not honorable.

In the end he refuses to turn his cheek another single time, and is appropriately rewarded.

The stage play was supposed to have taken place in Budapest, but the screen version of it has been transported to London, and the change of air hasn’t made it a bit more probable.

The cast is unusually good. Percy Mar-mont is the mild Peter, Alma Rubens the beautiful cashier, Raymond Griffith the lively head clerk, and Lewis Stone is pleasant and ill-meaning as the Earl of Denham.

**More Crooks.**

“Go Straight” is a modest but entertaining melodrama. It is the story of a pretty young robberess who decides that the profession is getting overcrowded, and so goes to Hollywood to work. She does not go into the movies, and that in itself is enough to make this picture stand alone, but being familiar with banks by profession, she gets work in one.

The police trace her there and annoy her with all their best detective methods. In the meantime she has fallen in love with her employer—and who wouldn’t? The employer is Owen Moore.

Gladys Hulette is sensible and contained as the young lady crook. Robert Edeson is the leader of the bad element, and a very tough egg. There is some good comedy in this picture.

**A Little More About the Clergy.**

“Thank You,” a William Fox picture, has been adapted from the stage play by Winchell Smith and Tom Cushing.

David Lee, a saintly old minister, played by Alec Francis, is poorly paid but well patronized by his parish. His niece comes to live with him, and the fact that she has lived in Paris complicates things more than ever for the nice old man.

The general idea is a good one. It emphasizes its meaning in a subtitle which says, “How can you expect people to look up to you on Sundays when they look down
on you all the rest of the week?" I think this film will hit home in a good many smaller communities, where the minister and his family are always under a large microscope, with the entire parish looking on.

There is a love story running through it, with George O'Brien, smile and all, and lovely Jacqueline Logan as the parties of the first and second parts.

My main criticism of "Thank You" is the distorted, stagy impression of small-town life that it gives. I think it's high time that villagers rose up against this antiquated method of dealing with their lives.

**Jumping Johnny Hines.**

I have seen many a heroine rescued, and as many different methods employed by the hero in rescuing them, but in "The Live Wire," Johnny Hines saves the gal by sliding down an electric wire on his head right through a window into the room where honor is at stake. If you can think of a more novel entrance, send the idea, with ten cents in stamps, to Mr. Hines. I am sure he will consider it.

The story is of the great Maranelli, who makes his living by sliding down a wire on his head in a circus. At every performance, the music stops, the drum rolls, and Maranelli slides, until the general wear and tear begin to affect the muscles in his neck. After that, he and Savvidust Sam expose a trusted friend, save the power president's daughter, save the power house even, and in fact, do almost everything that the seven thousand feet of film give them time to do.

There are lots of comedy, a great many stunts, and plenty of excitement in "The Live Wire."

**Society Shown Up.**

"The Best People," a Sidney Olcott production, adapted from the play by Avery Hopwood and David Grey, is one of those comforting pictures made for the purpose of proving that all that glitters is not gold.

There is nothing new about it, and as far as I can remember, I seem to have seen this same plot many, many times before. There is the mean, wealthy, drinking, dancing family, with a no-account son; there is the model chauffeur who, although poor, won't stand for any going on; and there is the favorite daughter who falls in love with him. The result is inevitable.

I left the theater firmly convinced that chauffeurs and chorus girls were noble and kind, and that every one with more than fifty dollars would come to no good end. It's that kind of picture.

Warner Baxter, Esther Ralston, Joseph Striker, and Margaret Morris are in the cast.

**The Life of a Prince.**

Raymond Griffith, in "A Regular Fellow," has a beautiful time as the prince of some obscure country, but he is not quite as engaging when depicting royalty as he was when depicting crime in "Paths to Paradise."

In "A Regular Fellow," he is a much overworked young man, who runs from the launching of battleships to the laying of corner stones with a lightning rapidity. In one of his brief minutes at home, he encounters a party of tourists who are being guided through the palace. Mary Brian is one of the tourists, and the Prince decides, then and there, that princing is no career for a young man.

In the end he is elected president of his country and starts wearily about laying corner stones once more.

This is a breezy comedy with two or three high spots of humor. I recall particularly the launching of the battleship. There is something thoroughly enjoyable in seeing a prince trip on his robes and knock his crown over one eye. Raymond Griffith is wonderful.

**Married Life Made Funny.**

"Exchange of Wives," is a light amusing comedy about two young married couples who become involved with another.

The Rathburns live next door to the Morans. John Rathburn likes dancing and light wines, and so does Mrs. Moran, Margaret Rathburn is a good cook, and Mr. Moran likes to eat. Things are becoming pretty tense when Mrs. Rathburn decides upon a scheme whereby they exchange husbands and wives for two weeks. They go to a lodge in the mountains to test the idea out. Left with the intense Mrs. Moran, John Rathburn lives on love and canned food. Mr. Moran lives on marvelous food and lemon meringue pie, but misses out on kisses.

Things turn out satisfactorily in the end. This rather foolish plot is made terribly funny by such experts as Eleanor Boardman, Renee Adoree, Creighton Hale, and Lew Cody.

Creighton Hale as the well-fed young man with a nice little singing voice is perfect. Eleanor Boardman is as beautiful as ever, and as clever at managing her comedy.

**A Harold Bell Wright Picture.**

Famous Players present "A Son of His Father," by Harold Bell Wright. It is the story of a little Irish girl who comes to visit her brother on a ranch in the far West, only to find that he has become involved with a band of smugglers who are sending munitions over the Mexican border. His former employer is about to lose his ranch to the villain, and many heroics before everything is set right again.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Beggar on Horseback"—Paramount. James Czurce let loose on the fantastic stage play. Clever nonsense, perfectly done.

"Bobbed Hair"—Warner. Thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, one of the best. Marie Prevost excellent in lead, Louise Fazenda a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan a young man with money and a car.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the Zorro type of rôle, is more magnetic and entertaining than he has been in years. His plus Mabel Natwick in a young Spanish is a delight. Warner Grand and Donald Crisp contribute clever performances, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd’s "latest and best." College football from an uproarious angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charley Chaplin in his new "drastic comedy," is in spots superbly comic, but on the whole too pat. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.

"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old musical comedy in which Mae West, one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding the Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carol Dempster is engaging as the circus hoyden and W. C. Fields’ seedy drunk as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a gob romantically in love with Village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill as the girl helps make this great entertainment.


"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by the German company. It is a fantastic and lovely picture, which you shouldn’t miss.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful and amusing picture of married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.

"A Woman’s Faith"—Universal. A good melodrama with a blinded hero whose sight is restored by a miracle. Aloma Rubens does fine acting. Percy Marmont still gets the girl.

"Black Cyclone"—Pathé. An unusual picture featuring Rex, the horse, in which the human actors are merely incidental.

"Coast of Folgy, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two roles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both mother and daughter in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.

"Crowded Hour, The"—Paramount. The story of a girl who went to war to be near her lover and stayed to be spiritually rejuvenated. Bebe Daniels plays her with sincerity and animation.


"Friendly Enemies"—Producers Distributing Corporation and Vitagraph. In a screen version of their stage tactics of fighting and making up. Rather entertaining comedy.

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Louise Dresser, excellent as degraded former opera singer who is reformed in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good son.

"Graustark"—First National. Norma Talmadge in film of George Barr McCutcheon’s novel. Great box-office hit, but may be disappointing to any one inclined to be critical.

"Halfway Girl, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, as two derelicts thrown together in the Orient, go from bad to worse until a shipwreck shocks the wits of others themselves.


"His Supreme Moment"—First National. Romantic love scenes between Bette Davis and Ronald Colman, and some attractive color photography make this worth seeing.

"Home Maker, The"—Universal. Story of efficient woman with husband who can’t live up to her. Alice Joyce, in cold rôle, is as good as she always has been; Clive Brook plays easy-going husband.


"I’ll Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the best chances Reginald Denny has had to show his flair for comedy. He plays an absent-minded politician whom no one will leave alone.

"Introduce Me"—Associated Exhibitors. Douglas MacLean in a sometimes slow but mostly amusing comedy about an Alpine guide.


"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of gold that make for a heartwarming film. Monte Blue is the hero.

"Lost—a Wife"—Paramount. An adaptation of the French play "Banco," which doesn’t mean much except for the screen portrayal of the lovely Greta Nissen. Adolphe Menjou plays the suave husband.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A novel picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Lucky Devil, The"—Paramount. Another chance for Richard Dix to look graceful and winning in an automobile. Good entertainment, with Esther Ralston as the pretty heroine.

"Lucky Horseshoe, The"—Fox. A Tom Mix Western, with Tony, as usual, playing an important part. Billie Dove is the beautiful heroine rescued from the wrong man, and Ann Pennington makes a brief but effective appearance.

"Madame Sans Gene"—Paramount. Not Gloria Swanson’s best, but well worth seeing. The genuine French backgrounds and settings are strikingly lovely.

"Mystic, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sister film to "The Unholy Three," showing the machinations of three harum-scarum gamblers, and other crooks. Aileen Pringle is quite flashing in the title rôle, Conway Tearle good as the crook.

"My Wife and I"—Warner. A cheap story made into excellent entertainment through the acting of Constance Bennett, Irene Rich, and Huntley Gordon.

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He's Such a Regular Fellow

An intimate impression of Richard Dix, gleaned on a cross-country train trip, which substantiates the general verdict on the Dix personality.

By Bill Colling

You can get pretty well acquainted with a man when you spend four days and nights with him in a Pullman drawing-room. I had known Richard Dix for a long time; but only, as you might say, on dress parade. So when he invited me to ride from New York to Hollywood with him recently, I jumped at the chance of getting the inside dope on the personality of this popular Paramount star.

We were to meet at the Twentieth Century gate at Grand Central, and the first thing I learned about Richard was that he is far from methodical. He had put off till the last moment a number of important duties, with the result that the guard was just about to call it a day when Dix came hurrying through the crowd, two porters with bags in his wake.

Comfortable at last in our quarters, we talked and talked as the train breezed up the Hudson on the first lap of our three-thousand-mile journey—of plays, directors, actors, and the "inside dope" of the big Paramount studio. Neither of us had had time for lunch, so we paid an early visit to the dining car. Over the strawberry shortcake we discussed the relation of egotism to success.

"Every actor," said Richard, "goes through three stages of development. First, the consciousness of his inexperience makes him sing pretty low. Next, if he becomes popular, he begins to think he's pretty good. He can't help this, for the attention and flattery he receives from all sides would give anybody but a saint an old-fashioned case of swollen head. Finally, if he has any sense of humor at all, he comes to understand how far short of perfection he really is and to discount about ninety per cent of the nice things he hears about himself."

Dix says he has never felt any great confidence in himself. He has had to grit his teeth and force himself on to success to vindicate "ma."

"Ma believed I'd make good when every one else said I'd flounder. Even when I was playing leading parts on the Broadway stage, I've been scared silly that I couldn't make the grade. I've stood in the wings, telling myself it couldn't be done, and then I've said to myself, 'You've got to do it. For ma!' Believe me, I don't overrate my ability, but I'm going to keep right on doing the best I can for ma. If she thinks I'm all right, that's all I care about."

On the platform at Albany we ran across John Barrymore, who was also going to the Coast. Later, Dix told of his first meeting with John's famous sister, Ethel. It was during the actors' strike several years ago, and they were both playing "super" roles in a benefit for Equity.

"When we were introduced," said Richard, "I told her that at last my life's ambition was realized, for I was being paid as much for my work in this production as she was. Which was the truth, too, only it happened that we were both working for nothing!"

We agreed to match coins each night for the lower bunk. I won the first night, and Richard decided that the climb into the upper justified him in taking five minutes off his regular before-bed setting-up exercises.

At last the lights were out and I watched the New York State dairy farms roll by and listened to Richard gently sizzle aloft.

Second day.—This morning we reached Chicago. One thing I'm beginning to discover about Dix; he's just a big kid. He's so downright human and unaffected that you can't help liking him immensely, and his heart is as big as a bucket; but he also believes everything that's told him; he will do all sorts of things he doesn't care about just to avoid hurting people's feelings, and he hasn't a great deal of business ability. He has sudden impulses, and he sticks to them stubbornly. He seems always to be thinking of things far removed from the present.

Such matters as transferring to the proper station here, of checking baggage, and the like, don't interest him—bother him. He overtips waiters and porters, not with any idea of showing off—for he is too real and has too great a sense of humor for that—but simply because he hasn't a good perspective on money. He gives a waiter a half dollar, looks at it and hesitates, and then washes his hands of the affair by dumping all the change in his pocket into the willing palm.

Several of Richard's friends took us in tow soon after we arrived and kept us on the jump until train time in the evening. Again we tossed for the lower, and this time it was I who climbed while Richard assailed me with jeers.

Third day.—We scuffled all day through quiet Kansas towns, mopping our brows and ringing frequently for cooling drinks from the club car ahead. At nearly every stop, Richard received a bunch of telegrams from friends who awaited his arrival in Los Angeles—which was fine in the daytime, but not half as interesting around two a.m.

We made the usual train acquaintances, but it was too warm for casual chit-chat, so we retired to the compartment, peeled for comfort, and read and slept. Dix is a voracious reader, though his tastes don't seem to follow any particular line. Since leaving New York he had finished one "best seller" and three magazines, and on this particular afternoon he was deeply immersed in a learned tone on psychology, occasionally disturbing

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Hollywood High Lights

All the latest news, picked up here and there, at the capital of the motion-picture industry.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Malcolm St. Clair and Bebe Daniels indulging in a new kind of miniature billiards in which air pressure instead of a cue is used to propel the ball.

The salaries of picture players are again in the spotlight as a result of some recent big contracts. Alice Joyce and Percy Marmont have lately signed up with Paramount, while Constance Bennett, who has won much favor during her butterfly career in the movies, is with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a long term, at a reputedly high figure. Their very fortunate engagements are not, however, the talk of the colony, as are some of the others, which are positively freakish.

Louise Dresser, for example, seems to be causing a decided flurry in the money mart. For, though she is under contract at a lower figure, it is said that since she made “The Goose Woman,” her salary has, on occasions when she has been lent out to other companies, jumped to as much as two thousand dollars a week. About a year ago she was lucky to get five hundred dollars. Everybody is for Louise, and she has lately played in Rudolph Valentino’s film, “The Eagle,” and has been engaged for “Fifth Avenue,” which is being made at the De Mille studios.

Sensational also is the report that Harry Langdon, while with First National, is receiving a sum amounting to about eight thousand dollars a week. Official secrecy, of course, has surrounded the exact figure, and his arrangement with the company is said to be for only a brief term, until his value as a box-office attraction is fully determined. If such were not the case, his salary would probably cause some of the other stars, who are not receiving quite so much, to suffer an attack of Kleig eyes, if not actual heart failure. Generally, comedians are paid by the picture, and Harold Lloyd and Douglas MacLean received even higher sums, as might be surmised, on their recent contracts. Lloyd’s income, it is said, has frequently been as much as twenty or thirty thousand dollars a week, and MacLean’s in excess of ten thousand dollars.

John Barrymore’s contract with Warner Brothers is one of the topnotchers, but that was to be expected. It is understood that he gets approximately ten thousand dollars a week during the time he is actually working before the camera. He is paid only by the picture, however, and puts in quite a few licks on the preparation of the scenarios himself. Still, there are very few dramatic stars who receive a higher figure.

Barometer Still Rising.

No remarks regarding salaries could be brought to a fitting climax.
without some mention of Conway Tearle, who still remains the barometer of the steadier list. No other player has equaled his record for consistent, get-rich-quick progress as a free lancer, and his popularity will be put to a new test with the beginning of his starring contract with E. M. Asher.

At the present time, he is getting about four thousand dollars a week for his services, which were previously quoted at three thousand to thirty-five hundred dollars.

“Good Luck” is the appropriate title of his first starring production.

A Widow’s Wig.

Anna Q. Nilsson has set a new style for the divorcée in Hollywood. At the very first Sixty Club dance that she attended after the announcement of her separation from John M. Gunner-son, she appeared in an attractively marceled, snowy wig, which was the talk of the party.

“I turned white overnight on account of my tragedy,” Anna exclaimed lightly as we passed by her table.

The Swedish Invasion.

The greeters’ committee in the film colony have lately suffered tribulation over the fact that they may have to learn Swedish in order properly to fulfill their duties. For Hollywood has been the scene of a regular Scandinavian invasion, including actors, directors, and writers, and lacking in only one thing, as Lew Cody put it—masseuses.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has acquired the largest group, including Lars Hansen, Greta Garbo, and Einer Hansen—if those names mean anything to you—who are actors, and Benjamin Christiansen and Mauritz Stiller, directors. In addition, of course, they have Victor Seastrom, who has been in this country for some time.

The funny part of it is that all these new arrivals are described as the Jack Gilberts, the Norma Shearers, and the Ramon Novarros of their na-

tive land. So far, though, we haven’t heard of any Swedish “Bull” Montanas, and don’t expect to, because there is but one Bull, and he hails from the land of vino and spaghetti.

Leartrice More Contented.

We are glad to announce that Leartrice Joy is living up to her last name again. She is happier, at any rate, over the character of her newest picture, “Made for Love,” which looks as if it would be much better than “Hell’s Highroad.”

For a time, she had, according to current report, reached the point where she was hardly on speaking terms with the Cecil B. De Mille studio, where she is under contract, and frankly, we can hardly say that we blame her a bit, because the first feature she made there was a very disappointing one in the opportunities that it gave Leartrice.

Ben Turpin Will Play On.

Ben Turpin will return to pictures, and behind this announce-
ment is the very touching story of the grief that has come to the famous cross-eyed Sennett comedian through the death of his wife.

Ben had decided a few months ago, to retire and with the large fortune he has accumulated, to proceed to enjoy life instead of just helping other people to enjoy it, as he has done for many years. He had built himself a very beautiful home in Beverly Hills, and intended to spend part of his time there, and the rest in traveling with his wife, who had been ailing for some time. They were all but ready to move in, when Mrs.
Turpin’s illness became more serious, eventually ending in her death.

And now that Ben has been left alone, he has decided that to take his mind off his sorrow, he had better get busy once again, and so he has signed a new contract with Sennett.

With his sister, who came West recently to keep house for him, he is now living in the house that he had built for the wife to whom he was so deeply devoted.

At Last! The Chariot Race!

“The luckiest accident that ever happened in the movies.” That’s what they are saying at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, about the chariot spill that occurred during the filming of “Ben-Hur,” in which no one was severely hurt. The famous spectacle really has played in good fortune for once.

The chariots in this race were not driven by the principal actors themselves, needless to say, but by cowboys who could probably drive rings around even a lusty Roman, not to speak of a Greek, or a Hebrew, such as Ben-Hur himself was.

Another very interesting thing about this portion of the spectacle is the amazing miniature that was used to fill out the crowds of people. Tiny imitations of the onlookers in a huge audience at the circus were photographed in such a way as to seem part of the huge general assemblage. These little mummies were so operated, too, that they rose along with the crowd, swung their arms, and did every other thing but cheer, with as ready a response as if they were worked by an electric button.

While we were watching this, we couldn’t help thinking what a good idea it would be to animate human picture mobs in that way, occasionally.

Society This Time!

The housewarming of the new Four Hundred Club was an unusual social function. Except for the fact that Ruth Roland and Priscilla Dean furnished a divertissement by dancing the Charleston, it was the most sedate of affairs ever held in the colony. The atmosphere was that of a formal afternoon tea or reception, and some of the guests wondered whether they had made a mistake in forgetting to bring their visiting cards.

One of the main reasons for the dignity was the fact that the party—it could hardly be called that in the ordinary sense—was held on a Sunday, and as it was in the afternoon, evening gowns, dress suits, and dancing were naturally eliminated. Conrad Nagle set the style for the occasion by appearing in a frock coat, and there was the most unusual scarcity of golf pants that has ever existed in the film colony.

The clubhouse is very swagger, and also battyfingly exotic. It is a celebrated residence, formerly occupied by three bachelor brothers named Bernheimer, and overlooks all of Hollywood. The establishment contains a dazzling assortment of Oriental art treasures, and the Japanese building itself looks as if it might be the summer home of his majesty, the honorable emperor. Not the least striking feature are the Niponese gardens, which are likely to be a seductive setting, on moonlight nights, for budding film romances.

The charm of the Four Hundred Club surroundings should really make it a great success. The project is an outgrowth of the Sixty Club dances that have been regularly held during the past year, and consequently is another step toward the fulfillment of the colony’s rather amazing social ambitions.

Elinor Transfers Allegiance.

Elinor Glyn has definitely gone over to that film group who are the apostles of freedom and self-expression—apostles, that is, in so far as these aspirations can be made to coincide with the filming of successful pictures. At least, it is to be assumed that Mrs. Glyn will join the so-called independents, now that she has left Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. The United Artists organization appears to be the most logical locale for her future endeavors.

There was no disagreement involved in her departure from Metro-Goldwyn, according to representatives both of the studio and Mrs. Glyn, but there was a hint, perhaps, that she felt she had been suffering from a little too much supervision.

Whatever she does next, we wish Mrs. Glyn luck, for we have always believed, and always shall, that she is a singularly clever woman.

Veteran a Hero.

We have hailed the success of so many young players lately, that it is a satisfaction, for a change, to bring to the attention of the fans once again, the name of a very mature and experienced actor. The laurels this time go to Rudolph Schildkraut, the father of Joseph Schildkraut, for his performance in “Proud Heart,” a story of Jewish life—not, however, laid in the picture colony.

Schildkraut’s portrayal is one of tear-evoking sympathy, and the film itself promises to be something of a successor to “Humoresque.” Schildkraut has, of course, had a long experience on the stage, both in America and abroad, but this is his first important screen appearance.

A young chap by the name of Arthur Lubin, who has been doing a lot of work in community theaters around Los Angeles, also seems likely to make an impression in the picture.

Sally O’Neill’s Sparkle.

Little Sally O’Neill has the reputation for being one of the hardest fighters for success in Hollywood, and this is all the more remarkable since she appears to be such a mere youngster. She is the discovery of Marshall Neilan, and first featured in “Mike,” the railroad story.

Sally is the Mary of “Sally, Irene, and Mary,” and had to steal scenes from Constance Bennett and Luella Le Sueur, now renamed Joan Crawford. The other girls had a good share of advantage over her, because they wore the smart clothes, but it is predicted that her performance will be a big hit.

Incidentally, she has her own ideas of Romeos. She demonstrated this on the set one day when another girl was going into ecstasies over the talents of one of the male principals of the picture.

“Gee, that chap’s a wonderful love maker,” the girl exclaimed.

“Huh?” said Sally, turning away, “he’s too picture-y for me.”
Down with the Pessimists!

The usual fall talk about a slump in picture making has been going the rounds, but so far it has caused little or no pessimism among players, directors, or anybody else connected with the studios. We don't think that it will, either, because most of the companies seem already to be busy on new schedules of production.

If anything, it is the small film rather than the large one that is likely to suffer, and nobody will cry very much over that, except possibly one or two companies that may be overstocked. And even if they do have a few lemons on their list, they can sugar them with fancy auxiliary programs that are now the rote and rule of so many large movie theaters throughout the country.

Perhaps you may think that we are trying to resurrect that old popular tune of the studios, that films are bigger and better. Far from it. We have troubles enough already without assuming any extra responsibility. The fact remains, however, that competition in film making is at the highest pitch it has probably ever attained, and that each organization, as a consequence, feels the necessity of stepping out a little more than usual. Besides, nearly every big picture since "Robin Hood," "The Covered Wagon," and "The Ten Commandments," that has been successful, has proven that the biggest money is in big productions.

So instead of being a time for grief and waiting, this is really an occasion for celebration.

Too Many Westerns.

Some of the tourists who come to the Coast must see entirely too many Westerns. We don't know how else to explain the excitement caused in the Biltmore Hotel one evening, recently, by David Butler, who is known as one of Hollywood's principal cut-ups.

Dave and a friend of his—not an actor, as it happens, but a business man—have a great habit of acting out thriller scenes whenever they are in public—just for the fun of the thing.

On this occasion, Dave's friend stopped him in the lobby of the hotel, and holding his hand in his overcoat pocket in such a way as to suggest that he held a revolver concealed, called to him:

"Stop, or I'll shoot you!"

In mock fear, Dave halted and threw up his hands. There was a rush of feet past the pair. A man who had been sitting on one of the chairs in the lobby made a wild dash for the elevator, while the two pretended antagonists looked around in astonishment at the sudden commotion.

After about ten minutes, when Dave's friend had left him, the man came down stairs again and peered rather fearfully out of the elevator.

"Do you think it's safe yet?" he asked the operator.

"Oh, sure, it's all over," the latter replied reassuringly, having seen the proceedings, and knowing their character.

"Gee!" cried the man, still white, coming up to Dave.

"Gee!—that was a narrow escape you had!"

More Riches for Charlie.

After this, there can be no doubt that Charlie Chaplin's pictures are classics.

A set of the popular ones, including "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," "A Day's Pleasure," "The Kid," "Pay Day," and "The Pilgrim," are to be shown again. The reissue price for these comedies is said to be a nice cool million. And Charlie has already got half a million for the delivery of one group, and will get the remaining half, for the rest, in the near future.

He announced, on his return to the West, that he would soon make a few pictures in the East, closing up both his home and his famous English studio, here. Knowing Charlie's penchant for making announcements to the press, we shall believe this when we see it happen!

Robinson Crusoe Barrymore.

If they can only find enough islands on the Pacific coast, maybe they can keep John Barrymore in pictures forever.

He seems to have an urge for seeking sea-encircled locale, as he has already evidenced on two occasions, while getting inspiration for his starring pictures. He works on the scripts of his films with the regular scenario writer. He carried off "The Sea Beast" to Santa Catalina, the popular vacation resort, and took "Don Juan" to Santa Cruz Island, where Cecil B. De Mille filmed "Male and Female."

Everybody wonders now whither "The Tavern Knight" will lure him. Somebody suggested that, if he plans to remain indefinitely in pictures, Warner Brothers might do well to build a permanent set for him in the middle of one of the studio tanks, with wave-making machines operating at all hours, to produce the right island feeling.

Bumper Whisker Crop.

It is getting to be more and more difficult to recognize the actors nowadays, with all their whiskers. Rearing sideburns, mutton chops, and vandykes are becoming fads among the matinée idols. Except

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The Truly Modern Subdebut

Lois Moran—who is one of the screen's sensations of this season—knew at twelve that she preferred the stage to society and she set out to prepare herself for a career with soldierlike perseverance.

By Helen Klumph

Is it really true? people ask when they hear any of the innumerable stories about Lois Moran. "Is life ever really like that?"

And one can hardly blame the doubters, for the events in the past year of this youngster's life sound like the concoction of an incurable romanticist. And so, if I seen a little madam in telling about her, forgive me on the grounds that hers is an unusual and refreshing story.

One day, early last spring, a dear little dewy-eyed girl with fleecy, light-brown hair came hatless into the dining room of the Algonquin Hotel in New York. Her entrance was like the sudden introduction of a violin playing Rubinstein's "Melody in F" after the blare of a jazz band. People stared at her and commented on her rare quaintness and poise, but she seemed quite unconscious of the stir she caused. She had the self-possession of a young princess.

Marc Connelly, author of a number of Broadway successes, saw her and decided at once that he must have her in his new play. He had written a part in "The Wisdom Tooth" for just such a person, hardly hoping that he would be able to find any one so ideally suited to the rôle.

A few days later, when he had met her through mutual acquaintances, and arranged for her to make her stage début in his play, she was delighted, but not swept off her feet with surprise. Such an experience was not entirely new to Lois.

Months before, a French motion-picture director had paused before a photographer's window, his attention arrested by the portrait of a flowerlike slip of a girl.

"I must have that girl in my next picture," he said.

And when he made inquiries he learned that she was Lois Moran, an American girl pupil in the Paris opera ballet. He engaged her for one picture and was so charmed with her work that he found a part for her in his next one. She more than fulfilled the promise of the beguiling photograph he had seen, for she proved to be an adroit actress, not merely an untrained, pretty girl.

But even that glory had not been her first taste of recognition. There had been the day when the great Pavlowa came to visit the opera school. The dancer had watched the pupils for a few minutes, and then, singing out Lois, had said, "That girl has a great fortune in her toes. See how intent she is, and how beautifully she does each step."

Perhaps if Lois had followed only her own desires, she would have bent every effort to fulfill Pavlowa's prophecy. But Lois' mother knew the years of cruel training demanded of a dancer, the slim chances of any outstanding success. And since her child had her heart set on a career, she wanted her to have a glorious one. So, she encouraged Lois to make her dancing just one of many interests and to train herself for motion pictures and the stage.

While Lois was working in her second motion picture, Samuel Goldwyn came to Paris and gave out an interview stating that he was looking for a promising young actress to play Juliet. Lois' friends urged her to apply to him for the rôle. So with some misgivings, because it seemed to her pretentious that she should ask for such an opportunity, she wrote to him. Mr. Goldwyn, like the others, was tremendously impressed as soon as he met her.

Perhaps she was not his ideal of Juliet: perhaps he had never seriously intended to produce the Shakespearian romance. What interested him about Lois was that she embodied the character of Laurel in "Stella Dallas," a rôle that had caused him considerable worry whenever he had thought of finding a girl young enough to look the rôle and yet capable of playing it.

But Mr. Goldwyn wanted to leave the choice of the cast to his director, Henry King, so he didn't definitely promise her the rôle. However, her mother had to come back to the United States to look after some property, so Lois came, too, hoping that she might get the part in "Stella Dallas."

Before Mr. King had a chance to see her, she had been engaged for "The Wisdom Tooth." It was in that, at an out-of-town try-out, that he caught his first glimpse of her. He, too, capitulated to her charm, and since the play was not to be put on in New York until fall, he was able to get her to go to Hollywood and play in his picture.

It was after her return from Hollywood that I met her, when another great opportunity had just been given her. She had been engaged to play opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Just Suppose," a part that many experienced young players had sought. Her eyes twinkled with pleasure as she spoke of working with Dick, but she didn't gush. She doesn't. Her manner of repose might well be the envy of a distinguished star, and the quiet, interested way in which she sits back and lets her mother do the talking might be the model for an old-fashioned book of etiquette.

"When Lois was only twelve years old she knew that she wanted to go onto the stage, so I took her to Paris to study," Mrs. Moran told me. "When she was only fourteen, she passed university entrance examinations and began to concentrate on her stage training. It meant hard study for her, and the giving up of the companionship of other children in school, for in order to accomplish so much in two years, she had to work entirely with private tutors. But a girl must begin very young to make a success on the stage. I think you should have made your first appearance by the time you are eighteen."

Lois has done even better than that, for she has just passed her sixteenth birthday, and already she has accomplished a great deal.

"I wanted her to know just what she was giving up, so when we came back home a few months ago, I urged her to renew old acquaintances. She went to visit her old school friends; several of them go to the Spence School here in New York, and others she saw when we went down home to Pittsburgh. But she seemed

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Little Lois Moran has indeed been favored of the gods, as you may read in the story on the opposite page.
Are Mustaches

It would seem so, to judge from the layout on these two pages. There was a time, not long ago, when a clean-shaven hero was the correct thing, but that time has passed, and now the number of leading men who affect mustaches is rapidly increasing. What a variety of forms they have adopted, ranging from the long, curled, and waxed type to a thin, closely clipped line. And Conrad Nagel, in "Four Flaming Days," is one of the latest recruits to the ranks of the mustached.

Raymond Griffith strikes a happy medium—his fan-shaped mustache, tapering up to a point just under the nose, is full but not flowing, closely clipped but not abbreviated. Adolphe Menjou, at the right, and Walter McGrail, at the left, have both cultivated little twisted ends which very appropriately give them rather a devilish air.
Coming In?

how funny they will probably look twenty-five or thirty years from now! We all laugh at old pictures of bearded college boys, but who can say that we won't some day find pictures of modern mustaches just as strange and amusing? Some of the actors shave their's off periodically, and some grow them only for special productions, but their popularity seems to be growing.

Very Frenchy are the mustache and goatee of Norman Kerry, at the right. Below is Lewis Stone.

Wallace MacDonald, at the right, sometimes has it, sometimes not.

Having pleased half his fans by appearing clean shaven in "The Big Parade," John Gilbert will please the other half by using a mustache in "La Bohème." Pat O'Malley, at the left, looks strange indeed with an appendage on his lip, grown for "The Midnight Sun," but Jack Holt, at the right, would look very strange without one.

Lew Cody's trim little wisp is so well known that you scarcely notice it.
The little waitress dreams—she is a celebrated prima donna, acclaimed the world over—she is playing Salome—the feast is at its height—triumphantly she bears aloft, on a golden tray, the head of John the Baptist—Salome fades out and she wakes to find that her golden tray is the black tin one of the restaurant.
What would we do without them? A two-foot cigarette holder, freak earrings, hand-painted scarves and robes that tell stories in their designs—these are but a few of the novelties that Nazimova, the extremist, brought back with her from abroad.
Beauty and a Bandit

The Hungarian Vilma Banky and the Latin Valentino in a Russian background — these are the components of "The Eagle," a romantic film showing the thrilling adventures of an aristocratic bandit who eventually elopes with the beautiful daughter of his bitter enemy.

First as the Cossack officer shown at the left, then as a Tartar bandit who periodically assumes the disguise of a French tutor, shown at the right, Valentino races through this picture with energy and versatility such as he has never shown before.
To What Music Do the Stars Emote?

Leaders of the studio orchestras tell the things they play, and why, for the various cinema celebrities.

By A. L. Wooldridge

If you had to emote through a few hundred feet of film, and start real briny tears flowing, what piece of music would help you most?

On every motion-picture set a little orchestra, usually of three or four pieces, plays during the filming of all scenes and each leader endeavors to give what the star likes best. He knows the likes and dislikes of his little cinema queens and plays accordingly. Gloria Swanson, for instance, never can weep to the same tune twice, says her musical director at Famous Players-Lasky and he changes from one old-time melody to another constantly during all her acting. But there is one little Polish song, "The Last Sigh," which never fails to bring sincere grief to Pola Negri. When she was leaving her home in Poland, leaving the great tragedy of her life behind and starting forth without a friend upon the career she felt was rightfully hers, she heard this folk song played in a peasant's cottage.

"It seemed to me then," Miss Negri said recently, "as if it were the end of everything. I had been bowed in grief, in great sorrow, and starting off with that lilting tune, 'The Last Sigh,' coming from a lowly cottage, seemed to portend something. I knew not what."

The favorite emotion melody for Pauline Frederick is "Rock-a-by, Baby," according to Dolores Ordoqui, who, with Roy Bush, has played for more than a score of motion pictures at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio at Culver City. "Lon Chaney's favorite is 'Let the Rest of the World Go By,' while Jackie Coogan likes 'Barney Google' and a song written by his father, 'You'll Never Know What a Good Fellow I've Been.' Elinor Glyn has two favorites, 'All Alone' and 'Chanson Triste.' When she is directing a picture she asks for them in emotional scenes. Mae Busch may not be old fashioned but she prefers 'Home, Sweet Home' to anything else we ever have played for her. When 'Confessions of a Queen' was being filmed, Alice Terry and Lewis Stone both expressed a liking for 'Eleanor' and we played it almost constantly. Conrad Nagel and Norma Shearer both like 'Madrigal of May' and Lew Cody is very fond of 'Remembering.' Aileen Pringle's favorite is 'Memory Lane.'

"I've always heard it said that comedians are sad, and perhaps it is so. At any rate, the favorite piece of Syd Chaplin is 'Little Gray Home in the West.'"

Betty Compson was a professional violinist before she became an actress. When an extremely emotional scene is required, Miss Compson often takes the violin or the cello and plays some of her pensive airs until the proper mood comes over her.

The leader of one of the little orchestras at the Cecil De Mille studio says that Leatrice Joy prefers the ballad type of music for the sentimental words as well as the sentimental strains, and that "Parted" by Tositl and Noel Johnson's "Gray Days" seem to please her most. While playing opposite Miss Joy in "Hell's Highroad," Edmund Burns asked for Italian music. Jette Goudal has a leaning toward Spanish and Russian melodies but naturally responds quickest to songs of her native France. Lillian Rich, Robert Ames, Norman Kerry, Irene Rich, Clive Brook, Gayne Whitman, and John Roche, prefer bits of grand opera.

"Irene Rich must have 'Valse Treiste' for all her emotional rôles," said Bernard Browne, leader of the trio which has played for a majority of her pictures.

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HE GOT THE JOB

THAT a Little Lord Fauntleroy type of boy can represent typical American youth, was proven by Director Bob McGowan recently, when he added Johnny Downs as a permanent member of "Our Gang" comedies.

Johnny is nine years old. When he appeared at the Hal Roach studio in company with his mother a few weeks ago, his appearance struck McGowan forcibly. He looked like a boy who was ready to fight, play, or do anything healthy and full of fun. He had been doing character songs in San Diego theaters and elsewhere, and quite a bit of radio singing.

But—he had long hair!

It was flaxen and fluffy, and just about the right length to offer a good handhold for Mickey Daniels, the star of "Our Gang," when he got ready to fight.

McGowan ordered some screen tests made, looked them over, approved them, then turned with decision to Johnny's mother and said:

"I'll give him a job if you'll cut his hair. He looks too 'sissy' now, to be here."

Whether that was a stinging blow to the heart of Johnny's mother, is not told. But to the boy, it was decidedly agreeable. In a day or two, Johnny appeared on the lot, a strong, robust, short-haired urchin, and was established!

A VETERAN PLAYER

BORN of actor parents in Concord, New Hampshire, Frank Currier received his education in Boston, and considers it his home town. His former wife, Ada Dow, trained and developed Julia Marlowe, and it was he who selected her stage name—her own was Fanny Buff.

When he was only three years old, his mother introduced him to the stage in "Ireland As It Was." In 1860, he became call boy at the Continental Theater in Boston. He did his first "bit" in "Rolla," which starred Edwin Forrest, the tragedian. During the same year, he played in "The Shaughran" with Dion Boucicault at Wallace's Theater, New York, and then went on the road with that play. In 1880, he went to Leadville, Colorado, with a stock company from New York.

His screen career is almost as varied. He began with Vitagraph in 1913, and stayed in pictures for a year. But he went back on to the stage for a time and when he returned to pictures, it was with Metro.

Mr. Currier has appeared in many of the biggest Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films during the past year, and is regarded as one of the most lovable characters on the screen. His first big success was scored in "Revelation," although his most recent triumph was in Reginald Barker's production, "The White Desert." He plays the rôle of Arrius in "Ben-Hur."
Those Present
most interesting people in pictures.

A Dream that Vanished

THE story of how Lita Lopez got her start in pictures is such stuff as idle dreams are made of. A director saw her, and begged her to go to work for him. But alas, only the start of her career was like that! Soon she was "walking the weary" from casting office to studio, in New York City, facing the grim reality that it is sometimes easier to break into motion pictures than it is to stay in, even if a girl has talent.

She was working in a government office in Porto Rico a few years ago when a magnificent studio was built there and producers from New York came down to make pictures. She did not apply for work; the director sought her out. She foresaw years ahead of pleasant glory and easy money.

When the Porto Rico studios shut down she came to New York, expecting that everything would be easy. But she soon learned that the streets of that city teem with girls of arresting Spanish beauty. Now, after months and months of struggling, she is only just beginning to gain recognition. She played a small part in "Lying Wives," followed by engagements in "Tin Gods" and "Red Kisses." And her immediate prospects are promising.

But whatever success is hers, Lita Lopez will never quite forgive the unkind fate that made New York studios grubby, factorylike buildings. For she had looked forward to working always in just such an exquisite, ivy-scented garden as the studio in Porto Rico.

She has found that in New York a player is just a working girl.

Another Latin

There is something reminiscent of Ramon Novarro in Don Alvarado, the newest recruit to the Warner Brothers fold. Not only is he a Latin, and has, like Ramon, a huge family of younger brothers and sisters, but there is in his eyes a hint of the same boyish idealism that is so noticeable in Ramon. About the extra lots for a year or so until Mae Murray, charmed by his gentleness, singled him out from the crowd for a bit in "Mademoiselle Midnight." No wonderful roles followed, however, and again he took up the weary tramp, meeting only the occasional encouragement of promises which never materialized.

That is, until Harry Beaumont, while directing a mob scene for "The Lover of Camille," noticed Don, and spoke to Jack Warner about him. The result was a contract.

He is being carefully groomed for leads. In "Satan in Sables," he played the duplicate of his role in real life—the chum of Johnny Harron; but his most elaborate opportunity so far is in "The Pleasure Buyers."

From the Movie Training School

The good old rubber-stamp remark that "comedies are the stepping-stone to fame" will have to be resurrected from the pigeonhole once again, and there is an especial reason to celebrate on this occasion, because little Edna Marion, the Century Comedy girl, has won her first chance in feature. She has been playing a sprightly ingenue in "The Still Alarm," produced by Universal.

What more natural than that the U, on casting about for new talent, should turn their eyes toward the little girl, in a related organization, who had been making a good record for a year by earnest trouping in the slapstick? The comedienne is cute, and she has appeared had been small-time affairs, just to fill out a routine program; the gags had been moth-eaten, many of them, but little Edna had consistently registered pep and personality.

She is a bright-eyed little girl, who reminds one just a trifle of the late Lucille Ricksen. She has demureness and sweetness, as well as sparkle and animation. Her talent for comedy, which will continue to be disclosed in the new phase of her career, will doubtless carry her rapidly toward popularity. The difficulties that face her have been minimized, because of the strenuous course she has already had in the filmmaking mill. A reel or more a week is, of course, the rule with all who are engaged in making program short-reelers.
Among Those Present

They Can't Overwork Kraly

HANS KRALY could have more jobs than any scenarist in Hollywood—if he wanted them. He came to this country from Europe, two years ago, to write the Ernst Lubitsch scenarios, and already he is being hailed far and wide as the man who is always certain to do a perfect script for a picture.

Consider the list of worthwhile features that he already has to his credit: "Three Women," "Her Night of Romance," "Forbidden Paradise," "Kiss Me Again," "Her Sister from Paris," and now, "The Eagle," starring Rudolph Valentino. Before coming to the United States, he also wrote "Passion," "Deception," and other major productions that Lubitsch directed abroad. He is now under contract to Joseph M. Schenck to do Norma and Constance Talmadge pictures.

They say of his scripts that hardly a line ever has to be taken away or added. They are not mere drab, dreary, dull recitals of long shots, close-ups and cutbacks. They are alive and electric with intimate feeling. They are so vividly done, and with such an intense personal note, that the action really seems to transpire before your eyes as you read them.

Kraly has not compromised with his new environment either. He doesn't like to be rushed or hurried. He is one of the few who work totally by inspiration. Some days he may write only about a half hour, while the stress of his enthusiasm lasts. Another time he may get up in the middle of the night to jot down the high lights of a scene.

The Evolution of the "White Vamp"

The "white vamp" has returned to the screen. Helene Sullivan glories in that name and fame, having won it some years ago in "The Soul of Rafael." Her first important return rôle is with Leatrice Joy in "Hell's Highroad," and in keeping with her traditions, she makes life miserable for the heroine.

Miss Sullivan was probably one of the very first players to demolish the notion that vamps were never vamps unless they possessed a crown of jet tresses. Theda Bara was dictator of siren styles, and a film Circus even approaching blondness was not to be thought of.

In "The Soul of Rafael," Clara Kimball Young played the starring rôle. She desired that the "other woman" in the picture should be a blonde, for contrast. Miss Sullivan, who was appearing in stage productions in Los Angeles, was accordingly chosen, and the reviewers dubbed her the "white vamp."

For a season or so, she appeared with fair regularity on the screen—finally, in the revival of "The Sign of the Rose," in a stage version of which she toured the country. The stage tour, of course, meant giving up her start in pictures, and upon returning to Hollywood, she found that the opposition to blonde vamps had increased.

She Can't Grow Young Again

To see Frances Dale, you would never think that her first chance on the screen was in a mother rôle, and that she did her part so well that forever after, producers refused to consider her for anything else!

But such is the case. She achieved her first recognition as a mother, in "Lovers' Land." The chief reason she is not seen oftener is because it appears to have been impossible for her to grow young again since that time. In "Feet of Clay," she had a lot of work to do in the studio, but when the film finally showed on the screen, the only bit left of her was her legs in the surf-board race.

Miss Dale is one of the players that have been attracted from the stage during the last year or so. Like many others, she has found that her experience in the spoken drama has been a drawback rather than an aid.

Nevertheless, her stage experience is likely to prove of value as Miss Dale goes on. She is an exceptionally bright and clever girl. She would, in fact, be termed somewhat sophisticated by some of the mental lightweights around Hollywood, but if she is sophisticated it is in an attractive way.
Yet Another Cinderella

THE great majority of extras are unfortunately destined, according to current beliefs in Hollywood, to remain just extras. The chosen few? Well, maybe, says the film metropolis, doubtfully shaking its head—maybe they will have the good fortune of Joyce Compton.

It isn't a new story, of course, that a very smart-looking young girl of blond persuasion should walk into a casting director's office, and win a five-year contract, with hardly so much as the batting of a golden eyelash. Nevertheless, it is still a novel one, and Miss Compton, who recently performed the feat, is being appropriately envied by the atmosphere sisterhood. She is one of several girls signed by First National for future stardom.

The temptation to get into pictures had long lurked in her mind, but it was not clearly formed as an ambition until she had entered a beauty contest, conducted by a Los Angeles newspaper, and emerged as one of the first ten successful competitors.

By the merest chance, she applied to David Thompson, First National production manager, one day when tests were being made in the hope of discovering new talent for screen roles. She was asked if she wanted to compete in this with a number of other "likely candidates." She of course said yes, and when the film of her was made, the other "likely candidates" vanished into oblivion, for Miss Compton evidenced more poise and attractiveness than any of them, with the result that the company awarded her the long-term contract.

Back from Foreign Service

NIGEL BARRIE has seen more foreign service in the films than any actor who has gone abroad in the past few years.

Barrie will be remembered by many fans for his work opposite Marion Davies, Constance Talmadge, Pauline Frederick, Clara Kimball Young, and Katherine MacDonald. Reserve, suavity, and polish, have been the distinguishing features of his work.

When the English, Gaumont company were seeking talent in America for a film called "Fires of Fate," made in the Sahara desert, they engaged Wanda Hawley and Barrie as the two principals. Miss Hawley remained away only for a film or two, but Barrie stayed on, and signed a year's contract with the UFA company in Berlin. He also later appeared with a Swedish organization, and during the winter, while working with this company, had the somewhat unique experience of riding ten or fifteen miles to location in the morning in a sleigh. Altogether, he traveled the Continent pretty thoroughly from the Mediterranean to the Baltic during these foreign productions. Finally, however, a longing for the old familiar environment triumphed, and he returned home.

Instead of reentering the lists as a hero, on his return to Hollywood, he has set forth to make a career as a heavy. He has changed his appearance somewhat by raising a mustache. The first role in which he will appear is in the Monte Blue starring feature, "Hogan's Alley."

Content to Be Single

HARRY LEON WILSON hadn't heard of Matt Moore when he wrote "Bunker Bean," but the story is admirably tailored to fit Matt's personality.

A whimsical fellow, this timid young man of Wilson's, who dreams of glory—one of those stepped-upon and shoved-aside, lack-luster folks, of no consequence to anybody, who through the gateway of fancy walk in glory. He imagines himself, as the mood strikes him, to be Napoleon; then the descendant of an ancient Egyptian king, a born ruler of men. Dreaming gives him confidence and, quite by accident, the unreality of his inner thought-life comes true. These are situations which furnish hilarious comedy.

Matt does not believe himself to be the reincarnation of Napoleon, but he might nevertheless well be the dreaming stenographer. For he sits by himself, a little away from things, and idles through spare hours with fancies.

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Why is a

Though they take much time and are the greatest dread of

By Myrtle

of work there is some doubt. Sometimes it happens that the casting director believes, or has been almost convinced by the actor's faith in himself, that a player long identified with a particular sort of characterization can portray one quite different. Only a test will prove it—one way or the other.

The camera is the fastest known means of registering emotions. Vague feelings and transient thoughts that escape the eye are indelibly recorded upon celluloid. It catches details that fail to impress one's vision.

A girl who appears beautiful to the eye often loses all her beauty before the camera, which catches her from every angle, picks up every trifling mannerism, and unerringly reveals bad proportions or small blemishes. Before the camera she loses the charm which a good complexion gives her, the effect of the carefully selected and harmonious colors of her gown, and the personal magnetism of voice.

Often a studio jury sits with the director when tests are run and decisions made. Fine shadings in characterizations determine the choice, and it sometimes happens that a comparative newcomer, who has given more painstaking attention to her interpretation, will be selected instead of a player of greater reputation whose attitude is negligent.

This was illustrated when the rôle of Stella Dallas was awarded Belle Bennett who, though she has been in theatrical work for years, had never been particularly distinguished. Samuel Goldwyn tested seventy-two candidates, and even paid the expenses to Hollywood of several out-of-town aspirants whose qualifications had appealed to him.

Being mightily interested in the part, because it

I've been tested for forty-five pictures," wailed a young picture girl who has been seen in several featured roles. "Nothing but tests for weeks. They're gruelling, and you have such a scant chance with so much competition. You used to be called for a part, and that was all there was to it. But now the producers must be getting finicky; the way they test so many for every important rôle."

Her comment set me to wondering why such precious time is spent in countless tests. They do test many more actors for special roles now than they did a while ago. It seems queer, too, that actors of recognized talent and reputation have to be continually tested.

"Surely, you know what your own people under contract can do?" I asked the casting directors. "And in the case of a free lancer you can have his latest film run and in that way judge his work."

"There are a number of reasons for the prevalence of testing now," James Ryan, casting director of the Fox Western studios explained. "Perhaps the actor who immediately comes to mind is not available, and another must be substituted, one about whose ability or suitability to that type

Cecil De Mille making a test of the two girls you see on the opposite page, Josephine Norman and Rita Carita, whom he recently placed under contract.

Kathryn Hill, a newcomer, was tested and found to be the right blond type for the girl in "The Wanderer."

A test of George Rigas as the prodigal's brother in "The Wanderer" proved him to be ideal for the part.

George O'Brien was chosen from twenty-seven tests to play the hero in "The Iron Horse."
Screen Test?

motion-picture players, directors tell why they are indispensable.

Gebhart

meant so much to her future and was the sort of thing she wanted to play. Miss Bennett took infinite and minute pains with her preparations, fashioning costumes, studying the rôle, steeping herself in its psychology and experimenting with many make-ups before she evolved one that she thought correct.

A rôle is usually cast by the process of elimination. The choice narrows down to three or four, whose tests are run again—and sometimes many again—for the final decision. For a very important production, these tests are shipped to the company's high mogul in New York for judgment.

This elimination process is not as involved as it might seem at first thought. It is curious that usually but a few feet of film are necessary to show the player's suitability to the rôle or the merit of his interpretation. I have known ninety-eight per cent to be eliminated the instant their faces flashed on the screen. Some imprint immediately an individuality.

It just occurs to me how many countless faces we see in the news reels, and how few possess that indefinable thing called screen personality. General Pershing has that spark. He dominates, would stand out from a mob even though his name be unknown; he has poise, dignity, carriage, self-assurance; there is character in his face, and an engaging twinkle in his eyes to belie the stern lines. Wouldn't he make a splendid actor of the strong and silent type?

Three distinct kinds of tests are made: photographic, acting, and lighting. The first is to judge make-up, principally, or, in case of newcomers, actual screen quality. The second determines ability. A lighting test is given only to the player finally selected, that the camera man may decide the arrangement of lights which will best suit, so that all may be in readiness for the start of the picture. The shade of the hair, color of the eyes, the profile, the contours which call for special lights and shadows, all must be taken into consideration.

Tests are the worst ordeal that an actor can undergo. Even skillful troupers shrink from them. The actor is not yet in the spirit of the story, and those aids to mood—such as music—which inspire him on a regular set, are lacking. He must evolve a characterization, give it life, hint at its previous experiences, and portray its immediate drama in the scene selected, while knowing little of the rôle, and often on short notice.

Besides, he is conscious of the fact that on his instantaneous response depends whether or not he will get the coveted rôle. Naturally, he is much more nervous than during the making of the picture when he no longer has any anxiety about getting the part.

Even veteran actors are stricken with self-consciousness, despite efforts sometimes made by the director to put them at ease. Too often the test must be made in a hurry so that others waiting may have their turns. The only persons allowed to be present are the director, cameraman, and electricians.

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A Millionaire Among the Extras

Look sharp, and you may see him in "The Big Parade."

A YALE graduate, independently rich, scion of a wealthy and distinguished California family, and working as an extra!

This is Harry Crocker of San Francisco, grandson of Charles Crocker, who was builder of the first transcontinental railroad to the Pacific Coast. Is it any wonder that dreamy-eyed blondes and lovely brunettes in Hollywood are having a new thrill?

When he got his check for work in "The Big Parade," he found he had earned seven dollars and fifty cents a day.

"That's real money!" he smiled, as he departed.

Quiet, unassuming, deeply interested in his work, he has little time for femininity, although many admiring eyes are cast in his direction. "Pretty kids!" he exclaims. But there his interest ends.

Young Crocker arrived at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio in Culver City unannounced, a short time ago. He lined up alongside a crowd of young men seeking extra jobs, and was cast to play the part of a buck private in "The Big Parade," directed by King Vidor. No one knew who the broad- shouldered, stalwart, smiling young man was, other than that his name was Crocker. That he was a member of the family which controls a large part of the world's sugar supply, he did not tell. Rather, he chose to go it on his own hook, as a type of strong American youth, reliant, and confident.

When filming of the army scenes was begun, Vidor noted the ease and self-possession with which young Crocker carried himself.

"I can use that young man in a bit," he said. "Who is he?"

He called him to one side and told him that he wanted him to appear as a cultured, gentlemanly youth among the varied types that made up the American army. And very courteously, young Crocker replied that he would do his best.

His bearing, his polish, and his courteousness made him stand out in the mob, and won him a role, small of course, on his very first appearance before the camera. Now, with Director Vidor's eye upon him, as you see in the picture above, he seems destined to make a rapid ascent of the cinematic ladder.

"I am not a business man and never will be," he said. "Banking and I did not hit it off just right. I am happier here than I ever would be in a financial house and I have definitely committed myself to a dramatic career. I'll take my chance with the rest—at the foot of the ladder. I probably can find sufficient dollars to live upon until I 'arrive.'"
A Letter from Location

From the Navajo Indian reservation in the desert country of Arizona, Lois Wilson writes of the hardships and pleasures connected with the filming of "The Vanishing American."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Away Out Yonder, Arizona.

Dear Myrtle:

You may thank or blame Paavo for this letter, because if I hadn't ridden him thirty miles yesterday, I shouldn't feel like staying in camp to-day while the others are on location, even if the filming schedule does allow me a few days' leisure.

I'm plank—pause—plink—pause—plunking this missive, one letter at a time, on a limping portable typewriter. We are near Kayenta, one hundred and sixty miles from the nearest railroad, on the Navajo reservation, surrounded by desert scenery and thirty-five thousand Indians. Paavo—the beautiful horse I rode in "The Thundering Herd"—is here, and I'm going to ride him in some of the scenes of "The Vanishing American."

We have had rainstorms, sandstorms, heat that sent the mercury up to one hundred and thirty degrees, locations that could be reached only by long horseback rides and sometimes only by mule-pack. In some places, every drop of water had to be hauled over trackless rocks for miles, and conserved carefully, a bit at a time doled out to us; and several times we have skipped meals, not through any desire to diet but because there was nothing to eat.

Noah Beery tries faithfully every evening to "pick up" one of the Los Angeles broadcasting stations but the best he gets is a sound like a phonograph gives when you forget to lift the needle at the end of a record. "Buddy" Williams, one of the camera men, has had slightly better luck with his receiving set but nothing to brag about. Too much static, they say.

I arrived here on my birthday, and Jim Hurley, the same wonderful cook who was on location with us when we were making "The Covered Wagon," made a marvelous cake with my name on it. They carried it in and it had sixteen candles. To be technically correct there should have been more, but I did not complain.

Richard Dix spends most of his spare time at the Indian trading post. He gets a lot of enjoyment out of watching the red men trading silver and turquoise jewelry for food and supplies. He was telling us at breakfast this morning about a visit to the post last night of a Hopi and his squaw. The Indian traded a bracelet, made by his wife, for a dollar and thirty cents, and a stack of groceries.

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Over the Teacups

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came on to play opposite her. woke up one morning to find in the papers an announcement of Renee Adoree's engagement to Douglas Gilmore. He was somewhat upset, naturally, as he is engaged to Renee himself. The announcement was also something of a shock to Gladys Frazin, playing on the stage out in Chicago, as she is Douglas Gilmore's wife. But now the matter is all straightened out. I believe. Gaston has gone West, and he and Renee will be married in the spring. And Gladys Frazin has gone out to join her husband.

"Now is the time of year when a lot of magazines and newspapers are sending out questionnaires asking people's opinion of what have been the ten best pictures of the year and the best individual performances. One paper got a lot of them back with Vilma Banky's name down for all ten best performances, and 'The Dark Angel' as all the best pictures. "Since 'The Vanishing American' came out, Richard Dix is no longer in the ranks of those players who could be great if they had a chance. His performance is marvelous, and Lois Wilson has never been so good before.

"Lois has been loaned to Robert Kane to play the lead in 'Bluebeard's Seven Wives,' and she is awfully happy, because it gives her a chance to get away from sweetly saccharine roles. That picture is just full of interesting contrasts. Her sister, Diana Kane, plays an important rôle. Won't it be great to see them together? They are quite unlike, you know."

Family began to gather up her vanity case, summoning waiters bearing checks, nodding to acquaintances, and looking as though she were just about to burst with more information.

"Some one really ought to offer a prize for the cutest pair of legs in pictures, and Pauline Garon would win it with a unanimous vote from all who saw 'Satan in Sables,'" she rambled on. And then, apropos of nothing, apparently, "Michael Arlen is certainly the wisest man who ever went to Hollywood. He said, just before he left, the other day, that he was going out with the intention of writing a screen vehicle for Pola Negri, and some other stories. But he added that if he found the atmosphere distracting, he wouldn't try to force himself to work. It doesn't take a prophet to foresee that he probably won't do any work."

"But why should anybody?" she asked blithely, steering me through the crowd. "Let's go to 'The Vanishing American' and have another good cry. I've heard that tears make the eyes bright and beautiful, and I'm willing to try it."

Looking On with an Extra Girl

Continued from page 54

realized he was the director. Al Green.

But if one might be uncertain as to the director's identity, it would be impossible to mistake the star. She made her appearance shortly after, swathed in a long coat of fitch—pelts so perfectly matched and so silky that they looked like yellow satin starred with brown velvet. In her wake were gentlemen of varying degrees of importance—hairdressers, costumers, business managers. At her side was a gentle-faced man of middle age—her father.

Miss La Marr is wearing an odd and becoming coiffure in this picture. Her black hair is drawn back off one ear while the other side waves softly round her face. Into the knot, low on her neck, is thrust an enormous comb, intricately carved, of green-pointed ivory. The comb belongs to Carmen Castillo, a lovely young Spaniard working on the set, and is a priceless treasure that has been in her family for generations.

The first scenes were of Robert Ellis, the nice-looking, quiet young ex-husband of May Allison. White lights flooded the set, chasing away the ghastly blue radiance that renders corpse-like the healthiest countenance. A little Spanish orchestra played slow, haunting tangoes. Men and girls swayed and glided to the mournful, rhythmic "Cup of Sorrow," a glimpse of their own vivid land in their graceful fervor.

The next scenes were of the La Marr herself and of Lewis Stone—which made it a large, not to say abundant, day. If you enjoy Mr. Stone on the screen, you will get my point for there is practically no difference between his audible and silent personalities. His humorous mouth and twinkling brown eyes indicate a ready sense of humor. He speaks in a fine, cultured voice. His manner is reserved but aloof, genial but not fulsome.

La Marr is surprisingly smaller than her screen counterpart. She is of only medium height and, at present, very slender. She has a little, pointed face and small features. Her green eyes have a hint of obliqueness in their setting. Her mouth is scornful and sharply curved. It is a piquant face, strikingly individual.

The enswathing furs discarded disclosed a gay costume of cerise tulle, many-skirted, but boasting little above the waist. She made a lithe, vivid picture. As she walked to her place on the platform, an old extra man of battered visage hobbled up to her.

"Hello, Miss La Marr," he quavered. "It's mighty good to see you back again."

"Why, hello, Jimmy!" She stopped and took his horny paw. "I'm awfully glad to see you here."

This amazing revelation was followed by others. "Hello, Miss La Marr. How's everything with you?"

"Member that picture we made just afore you went East?" "We heard you was sick, Miss Barbara. I sure hope you're better now."

The significance of this is immense—I had never seen a similar demonstration before. She shook hands with each one, calling them by name, languishing and kidding and asking how things had been going. Most of them were rather sedey-looking elderly men and women—character extras, than which there are few things more nondescript and pitiful.

Miss La Marr slowly made her way up to the platform. Once there, the orchestra thrummed a tango and she swung into a swift, whirling dance.

At the close of the shot, she sank wearily into a chair, for she had not yet entirely recovered from the acute bronchitis she had contracted on her arrival in town. Her voice was so low and husky as to be almost inaudible at times.

Her father hurried up behind her with a heavy silk shawl which he wrapped round her shoulders.

It is rather touching, the devotion of this mild, quiet man to the dazzling bird of paradise that is his daughter. He sits behind the camera and watches her every scene with loving absorption. And he seems to enjoy it so when she calls, "Daddy, would you get me my powder puff?"

At the end of the day, Mr. La Marr brought Barbara's magnificent coat and put it round her and, with Lewis Stone, walked with her out the door, followed by gentlemen of varying degrees of importance—hairdressers, costumers, business managers. Distantly could be heard the refined slam of its door, and away down the studio road it whirled, a sleek black head, nestling in yellow fur, faintly visible through the window. Stars!
A Triumph for Pauline

FANS who have a tender memory of Pauline Frederick's work on the screen, and who wonder what has become of her, will be glad to know that she recently had a season on the stage in Australia which, as regards enthusiasm, has seldom been equaled by any player anywhere.

She was induced to make the trip by Snowy Baker, an Australian who was, for a time, in pictures in Hollywood. The plays selected for her were "Spring Cleaning" and "The Lady."

When she arrived in Australia, she was amazed at the welcome she received. On her opening night, the audience fairly covered the stage with flowers and streamers. She was entertained by the governor-general and by all the leading executives and notables of the commonwealth. A champion race horse was named after her, and it was expected that she would have to charter a special steamer to bring home the presents that were sent her!
for, she appeared with a complexion as delicately lovely as Alice Joyce's.

If you've never tried changing the way you do your hair and make up your face, there's a fascinating time ahead of you. If you don't believe it, look at the accompanying photographs of Greta Nissen. Merely brushing her hair back off her forehead gives her face a different shape. There's another thing that you must consider, which is sometimes more important than anything else. I can best illustrate it with an incident about a girl I know.

She had been on a vacation, and had met a young man who was strongly attracted to her. He thought her delightfully sympathetic; told her quite frankly that that was the thing he liked best about her. After she came home and had been there for a few months, he came to town, and came to see her. She had, meanwhile, changed the kind of make-up that she used. She had also changed the way she did her hair. In appearance she wasn't the same kind of person.

He, manlike, believed what was in front of his eyes. She came to me after he had gone.

"He was disappointed in me," she said, "What in the world can I do? I looked much prettier than I did when I knew him last summer."

She told me then why he had said that he liked her. And I showed her what was wrong. She'd made herself up to look anything but sympathetic. She looked gay, as gay as a butterfly, with her pink cheeks, and her bright eyes.

I advised her to phone him and ask him to call again. And when he came — well, he met the girl he'd known at the lake, a girl whose eyes were soft and faintly shadowed, whose cheeks were only lightly rouged, whose mouth was like red rose petals—a sympathetic, lovable girl. He asked her to marry him, before he went home that night.

An actress makes up differently for different roles. Why shouldn't you?

But mix your powder with intelligence, apply your rouge with brains. And let your make-up look like the faint touch of the hand of Dame Nature!
Norma Shearer would need no double for a diving scene, unless it were one fraught with such danger that her company would not allow her to risk it, for she is one of the most skillful and graceful divers and swimmers in Hollywood.

Our New Annette Kellermann

These pictures, recently taken with a Graflex camera, caught her at different moments of a dive into one of the famous Hollywood swimming pools.

Miss Shearer believes swimming to be one of the best and most concentrated forms of exercise, and one doubly agreeable to her because of her ability to do it well.
"The Lady," he said, "is living proof that a well-manicured hand can rule the world. On the other hand, Constance was responsible for my learning that a bracelet on the ankle is worth two on the wrist, and that blondes should own at least one black hat."

"Constance? Talmadge or Bennett?"

"Both. They specialize in that light humor that is the root of all flirtation."

"And the death of romance," I finished. But Wally wouldn't have it that way. "No, when either one of the Connies is your sweetheart, he defended. "They're remarkable heroines. I agreed that they must be. Girls who can be romantic and funny at the same time are more than heroines—they're acrobats. But time was pressing, and there was still Betty Compson to be accounted for.

"What about Betty?"

"Femininity is her strongest weapon. Tweed may be more practical than organdie but that is all you can say for it. Betty is all woman. Sex in chiffons."

"One thing about you," I granted. "You certainly seem to prefer your virtues well groomed."

Wally leaned forward confidentially. "I'll tell you a secret. All men do. They may deny it with their dying breath, but they don't believe them. I don't mean that women must be expensively dressed to attract. Far from it. There are extra girls in Hollywood who dress in better taste than some of the stars, on much less money. It is merely a matter of selection and care. Women don't have to be gaudy, but they ought to be neat. Well-kept nails, well-care-for hair—these things can be expected from the smallest income. And they pay triple interest. Dandruff does nothing for romance. How many broken nails have gone down in history?"

Fundamental fact, that. Not having an answer or even a wise crack for it, I tackled from another angle. "If we girls are to put any stock in you as a criterion of femininity, woman's only weapon for ensnarling the susceptible sex is clothes. 'We can't all dress like movie stars,' sir," she said, picking at her imitation fox."

"Wait a minute," Wally said quickly. "Clothes attract men. My heroines have taught me that women aren't interested in attracting men so much as they are in attracting a man—the man. And lady, may I tell you that the Royal Mounted aren't in it in getting their men compared to women in love.

"Then your advice is that love gets love. Nice. But it doesn't always work."

"I have never been able to resist the lovely ladies who have loved me," he insisted.

"You mean on the screen?"

"On the screen, of course," said Wally, getting white around the gills. "I understood, when I consented to bare my heart for you, that all this referred to my shadow romances. I am a married man. You wouldn't double cross me, would you?"

I said I wouldn't, on account of libel suits. "But go on."

"I was saying that all things are capable to women in love. And," he added, with that satisfaction that comes only from coining a trick phrase, "women in love are capable of all things."

"They either make successful marriages after plenty of forethought, or else they love as instinctively as flowers turning toward the sun."

"Did you ever watch Clara Bow in a love scene? Do you recall the way she closes her eyes, relaxes her arms, surrenders herself completely? That gamine child is a direct descendant of Eve. She belongs back in the days when love was really a woman's whole existence—when courting was very simple—when a strong-armed man, a little stronger armed than any one else she knew, came calling, grabbed woman by the hair, and dragged her to a bungalow cave with none of the modern conveniences but an elegant outlook."

"There was no resistance in her arms as the strong-armed boy clasped her to his heart. 'She asked no questions and made no prayer. Just kissed the lips and caressed the hair.' Isn't that the way it goes?"

I said I didn't know but it sounded appropriate.

"Well, anyway," Wally dismissed it, "that is the way Clara, and Betty Compson, and Barbara La Marr play their heroines. They couldn't reason themselves into loving a man just because he was a good provider. They wouldn't reason at all."

"Love for love?" I ventured.

"Love for love," Wally agreed. "Women like that hold men by the song in their hearts.

"What of the others you were telling me about—those ladies who first make sure they're right?"

"I didn't say that. I wouldn't."

"I would," sticking to my guns after saying it. "It's nothing to be dodged. I would take a good provider to a sheik any day, providing I loved the good provider. How does Constance Talmadge do it? She always picks out a doctor, lawyer, merchant, or chief, in the first reel and goes after him with a vengeance."

"Heaven help the man Connnie set her heart on," Wally chuckled.

"Would she swoon in his arms?"

"I inquired, out for practical pointers."

"She would laugh in his eyes."

"Would he drag her by the bob?"

"She'd drag him to his feet."

"Hold him by the song in her heart?"

"By the song on her lips—probably 'Kiss Me Again'—'Aggravatin' Papa.' She would subtly flaunt him by wearing his favorite gown, and break his heart by wearing it out with another man. She would make appointments just to break them—"for the suspense. She would make lovely speeches with her eyes and deny them with her lips."

"Well, that's two ways of doing it. Anything else?"

"If I told you, I shouldn't have any secrets left. I ought to keep a couple of things up my sleeve for my book."

"Oh, yes; your book! What are you going to call it?"

"What do you think of 'He Learned About Women From Them'?

"Not original," I replied, "but not bad."

The last I saw of him, he was making a note of it.

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 67

Bessie Love, as Nora, supplies the bright spot of the picture. Warner Baxter is the son of his father, although I do not see why this point is stressed. All of us must either be sons or daughters.

Irene Rich Abused Again.

"Compromise," the new Warner Brother's picture starring Irene Rich, has a good idea which is spoiled by a bad ending. The idea is that, in order to live in the world as it is, you must tone down your ideals to make them more livable. The bad ending is a cyclone and general upheaval.

Irene Rich takes the part of a supersensitive young girl with high romantic ideals. She marries a childhood playmate, and soon afterward loses him to a minxish half sister. Whereupon Miss Rich, ideals shattered, takes a whip, and in a towering rage, very effectively beats up the little blond vamp.
TRAGEDY stalks alone, but comedy often does better by working in pairs.

Weber and Fields, Primrose and Dockstader, McIntyre and Heath, Gallagher and Shean—the list could be strung out indefinitely.

Perhaps Warner Brothers thought of that when they decided recently to feature—and perhaps to star—two of their leading comedy players, as a team.

The comedians in question are Louise Fazenda and Willard Louis. Each of these players has been long established as a distinctive comedian, but neither has been thought quite capable of carrying, single-handed, a series of productions like those of Mabel Normand, Constance Talmadge, Buster Keaton, or Larry Semon.

But together? There's the opportunity!

So thought the producers when they cast them in "The Love Hour," in which Huntley Gordon is starred. You will see them in that production before long, and if your applause is loud enough, you will see them in a series of other pictures, built to suit their special talents, with their names in electric lights, and in big type on the billing.

And here's to success for the new combination!
What I Think of My Wife

my interests in sports might make her unhappy, but bless her heart, those things don’t count so much. As soon as I understood that they might hurt her, I gladly gave them up. And now—just shows how contrary a woman is—she fusses at me sometimes because I don’t chase out with the fellows more.

Another thing, I wanted to be able to give her everything. For years I played the market, and there is a certain amount of hazard in all speculations. A man may be rich one day and broke the next, and it isn’t right to ask a woman to share that uncertainty. I’ve gradually got away from that, investing in securities whose interest, even aside from my picture income, will enable me to keep Helen in reasonable luxury.

Marriage did not appeal to me before I met Helen, because I couldn’t see these modern women. Too artificial, perhaps? The beauties of the professional stage and screen world. When they marry, they play what they call a “game.” Matrimony, to many, is a battle of wits. Either the husband or the wife will flirt in an effort to arouse the other’s jealousy.

I can’t see any happiness in that, how there can be any without complete understanding and faith. I had become so set in my ways that I was afraid marriage to one of these modern scatterbrains would prove a constant disruption. When a man marries, he wants to feel that he is settling down into an unexciting peace for the rest of his life. Marriage may be borsome at times, but it’s darned comfortable.

We both feel—I don’t mean this conceitedly—that we’re real people, genuine and worthwhile, and we’re trying to make each other happy instead of “playing a game.” We are absolutely without jealousy, because we know and understand and feel too sure of each other to harbor any doubts. If Helen wants to go to her girls’ club, or, for that matter, out with another man, it won’t cause me any worry. Why should it?

I didn’t marry a fool. I married an honest-to-God girl.

My Husband, His Faults and His Virtues

We have had to make some adjustments. No matter how well you understand a man, you don’t really know him until you are married to him. Certain concessions must be made, and by the wife.

We need each other, but in different ways. Billy is the boss. I give in to his decisions and opinions. There are times, however, when I feel ages older, more like a mother. I suppose every man has a lot of the little boy in him. Why, Billy actually pouts. Yes, he does. When he can’t have his own way, at times, he will sulk like a child. Then, when I give in, he insists that it shall be as I want.

The way to get along with a man, I have decided, is to sell him an idea by making him think it is his. You can get anything you desire if you let him believe that he thought of it first and that he is doing it to make you happy.

I approached the dependence of marriage with more than a little temerity, because at home I had been sort of “the man of the family.” the main wage earner, and accustomed to having the household in conformity with his work rather than my own; that I must look after his clothes, instead of just mine, and have everything ready for him; that I couldn’t always consider my desires, dash out some place on a whim, as I had formerly done.

I almost killed Billy the first few days of our marriage, with the meals I ordered. At home, Mother had looked after the table, telling the maid what to cook. I had no such experience.

After a few meals of dainty salads and such things, with the table prettily decorated, Billy rebelled.

“Honey,” he said hesitantly, “I don’t want to butt in or anything, but can’t we have some substantial food? It’s all very sweet and dainty.

“Brides always have croquettes and salads,” I defended myself.

“Maybe so,” he replied ruefully, “Never having been a bride, I can’t say what’s customary. But,” he grinned, “I know one groom who would like to sink his teeth in a thick, juicy steak well decorated with potatoes and vegetables. Now, if we could just have some cabbage—”

“Cabbage!” I screamed, and fled to the kitchen.

But I served him a regular help meal, and he was so boyishly grateful that I determined he should always have what he wanted.

We insist that each shall have certain liberties. Billy has two nights a week “off,” to go to the fights or any place he cares to. Now that I have won my own way, I don’t want him to give up completely all the things that constituted his life before he loved me. And, being a contrary male, since he finds he can do all those things, he doesn’t want to particularly.

And we shall have eight weeks of separation in each year. We may take it all at once, or a week at a time, as our moods and our work dictate. People get on each other’s nerves when they are together too continuously.

A marriage that restricts individual freedom too much is bound to become irksome. Why, the day after our wedding he let me go to a luncheon with another man. It was one of those publicity affairs which it is good policy to attend, but I thought that very sweet of him, to make that concession to my career.

He is very ambitious for me, and proud of me. But here’s a funny thing which proves the old instincts control every man: his pride in me is greater when he sees me in an apron putting around the kitchen than when he watches one of my screen characterizations.

Of course, we haven’t had a lot of time yet in which to test out these ideas upon which we have started our marriage. But we believe that we are building upon a firm foundation of understanding that will last.

Anyway, right now I think I am the happiest creature on earth. I’ve married my girlhood hero.
Why They Call Him

Some explanations of Raymond Hatton's high rating with casting directors.

RAYMOND HATTON is unique in motion pictures. If you stop to think you will realize that most screen players are either straight types or character types. Even our best character actors become associated with a certain type of character rôle. But you can't say "That's a typical Hatton part," because there is no typical Hatton part. It is really amazing the changes that man can make in one small frame and face. He can play a cruel and haughty, or a foolish, doddering king to perfection; but put him into the rags of a sordid Bowery tough, and you are startled at his realistic picture. Again, place him in the authoritative cap and jersey of a small-time sailor bully and you get an extraordinary sense of verity. Going back to pioneer days, you will find his pictures of those courageous, hard-living ancestors completely convincing. Then put him again in a debased atmosphere, and you will be stirred with repulsion at his sinister study of a mind sickened and twisted by dreaming too long on the poppy seed. Stepping into comedy, you will find no one more deft in putting across his points than Raymond Hatton. Is it any wonder that he very often is working in two pictures at once?
would remain an extra forever. But King Vidor was one day looking around for a juvenile lead for a two-reeler he was planning to make, and he noticed Hughes. Lloyd's extra days ended right then and there.

Peculiarly enough, he was just entering his twenty-first year, and his first picture was called, "I'm a Man.

"I felt like one. I can tell you," he said, "I thought I was made, but soon discovered that the road to screen glory was to be even longer and rockier than I had expected. I have tramped a long way over it, but I'd not advise any other young man to set his heart on the movies and start as an extra. The road is too uncertain. One may spend his best years in struggle only to find that, in the end, he is still only an extra man—a bit player at most.

"After my first picture, I played leads for several companies. But I did not seem to get anywhere until I met Thomas Ince. He gave me a three-year contract, and the way I was started convinced me that I was at last on the road to my success.

"During my first year, I played in 'Below the Surface,' 'Homespun Folks,' 'Mother o' Mine,' and 'The False Road.' My tastes were not bad, and as Charles Ray had just left Ince, it was thought that perhaps I would take his place, although I was not his type. But the second year I was with Ince saw me in only two pictures, and the third year, I worked in only one.

"This hurt, for you know that a screen player must have his face constantly before the public or he will soon be forgotten. I was getting discouraged when my contract expired, and I gladly set out to fre-lance. But I had been almost forgotten by the producers."

Mary Pickford was looking for a leading man for "Treasure of the Storm Country," and Hughes was picked. This film put him back on his feet. In all these pictures, he was cast in the colorless rôle of leading man. But he wanted to show that he could act. Then, when Frank Lloyd made "The Sea Hawk," he gives Hughes a character part in which he wore a beard. The producers began to notice him. Here was a juvenile lead playing the part of a heavy, and putting it over.

First National then cast him for the male lead in "The Lost World," and on December 15, 1924, he signed a three-year contract with that organization. He had arrived. And no less an authority than June Mathis said that the "Lloyd Hughes type" is to be the next popular male type on the screen.

"What are you going to do when you outgrow young men's rôles?" I asked.

"Well, let's hope that time will be a long way off," replied Lloyd. At present, I am putting all my thoughts into the work at hand. All I ask is that my wife and I may live in California.

And that brings out another side of Hughes. He is a thoroughly domestic soul. He has a charming little wife who was known to the screen world a few years ago as Gloria Hope. Gloria has the same domestic complex as her husband. She has just about decided to give up the screen in order to devote her entire time to keeping house for him.

"Really, I think one actor is enough in the family," she whispered. "We both love our home, and I like to take care of it for him.

"We have the cosiest little place in Hollywood. Lloyd cuts the grass on our lawn, himself, and tends to the flowers."

"Tell him about your car," urged her husband.

"I've had it three years," said Gloria, "and Lloyd laughs at the noise it makes, but I love every rattle in it."

"Why don't you tighten up a few of the bolts, Lloyd?" I asked.

"Gosh, I never thought of that. I guess I will," he answered—and Gloria laughed.

All is Not Tinsel that Seems So

Continued from page 55
several days. For the occasion of an invalid being interviewed, she wore a pale-green negligee that was prettily comfortable rather than sophisticated. Right then and there I appointed myself a committee of one to save Lillian Rich from blond wigs.

"I really think that actresses should be glamorous creatures," she half apologized after I confessed that I had expected something a little more bizarre, in the way of interior decoration, from Cecil's newest star.

"Fans expect it. They aren't particularly interested in having their favorites just ordinary people like themselves. Don't you think it rather spoils the illusion to tell them, 'Miss So-in-so was busy paying her telephone bill when I came in, excusing herself immediately to run to the door for a dozen rolls for dinner.'"

I mentioned something then about the De Mille tradition of keeping up the pose after office hours and that is how Lillian happened to launch into that defense which opens this essay. A little over four years ago, Lillian was dancing and singing in Harry Luder's "Three Cheers," on a Lon-
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THE DEMON.—This department is a little wild with a demon, a green imp, and a Crez Z. Loon. Such goings on! Yes, Nazimova went to Paris, but returned to America some months ago with a divorce tucked under her arm—or maybe she had it in her trunk; I didn’t ask her. You will doubtless continue to see her on the screen from time to time. Doris Pawa hasn’t been playing in pictures lately—I suppose she just got tired of working and stopped. The addresses you ask for are given at the bottom of The Oracle.

MINNIE LOWMAN.—I have added the addresses you requested to the list at the end of this department.

C. E.—So you don’t see enough of Bert Lytell to make you happy? Something will have to be done about that; we want to see everybody happy. I will tell Helen Klamph, as you suggest, that you want an interview with him and Claire Windsor. Bert’s leading woman in “Steel of the Royal Mounted” was Charlotte Merriman. His picture in follow that was “Eve’s Lover.” Wilfred Lytell plays on the stage more than in pictures; I think he is younger than Bert, but I’m not sure. As far as I know, there are no other brothers in the family. As for letters to the “What the Fans Think” department, so many come in that I suppose it just happens that none of yours has been published. To obtain old copies of PICTURE-PLAY, just address your letter to the magazine subscription department, Street & Smith, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, and state what you want. Back numbers can be supplied for the past year or thereabouts for twenty-five cents each.

MABEL CROCKER.—No, John T. Murray is not the same actor who frequently sings in Broadway musical shows, though he has been appearing in vaudeville. His address, at least as accurate a one as I can suggest, since he free-lances, is at the end of The Oracle.

SILLS-TEARLE ADMIRER.—No, I am not dizzy from turning your letter around; it’s turning somersaults that makes me this way. Milon Sills is in his forties; he is six feet tall, and is a gray-eyed blond. I don’t know whether his daughter is in Hollywood at present or not. Conway Tearle is forty-three; he is a brunette and is five feet ten inches tall. I’m sorry, I have never heard what Sally O’Neil’s real name is, if that isn’t it.

More Than U.—Are you trying to start an argument or something? It shouldn’t be hard to know how to address me in your letters; you may call me anything except “sirking baa.” The truth always hurts. No, Raymond McKe has not been very active in pictures lately; I haven’t his California home address and he is not connected with any particular studio, so I don’t know where he can be reached. So you have seventy photos of screen stars?

LILAC VALENTINE.—Isn’t it lovely to have a valentine in one’s life at this time of year? So you’re much in need of information? I don’t know of anything more easily supplied. Pierre Gendron is about twenty-six and unmarried. Just lately, he has been playing in Mrs. Valentino’s picture, “What Price Beauty.” He also appeared in “Three Women.” Did you see that? You seem to have quite a list of favorites. Is there anybody you don’t like?

CYPRESS.—It isn’t altogether a magazine’s fault if a certain actor seems to be neglected. In the case of Charles de Roché, for example, there is not much to say about him, because he hasn’t been doing much. I don’t know of any pictures he has played in since “Madame Sans-Gene,” and so I have no studio address for him.

E. STAR.—If you can’t be A. Star, it’s a good idea to be E. Star. Alice Terry was born in Vincennes, Indiana; she is five feet six, and has blue eyes and auburn hair. She wears a blond wig in most of her pictures. I am told that her real name is Taafe. Yes, I think you would send you a picture of herself-address at the end of this department. Greta Nissen is Norvegian. Lois Wilson and Diana Kane are sisters. I’m afraid I don’t agree with you about Tom Mix’s playing in different kinds of pictures. If he stopped playing in Westerns, the shouts of protest, it laid end to end would—well, they’d cause a disturbance. I think he looks best in cowboy clothes, anyhow. Lila Lee’s real name is Augusta Appel. I don’t know Blanche Sweet’s or Bessie Love’s. Theda Bara did not play in pictures for three or four years; recently, however, she returned to the screen in “The Unchastened Woman.”

M. M.—I haven’t personal descriptions of film directors as a rule, because there is seldom any demand for that sort of information. Allan Dwan was born in Toronto, Canada, and Alfred Green in Perris, California. Allan Forrest was born in Brooklyn in 1889; he is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and seventy pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. Ann Forrest was born in Denmark in 1897; she is five feet two inches, weighs one hundred and four pounds, and has blond hair and blue eyes. Alice Joyce doesn’t give her age; she was born in Kansas City, is five feet seven inches, weighs one hundred and twenty pounds, and has brown hair and eyes.

LLOYD HUGHES FAN.—So you think Mary Philbin is worth more than they give her? That depends on how much they give her. Mary is about twenty, is five feet two, and weighs ninety-six pounds. Esther Ralston was educated in Washington, D. C., and in New York; I don’t know the names of the schools she attended. She was born in Bar Harbor, Maine, in 1902. She is five feet five, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Mary Brian was born in Corsicana, Texas; she has been in movies only about a year.

LLOYD HUGHES AND GLENN HUNTER ADMIRER.—You call me “Dear Old Oracle”—who’s giving me away like that? So pictures of Ronald Colman and John Gilbert give you the heeby-jeebies? Have you tried the milk cure for that? Marion Davies was born in Brooklyn, and went to school in New York. Claire Adams was born in Winnipeg, Canada—she doesn’t say when—and went to school there and in England. She is about five feet four inches. Madge Evans has been growing a fast last year, and it’s impossible to keep track of her height and weight. I’ll tell the editor you want pictures of Lloyd Hughes and Glenn Hunter in the gravure section.

GLORIA’S HUSBAND.—You don’t need to tell me that a fictitious name; you couldn’t have fooled me, anyway. Gloria Swan- son’s pictures preceding “Zaza,” include “Male and Female,” “Why Change Your Wife,” “Something to Think About,” “The Affairs of Anatol,” “Under the Lash,” “Don’t Tell Everything,” “Her Husband’s Trade-mark,” “Beyond the Rocks,” “Her Gilded Cage,” “The Impossible Mrs. Bellew,” “My American Wife,” and “Bluebeard’s Eighth Wife.” I can’t

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The Sketchbook

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ing room and sat down. As though I didn't have enough on my mind trying to bend my eyelashes without getting the stuff into my eyes, Rita unburdened herself. She said she thought there was something to Wally. I knew, then and there, that it was all off. The minute a girl tells you there is something to a man, it is the beginning of the end.

When she went on location with other companies, it was Wally who drove her to the station.

When she came back from location, it was Wally who drove her home. And then they were married.

Now he takes her hunting.

Greater love hath no husband.

Amen.

The Amazing Mr. Barrymore.

They tell this story on John Barrymore, in Hollywood:
The amazing Mr. Barrymore was attending a private, pool party. Brilliant shots were being made, and the scores were unusually high, but toward the end of the game, Barrymore attempted a shot of such intricacy that the others scoffed. An onlooker at the table sneered that Hoppé himself wouldn't have attempted such a thing.

Maybe Hoppé wouldn't. But John would. And John did. And John made it.

Every one was bowled off his pins. Out of the silence, some one breathed, in an ecstasy of admiration, "Almighty Allah!"

"Ah," said Mr. Barrymore, "thank you"—bowing elaborately in the direction of the voice—"thank you."

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 73

for the sideburns, most of the facial scenery is grown for professional purposes.

Jack and Leatrice Make Up!

Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert have made up—but only unofficially. Jack recently enjoyed the privilege of a visit with little Leatrice Joy II that started a lot of rumors of a reconciliation, but this was subsequently denied by Miss Joy herself. There is no doubt, however, that the two players have reached a friendly understanding.

At the opera, a sort of compromise was reached in that Paul Bern, the director, went several nights with Gilbert, and on another occasion with Leatrice. Paul is recognized as a great social diplomat, and it is possible that he acted as peacemaker.

An Account of Stewardship

Fifty years ago Dr. Alexander Graham Bell was busy upon a new invention—the telephone. The first sentence had not been heard; the patent had not been filed, the demonstration of the telephone at the Centennial Exposition had not been made. All these noteworthy events were to occur later in the year 1876. But already, at the beginning of the year, the basic principle of the new art had been discovered and Bell's experiments were approaching a successful issue.

The inventor of the telephone lived to see the telephone in daily use by millions all over the world and to see thousands of developments from his original discovery.

If he had lived to this semi-centennial year, he would have seen over 16,000,000 telephones linked by 40,000,000 miles of wire spanning the American continent and bringing the whole nation within intimate talking distance. He would have seen in the Bell System, which bears his name, perhaps the largest industrial organization in the world with nearly $3,000,000,000 worth of public-serving property, owned chiefly by an army of customers and employees.

He would have seen developed from the product of his brain a new art, binding together the thoughts and actions of a nation for the welfare of all the people.

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Among Those Present

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His pet dream is to play Peer Gynt.

"Barring that," he says, "I should like to create a film character such as we have in Bunker Bean, and carry him through a series of pictures. There are so many people like that, who find their release from everyday, monotonous life in imaginative fancy, always seeing themselves perform noble deeds, winning honors. Some day, I shall become violent, kidnap one of these Warner Brothers' scenarists, and hold him captive on rations of bread and water, until he agrees to write me stories of dreams."

Since those early days of the mov-ies that produced a number of our present stars, Matt has been acting for the camera, ambling along in his own slow manner. As year has succeeded year, he has been adding to his salary check steadily, but not to a figure worthy of headlines, and has been gradually elevating his place in the film world, but with no conspicuous attainment.

One thinks of him as one of that regiment of "fill-in-the-gaps" people, a man whom everybody likes, and who seems capable of an achievement that he somehow has just missed. Improper casting, Hollywood has decided, and yet cannot definitely assign a niche to Matt.

"I haven't known exactly where I belonged, or what I wanted, but have taken what seemed best," he explains. "Flares—I don't believe in them. They go out. It's better never to be a big success, than to reach the top and flop. I'll never flop," he adds with a grin, "because I'll never be great enough to have far to drop."

A peculiar lad, Matt. His charm has no definite, outstanding points. He is the sort you must know a long time to appreciate, the kind you like immensely, and yet in whom you find nothing startling enough to form an arresting pen picture.

Being a dreamer, he is always in love—usually from a distance—with one or another of the screen's fair charms, most often the vamps. Either he is too timorous to broach matrimonial suggestion, or else the ideal's allurements fade upon a closer acquaintance. At any rate, he remains in single blessedness.

"The reason I don't marry," he replies to questions, "is because I'm afraid that if once I started, I might, like my brothers, get the habit."

He lives at the beach, with a Japanese servitor looking after his needs. It is a comfortable house atop a cliff. From the veranda, with his binoculars, he can sweep the sands below. If he spies someone he knows and would like to talk to, he ambles down; if people are present for whom he doesn't care, he contents himself with a book, or with taking pictures of the temperamental sea with his trick camera, or with tuning in on the radio.

An unhurried, uninspired existence. But it suits amiable, even-tempered Matt.

The Truly Modern Subdeb

Continued from page 74

more eager than ever to get back to her work after seeing them."

"All they talked about was boys and parties," Lois remarked quietly.

"But don't you like boys and parties?"

She haltingly admitted that she did, but not as her chief interest in life.

"It was great fun out in Hollywood. I met a few of the younger screen players—Mary Brian, Betty Bronson, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—and we used to go swimming and have parties together," Lois told me enthusiastically.

Lois' chief enthusiasm in life is her mother, who is very young and companionable and who has devoted every energy to furthering her daughter's career.

"Our friends back home have criticized me for the way I have encour- aged Lois in her ambitions, but I know that she is sincere and I know that she would regret it later if she didn't have the best preparation for her work. They tell me that it is my ambition, not hers, that goads her on, but I know better."

A reassuring smile from Lois assured her that she was right.

Lois has been named "the child wonder" by the New York press and she seems all of that to one who has met her. Her contract with Sam Goldwyn, which begins next August, reads that she is to appear in his pictures so long as she remains "unmodernized and unsophisticated." But it seems to me that she is modern in the best sense of the word, for she knows what she wants and with amazing persistence she is setting out to get it.
Why is a Screen Test?
Continued from page 89

The cost of a test differs with the length of time required. A photographic test usually costs about one dollar a foot of film, between fifty and one hundred feet of film being used in each test. An acting test consumes three or four hundred feet and is valued at about two dollars a foot of film, the difference in cost being due to the fact that another player is employed to assist in the action of the scene. A long shot is taken, followed by a medium shot, and finally a close-up of the player depending in length upon the expression registered.

Amusing incidents sometimes lighten the tiresome business of taking tests. During the casting of the fantasy sequence of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," Henry Otto was testing two hundred girls. The scene was quite simple—but that kind is the hardest, usually. The girls had merely to walk on, bow, smile and, as Mr. Otto directed, "exit gracefully." Try exiting gracefully, with a camera trained on you—see if you can. It was accomplished in more different ways than one could imagine—the vampire slink, the débutante slouch, the cutie skip, the regal walk, and the athletic stride. Girls ordinarily quite graceful were embarrassed and awkward.

You have heard of how Betty Bronson was selected from many candidates for Peter Pan, of how George O'Brien was chosen from twenty-seven tests to play Davy Brandon in "The Iron Horse," and Jay Hunt, from over a thousand applicants, to enact the rôle made famous by Frank Bacon in "Lightnin.'"

The exacting and subtle vampire rôle in "Havoc" caused Fox officials much worry. Test after test was taken of famous heartbreakers. Margaret Livingston's was the most pleasing, but it lacked something. At her insistence, another test was taken of her in a blond wig, which proved satisfactory. She won the rôle and her portrayal brought her a long-term contract.

When Fox was seeking an O. Henry girl, for the new series of two-reel comedies based on his stories, over seventy-five girls were tested from a group of five hundred. Finally, Marion Harlin was selected as best typifying the "ideal American girl of charming manners," which was the characterization's chief specification.

Raoul Walsh had in mind's eye a certain type of blonde for the girl in "The Wanderer," but was unable to find her. Kathryn Hill happened into the studio, chanced to be the type, was tested and accepted. The prodigal's brother, in the same film, was hard to locate. He had to be a heavy and of what is termed "Biblical looks." A Greek actor named George Rigos proved ideal for the part.

For the Madonna in "Ben-Hur," almost every young actress of any prominence was tested, as well as many newcomers, before Betty Bronson revealed the spirituality which won her the decision.

Joseph Striker's emotional acting in a test won him a contract with Paramount. Joyce Compton, a novitiate from Oklahoma, walked into the United Studios one day when they were testing, and within forty-eight hours had been placed under a five-year First National contract. That, however, was an exceptional piece of luck, and is seldom duplicated.

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**To What Music Do the Stars Emote?**

Continued from page 83

“Huntley Gordon has two that he likes, ‘Just a-Wearin’ for You’ and ‘Song of Songs.’ Monte Blue wants nothing but ‘White Blossoms’ and in his latest picture, ‘The Limited Mail.’ An accordion player was taken along when the company went on location in Colorado, to play that piece while he worked. Marie Prevost delights in ‘Rose of Picardy’ and ‘White River,’ an old-time waltz melody. Willard Louis, who played the title role of ‘Babbitt,’ one of the Warner Brothers’ recent productions, had us play the ‘Spinks Waltz’ during the whole filming. Every one around the set was tired of it—but Louis.

“June Marlowe, like Miss Prevost, wants ‘Rose of Picardy’ and can weep large, voluminous tears for time unto end by that time. John Barrymore in the making of ‘Beau Brummell,’ called for the old ballad, ‘None But the Lonely Heart.’

Browne has been playing for motion pictures in production and studying the actors and actresses for the past ten years. He worked with D. W. Griffith on ‘The Clansman’ and ‘Intolerance.’ While playing for the latter he met George Cox, cellist, and the two have been together ever since.

Abe Feldom, pianist, is the third member of their little troupe.

Jacqueline Logan likes the old Southern melodies and when at work on any of the sets at Universal studios, ‘My Old Kentucky Home,’ ‘Suwannee River,’ and ‘Massa’s in de Cold Cold Ground’ may be heard, if emotional scenes are being taken. ‘Isle of Golden Dreams’ and ‘Merry Widow Waltz’ appeal to Mary Philbin, while ‘La Paloma’ will loosen the tear ducts for Virginia Valli.

House Peters, one of the rugged he-men of the screen, pays little attention to what music is played, if it isn’t too bad. William Desmond gets his best ‘kick’ out of ‘Wearing of the Green,’ and Reginald Denny in the music of ‘Rose Marie.’

Laura La Plante voiced the opinion of many when she declared her belief that music was more of a convention than anything else.

“It has its greatest use between scenes rather than during them. I think,” the little blond star said. “After emotional scenes there is nothing more refreshing than a good dose of popular jazz to banish fatigue.”

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**The Baby Spot**

Continued from page 51

pictures for twenty per cent of the audience. It is a worse mistake to make pictures so inconsistent that they fail to enthral with the spell of reality the important eighty per cent.

But it is perfectly plausible to make pictures so perfect in their way that they will be thoroughly enjoyed by the vast majority and may occasionally attract a few stray dimes from the pockets of the minority.

**A Queer Lot.**

Extras are a queer lot.

On a stage of the United, where a pretentious military spectacle is being filmed, I brush against a translucent blond young man in the uniform of the German navy—that was.

“Hello!” I observe, politely, “I thought you were dead.”

“Not yet,” smiles the Baron Hu bert E. von Herwarth, speaking with an accent that is reminiscent of school days in England. “I suppose the gas will get me in the end. I had a bad attack the other day.”

We move to a sheltered spot while a props industriously mops the floor near by.

“You put up a plucky fight with that last machine gun in the Argonne.”

The boy—the Kaiser’s former second lieutenant still looks a boy—blushes with pleasure.

“Yes—the commander of the Rainbow Division complimented us—after we were taken.”

“What happened to you after your capture?”

“Oh, I was released soon—through Washington. My father was military attaché there, before the war.”

“Doing anything much now?”

“Well, I’ve just made a translation of the play ‘White Collars’ for the German stage. I spoke English before I did German, you know.”

“I see.”

“And—I say. If you run into me again, never mind about the name and title. I’m Alan George here.”

“That’s an one hundred per cent Anglo-Saxon name all right.”

The props is mopping uncomfortably close to us.

“Well,” I speak again, “auf wiederschen.”

We salute furtively. The mop passes triumphantly over the spot on which we stood. Extras are a queer lot.
One Hollywood Night
Continued from page 31

But reminiscences are broken by the arrival of more celebrities at the Collier menage.

Norman Kerry and his wife. Then the Noah Beerys, Spanish-looking Carmelita Geraghty enters with some friends. Clara Bow and Alberta Vaughn, with her sister.

Our meal is over. While George willingly aids with the washing-up, I saunter out to the patio. A most scintillating company is there!

Shadows lengthen. At dusk the patio takes on a seductive glamour. From an upper balcony, a splendid view can be seen of the sunset.

The hills stand out in deep purple masses against a sky of brazen gold. The hillsides are spotted with palatial residences.

Often, on cooler evenings, logs are burned in the big open fireplace near the fountain. Rustic benches are set in a semicircle before.

Nazimova may trip in from her mansion near by, Or Stella de Lanti.

After sunset, quaint lanterns are lit. The whole scene looks like the second act of "Carmen."

"There should be an innkeeper serving "manzilla" and "casalta,"" I suggest as my friends join me.

"Better still," George adds, "we ought to have a maguey tree growing here, as this place is supposed to be Mexican. You can make all kinds of things from the maguey—even drinks."

The conversation takes a Spanish turn.

Finally, under the Spanish influence, I visualize our Connie—an excellent dancer, by the way—rendering an impromptu bolero. With exaggerated gestures, hiding her face in her veil—which serves as a mantilla—she repels the pursuing Buster who has a cloak belonging to Norma flung about him.

But it gets late. Good-bys are said. Thus an evening at the Mexican village!

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Gilda Gray's Gowns from Paris
Continued from page 59

long, and the neck line shows a tendency toward the high collar.

The straight, chemise-like frock seems to have disappeared, and in its stead is a style which subtly suggests the natural curve of the figure by means of clinging draperies and softly gathered folds.
my dozing to read me long passages of what sounded to me like prime flapdoodle. At any rate, it got an argument out of me, and perhaps that was all he was after.

Toward evening we ran into a t'rain' thunderstorm which cooled the air just in time to save the club car's supply of liquid refreshment from total extinction. Looking out on the pleasant countryside, we talked about life on the farm as compared with the city, and I was surprised to find that Richard has a strong aversion to farms. Not that he champions city life, for nothing delights him more than to get out into what he called the great open spaces; but it seems that he lived on a farm for a few years when he was a kid and had some particularly unpleasant experiences there, which made a lasting impression on him.

It was also interesting to learn that Richard takes no interest in card games. He plays poker on occasion, but generally speaking, he can find more profitable ways—in more than one sense of the word!—of spending his spare time.

On the morning of the fourth day we were up at five and spent several hours on the observation platform, drinking in the cool, sparkling air and the inspiring scenery. We were passing through some rugged country, down a rolling valley inclosed by fairly high hills covered with some variety of scrub pine.

Back in our quarters after breakfast, Richard started the day by plunging into the study of a very weighty problem, namely and to wit: does a fly have much trouble flying on a train? Across several miles of Arizona desert he closely observed, like the big kid that he is, the somewhat drunken meanderings of a lone-some fly.

During the half-hour stop at Albuquerque, we stepped into the station to send telegrams. Somehow the word got around that Richard Dix was there and in five minutes the place was a boiler factory for noise and a sardine car for tightness of packing. Richard honestly hates that sort of thing, and I couldn't help thinking that the incident was pretty good proof, both from his angle and from the crowd's, of the correctness of Dulver-Lytton's remark about fame: "To have it is purgatory—to want it is hell!"

Eventually we reached the car again, and there was another newsboy with a paper.

"I saved this special for you, Mr. Dix," he drawled. "It's the last one I've got."

"Thanks, sonny," grinned Dix, and gave him a dime. "How many did you start out with?"

"One," said the kid, as he dropped from the step of the moving train, and Richard laughed so hard that I was afraid he was going to follow suit.

That evening we began to get news of the Amundsen expedition to the north pole. Dix "ate it up." It was curious to see how much real interest he took in the romantic aspects of this polar dash, as though some deep-buried inheritance from a Viking ancestor had been unleashed by the spectacular trip of the Norse explorer. For hours he poured over long newspaper articles, stopping now and then to read me some interesting bit. Then we got to talking about explorations at the south pole, up the Amazon, in Aztec, Mexico; and I found that Richard is widely read on this subject, indicating an interest which amounts almost to a hobby.

My companion prepared with all sorts of inunctions and solemn ceremonies—which he claimed to have received secretly that day from an Indian chief who was selling strings of beads at one of the stations we had passed—for the last tossing of the coin to determine who would have the lower bunk. But they availed him nothing, for even the Indian on the five-cent piece played him dirt, and up he climbed.

The last few hours of the journey were marked by the usual bustle of preparation, the usual resumption of formality, and the usual relief of getting into California after two days on the desert.

An enormous crowd of convening Shriners was at the station, for which Dix was truly thankful, as it served to cover the lighter stir roused by his friends when he stepped from the train. The studio photographer was there, it is true, and made the star pose for several "stills," but the marching and countermarching of the fezzed hosts effectively took the curse off his involuntary "public appearance."

So the trip was over. We had had a splendid time, with plenty of laughs mixed with serious discussion; we had learned a lot about each other and cemented a fine friendship. Everyone knows, by looking at him on the screen, that Dix is a regular fellow; when you travel with him, you find out that he's one of the world's best.
"Stories are devilishly hard to find," he complained. "If it is a good story, Mr. Hays doesn't like it, or Mayor Hylan, or Mrs. Grundy, or some one. And so many fine stories are not good film material.

"Given decent time in which to make pictures, I next want actors with me who know their business, and capable direction. I know direction is as important as acting, and I don't pretend to be able to carry a picture without it, or without surrounding actors. Stardom? The devil with it! It's a snare and a delusion. If they star me, very well, but the prospect doesn't interest me in the slightest. Instead of stardom I want to make good pictures. Stardom too often means an inflated salary with cheap sets, cheap support, cheap directors. As a result, the 'star's' pictures are cheap, and the crowd leaves the theater saying 'Isn't that guy getting terrible!'

Not unlike Conway Tearle, Menjou is a business man as well as an artist. He counts the future, and analyzes mob reactions.

"Take any tremendous success," he said, "and you will find that at the core, it is pure bunk. Millions must enjoy it in order to make it a tremendous success, and anything so simple as to be seized upon and understated by millions, cannot rise far above the commonplace, can it?"

He was doing a play that once served Ditrichstein, a wise little comedy called "The King." But the tintype version has a title of broader appeal, "The King on Main Street." The reason for the change is interesting as explained by Director Monta Bell.

"For a year I've been trying to get 'The King' and Menjou together," he said. "It's a part that fairly cries out for Adolphe, and a plot lending itself delightfully to picture treatment. But no one could see the thing. Foreign atmosphere seemed taboo. Then I began making pictures for Paramount, and one day I went to Mr. Lasky to sell him the idea of 'The King.' And I did. But to take off the foreign curse, we decided to write in a visit to America, where the flirtatious monarch falls for a little village girl, realizes he can never marry her, and gracefully fades out of the picture, returning to his blond beauty while the village girl marries her American sweetheart."

Bessie Love and Oscar Shaw essay the Americans, while the exquisitely Nissen plays the blond mistress.

"How do you account for the acceptance of sophistication?" I asked Menjou.

"It's one of these queer things," he guessed. "It's hard to explain. It's safer to say nothing about it, but simply play it up while it lasts."

He pulled a droll face. "It can't last long, you know. And I'm only thirty-five. So I must think of the future. I can't afford to be a one-part man.

"And one thing I'm most careful about. I don't let my looks and men about town seem too old." He shook a wary finger. "Bad, you know, to let 'em think you're old. And I'm not! There's Tommy Meighan and Milton Sills and Conway Tearle all playing devil-may-care young heroes. And they're all way older than I am. So I take care to keep my old men young enough."

Unlike many another actor, Menjou is as polished, as poised, off the screen, as are the gentlemen he counterparts before the camera. And his tastes are becomingly sophisticated. He seemed, in short, an artist of artful inclinations—an actor engrossed in his work, but not to the exclusion of other interests.

"The theater is fascinating in the way it imitates life," he pointed out. "The better an actor is, the more truly he can carry out his part of the imitation. And to do this he must know life. That is why I like to keep alive to what is going on in the cafes, the night clubs, the race tracks, the prize ring. All part of the big scene."

As he talks, the mannerisms of the screen are reproduced. He makes an eyebrow speak volumes; a twist of his mustache adds emphasis to a remark; a shrug of his shoulders serves as exclamation point.

He has brought to the screen a new idea, and it has fast become a new ideal—the man of the world, sophisticated, knowing, a bit weary of it all, good-humored, suave, diplomatic, clever, gracious, experienced. And it is perhaps this last that captivates the feminine portion of the audience. Experience! His men look as though they had lived and loved. And it is the dream of young old, and maids and matrons alike, to be squired by such a fellow—a man who is worldly wise and knowing.

Certainly the more critical observers welcome Menjou for his well-considered portrayals, his easy technique, his economy of gesture, and most of all, because his presence in any picture is assurance of a touch, at least, of smooth sophistication.
The "Ben-Hur" Chariot Race

Continued from page 21

down in a heap. That has been cut out. But that's what happened in the filming. And although two or three horses in each of the five teams were on the ground, and some of the drivers buried beneath a huge pile of wreckage, not a limb was broken.

The spill happened at the first turn in the course. "Spice" Spackman's chariot lost a wheel. "Spice" was dolly up as a Greek and was laying it down hard to his steeds as they wheeled from the straightaway into the turn. He was using mule-skin English rather than Latin. When the wheel came off, he reverted to a cow-hand. He had driven stage coaches on half the lots in Hollywood.

Mickey Millerick's "ole buggy" had shed a wheel earlier in the day but nothing had happened. But when Spackman's four began trying to turn themselves wrong side out, and fell, things transpired. Harlow O'Connor's team was so close behind that they leaped, head on, into the wreck. Roy Fisk, driving Messalas's blacks, couldn't stop either, and his four made twelve in the squeaking, kicking heap. Bob Miller's browns leaped in with the others, then Harry Bath's bays tried to hurdle the whole. Bill Wilson, driving Ben-Hur's whites, made a detour and avoided the wreck.

It was an equine-human mêlée. Clouds of dirt, dust, and splinters, were flying. The cavalrymen, stable hands, policemen, helpers, and roustabouts raced to the struggling mass and began cutting away harness and hauling disabled chariots to one side.

Messalas came crouching out of the pile with his holiday suit looking as though it had been bought at the ribbon counter. His headress hung on one ear. His shirt was split. The Sidonian had his shins barked, the Corinthian had lost his helmet, and the Assyrian wanted to go home.

Altogether, the first revival of Ben-Hur's derby in two thousand years would have made the original race, as described by Lew Wallace, look like a Sunday picnic. Of course, the battle royal will not be shown on the screen because it wasn't in the original script. There was, according to Mr. Wallace, only one spill, and that came when Ben-Hur maliciously hooked the tip of his iron-shod axle into Messalas's off wheel and thereby ruined a Roman buggy.

"There was a rebound," he wrote. "as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messalas, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

"To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the neck full speed he drove, then over the Roman and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky clouds of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed."

But in the picture as photographed by M.-G.-M., five chariots and twenty horses engaged in the scrimmage. So it all had to be taken over again.

Fred Niblo, directing the proceedings, was the least conspicuous principal in the gorgeous spectacle. In a camera tower high above the forum, completely surrounded by dark can-vas, he sat directing progress with a signal system quickly transmitted to every part of the lot. Occasionally, he emerged with megaphone to issue an order which was relayed from assistant to assistant. There was no confusion, no delay. The thousands working under his direction got their commands instantly and clearly, and barring the tie-up which came in the chariot wreck, there was no hitch. He came out for no camera bow, no adulation. He ate an apple and a sandwich at noon.

Virtually all of the screen stars of Hollywood were present to witness the spectacle. Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Enid Bennett (Mrs. Niblo), and John McCormack were in a specially reserved nook. Ramon Novarro, Francis X. Bushman, Carmel Myers, May McAvoy, and Kathleen Key, featured players in the production, were on hand and all saw the chariot spills. Harold Lloyd was present alongside Samuel Goldwyn and his pretty little wife. All three were much photographed by amateurs.

To the visitor, the filming of scenes offered some amusing sights. The spectacle of a Sidonian walking about munching a "hot-dog" sandwich, a Corinthian spreading mustard over a bier pipe, and an Arabian drinking a bottle of near beer, didn't seem human. And as for a Greek, behind horn-rimmed glasses, sheiling and eating a hard-boiled egg without garlic—well, it simply isn't done.

These chariot-race scenes were a climax to more than two years' work on what is expected to be the greatest screen spectacle ever shown.
A Letter from Location

Continued from page 91

which he piled into her arms. He put the money in his pocket, then stalked out, mounted his horse, and rode away, the squaw following at a respectful distance. Woman, with all the groceries in her arms and a baby slung on her back.

There is always a battle for the end seats at the long tables where we breakfast in the morning and dine on our return to camp at night. Every one gets as much exercise as a ditch digger, in passing the potatoes, the sugar, the canned milk, the water pitcher, the salt, and twenty other articles you never realized were a part of every meal. If you sit halfway down the long bench your time is entirely taken up with passing things. If you are at the end you have almost no passing to do. There is just one drawback to the end seats: by the time the platter reaches you it may be empty!

I have a Navajo maid, the most conscientious person I have ever seen. Next year she will be a senior at the Sherman Indian School at Riverside. Once a week we have ice cream for dessert—sometimes. It arrives in a very pliable state, and whenever a truck breaks down in the middle of the one-hundred-and-sixty-mile trip across the Painted Desert from Flagstaff, it's always the ice-cream wagon. No one worries more about this than "Pidge" Beery, eleven years old, who drove from Los Angeles with his mother and Noah. He is built like his father and can lift his dad, who weighs between two hundred and thirty-five pounds. The trip here is a reward for Pidge, who for the second time, has been awarded the gold medal for taking highest scholarship honors at the military school he attends in Los Angeles.

The days may be hot, there may be blind sandstorms and torrents of rain that come up on a moment's notice, there may be twenty-eight-mile trips by horseback over almost impassable trails, where a slip of your horse's foot means death, but the moonlit Arizona nights make up for all the privations and hardships of the days. As twilight creeps in and night lowers, there is the regular evening electrical display on the horizon, caused by the day's heat.

With the darkness, cool breezes come murmuring and rustling in a friendly way from across the desert. One star appears, then another, and a moment later the sky is crowded with them, right down to the earth's rim. The moon is so large and clear, you feel sure you could reach up and touch it if you stood on your tip toes on Francisco peak.

The six Hawaiians who furnish music during the day's work stroll from their quarters, with their steel guitars, and begin to play magic music. They sing songs that are a pleasant succession of soft vowels, sung a thousand years ago when Kulahea was young, songs that cause you to lean back and let your mind go drifting down half-forgotten memory lanes.

Noisely, one by one, the Indians appear, hypnotized by the music which is so unlike their own monotonous, high, nasal ceremonial hymns. You dreamily watch the cowboys' cigarettes glowing in the blue light, and your only wish is that those sons of old Hawaii would play on forever.

The Montmartre, Hollywood Boulevard, Vine Street, seem in another world.

I'd better stop before I romance any more, Myrtle, and besides, it's the owner's turn to use this type-writer.

So sorry you couldn't come out to visit us here, I expected you and had an Indian celebration 'specially planned.

Sincerely,

Lois Wilson.

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

Do people think that just because the country isn't as wild as it used to be that the cowboys are all put on? It's not so! And, as for me, I would stand up for them any day. I am sick of these so-called "sheiks."

Leon B.
R. F. D. 2, Canandaigua, N. Y.

To Tommy Meighan.

Of all the folks from near and far. Who play upon the screen, There's one who always fills the bill, And that is Tommy Meighan.

When as a lover he is cast. No cave man tricks he uses! He has a method all his own By which he never loses.

He does not fling a wicked look, As sheiks most always do. He just turns on that Irish smile— And captures me and you. A Fan.

Oakland, Calif. If—

If there were more patrons of the movies like "Elderly Fan," whose excellent letter appeared in your October number, the quality of the screen play would soon be improved.

I even withdraw my former objection to Mr. Oettinger's phrase describing Conway Tearle, provided it means what "Elderly Fan" seems to think it does.

Brooklyn, N. Y. A Tearle Fan.
On the Other Hand—

I want to answer a letter written by an "Elderly Fan." This person says: "Considered with Conway Tearle, the clumsy attacks of such young players as Ben Lyon appear pathetically crude."

Conway Tearle's method is all right, but Elderly Fans aren't the only ones who attend the movies. His sophisticated air wouldn't look well treated by such a young, enthusiastic player as Ben Lyon. As for Ben Lyon, he wouldn't look wonderful wearing that well-known look of one who has found true love after twenty years of disappointment? If all the youths of the very look to making love like Conway Tearle, pity the poor flapper! Ben Lyon's method is just as pleasing as Conway Tearle, although it is different. After all, it is called "character." Let a forty-year-old man make love his own way—but Ben! Don't you dare to copy him!

Ruth H. Curry.

No Wonder These Fans Like Betty.

Perhaps American fans would like to hear of a little experience which we two enthusiastic fans had today. Betty Blythe is appearing in town in song and dance at the Hippodrome, and, being thrilled to the core about it, called her up at her hotel. Imagine if you can, our surprise when she really lifted her voice and said, "Yes, I did speak——Vera was doing all the talking; I being at the receiver! At first Betty couldn't hardly understand her, but soon they won her quite thoroughly. She was very cordial—not gushy—and said she appreciated very much the thought of our ringing her up.

Well, about ten minutes afterward, we were passing the Hippodrome—in the hope of seeing her arrive for the matinee—and hadn't been there three minutes when a huge red car rolled up, with the bewitching Betty ensconced therein!

Fans! She looked perfectly ravishing! Vera and I were so thrilled to see her pass by, but when a second later the car backed, and pulled up right in front of us! I leave you to guess how thrilled we were. We expected her to simply rush right into the theater. But did she? No! She and her companion left the car with outstretched hands, and turning to the little crowd said, "Oh, fans, you are so lovely to me!" and played for a few minutes with a dog out there.

She wore a stunning black-and-red frock, with black satin coat, and close-fitting black hat, and was devoid of make-up—except her face, which fell for was her utter lack of "upstaging." Here's wishing her every success.

Dorothy R. Whitehouse and Vera Parish.

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

Continued from page 68

What the Fans Think

Continued from page 112

were given more attention in the motion-picture magazines, it might help to some extent, to discourage these outbursts of disinterested admiration on the part of the overenthusiastic and excitement-seeking fans. And the magazine that would certainly be more enjoyable to those fans who are just regular, sane, normal human beings, and this class surely must outnumber the sensation and excitement-seeking flappers.

These epidemics are getting on my nerves!

San Francisco, Calif.

JUSTICE FOR ALL

A Word to Those Who Knock

I often wonder when I read some of the fan letters if the writers ever heard of the saying, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Such remarks as: "Things I don't like—Gloria Swanson since she discovered she was the most important star in the movies—Has-ha-ha! Movie critics who know it all, Milton Sills and his psychology—quoet from a random fan letter, are very revealing.

What a malicious remark—that one about Gloria Swanson and "Movie critics who know it all." Surely no enlightened person feels that he knows it all. But since it is a fact that the majority of the public does not understand the work of the critics, surely the critics are in position to know much more about pictures than the majority of us. Consult their constructive criticisms before attending the movies and you won't regret it. I know, because I always do. As for Mr. Sills and his psychology—Mr. Sills appears to be a cultured, well-educated star. His psychology could no doubt be employed to good advantage by many a disgruntled fan.

I can't think of anyone who has written to me, but in my favorite of all the women and J. Warren Kerrigan my favorite of all the men stars. But that is no reason I cannot appreciate the artistry of Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Lillian Gish, Marion Pickford, Ethel Clayton, Louis Wilson, Lloyd, Chaplin, Novarro, Milton Sills, Valentino, Percy Marmon, Thomas Meighan, Conway Tearle, and so many others in both sexes.

I cannot understand why a fan who dislikes a Valentino must detest Novarro—and vice versa. The same condition seems to exist between Gloria and Pola. Don't you fans think that is petty? Why dislike stars who have never harmed any of us? Naturally, there are stars who appeal to us and whom we admire more than others. But surely it is the height of rudeness and ignorance to write insulting, belittling letters about them.

Some of the fans' letters are full of fine, sound criticism expressed in such a way as to hurt no one. This is the manner in which we all should write, and make the fans who think---ahh, if the fans could meet and exchange thoughts that will help both the stars—and the fans—to better themselves.

ALICE WHITE

6213 Thirteenth Avenue, South, Minneapolis, Minn.

"Never the Twain Shall Meet"—Metro-Goldwyn. The romance of an Hawaiian queen and an American Tom, featuring Anita Stewart, Bert Lytell, and Huntley Gordon.


"New Toys"—Inspiration. A domestic comedy in which Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, properly enough, play the couple.

"Night Club, The"—Raymond Griffith in an exquisitely funny comedy about a bridegroom deserted at the altar. Louise Pazaenda and Vera Reynolds help the humor considerably.

"Night Life in New York"—Paramount. An amusing and authentically set story of an Iowa student's adventures among the bright lights of the city. Ro Que is good as the "Western sap," while Dorothy Gish and Ernest Torrence also contribute some fun.

"Old Home Week"—Paramount. Better than the average Thomas Meighan picture, the small-town pattern. Lila Lee is unusually pretty as the girl.


"Phantom of the Opera, The"—Universal. Gruous story of a criminal maniac who haunts Paris Opera House, making life horrible for members of the opera. Lon Chaney, as Phantom, pretty awful to look at, but a fine, Kerry wooden, Mary Philbin pretty.

"Pretty Ladies"—Metro-Goldwyn. Mostly glorifying the Ziegfeld "Follies." Famous stage personalities are not used, while this gives a good performance as the plain and lonely comedienne of the show.

"Proud Flesh"—Metro-Goldwyn. A clever, rollicking burlesque of a melodramatic plot. Eleanor Boardman and Harrison Ford are excellent as Spaniards, while Pat O'Malley is the plumber who complicates their romance.

"Quo Vadis"—First National. Emil Jannings appears as Nero in this new Italian version of the famous story.

"Regular Fellow, A"—Paramount. Raymond Griffith delightful in an amusing picture satirizing the social life of a modern crown prince. Mary Brian opposite him.

"Shock Punch, The"—Paramount. One of those high and dizzy affairs, with Richard Dix skipping around on the shoulders.
good acting. Lucille La Verne is very fine as his mother, and Pauline Starke, as his wild, sweet little, looks more like Gloria Swanson than ever.

"Trouble with Wives, The"—Paramount. Cheap matrimonial comedy handled so well that it is very amusing. Tom Moore, Florence Vidor, and Ford Sterling furnish the fun.


"Wild Horse Mesa"—Paramount. Western melodrama, with good cast, including Jack Holt, who does some fine riding, Billie Dove, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and a company of wild horses.

"Winds of Chance"—First National. The gold rush taken seriously. Complicated plot, with Ben Lyon as hero, and with Anna Q. Nilsson and Viola Dana, both heroines.

"Wizard of Oz, The"—Chadwick. Not very much like Frank Baum's whimsical story, but funny at times. Larry Semon plays the Scarecrow.

"Zanuck the Great"—Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies in some delightful comedy as a freckled orphan in pigtails.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Any Woman"—Metro-Goldwyn. Alice Terry as a pretty working girl who has a hard time making her employer believes that she has intelligence, too. Not very convincing.

"Chickie"—First National. Dorothy Mackaill's performance seems too good for this cheap story, too. A poor but beautiful working girl and her romantic experiences.


"Coming of Amos, The"—Producers Distributing. A William J. Locke story done too elaborately, with Rod La Rocque playing uncouth but rich young Australian who lands at Riviera and falls under spell of scheming princess, Jutta Goudal.

"Crackerjack"—First National. If you like Johnny Hines, you'll find this one of his best comedies.

"Cyrano de Bergerac"—Atlas. An Italian version of the Rostand classic that is sometimes beautiful, but on the whole, pretty dull. There is a good performance by a French actor, Pierre Magnier.


"Drusilla with a Million"—F. B. O. Old-fashioned whimsy in which Mary Carr, as a sweet-faced drudge, is left a million dollars. Pathetic and humorous at times, but mostly pathetic.
"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.


"Grounds for Divorce"—Paramount. An adaptation of the stage play, minus cost of Florencie Vicot, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are lost in the general dullness.

"Heart of a Siren"—First National. Barbara La Marr tempting a couple of dozen men more.

"Hell's Highroad"—Producers Distributing. Story of a girl who renounces herself on faithless husband by ruining him financially and starting an affair with another man. Leatrice Joy in the lead.


"In the Name of Love"—Paramount. Fairly good entertainment. New rich mother and daughter set out to capture titled husband for the latter. Greta Nissen is the beautiful spoiled girl, and Ricardo Cortez the handsome young man.

"Keeper of the Bees, The"—F. B. O. Gene Stratton-Porter's story; sentimental melodrama, that becomes ridiculous. Good cast, including Robert Montgomery and Clara Bow.

"Knock-out, The"—First National. Milton Sills in a film about a cultured prize fighter and a girl who owns a lumber camp. A log jam brings things to a crisis. Lorna Duveen is the girl.

"Lady Who Lied"—The First National. Other pictures with the hero discovers her heroine after she marries some one else. Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi play the principal roles.

"Lilies of the Streets"—F. B. O. A story of bow girls go wrong, written by a New York policewoman. Typical melodrama, poorly done.

"Little French Girl, The"—Paramount. Anne Sedgwick's novel painlessly translated, but a little dull. Alice Joyce is lovely as the French girl's mother, and Mary Brian is sweet, and sometimes stirring.

"Love Hour, The"—Vitagraph. A comedy that starts in Coney Island and ends in gilded palaces. Louise Fazenda, Willard Louis, Ruth Clifford, and Huntley Gordon all work themselves almost to death.

"Making of O'Malley, The"—First National. Milton Sills as the policeman who has to choose between love and duty. It is the usual hokum, but well done.

"Man Who Found Himself, The"—Paramount. Rather poor picture in which Thomas Meighan is supposed to be a crook but isn't. Ralph Morgan is real crook, and Virginia Valli the girl who misunderstands.


Sssspeed!—The "Spectacular Kid's" Middle Name

He came galloping down into the Smith River County, this kid with a killer's reputation. And at his coming, men trembled, for he was known the West over for his sheer bravado.

Robert J. Horton tells the story of this fascinating character in his book, "The Spectacular Kid" a rattling Western yarn, told by a veteran who knows how to make his readers sit up breathless.

This is one of a number of treats that are in store for you when you follow the crowds that are buying books with the "CH" mark on their jackets.

Tales of the West, of Love and Mystery and Adventures on sea and land—you can have them now. Fresh from the pens of your favorites whom you have followed in this magazine. They are real books too—no reprints of oldtimers but new books bound in cloth, with handsome stamping and jackets and all for 75 cents. Ask your bookseller to show you some of the books listed below.

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JIM CURRY'S TEST—Bartley Long
MOVIN' REDEN—Bartley Long
QUALITY BILL'S GIRL—Charles W. Tyler
THE BOSS OF CAMP FOUR—Ewart Kinburn
ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD—Victer Thorne

75c
“Not So Long Ago”—Paramount. Rather tedious picture of New York, with Betty Bronson not at her best, and Ricardo Cortez stilted.

“Open Trail, The”—Universal. Jack Hoxie goes back to the old-fashioned Western of Indians and cowboys with not such good results.

“Raffles”—Universal. House Peters is not dashing enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.

“Rainbow Trail, The”—Fox. Just another Western picture, but it will doubtless please the Tom Mix and Tony fans. Zane Grey wrote the story.


“Red-hot Tires”—Warner. Intended for high-speed comedy, but the featured players, Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, aren’t up to it. Full of automobiles and accidents.


“She Wolves”—Fox. Alma Rubens as a romantic wife who gets her fingers burned when she looks for adventure outside marriage. Jack Mulhall plays her hapless husband.

“Smooth as Satin”—F. B. O. A story about blundering crooks, with Evelyn Brent the one bright spot.

“Sporting Venus, The”—Metro-Goldwyn. Blanche Sweet and Ronald Colman save this hackneyed plot based on misunderstandings from being unbearable. Lew Cody is in it, too.

“Talker, The”—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker’s misguided words seriously.


“Tracked in the Snow Country”—Warners. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

“What Fools Men”—First National. Rather a silly film in which Shirley Mason is a spoiled daughter and Lewis Stone an unreasonable father who doesn’t know how to handle her. Barbara Bedford also featured.

“White Desert”—Metro-Goldwyn. Clare Windsor roughing it in the snow country, with Pat O’Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

“Wild, Wild Susan”—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a little hoyden chased about by Rod La Rocque. Dull going for a long picture.

“Wings of Youth”—Fox. Another of those tales about wild flappers who keep calm down when mother steps out. Ethel Clayton is good as the mother, while Madge Bellamy plays one of the daughters.

Addresses of Players


May McAvoy, Alice Terry, Ramon Navarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, Zaza Pitts, Claire Windsor, William Haines, Lou Chaney, Aileen Pringle, Sylvia O’Neil, Helene D’Alys, Renee Adoree, Marion Davies, Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Lilian Gish, Winnie Lightner, Eleanor Boardman, Paulette Duval, Mac Murray, and Florence Smoke, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.


Virginia Valli, Ralphfield Dean, Hoot Gibson, Margaret Livingston, Mary Mackernan, Mary Philbin, Louella Parsons, Marian Nixon, Bessie Lylett, Pat O’Malley, Lolo Todd, Art Jeord, Louise Packard, Robertie Moore, House Peters, Josie Sedgwick, Norma Kerry, and Mary Meighen, at the Universal Studios, Hollywood, California.


Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess, care of Inspiration Pictures Corporation, 958 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Patty Ruth Miller, at 1822 North Milton Place, Hollywood, California.

Betty Blythe and George Hackathorne, care of Hal Hovey, 7 East Forty-second Street, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Thomas Meighan, Diana Kane, Carol Dempster, and James Kirkwood, at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, Sixth and Pierce Avenues, Long Island City.

Madge Bellamy, George O’Brien, Alma Rubens, Tom Mix, Edmund Lowe, Charles Jenkins, Marion Byron, and Earle Foxe, at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.


Robert Frazer, at 1905 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Constance Bennett, Virginia Lee Corbin, at Associated Exhibitors, 35 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Priscilla Dean, at Producers Distributing Corporation, Culver City, California.

Ralph Graves, at the Mack Sennett Studios, 1712 Glendale Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Clifford, 7627 Eucaluta Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Rosemary Theby, 1907 Wilcox Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Jackie Cooper, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Mabel Luilene Scott, Yuen Apartments, Los Angeles, California.

Ethel Gray Terry, 1318 Fuller Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
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Lucille T.—Have I ever touched Ben Lyon? I should say not—never, never, is my motto. I have shaken hands with him, that I can assure you, but I assure you, I felt just the same afterward. So you “squeezed” the man you were with, in your enthusiasm at seeing Lloyd Hughes on the screen, you must be a very nice girl to take to the movies. According to my information, Lloyd is twenty-six. I don’t know he and Gloria Hepe Hughes have any children. Madge Bellamy is not married. Marie Prevost is Mrs. Kenneth Harlan.

San Antonio Booster.—I should say you are a booster; you must be president of the chamber of commerce at the very least. Or perhaps you’re trying to sell lots. Where is the home of famous Stephen W. Hentzau, and Mrs. Hentzau, the home town of May McAvery? In her biography she gives New York City as her birthplace. Robert Agnew went to school in San Antonio, but he was born in Dayton, Kentucky. I’m interested to learn that Marguerite Clarke is now living in your city. Yes, I know. The Warrens of Virginia and Virginia’s Mattie Mansfield met with her fatal accident, was taken there. The addresses you ask for are included in the list at the foot of The Oracle.

Matt Iuka.—Yes, indeed, I’ll answer a few more questions for you. I’ve often wondered what I’ll do with the pictures I’ve used on all my answers. Virginia Lee Corbin gives her birth date as 1912, so you see how right you are—it’s hasn’t been long since she played kid roles. Baby Marjorie Osborne seems to have retired from the screen definitely, but perhaps she’ll play again when she has completed her education. James Oliver Berwind is the new salary included in the “Over the Hill.” Fantomas. “Play Square,” “My Dad,” “In the Name of the Law.” Captain Fly-By-Night. The Third Article. The Two Musketees. “Westbound Limited.” “The Man Mail.” “Children of Dust.” “Red Lights.” “The Spirit of America, and “Lilies of the Streets” are all fine films. The engagement between Constance Talmadge and “Buster” Collier is quite definite.

Aussie Sydney.—Your “bag of questions” was an extremely interesting one, and it proved to be well stuffed with information. I’m sure if you get married, you know that Louise Lovely and her husband, William Welch, were making pictures out there in Australia, and I’m sure the fans will be pleased to know about her. The last bit of advice that I know of in which she played was Life’s Greatest Question; she was appearing on the vaudeville stage for several years here before her current venture in Tasmania. I know. Paul Frederick was appearing on the stage out there, as a report came from there that she was engaged to her leading man—but you know, they change! Yes, Sylvia Breamer retired from the screen when she married Harry Martin last November, and I can’t recall any Australians in pictures, besides, the information. Gertrude Astor was born in Cleveland, Ohio. Her first screen role was in Mary Pickford’s picture, Through the Back Door. Her. The Poor Great在国内, Gloria’s The Impossible Mrs. Blee, The Io’s Do Well. The Mall Wall, Robert of Henties. The Low Down, Alan D’Adams. She has five feet seven inches tall, and is a blonde with gray eyes. I have added her address to the list at the end of The Oracle. Mary Milek Miller seems to be definitely out of pictures; she has become somewhat too plump for screen purposes.

Mary Parker.—Unfortunately, I can’t help you this time. The bridal room in Paths to Paradise appeared for such a short moment in the film that he is not listed in the credits. He was an extra, who was given that slight bit to do.

Question Box.—So you’re “just full” of questions? I don’t know of anything more harmless to be full of—especially if you can carry them well. No, Rod La Rocque isn’t married—you wanted me to tell you something interesting about him. Did you see him in his first De Mille production, The Ten Commandments? After that was completed, he went to work in Brave Heart, from the stage play Strong Heart. But they had to change the title because it would never do, in movies, for Rod to get all mixed up with a dog. Rod was christened Rodrigo and has a sister, Moique—quite unique, don’t you think? He was born in Chicago; he is six feet three inches and a brumet. Yes, there is a screen actress named Catherine Bennett, but she is not a star. She is a leading woman who plays for some of the smaller companies—opposite Fred Vauganson in The Wild Bull’s Lair. She is a very beautiful blonde, and is Emid Bennett’s sister. If you are thinking of a woman screen star, perhaps you have Constance Bennett—who isn’t exactly a star, either, but is featured. She is the daughter of Richard Bennett, well known on the stage, as well. You can’t write “Eve’s Secret,” Paths to Paradise, and The Pony Express. The latter picture marked the end of her contract with Paramount and she has not, it has not yet been announced what she is to do next. Some screen stars are under contract to a single company—which usually means they see, six pictures a year. They do not have the luxury of every week whether they are working or not. In this case, when their companies have no picture for them to play in for a week, they are considered out of work. That means that there might be six companies for one picture or so. The trouble with the contract arrangement is that, unless a player is a big star, he frequently has no choice as to the roles he plays, and has to take what is assigned to him. For this reason, many players sufficiently in demand to be sure of getting work, prefer to work freelance. That means they are engaged by different companies for only one or two pictures at a time, and thus are enabled to turn down any roles which do not suit them. The contract arrangement, of course, they frequent idle weeks when they draw no salary at all. I have seen no announcement of Billie Burke’s return to the screen, although since her husband, Flo Ziegfeld, has threatened to produce pictures, it is quite possible that she may appear in them—I rather doubt it. However, most of the biggest screen stars couldn’t attempt to reach the heights their fan letters, as they get hundreds of them a week, so it requires the entire working time of a trained secretary to answer them. Alberta Vaughn has left the screen, so her screen rise has been quite meteoric.

Nelson B.—All the Mack Sennett bathing beauties can be reached at the Mack Sennett Studios, the address of which you will find listed below—after Ralph Graves’ name, of course. There are a lot of them, but three of them are Alice and Marceline Day, and Marion MacDonald.

Gwendolyn.—Yes, Lon Chaney was quite wonderful in The Phantom of the Opera; his make-up was the most gruesome, yet that’s a queer achievement, isn’t it—to be able to make up as the ugliest man in the world? Mary Philbin plays opposite him in this picture.
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For the same reason there will be more about "The Big Parade" and those who took part in it in our next number. Following the story on Karl Dane, we will tell you about Tom O'Brien, another outstanding figure in the picture. And there will be an article about Jack Gilbert which we promise will be of more than usual interest to every fan—whether he is a Gilbert fan or not.

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A pale-face "moonbeam" girl, or a lovely dark-skinned maiden of his own race—which was the wife for him? Had the white man's college and the white man's ways changed his Indian heart?
"BRAVEHEART" with ROD LAROCQUE, is a rare type of picture, a strong story teeming with elemental emotion—ambition, rivalry, passion and heroism of the noblest sort. Don't miss it!

"CORNERED"
Behind the lines were even stranger risks than in the trenches—constant danger from the deep deviltry of spies.
And the cleverest spy of them all was a woman! But even she took one risk too many, and found herself face to face with her worst enemy, trapped like a rat! What next? See the thrilling answer in "Three Faces East."

Both Wanted the Same Man
One was a clever confidence lady—slim, silk-en, fascinating; the other a primitive woman fired with the strong passions of her race. Who would win the man they both loved?
Don't fail to see Leatrice Joy in "The Wedding Song."
METROPOLITAN PICTURES

Presents

"WITHOUT MERCY"

Is Woman's Hate Deeper Than Man's?

Could this stern woman really have been the pitiful girl he had hurt so cruelly—in body and soul—twenty years earlier? Now he was in her power. Relentlessly, she demanded payment. Trembling in the balance was the fate of a lovely girl, a political situation and a fortune! An absorbing story of love—hate—and a woman's revenge. Don't miss it!

A GEORGE MELFORD PRODUCTION—Adapted by Monte Katterjohn from the novel by John Goodwin. With Vera Reynolds, Dorothy Phillips, Robert Ames and Rockliffe Fellowes.

There's a Thrill in—

- The fiery furnace of a big steel plant
- The primitive battle of two strong men
- Young love that fights against tremendous obstacles.

And when you get all these thrills in one magnificent picture, you get entertainment that can't be beaten. Every minute of "STEEL PREFERRED" is breathlessly absorbing.


STEEL PREFERRED

"SIMON THE JESTER"

LOLA was a woman of the circus, yet so lovely, so irresistible, that three men loved her madly, each in his own way—one with the ardor of youth, one with the deep tenderness of maturity and one with the wild jealousy of a passionate nature. Somebody must lose—who?

A story of strange circus people, of high society, of a gay millionaire whose days were numbered. A whirlwind of tense and fascinating situations in ultra-fashionable settings, in a second rate hotel, in a gambling dive in Tangiers. A truly remarkable picture!


These three splendid productions are typical of the diversified entertainment offered you by Metropolitan Pictures Corporation, Inc. Stirring drama, absorbing mystery, and tender romance are brought to life before you. Skillful players, brilliantly directed, hold your unwavering interest right up to the final moment.

Ask for these pictures, and watch for the forthcoming Metropolitan pictures at your favorite theatre.

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PRODUCERS DISTRIBUTING CORPORATION

F. C. MUNROE, President  RAYMOND PAWLEY, Vice-President and Treasurer  JOHN C. FINN, Vice-President and General Manager
What the Fans Think

Where Pictures Are Appreciated.

I WONDER if any of your readers can imagine what pictures mean to white men who never catch a glimpse of a white woman for months at a time.

We are a little band guarding the northern frontier of Uncle Sam’s “Island Empire,” the Philippines. Our official title is the Third Pursuit Squadron (Air Service), U. S. Army. And we are garrisoned in what is probably the most lonely army post in existence. We are eighty kilometers north of Manila on the eastern scarp of an extinct volcano, Mount Pinatubo, on the shores of the China Sea, breeding place of the terrible typhoon. Our number is about one hundred and twenty, and the only white women nearer than Manila are the wives of a few officers and “non-coms” who have had the courage to follow their husbands to this wilderness. Pictures are shown here five times a week. They are about a year and a half old by the time they reach us. We have just had “The Thief of Bagdad,” and preparations were made for a fitting reception days beforehand. Our orchestra (?) was rehearsed unmercifully. A couple of singers and “uke” players were pressed into service. Our screen is in the open air, and on the night of the big event, every man was ordered to shave and put on his best uniform before being allowed to see the show. Officially we are divided, for purposes of drill, into the first platoon and the second platoon, of sixty men each, but such is the sway over us of our favorites of the silver sheet that the particular admirers of Gloria Swanson requested that they all be put together. Not to be outdone, those who burn incense at the shrine of Pola Negri made the same request, so now the first platoon is called the Gloria platoon and the second, the Pola platoon, and we have a Betty Compson squad, a May McAvoy squad, and so on. There is keen rivalry between the two platoons and on pay-day night, very often bloody battles.

I wonder, in the days to come, when we are back home again in the States, if we will ever forget these lovely shadow ladies of the days of our exile. I know one who will not.

Clark Field, Sergeant John F. Rogers, Pampanga, Philippine Islands.

From a Novarro Fan.

I’m just an old woman—born contrary, I guess. I let my hair grow long and let it go gray, and I refuse to accept a motion-picture star just because he is a fad. So, you see, I’m not very up-to-date.

When Valentino became the rage, I just curled up in my corner and grrr-red, and psst-sted and scratched until no one dared say “Rudy,” “Valentino” or “Sheik” in my presence.

Then came Novarro.

Some one said that he was a second Valentino. So I grrr-red and refused to even go to see him. When his pictures appeared in the papers, I looked away from them.

Finally, I was invited to a movie party with friends and was obliged to see Novarro or be rude to my hostess. After the matinée, I talked volubly of the leading lady, the story, etcetera. I was so afraid of being asked my opinion of the leading man that I conspicuously avoided the subject. Every one at the tea table was enjoying it, but me. You see they were all Novarro fans. Finally, my good friend, Mrs. Tease, asked if we didn’t think Novarro was very much like Valentino.

“He certainly is not!” I declared with a capital “not.”

That was my Waterloo. I had betrayed my interest in the new star. So, after that, I came out in the open and began to enjoy Novarro without caring who knew it. Not only that, but whenever a Novarro picture is shown, I round up all my kiddies—about a dozen girls around seventeen—and take them to see him. They all like him and it does girls good to have a hero of the Novarro type—takes their minds off the sheik variety. But it must be hard on the mails! I know several of my girls write to him. I just laugh and let them go to it. I might have written to him myself twenty-five years ago.

I have now become such a Novarro fan that my friends make quite a joke of it. Not long ago I caught Mrs. Tease looking through my hand bag. She explained that she was looking for the latest picture of Novarro. Imagine!

And I might be his mother!

Yes, I’m an old woman, but when I go to a show I like to forget it. I like my heroes as they were when I was young and had heroes. What else are dreams for? Swaggering has-beens like Thomas Meighan and Milton Sills can’t do it. They appear out of place.

As for Rudy—Grrr-rr! I hope my growls jar your windows!

5428 Ninth Avenue, Rosalind Rubelle, Los Angeles, California.

Live and Let Live.

I am heartily sick and tired of the Novarro fans. It is not that I object to their praising him—all fans have a perfect right to praise their favorites, even foolishly, and to criticize all the players—but it is their brutal intolerance and utter disregard for others that is so objectionable. I have noticed several letters from Novarro fans that were particularly raw. Isn’t it about
time that these fans realized, first, that really there was something besides themselves in the world, and that it hurts a good deal to have your favorite harshly and uninterestingly slammed. Second, that all the players, even Valentino, who seems to get most of the publicity, cannot possibly appear on the screen and try to please those fans who like them—and there are millions of such fans. VIOLET RAVO.


What a Thrill!

I must tell the PICTURE-PLAY readers of my one and only thrill. It happened while I was an extra in Hollywood. I was called upon to do a scene in a Richard Dix picture. Imagine how thrilled I was to be able to see him? But, listen. I was picked to be maid of honor to his leading lady. After the ceremony, the director told Richard to make it realistic, so what does he do, but grab the maid of honor and kiss her? I was so stunned for the moment that I didn’t really know what had happened. Of course, it meant nothing to him, but imagine what it meant to me! I’ll wager hardly one of you has experienced such a thrilling thrill. Although I haven’t been an extra for some time, I’m still strong for the movies.

A FORMER EXTRA GIRL.

Colma, Calif.

P. S. I almost forgot I also had the pleasure of dancing with him.

What! No Thrill?

Under the heading “What the Fans Think,” I noticed an article signed by D. W. from Maryland, saying she would just give up the ghost within the next five minutes if only given the chance to look into Richard Dix’s smiling brown eyes.

Mr. Dix was recently in Houston on location, and I had the pleasure of meeting him. In fact, he attended a dinner party where I was present. While he is charming and pleasant, it is about good for me to look at, there are many boys here in town who are just as much so. In saying this I am not knocking him. He is very good on the screen—but he is one of the best male actors. Combined with his acting ability he just happened to have good features that filmed well.

F. H.

Houston, Texas.

Let Us Choose Our Stars.

Recently “The Dark Angel” was shown in Cleveland, and from the publicity that appeared prior to its presentation, one would have been led to believe that a newcomer, Miss Vilma Banky, was the star and that she was assisted by one of our very best actors, Mr. Ronald Colman. I would like to say a word of praise to a particularly unknown actress, without having served any sort of an apprenticeship, can burst forth into such prominence and be literally “thrust down the throats of the gullible actors and actresses of experience be forced to take second place? It is decidedly unfair, and, as usual the case, works out to the detriment instead of the benefit of the newcomer.

Miss Banky was billed as “the most beautiful actress on the screen,” “the actress with the most beautiful form,” “the leading actress of the screen” and various other extreme though ambiguous statements. With a sensational fanfare such as this, most everybody went to see Miss Banky with that “you-gotta-show-me” attitude, and many felt that they had been “fooled again.” Personally, I thought Miss Banky a very good actress, but as far as looks are concerned she hold a candle to Corinne Griffith, Claire Windsor, Florence Vidor, and our other American actresses such as Miss Bower, Esther Ralston, Betty Bronson, Marian Nixon, Mary Astor, and others, get ahead, because they have done something to justify the advancement, but in fairness to some of our players who have worked long and striven hard for success, let us be allowed to choose our own stars and not have them foisted upon us.

GRACE O’DONNELL.

2342 West Ninety-eighth Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

Praise for a New Star.

Here’s my first contribution after three years as editor of your magazine. PICTURE-PLAY is a corker! I enjoy the interviews with the players, letters from location, and so forth. They all seem so personal, and sometimes I think Sally Benson is a little harsh on some of the efforts of our leading stars and directors, but every one can’t be of the same opinion. I am wishing you many, many years of success and may PICTURE-PLAY always be in the lead!

Now for a word of praise for a new face. Miss Vilma Banky! Her work in “The Dark Angel” is wonderful. It seemed to me almost impossible that one so unacquainted to our ways could do such splendid work in her first American-made picture. I hope we have an interview with her by the inimitable Myrude Gebrhart before too long. In passing, I must mention that Ronald Colman did the best work in this picture that I have seen since “The White Sister.”

R. P. LEAVITT.

164 Beach Street, Wollaston, Mass.

Two Contrasting Views.

I am righteously indignant! I’ve just been reading the latest fan magazines, and oh! how it does damage my box of bolts to see John Gilbert mentioned as “another Valentino successor.” What the fans can see in Gilbert is more than I can comprehend.

I have studied the motion-picture industry for several years and I’ve come to the conclusion that a star is as good as his pictures and no better. No doubt “The Merry Widow” will be a popular picture, but the box office success of Gilbert if it does find public approval, it will be because the theme of the story is universal in its appeal, and because of Von Stroheim’s excellent direction.

I have seen Gilbert in a number of pictures such as “Just Off Broadway,” “Truxton King,” “The Snob,” “The Night of the Century,” and many other features. If John Gilbert is such a big drawing card, why weren’t these pictures big sensational successes? Rudy is my favorite star. To me he is every-thing that Gilbert is not.

R. H. CONN.

Box 165, Neosho, Mo.

I have just had the pleasure of seeing “The Merry Widow.” John Gilbert’s characterization is one of the most perfect I have ever seen! It is interesting to see how fast Gilbert has been coming along within the last few years, for I can not believe he was about 28 years old and had been held down by having to

Continued on page 110

Are You Ever Ashamed of Your English?

DO YOU say "who" when you say "whom"? Do you say "between you and I" instead of "between you and me"? Do you mispronounce common words in your speech and use them incorrectly when you write?

Many a man has been held down all his life and suffered untold embarrassment because of mistakes in English.

You do not need to make these mistakes any longer. Right at home, in spare time, in the privacy of your own room, you can make up the education you missed in the days that you should have been at school.

The International Correspondence Schools will teach you, just as they have taught thousands of other men, by a simple, effective method which shows you instinctively which word to use and how to use it.

Mail the coupon to-day for free booklet:

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 4560-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without obligation on your part, the director will tell you how you can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked X.

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莓 Architectural, Commercial Subjects
莓 Electrical Engineering, Business Subjects
莓 Mechanical Drafting, Mechanics
莓 Draftsmen, Agriculture
莓 Metal Trades, Animal Husbandry
莓 Gas Engine Operating, Forestry
莓 Civil Engineering, Agriculture
莓 Surveying and Mapping, Agriculture
莓 Drafting, Agriculture and Poultry
莓 Metallurgy, Mathematics
莓 Steam Engineering, Radio

INSTITUTE, Y. M. C. A.

Are you interested in a career in the Drama? Are Ybu a student of Speech? Are Ybu a acting student? If so, have you ever given serious thought to the training that is necessary in order to further your career? If not, it is highly advisable that you give it serious consideration. A career in the Drama is interesting and rewarding.

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De Maupassant Would Have Gloried in This

The Girl from Montmartre—the most notorious danseuse of the night clubs! Once she had gloried in the popularity of the superlative—then she fled from it.

In far off Majorca she found it inescapable. She hoped, begged, pleaded—even prayed that it would stay buried and then set herself to face the inevitable, until—

Anthony Pryde, from whose book "Spanish Sunlight" this picture is adapted, has given a twist to this plot of twisted souls that De Maupassant would have gloried in. Barbara La Marr and Lewis Stone, featured players, make the book characters live on the screen. Alfred E. Green directed and June Mathis acted as editorial director for this Sawyer-Lubin production.

"Chickie" Was Appealing, But Wait for This Girl

Three billionaires got together and offered a million dollars for the typical American Girl. And when they found her they held the magnifying glass over her and put her through the sternest, most rigorous test that any girl of character has ever survived.

In this adaptation of H. L. Gates' widely read newspaper serial, Dorothy Mackaill, of "Chickie" fame, plays the role of "Joanna." She'll win your heart even as she won over the three crusty magnates who staked their million coldly, cynically, suspiciously.

Jack Mulhall plays the male lead and the cast includes George Fawcett and Paul Nicholson. Presented as an Edwin Carewe production and directed by Edwin Carewe.
Enshrined in Every Heart
Like the Old Hearth Tunes

Jimmy and Mary of the story—

Or Henry and Alice—the names don’t matter.
In every romance there’s a Memory Lane. You can supply the names yourself, probably from your own experience. And no matter what the names are, there’s a heart throb in the memory.

John Stahl, whose forte is threading romance both before and after marriage, has taken this familiar courting ground, chocked it full of romance and built a picture that will endure as the epic of all love time. If you’ve ever felt the urge to go back to the old country byways, see this picture. It will bring the familiar scenes back to you, and Eleanor Boardman and Conrad Nagel are whimsically real in their portrayals. Presented by Louis B. Mayer.

Too Many Wives—and
What a Comedy It Is!

Most men would have thought seven wives a tragedy but to John Hart, alias Don Juan Hartz, movie star, it was a glorious comedy. He grew seven mustachios and acquired a wife with each one. Then he grew a beard.

Ben Lyon (above) is the dashing Bluebeard. Blanche Sweet (in ring) is featured. From top to bottom, above, the other players are Lois Wilson, Dorothy Sebastian and Diana Kane. Bluebeard’s roster of wives includes: 1. Dorothy Sebastian; 2. Katherine Ray; 3. Ruby Blaine; 4. Lucy Fox; 5. Muriel Spring; 6. Kathleen Martin; 7. Diana Kane.

Alfred E. Santell directed this Robert T. Kane production. If you enjoy riotous comedy, you’ll revel in “Bluebeard’s Seven Wives.”
THE STORY OF
THREE CHORUS GIRLS

"SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"

Still another smashing hit!
You who held your breath at "The Unholy Three"
Thrilled at "The Merry Widow"
Roared at Buster Keaton in "Go West"
Take a tip—
DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND MARY"!
It takes you from the back-alley to the ball-room—
back-stage and back again.
It's a knockout.
Also it's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production.
And when we say that, we've said all there is to say
about a picture.
It means certified satisfaction—sight unseen.
We repeat—DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND
MARY"!

Star-studded with Constance Bennett, Sally O'Neil,
Joan Crawford and William Haines.

Directed by Edmund Goulding, master
screen-story-teller.

From the big hit that ran a year on Broadway.
DON'T MISS "SALLY, IRENE AND
MARY"!

It's one of those wonderful

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
PICTURES

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

"More Stars Than There Are In Heaven"
Agonized, sorrowing rôles have long been the lot of the lovely Corinne Griffith, but so successful were her light bits of farce in "Classified" that she will be given a chance to insert some more in the Frenchy "Mlle. Modiste."
Yo, Ho, and a Bottle of Rum!

The Fairbanks pirate picture, now completed, marks another milestone in the development of the art of the screen.

By Edwin Schallert

The rugged form of an historic ship floating in turgid waters against the pallid white of a far horizon... Grotesque glimpses of drab figures, clad in brown and gray, aglitter with knives and cutlasses... Tanned arms and bronzed shoulders, taut with the labor of lifting huge russet treasure chests of plunder... The gold of sunlight, and the dull glow-of a burnished sea, half amber... The charm of unexpected radiance and shadow intermingling.

Like no other color picture that has ever been filmed is Douglas Fairbanks' production of "The Black Pirate."

You may safely leave your dark glasses at home when you go to see it.

Color and pirates—what a combination!

Can't you see the good old roystering buccaneers in all their bloodthirsty animation—earrings jangling, beards bristling, daggers between their teeth, scarfs around their heads, shirts open at the throat, and boots flopping at the knees?

This picture is going to be a fulfilment of what the movies have promised.

Nothing that has been accomplished on the screen for a long time has exerted so revolutionary an influence as this will, by virtue of its iridescent artistry. Truly this is a picture like a painting. For not only does it bring color to the screen in a way that is subdued and therefore natural—so that you hardly notice it, in fact—but it creates the illusion of making you believe that you are seeing living figures moving before you rather than just their animated shadows!

For all of three years now, the idea of producing a pirate picture has been intriguing the mind of Fairbanks. He first thought of it before he did "The Thief of Bagdad," but shelved the plan then in favor of that more obviously dazzling Oriental fantasy.

But listen to the story as he himself tells it.

"It always takes a certain combination to produce a certain definite result," he began, in relating it to me. "You start with A, and after you get A you look around for B and add the two together, and then multiply the result by C and divide by D and eventually get E, which is the thing that you want.

"That is the way it was with us in working out 'The Black Pirate.' We started with the idea of pirates as A, Pirates? What are they? What do they act like? How do they look?

"When it came to visualizing them, it became necessary to add B to A, but for a long time we didn't know what B was, and that was the reason for all the delay. B was the thing, of course, that would make pirates look as they should look.

"I had a prejudice against color photography at that
time. I felt that it had just the same effect as it would to rouge the lips of Venus de Milo. Instead of benefiting the pictures in which it had been used, color seemed always to take the mind of the spectator away from the picture itself, making him conscious of the mechanics—"the artificiality"—of the whole thing, so that he no longer lived in the story with the characters. I felt that it would be successful only if it could be controlled so as to emphasize the audience's interest in the picture instead of distracting it.

"Meanwhile, the idea of pirates kept growing. We felt that they had never really been shown properly on the screen. 'The Sea Hawk' for example, was a great picture, but not a pirate picture.

"But the thought that kept intruding all the time was that pirates demand color. Stories of modern life, war stories, even romances like 'Robin Hood' and 'The Thief of Bagdad' might be told in black and white, but what pirates needed was something more vivid. It was impossible to imagine them without color.

"It was nearly a year ago that our experiments began. We were familiar with the technicolor camera and knew that that instrument itself had a decided preference for certain colors over others. In this camera, pictures are photographed on two strips of film, one red and one green, which are subsequently brought together, and these two colors, with a few others, generally stand out too brightly. Certain colors, such as purple, cannot be photographed at all. Consequently, the effect is not natural, though many people refer to these pictures as having been photographed in natural colors. Our problem, therefore, became one of overcoming artificiality with artifice."

The details of how the work was done would not be of any interest or importance in this article. It was a tedious and painstaking job. Sets were built in all the colors of the rainbow, and test shots were taken. The walls of the studios were painted in patches of blue, green, pink, lavender, orange, mauve, and every other tint that might be thought of. Special attention was also given to the texture of the buildings and costumes. Artists were engaged to supply drawings and sketches. Among them were Carl Oscar Borg, a celebrated painter, and Dwight Franklin, a research expert formerly connected with the Metropolitan Art Museum, who probably knows more about pirates than the pirates ever knew about themselves.

Ted Reed, Doug's production manager, told me that many times when these two were satisfied with results, Fairbanks himself often vetoed them. "Time and time again he did this," Reed—who supervised the experiments—declared. "He was determined to get the exact effect on the screen that he wanted, and he was certain from the beginning of just what that effect should be."

Once the final shooting began, the picture moved with quite the usual speed. It took only about eight or ten weeks to complete it. The difficulties that rose during the filming were never serious, although they required perhaps a somewhat larger number of retakes than usual.

Continued on page 108
Escaping the Type Bugaboo

Once you are pigeonholed, it's hard to break away—here's the story of a girl who did!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

Once you are definitely, positively pigeonholed as a certain type in picturedom, you will be sensible if you look for other fields in which to toil, but escape is difficult. For, once you are labeled crook star, or sex wow, or anything else, you are practically through.

Bryant Washburn was a handsome hero. Ray Bara a red-hot, heartless siren. La Marr a ditto ditto ditto. And the public enjoyed them, and learned to know just what to expect, and tired, and there you are. And there they are—hidden in enforced retirement or in all-star casts.

This is the story of the Little Girl Who Escaped. It is the story of Bessie Love.

Any chronicle of the career of Bessie Love should find a place in one of the upward-and-onward magazines, and Doctor Frank Crane should be the historian of the occasion, for it is a story of trials and tribulations, quick success followed by unexpected failure, and then, in the heroic manner, the fight back to fame.

Five years ago, I first heard Bessie Love mentioned. The Western editor of this very magazine was differing politely with a staff writer. “This Bessie Love simply couldn't be the wonder girl you describe in your story,” he said, indicating the manuscript on the desk before him. The contributor threw up her hands, “But she is,” she replied. “Meet her. See for yourself.” The Western editor saw for himself, and the story ran as written.

It was not my fortune to meet her then, but I did attend a preview of one of her three starring pictures, never released generally. Like the inimitable Zasu Pitts, Bessie Love suffered the ignominy of an ill-considered stardom that never jelled. The same well-meaning captain of industry starred them both at the same time, but in each case the idea was looked upon as premature, and dire failure resulted. The stellar films rest quietly on some shady shelf.

Shortly after D. W. Griffith had introduced Bessie to the screen, in the Triangle days of golden memory, some one decided that she was a blonde ingenue, and her case was settled. Blonde ingenues she played, with success, until the stellar contract materialized, and faded. Then Bessie said to herself, “I'm an ingenue no longer—I'm an actress!” And with such portrayals as those she offered in “Those Who Dance” and “Soul Fire,” she proved her claim.

When I found her on one of the upper or lower levels at Famous Players Long Island studio, she was the center of an amusing group that included the suave Menjou, the stolid Meighan, the good-natured Dix, charming Lois Wilson, Esther Ralston, and Greta Nissen. This all-star audience was engrossed in Bessie's expert interpretation of that geographical dance known to all and sundry as the Charleston. And when Bessie's slender, silken legs shuffle in and out, in the more intricate phases of that sublimated strut that has swept over the country like a rash, it is something to stop and watch.

When she had entered a Charleston contest at Great Neck, Long Island, disguised as one of the villagers, and won it hands down, Monta Bell had decided that it would go well in “The King of Main Street,” and he had straightway inserted it.

The terpsichorean chores at an end, after prolonged encores, Bessie finally excused herself, and allowed me to corral her, for a brief half hour, on the outskirts of a set that duplicated an Irish inn as perfectly as an Irish inn could be duplicated, for Tom Meighan’s “Irish Luck.”

“There is this to report,” said Bessie gleefully, as she adjusted her lips while referring to a make-up mirror, “I've been digging up real parts lately. They had me sunk for so long with sweet young things. But ever since I was tough in "Those Who Dance," I've run across some acting parts that have done my heart good.”

Bessie Love is a born little trouble, possessed of a model disposition. Hers is, indeed, a bubbling temperament, good-humored, naive, irresistible. D. W. Continued on page 96.
Mr. Dane from Denmark

Introducing an actor who is destined to be a sensation for his performance in "The Big Parade."

By Edwin Schallert

He watched what the other fellow did, and he knew that if he ever got the chance he could do it some day himself.

That, in movie-subtitle form, is the story of Karl Dane—the six-foot-three giant, who is being hailed in Hollywood as the rival of Ernest Torrence.

You'll see him in "The Big Parade." In fact, you couldn't possibly miss him, because his performance is nearly fifty per cent of the picture. He does everything but steal first honors from Jack Gilbert, the king of matinée idols, in this huge war spectacle which promises to be one of the year's sensations.

Dane is from Denmark. I'm not attempting to be facetious in making this punlike remark. It's merely the truth. They call him the Great Dane around the studios, for his size justifies the description. He is a rangy and rare individual, who seems to tower, head and shoulders, over all the scenery in his immediate vicinity. And he has that contrasting gruffness and good nature that go with a man who has toiled with his hands and his heart, as well as with his brains and his facial expressions. He has already, in the brief space of his success, proven himself the soul of lumbering shrewdness.

But when you see Dane on the screen, I am afraid that you will never be able to picture him as he is in reality. I know that I, after "The Big Parade," expected somebody totally different from the stolidly engaging man I have just described, the man I met at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio.

In the rôle of the riveter, who becomes the devil-may-care soldier of the expeditionary force after the call to service is sounded, he is outstanding because of his broadAmericanesque comedy. He is one of three inseparable buddies—the easy-come, easy-go, sure-shot, always-in-the-way-and-not-worrying one of the trio.

Jack Gilbert is the leading figure, of course, because he is the hero of the romantic plot, made to order. He is the somewhat worthless son of a well-to-do Southern family. The third partner in the war's sweat, toil, trouble, and also grotesque humor, played by Tom O'Brien, is an Irish bartender.

The three of them make a variegated ensemble.

Dane's rôle may be described as one of those fat ones that come along once in a lifetime, because if well played, they are bound to be mirthfully and riotously received. It happens also that Destiny favored him when the choice of an actor to fill the part was being made, and the smile of Destiny seems to have been with him ever since.

His is an interesting story—

The really unique circumstance in his present success is that he left pictures four or five years ago to live on a farm, and incidentally go into the construction engineering for which he had been trained. His wife had opposed his remaining in the game of film acting, though he had had a good start doing straight villans and character parts. Among other important things, he had played the part of Continued on page 105
If You’re Funny, Earn Some Money

Johnny Hines and C. C. Burr want you to help devise comic situations for Johnny’s next picture, and they offer five hundred dollars in prizes to you for doing it.

The most important man around a studio lot where comedies are made is the man who can devise situations that will make an audience laugh. These comedy scenes, or “gags,” that you see in pictures starring the great screen comedians are usually not written by the scenario writer, as you might suppose, but are contributed by a staff of experts who are known throughout the profession as “gag men.”

Any comic situation in which the humor depends on action rather than on words is known as a gag. And comedy producers are constantly on the lookout for new gags.

Johnny Hines and C. C. Burr, the producer of his pictures, believe that there are many people outside the studios who could suggest funny situations for their pictures. They want you to try. So they, in conjunction with Picture-Play Magazine, are offering you an opportunity to write gags for “The Brown Derby,” which is to be Johnny Hines’ next starring picture for First National.

It takes special talent to conceive these humorous situations. Perhaps you have it. If so, you have a new source of earning real money. Comic situations take place daily in your home, in your place of business, on the street—everywhere, in fact. If you are observant, you notice them. And if you have carefully studied the motion-picture comedies you have seen, you realize that their entertainment value lies in the inclusion of just such everyday humorous episodes. They are funny because they are spontaneous and natural.

Do not make the mistake of submitting in this contest an idea in which the comic qualities are only conversational. You cannot photograph conversation. You must have action. An example of a gag or comic sequence such as is being sought through this contest can be found in Johnny Hines’ most recent picture.

In “The Live Wire,” Johnny and his pal, Edmund Breese, are broke, foootsore and hungry. They notice a sign marked “Boy Wanted” in front of a grocery store. Mr. Breese applies for the job and gets it. In the meantime, Johnny has strolled around to the back-yard of the store and noticed two small pigs in a sty. He calls to Breese to hand them over. Johnny then struts to the front of the store and offers to sell them for fifty cents each. The grocer, not knowing the pigs are his own, buys them and tells Johnny he will buy more at the same price. The grocer calls Breese, gives him the pigs, and tells him to put them in the yard. Johnny again gets the pigs from Breese and sells them to the same grocer. This time, however, the grocer decides to take them to the yard himself as he wants to have a look at all of his bargains. Breese and Johnny leave immediately, and as they go, Breese says “Let’s drift. Absence of body is sometimes better than presence of mind.”

Here we have a gag sequence that can be photographed. The action by itself is funny and does not need any explanatory titles. In submitting a gag, you need not add a title such as follows this one. This title is merely placed here so as to show how a funny title is sometimes dovetailed into a comic sequence.

Another gag in “The Live Wire” that proved extremely funny was the sequence in which Johnny Hines, cast in the role of a hobo, finds himself in need of food. While walking down a street, he notices a grocery store offering free samples of succotash. As he goes to take one, the grocer looks daggers at him, but nevertheless allows him to take a sample. Turning a corner, Johnny notices a laborer’s overalls, pipe, cap, pick and lunch box. He puts the clothes on and, as he passes the store, takes another sample. The grocerman expresses delight. Going farther down the street, Johnny sees a clothing-store dummy and, shedding the laborer’s costume, appropriates the clothes on the dummy and, in his new guise, helps himself to some more succotash samples. Again the grocer is pleased. As Johnny is about to leave, he sees a clothesline with a ladies house apron and cap on it. Sensing another opportunity to obtain more of the free samples, he dons these clothes, picks up a housewife’s shopping basket and manages to obtain additional free samples. As he is walking away...
from the store, however, the grocer notices Johnny's disguise, and infuriated that he has been tricked, begins to throw potatoes at him. Johnny turns around and catches them, and when his basket is almost full of potatoes and suetocash, he further infuriates the grocer by asking him to throw some tomatoes, since he has enough potatoes in his basket. The grocer does this, and after he has angrily thrown about a dozen, a tomato strikes a woman in the face. She runs up to the grocer and attacks him with her umbrella. This gives Johnny an opportunity to get away with enough food to supply a good dinner for himself and his pals.

A gag that proved to be one of the most laughable pieces of business in "The Early Bird" was as follows:

Johnny, cast in the role of a milkman, decides to take his girl out to dinner, and escorts her to an Automat. Arriving there, he turns to his sweetie and says, "I'm going to show you how to get two cups of coffee for five cents." Johnny then takes his girl to the coffee machine and taking two cups, he inserts his nickel into the slot. As the cream is turned on, he places one cup underneath the spout to receive it, and when the coffee comes out, he places the other cup under the spout. He gives his girl the cup containing the cream and keeps the cup containing the coffee. He then calls the manager and shows him that he did not receive any cream in his coffee. The manager goes back and turns the coffee machine on again, and as he does so, a new portion of cream comes out into Johnny's cup, and as the coffee follows the cream, Johnny grabs his girl's cup, which contains the cream, and places it under the spout with the result that two cups of coffee are received for the same five-cent piece.

Another instance of what is meant by a gag is the sequence in "The Live Wire," wherein Johnny and Edmund Breese, his foil, are broke and looking for a job. As they pass a notoriously hard-boiled neighborhood, Johnny notices a sign outside a saloon reading "Bouncer Wanted." (A bouncer is a physically powerful individual who sees that nobody gets rough or destructive in places where the rough element of the town usually congregate). Desperate and in need of funds, Johnny is on the verge of applying for the job when he realizes the inadequacy of his strength. He looks across the street and notices a glazier putting putty
A gag scene from "The Live Wire," in which Johnny manages to collect an entire free dinner for himself and his pals.

on a window. Possessed of a bright idea, he asks the glazier for a chunk of putty and drapes it around his ear. Then, by stuffing wads of paper in his shoulders, he is transformed into a real type of the underworld. He applies for the job, and when the boss asks him whether he is tough, Johnny points to his cauliflower car. The boss is immediately impressed and engages him. Edmund Breese then comes in, sits down at a table and causes quite a rumpus. The boss beckons to Johnny to throw him out. With much ado, Johnny grabs his pal and drags him headlong through the saloon and throws him out into the street. Directly in front of the saloon he notices a manhole. He ties a stout cord to it, throws the rope over the café's sign, which is directly overhead, and tells Breese to remain there, and lift it each time that he comes out with a rough customer. Johnny gets into numerous scraps with the saloon habitues, and as they chase him out the door, each of them falls into the manhole. In this way Johnny cleverly manages to hold his job and get rid of the obnoxious tough element.

Now bearing in mind how these funny situations were worked up to get all the humor out of them, study the following synopsis of "The Brown Derby." You will notice that in any number of places the action is merely suggested. Those are the places where good gags are needed. See how many of them you can invent and think out to a conclusion.

Synopsis of "The Brown Derby."

"The Brown Derby" concerns itself with the exploits of Johnny Hines, who, along with a host of relatives, is summoned to the home of a wealthy uncle. This uncle has been continually besieged with requests for funds from his sycophantic relatives, and deciding to find out which of them is really deserving of his help, he professes to be fatally ill and summons them all to his bedside, presumably to give each of them some bequest.

When Johnny arrives, he finds a long line of relatives awaiting their turn. He attempts to get up front, but is continually pushed back, until he is the last of the relatives to appear. Coming before his uncle, he tells him that, in view of the long line of relatives who have preceded him, he doesn't expect to receive anything, but that he nevertheless wants him to know how much he has admired him for his character and worldly success, and then, in sincere tones, says how sorry he was to learn that his favorite uncle would soon pass into the great beyond.

His uncle, in turn, advises Johnny of his own high regard for him, and tells him that he has saved the most prized of all his possessions for him. Turning to his secretary, he asks him to bring in the gift. The secretary returns with a beautiful silver tray on which is a brown derby. Turning to Johnny, he gives him the brown derby and tells him that it was this hat that brought him his fortune. He tells him that, as long as he wears this brown derby, he will be invincible and in immediate line for great success.

Johnny puts the hat on, and at once feels imbued with all sorts of power and strength. He thanks his uncle profusely. The flunkies bow to him and as he is about to leave the door, he tips his hat to them. They notice that the derby is not on his head, and instead of ushering him out graciously, they hurl him down the Continued on page 98
Why Ben Turpin Left the Screen

For more than a year he stayed at home to comfort a wife who was slowly dying. Now, to escape his loneliness, he is working in comedies again.

By Dorothy Wooldridge

You probably laughed uproariously when you saw Ben Turpin as Romeo in Mack Sennett's farce, "Romeo and Juliet." You found it very amusing when that cross-eyed comedian looked mournfully toward the ceiling after his calico-clad girl had rejected him, and began singing Tosti's "Good-by Forever." You wondered how he could make such realistic tears course down his cheeks.

"Great stuff!" you howled when they dropped him into a moat surrounding a castle where another of his Julies lived.

"Look at that 'egg' getting cracked with the stick of firewood!" you chortled. "How does he keep from being hurt?"

You shouted in glee when Juliet's dad and the successful suitor slammed Ben out of the house, and you giggled when they dropped him onto a runaway mule. You hooted when he strummed a guitar and sang to his love.

"He's a sorrowful-looking boob, isn't he?" you remarked.

Yes, he was a sorrowful-looking boob, and by this time most of the world knows why. Ben Turpin's wife was marked for death when he made that picture. The doctors had just told him so. And behind his mask of buffoonery, as he went through scene after scene, his heart was bleeding. His nerves were on the ragged edge. He had known little sleep for weeks. His interest was not in the play. But he stuck to his role until the last shot was taken.

Then he went home. His wife, with blindness and deafness creeping upon her, reached a feeble hand from the coverlet and said, "Ben, if the time is coming when I can't see you nor hear your voice, I don't want to live. I couldn't bear it. I want you now—all the time. Please don't leave me!" And because Ben never left her from that day until the day she died, is the reason why you have not seen him on the screen for some time, except in old pictures.

Ben Turpin told me the story a few days ago with tears in his eyes. He told me how Carrie Lemieux had plighted her troth to him in Chicago in 1907 when he was earning twenty dollars a week. He told me how they had been married, had rented a little flat for nine dollars a month, and had had to borrow fifty dollars from the manager of the old Essanay company to help make the first payment on furniture. Five dollars a week, taken from Ben's salary, was to repay the loan.

"If they had taken any more, we wouldn't have been able to eat!" he declared.

Then he told how Carrie Turpin had stuck by him through all the lean years, cheered him, comforted him, cared for him, made him go to church and to confession, ministered to his needs, helped him out with his "Happy Hooligan" act when he was playing cheap variety theaters. He told how Charlie Chaplin, an almost unknown comedian at that time, had put him in touch with a new job that would pay him twenty-five dollars a week and take him to California. He told how Mrs. Turpin had said to him, "Never mind, Ben, better times are coming out there. We'll make it."

"I knew we would make it," he continued, in his talk with me, "so long as she was with me. Why, I would have lived on soup bones to give her the necessities. She was the first woman to believe in me that I had ever known. And we did make it in California, just as she said we would. Then, after success had come, her health began failing. Nine years ago she was hurt in an automobile accident while returning from

Ben was completing his work in Mack Sennett's burlesque of "Romeo and Juliet" when the doctors told him that his wife could not recover.

Continued on page 106
On Sober Reflection
By Horace Woodmansee

Who's Who in Rhyme.

Prince Dainlo.

Rudolph and Ramon, tear your hair
In envy at "The Merry Widow,"
Jack Gilbert's shown the girl's he's "there,"
They like their "Rs," but, oh, you kiddo!

A Regular Fellow.

A high silk hat, a cane, a grin,
A clever way about him—Since
Ray Griffith came, there's been a din
Of laughter, showing he's a prince.

D. IV.

There was a man in picturedom,
And he was wondrous wise;
He made some independent gems,
His fortunes didn't rise;
At last he left Mamaroneck
And signed with Paramount,
And soon we hope to hear that he's
Built up a bank account.

"The Live Wire."

No grass grows under Johnny's feet.
No hayseeds in his hair;
The boy rips through each melo-farce,
That's why he's getting there.

"The Wanderer."

No wonder he turned prodigal
When vamped by Greta Nissen—
Roll those eyes and smile that smile,
Who wouldn't want to stay a while?

Harold's Experiment in Blank Verse.

(Being the salutation used by Lloyd in "The Freshman," as nearly as it can be reproduced in print.)

"I'm just a regular fellow—
Step right up and
Call me 'Speedy.'"
"Ta, da-da, da-da,
Dum, dum!
"Shake!"

All Set for the Set.

Casting director: Have you had any experience?
Maiden (modestly): Harold says I'm a wonderful lover.

Impertinent Paragraphs.

For a fairy-tale sequence in "Scraps," Mary Pickford's latest, there was made a plate eighteen feet long, holding spaghetti the size of a fire hose. That's just about the size it looks to an embarrassed novice trying to wind it up on his fork.

Italy's new formula for tear gas has been stolen. It is rumored a film company appropriated it for use by its emotional stars.

A German police dog disappeared from his happy home. The owner didn't know what to do. At first, he thought he would search the dog pound, but then he had a bright idea and went to the nearest movie studio.

If there is another war between America and Germany—we hate even to suppose it—undoubtedly the number of German police dogs in the films will be taken as evidence of sinister propaganda from the Vaterland.

We wonder if, in case of such a war, Rin-tin-tin, Strongheart, and the rest, would lose their jobs for the duration?

Faith, they say, will move mountains. Take a good grip on your supply of faith and try to swallow this announcement, which was recently made by the press agent of a New York theater:

"An interesting sidelight on the showing of the film is that two carpenters go through the house after each performance to tighten the seats which are loosened by the audience. The impact on the seats during the many thrills in this picture proves disastrous to the screws holding the seats in place and many of them are loosened."

A matinée idol will wear whiskers all over his popular
On Sober Reflection

features in a forthcoming film. Now we know what people mean when they talk of "bearding the lion."

The isinglass news reel should be awarded to Zane Grey, who is nothing if not original in naming his characters. In "Wild Horse Mesa," which was screened recently, his characters included Chane Weymer, Chess Weymer, Bent Mevernbe, and Toddy Nokin. Wonder if those names aren't code for something?

F. B. O. has three men whose combined weight is said to approach a ton, working together in slapstick comedies. (Yes, working is the right word.) After watching them try to move fast, we understand what is meant by a slow-motion picture.

Nowadays comedians are getting subtly even into the obvious final embrace of hero and heroine. When audiences witnessing "The Live Wire" saw Johnny Hines, at an amusement park, climbing into a boat with the leading woman and heading into the dark mazes of the Red Mill, they knew it was all over but the fade-out.

Try the Other Studio.

Bad Man (trying to get into heaven): On earth I was a darned good movie actor.

Saint Peter: Can't let you in. We're not casting your type to-day.

Life's Greatest Smiles.

A novelty film entitled "Life's Greatest Thrills," composed of some of the most spectacular news-reel scenes of the past decade, is now on exhibition. Now we may look for another summary for the past decade entitled "Life's Greatest Smiles." Here are a few suggestions for it:

Henry Ford sets sail on his famous peace ship.

Jack Dempsey turns movie star and becomes beautiful overnight.

Winsted, Connecticut, cat adopts a family of chickens.

Big battleship guns boom as Navy plans defense of Fiji Islands from attack by the Swiss.

Monkey trial gets under way in Dayton, Tennessee, with special summer showing of galluses.

The prohibition era sets in. The cold gray morning after the night before finds everybody dumping liquor into the sewers. Musical cue, "We Ain't Gonna Drink No More."

School-day Memories.

Schoolgirls are schoolgirls wherever they may be. The girls of the first term of the Paramount Picture

School were sisters under the skin with the students of algebra and home economics throughout the country. Sometimes, between their classes, they used to stand watching the filming of scenes in the big Astoria studio, munching candy bars and wreaking havoc on ice-cream cones, just as if they were back in the old school yard, although, of course, they were not so boisterous. Unlike the established actresses of the screen, the possibility of growing fat from such a diet seemed to cause them no worry.

Among the members of the first class was a former photographic model. You have seen his face in the advertisements above such lines as "How glad she was when she had accepted his invitation to the dance. . . . Even your best friends won't tell you." Of course the classmates of this young man couldn't let a thing like that get by without comment. They mischievously nicknamed him "Hal."

Believe It or Not.

"Yes, We Have No Bananas" will be produced by the California Fruit Growers' Association. The world première will be held in Poison Gulch, Nevada, April Fools' Day.

Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, personally supervises the production of every foot of film in which he appears.

"Bull" Montana will be the handsome young hero in "When a Man's a Monkey," by Harold Will Write. Some movie jobs are easy, but the camera-man's lot is always a grind.

Director Goof has just returned from location in heaven, where he has been filming "A Round Trip to Paradise." Director Goof will take the concluding scenes in California because, he says, the heavenly sunshine is not up to the Hollywood standard.

Continued on page 109
Never expect to find the gay Marion Davies without a crowd of friends around her.

Concerning a Laughing Lady.

MARION DAVIES had invited me to lunch with her at Montmartre. I had thought we would lunch tête-à-tête, but when I got there I ran into a party. Bebe Daniels was there, and Harry Crocker—who hates to be called "the millionaire extra," but is called that just the same—and Grace Kingsley, of the Times, and, of course, Marion herself. They were eating iced crab to the tune of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby," and with Corinne Griffith, Norma Shearer, Anna Q. Nilson, Alice Joyce, and the usual Montmartre devotees within hailing distance of any one who knew them well enough to hail them, everything was very festive. I thought, "Well, I won't get to talk to Marion much." And I didn't.

At first I was a little put out, but by the time we reached the onelet to the tune of "Cecilia," I realized I was enjoying something of a scoop. Instead of meeting Marion formally behind a Kleig light, I was meeting her on her own ground. For Marion Davies surrounded by people is Marion Davies as herself. They flock to her like bees to a flower. No one's balls are as brilliant. Dinners as gay, or premières as gala as Marion's.

I wondered what there was about her that drew people. She is pretty—she was exceptionally pretty, that day, all in black—but there are many more beautiful players. She is witty and clever, but so are a lot of others. Then it came to me, over the stimulus of a demi-tasse, that she is that rarest of all things, a happy person—a laughing lady who chuckles with the polloi, and not at them.

In this city of broken hearts and broken contracts, no wonder they seek her out.

A few days after that luncheon, "Lights of Old Broadway" opened and Marion sent me tickets to it. The house was jammed to the doors. There were stars and stars and stars. And on that occasion Marion proved herself the best sport I have ever seen.

She knew those people way back in the balcony couldn't see her if she merely took a bow from her orchestra seat. She knew they wanted to see her. That is what they were there for. So she went up onto the stage and entertained them. She Charlestoned. She told them about the picture. Instead of saying how much she loved making it, she told them she didn't think it was very good. And then, when somebody yelled "Charleston again, Marion!" she Charlestoned again. Maybe you think they didn't like it?

She has invited me to have lunch with her again when she starts her new picture.

Maybe you think I am not looking forward to it.

On the day of that luncheon at Montmartre, Harry Crocker looked up suddenly from his plate and said, "Well, if it isn't Charlie Chaplin!" And no fooling, that's who it was. The leader of the flock had returned to the fold. Charlie was back from New York with his banners flying. Harry told him he was glad he was back. "There hasn't been a good war since you left, Napoleon," he explained.

I had never met Chaplin before, but I gathered he was in an exceptionally good mood. He was rosy with anecdotes. He loved New York.

He was tired of it here. He was going to make one more picture here, then headquarter his interests in Manhattan. All of his clothes were ready-made. He couldn't stand tailors. He couldn't tolerate them doing this and that on him. Enthusiastically he bounded from one thing to another in a most breath-taking manner.

He insisted he had not been
Manners

bitten on the lip by a chorus girl. The way that rumor started was like this: He had had a fever blister on his lip. Some one had said, "Who kissed you?" Charlie had answered, "That isn't a kiss, it's a bite"—just kidding, of course. But some one got hold of it and distorted it. That goes to show that you can't count on anything—not even a sense of humor.

He told other things. Charlie talks delightfully about himself. Occasionally he talks about other people.

Leatrice Joy and Jack Gilbert are again on a very friendly footing, which all their friends had hoped for. They were both in New York for the opening of "The Big Parade," and attended it together.

As every one knows, they had been estranged many times before the break that culminated in their divorce, but there seems to be a fundamental devotion between them which nothing, apparently, can completely destroy. In case their reconciliation is such that they wish to marry again, a ceremony would not be necessary. I understand, for as their divorce is not yet final, it could be, at any time in the near future, set aside.

Another Comedy Deserter.

Just when Sennett and Al Christie think they have some particularly good bet in their respective fold, the gals get it in their heads to "up and away." Charlotte Stevens, former leading lady to Bobbie Vernon, is the latest to hit out from the home of hectic situations. Charlotte has all the brightness and vim that make for good comedies, but her heart is set on drama.

Oh, well, those custard-pie losses were always sunken-tub gains.

Always the Prophet.

I refuse to be told I can't pick winners. Not long ago I pointed out that Gwen Lee had possibilities, and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer obliged me by putting her under contract. If Gwen dodges French pastries and keeps the lovely figure svelte and slim, she ought to go far. Another pet of mine, Jacqueline Gadsden, did so well in a role in "Not So Long Ago" that Sally Benson picked her out for special notice in her review. Marjorie White has left Roach to dabble in bigger and better things.

My current enthusiasm is a little girl named Grace Gordon. She is the comedienne type and is carrying a heavy interest in Jack Ford's new picture. You might look out for her, seeing that I am so infallible.

The Terribly Honest Mr. Colman.

Ronald Colman said he felt sorry for me. He said he felt sorry for any one who interviewed him, because he "never said anything." "I'll not be a bit of help to you," he apologized. "Now, if I had met you at dinner, or tea, or a dance I could think of all sorts of things to say."

But unfortunately, the occasion was not a tea, a dinner, nor yet a dance. A press agent, Mr. Colman and I met in Henry King's office of the Samuel Goldwyn production building. We had come to dedicate a portion of the morning to discussing the movies, and particularly Mr. Colman's relation to them. I have a vague hunch Mr. Colman had requested the presence of the press agent in case he ran out of small talk. Maybe he hadn't. But I think he had,

He lived to regret it. Not that that particular p. a. isn't one of the finest and so on, but—we will take that up in more detail in a few paragraphs.

He is of medium height and darkish, this Mr. Colman. Undeniably he has a way with the ladies. I like him immensely, and I don't like all actors. They are always nice and, for the most part, complimentary to lady interviewers, but in nine cases out of ten, the compliments don't ring true. Having been said too often, they are
The Sketchbook

"No, I don't," said Mr. Colman, completely wrecking that man-from-the-open-spaces effect, for which I liked him all the better.

Later it came out that in his latest picture, "Stella Dallas," he had played the father of a sixteen-year-old girl. Most actors tell me they live for characterizations. I asked him if that had been his favorite rôle.

He said, "Not by a long way. I liked playing in 'The Dark Angel' and 'The White Sister' much better."

I could have cheered at this. Instead, I gave him another hurdle, I asked him if he didn't get tired of the monotony of pictures—if he didn't often long to be back on the stage.

The terribly honest Mr. Colman smiled. "No, I don't," he answered; "not with everything so rosy in pictures."

Now there is no getting away from it: a press agent can't do anything with a man like that, but I could have decorated him. May he cross my path often.

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month.

Helene Chadwick, sitting on a winding stair, alone and singing "Marcheta," accompanied by the composer himself. I squinted my eyes and looked at her through the haze of some one's cigarette smoke. The whole effect—the winding stair, the black outline of the piano in the foreground, the thin lighting just touching her nose and chin, looked like one of those things Dean Cornwall does for a Peter B. Kyne story.

By the way, she has a lovely, sweet voice.

Watching the Kettle.

If you have followed me carefully through print, you know how much I feel about Mary Pickford. There is no star on the screen who means more to me. Mary to borrow the title of a book I saw the other day, is "the color of youth."

Off the screen she is mellow and charming. I had rather watch her cross the street than to talk to most players.

That is the reason I hate to see her in such a self-conscious effort as "Little Annie Rooney."

There was something subtly wrong with "Little Annie Rooney"—it had too much conscientious workmanship and not enough hit-or-miss spirit. I don't care what they say about technicians or technicians, there is a certain amount of spontaneous combustion about the filming of a great picture or a great scene. And Mary isn't allowing for that.

She is carefully setting about to get the best directors, scenarists, title writers and cutters, and she is making a conscious effort herself.

The trouble is, she is watching her kettle too closely and it just won't boil. The best thing that could happen to Mary would be an excursion into something where she wasn't sure of anything—least of all her director.

The Sister Act.

This is not an interview nor even a sketch of a successful personality. It is

Gwen Lee, under contract with Metro-Goldwyn, looks like a winner.
just a little squib about a girl named Marie Prevost, who is the sister of Peggy Prevost, who used to be my best and severest friend. If you have ever been the best friend of a girl who has a sister like Marie—pretty, peppy, and in general the belle of the town—you know what I mean. That Marie, before her marriage to Kenneth Harlan, happened to be a belle in Hollywood doesn’t simplify writing about her in the least. It complicates it.

You see, I can’t write about her in the terms of “Miss Prevost’s career.” In the first place, she refuses to take herself seriously, and in the second place, she refuses to take me seriously. When she found out I was going to interview her formally for publication, she laughed until she nearly cracked her grease paint. She said she thought it was a panic. In the face of that, I had to pack my dignity. Marie knows too much about me.

For one thing, she knows the fate of that flame-colored dress. Through the agency of Peggy, I purchased this devastating gown from Marie because I thought it looked marvelous on her. It did—on her. But Marie is Marie, little, dark, piquant, alluring, and I am myself. In other words, I couldn’t get away with it and now it is a sofa pillow. Three of them, in fact.

When a star has something like that on you, you can’t expect to bowl them over with the formality of an interview. But Marie was game. She insisted that we ought to do the thing up right, so we went to the Athletic Club and had lunch, which is, as every one knows, the correct procedure for an interview.

She has avid enthusiasms. She admires Gloria Swanson from the bottom of her heart. And Poli Negri. And Ernst Lubitsch. This latter is more than an admiration—he is a creed so far as Marie is concerned. Which is not to be wondered at, for it was Lubitsch who salvaged her from the ranks of the pretty also-rans and gave her the opportunity to prove herself. She knows comedy like Michael Arlen knows the alphabet. But she couldn’t, for years, get any one to believe it.

I didn’t believe it myself. I thought she was cute and awfully pictorial in those Universal pictures, and a perfect darling, personally, but that was about all. When Warner Brothers put her under contract, they must have believed the same thing. Certainly they had no particularly ambitious plans for her. They figured that when they needed a pretty leading lady, little Prevost would serve the purpose beautifully.

But it happened that Herr Lubitsch got to Warners about the same

Marie Prevost credits Ernst
Lubitsch with having brought to light her flair for comedy, and saved her from being just a pretty leading lady.

time Marie got there. And do you think the little German saw her crossing the lot one day and demanded that she be assigned to him for his next picture? Do you think that? Well, you mustn’t, because he didn’t. He was busy making tests of Nazimova and other high-voltage flowers for “The Marriage Circle,” and when some one timidly suggested Marie for the rôle, he nearly threw a fit. He said, with a great deal of emphasis, that he didn’t like her nose. Another thing: she had an Irish face.

But Marie kept hanging around his test sets just the same. She thought that something might happen if she stayed on deck, and one day something did. The tests of the voltage flowers didn’t turn out

Continued on page 165.
Will "Ben-Hur" Justify its Cost?

Never before has such a flood of gold been poured into any motion-picture production, and the eyes of the entire industry will be watching with interest to see whether or not the picture will be able to bring back this huge fortune.

By Edwin Schallert

Motion-picture productions that have brought in a return of more than a million dollars each may still be cautiously numbered at a scant two dozen.

Those that have yielded much over two millions can almost be counted on the fingers of one hand. There has never been a feature that has amassed more than five million dollars.

What chance then has "Ben-Hur," which, according to the latest estimates, will have to derive a return of ten million dollars before showing a net profit to its producers?

That is the question that the motion-picture industry has been asking for some time.

Where have those ten million dollars gone?

Only five million dollars has actually been spent, but as the screen rights were obtained through an agreement that Klaw & Erlanger should receive fifty per cent of the profits, the total cost has to be figured as double the actual expense.

Of that five million dollars actually spent, three million five hundred thousand dollars have gone into production, the rest into advertising, and so forth.

And the amount that the whole production was originally expected to cost was used up during the first few months on scenes that were later completely discarded.

No picture has ever had so remarkable a history.

Innumerable attempts to procure the screen rights to the story were made before its owners decided, four years ago, to listen to a definite proposition.

Since the closing of the negotiations and the actual starting of the picture, régimes have changed, stars have gone up and down in popularity, even styles in productions have altered—but all the time "Ben-Hur" has been going on.

More than two years have been spent in actual production, and two entire sets of players were used.

One third of the scenes that will be shown were obtained abroad and cost almost twice as much as the other two thirds which have been made in America.

The sea-battle sequences alone, photographed in the Mediterranean, cost nearly four hundred thousand dollars.

The cost of the Circus Maximus scenes at Culver City, and of the set, which, covering five square blocks, is the largest ever built for the movies, amounted to about five hundred thousand dollars.

Moreover, there was an earlier Circus Maximus set built abroad at great expense and then abandoned.

An untold number of extras have been used.

Thirty thousand were needed for the chariot race alone, and seven thousand five hundred in the Joppa Gate scenes.

Now, with such tremendous costs behind it, what are the chances that "Ben-Hur" will make anything for its producers, or even meet expenses?

Surprising as it may seem, the current belief is that it is going to come out on top.

It has been so enormously advertised that not only every fan in America, but fans all over the world, will want to see it.

The interest in it in Italy, where so much of the film has been made, is bound to be great.

The possible income to be derived from England alone is estimated at one million five hundred thousand dollars.

Just what America itself will contribute is hard to say, but it is expected to beat all past box-office records.

And with the great exploitation that it will be given, the film may possibly run for five, six, seven, or even ten years.

What is the earlier history of "Ben-Hur"?

The book, written half a century ago by General Lew Wallace, was a complete failure at first.

When it finally caught on, it made millions of dollars.

The stage rights, sought in 1890, were obtained from General Wallace only after nine years of dickering, for he was a very religious man and considered the theater too pagan a place for his story of the coming of Christ.

The play was at last produced, however, with William F. Hart and William Farnum in featured roles.

The opening night in New York was a memorable occasion in theatrical history. General Wallace, with a party of friends, came all the way from Indiana to be present, and the old Broadway playhouse was crowded with churchgoers who greeted the production with solemn enthusiasm.

It has now been running intermittently for more than twenty years, and has been seen by twenty million persons. It would still be running had not the movie-killed stage spectacles of that sort.

It had in six months brought in seven times its cost of seventy-one thousand dollars.

It has since amassed ten million dollars.

Can the film equal this, and if so, how soon can it equal it?

We can only wait and see.
Will "Ben-Hur" Justify its Cost?

Novarro and Kathleen Key in one of the more tender moments of the story.
May McAvoy, in keeping with the usual character of her roles, has the full and fluffy bob of the ingénue.

Marie Prevost's bob, above, is fittingly demure in style, while Gloria Swanson, at the left, looks best with a tailored effect that is still quite feminine. Betty Bronson, at the right, had a boy's cut for "Peter Pan," but later let her hair grow longer.

Dorothy Phillips, in the corner, has adopted what is known as an athletic cut, which is far from dressy in its shaggy appearance, but awfully convenient for any one who goes in much for sports. Bessie Love's small-girl bob, at the left, is well chosen, for it fits so perfectly her youthful type.

With so many wide variations of the bob to choose from, a girl has a hard time these days deciding just what particular style suits her best. A study of the modes worn by various screen actresses might be helpful, for they have the benefit of so much expert advice and criticism that they are in a position to know what's suitable to various types.
Suits Your Type?

Lilyan Tashman, at the right, is to be envied her effective “siren shear,” for few women can wear this with success, and yet, when it can be worn, is one of the most striking of all the cuts. It resembles, somewhat, the extreme mannish style in the lower right-hand corner, but is saved from being quite so severe by being brushed back more loosely.

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Greta Nissen, alert and restless in nature, is forever trying new modes of arranging her hair, but the style at the left is quite characteristic. Helene Chadwick, at the right, achieves a dressy effect for the evening by inserting a soft marcel.

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Margaret Morris, one of the younger Paramount players, is another whose style should be ingénue.

Margaret Morris, one of the younger Paramount players, is another whose style should be ingénue.

Margaret Livingston, who is of an unusual type, anyway, introduced the novelty of pointed bangs, shown at the right, which give her a strange, Egyptian look. Very severe, indeed, is Dorothy Devore's mannish trim, in the corner, worn by her only for a special picture, however.
The Discovery of Vilma Banky

Though hailed as a real find, the talented young screen actress found in Hungary and brought to America by Sam Goldwyn, is a shy, modest person who still wonders, "Is it a dream?"

By Myrtle Gebhart

Vilma Banky, Sam Goldwyn's Hungarian importation, is the sensation of the season in Hollywood, though filmland has had few glimpses of her in person. With but one picture, "The Dark Angel," released, and her second, "The Eagle," just completed at the time I write, she has won.

Curiously enough, in an environment of much jealousy, she is the object of unanimous approval. Because she is so unostentatious, Hollywood has accepted her and is eager to know her better.

Fraulein Banky came not as some other foreigners come, with regal manner and queenly condescension—not with the ambition to reign, but humbly to beg favor, did she slip quietly into her place. She came, a scared young girl on her first journey from home, facing her first contact with life, holding a contract that she knew little about, adventuring to find the port of her dreams.

All through her childhood, Vilma had dreamed of gold-carpeted America as the place where all things were possible because people worked and made them so. Glamorous stories had come across the ocean to set little melodies aquiver in her heart. Ach, if only she had wings to fly to that wonderful America!

As her father was a prominent politician, to their home came dignitaries of the government to discuss weighty problems. Officials resplendent on state occasions with much gold braid. The social life that moved sedately about they would compare with the charm of an old pride to us of the world born but yesterday. To the young dreamer Vilma, stirred by an impulse to get out and achieve, it seemed at times frightfully dull and stodgy.

Grounded from her infancy in that old civilization, surrounded by still magnificent relics of its grandeur, palaces and museums full of antiquities, galleries with pieces centuries old, she absorbed art and culture unconsciously—and longed to get away from it all into a busier life where one did things instead of musing over the archives of the past.

There were week-end family larks up in the hill spurs of the Bakony Mountains, and there was always the Varosliget with its zoological garden to wander through, but mostly she sought Margaret Island, a bit of lovely jade dropped into the Danube. There her dreams of activity seemed easier to visualize. A place almost English in character, with its trim, velvety turf and modern aspect, thither came the foreigners who were injecting a new thought into the misty age of her homeland. Though she was much too shy to reveal her hopes, the mere brush of contact with these people was stimulating.

Her dreams seemed hopeless, for she belonged to a conservative family: she was destined for marriage to a titled landowner. There was open to young girls of ambition but one profession, the stage, and to that she aspired. Obtaining grudging parental consent, she made her début in Vienna, but on the following day, found herself sidetracked to the films. A screen producer, overjoyed at her work—though she insists she was the victim of agonizing stage fright—effected a quick change in the cast which enabled her to enter the movies.

As this seemed the lesser of two evils, the family, while not thoroughly approving, withdrew active objections. Her life continued then as before, quiet, tranquil, except that every day she went to the studio to act.

Perhaps because she has never been associated with the theatrical atmosphere, there is nothing about her suggestive of the foreign actress. No artificiality of make-up or manners, no coquetry mars her manner of the self-contained, well-bred family girl. Except for her search for English words, she might have been brought up in any well-to-do English or American home.

"1st das trauen?"

"Many, many times during the past eight months has Fraulein Banky whispered that question to herself.

First, when she was summoned to meet an American producer named Goldwyn who wished to grant her an interview. This was indeed an honor, for which many famous stars of the European films would have been grateful. A thrill, she met him, sat across the table from him in an office while papers were hastily drawn up— with words she did not comprehend. They assured her, those gentlemen, that it meant an American opportunity at last.

"I not know if this man is very important. I not know if he is a nice man or not, but he have kind eyes and I trust him. My family much opposed, but I sign quick-lee, so, and pinch my arm to make sure I am alive."

Within three weeks, after a scurry of last-minute work at the studio, and a dash to a seaport train with make-up still on her face, she was aboard an American land liner. Only when the big boat was plowing the seas, its nose headed toward her goal, did fear clutch at her heart. What if this man with the kind eyes should prove to be a bad man? Though a film actress, Vilma had seen little of the world. Her work and her family life—these had limited her horizon of experiences. And in her timidity, vague horrors presented themselves to her imagination.

"I cry, I wish the boat turn back and take me home. But next day the sun shine, and I am in a hurry to get to America. That boat so slow!"

Her first impression of America, one of titanic size and mad struggle and tireless efficiency which magically smooths out friction, continues.

"In New York," she said, "I see only such a bigness. Every-where, high buildings, stone, and iron. So many peoples, all in a great hurry to work. It thrill me, but it frighten me. I stand on the street, my heart go so fast, I wonder if Vilma get lost in all this busy machinery.

"But this man and his Madame Goldwyn, they fix everything for Vilma. Such kind peoples! They say, 'Now, now, you stop worry and we make that right.' I am lonesome at first, moleh homesick. I know so few peoples, and I never go out. Home to my bonglow from the studio, my dinner, an hour to read, then bed. My rest I must have or I cannot work.

"After a while I meet peoples, but it is hard to make friends. One, two, three, enough. We understand each other. But many acquaintances, no. I do not know w'at they talk about, how to t'ink like they do. It is all so funny, to dance every night at cafés. How they do it, I like to know, and not get tired or seck?"

Though she feels at sea in the hustle of America's so-called social life, its business efficiency is a constant surprise and delight to her. Cars whisk her to and

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THE talent of Vilma Banky, whose story is on the opposite page, has been much heralded, but her striking performance in "The Dark Angel" more than justified all prophecies.
MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE had a hard pull at first, but she's under contract now to be featured in Metropolitan pictures, and has the ingénue lead in "Fifth Avenue."
MANY attractive offers at home made it hard for Mae Murray to decide whether or not to go to Germany for a prolonged series of pictures for the big Ufa company.
WILLIAM HAINES seems to be a real comer.

Though rather stern here, he usually wears an irresistible smile which, with his boyish naturalness, is winning him much popularity.
A WISE man is Thomas Meighan—as soon as the cold weather struck New York, he contrived to be sent to sunny Florida to make "A Florida Romance," a baseball picture.
DOROTHY DEVORE, whose usual task is to make people laugh, is to venture into new fields and help Monte Blue create mystery, and perhaps a little melodrama, in "The Man Upstairs."
A VIOLENT-TEMPERED society girl, a modern Katherine, is to be Gloria Swanson's rôle in “Tamed,” Fannie Hurst's up-to-date version of “The Taming of the Shrew.”
TOUCHED with real tragedy is the outwardly glorious success that has at last come to Belle Bennett in "Stella Dallas," as you may read on the opposite page.
The Price of a Success

How a tragedy in her own life influenced Belle Bennett’s remarkable performance in “Stella Dallas.”

By Elza Schallert

The very first thing to say about Belle Bennett is that she is going to be one of the most discussed actresses of the year. This prophecy is based on a single performance that she has given in “Stella Dallas,” a powerful story of mother love and sacrifice, a picture which undoubtedly will be listed with the biggest of the season. Not since Pauline Frederick’s Madame X has there been a mother rôle on the screen to match for sincerity, force, and conviction the performance which Belle Bennett gives of Stella Dallas—Stella, a woman simple, cheap, even vulgar, “judged only by appearances”—Stella, a mother who wrote her child’s happiness in her own heart’s blood when she gave her up to another woman, who she realized was more cultured, more refined than herself.

One performance doesn’t make a career, to be sure. But it can start the world talking. And every one who has seen Miss Bennett as this pitiable mother has been caught by the emotional sweep of her characterization, and has taken up her name.

It may be well to recall that, more than a year ago, Sam Goldwyn announced that he was going to film the book “Stella Dallas.” And he immediately commenced search for the leading character. It was a great rôle for the right actress! A reputation could be made by it! More than one player in Hollywood realized this. But no one more than Belle Bennett. She was the first to be considered for the part, and of her the first screen test was made. Her name meant little to pictures outside of the fact that, twelve years ago, in the early days of Blanche Sweet and Gloria Swanson, she had played leads with the old Triangle company. And during the past two years she has appeared in “Playing with Souls,” the last picture started by the late Thomas H. Ince, and also in Sam Goldwyn’s “Potash and Perlmutter in Hollywood.” The intervening time she had spent on the stage—in stock, and in New York plays, among which “The Wandering Jew,” “The Demi Virgin” and “Lawful Larceny” had been the most notable.

She was the not only actress, however, considered for the part. There were about twenty others. And such scintillating names as Pauline Frederick, Louise Dresser, Myrtle Stedman, Nazimova, Gladys Brockwell, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Lawrence, and Marjorie Rambeau, were among those mentioned.

But in the end—and it took a whole year for Mr. Goldwyn to make his decision—Belle Bennett was chosen. I think it was the result of fate, as well as of a producer’s decision, that she should play the rôle. For, the story of her own motherhood was as rich in poignant drama as the story of Stella Dallas herself.

Some people harbor the conviction that to be a great actress a woman must have known terrible suffering. Belle Bennett should, then, be one of the most understanding and compassionate players who ever lived. She was brought up in the atmosphere of tent and park shows run by her father. Her mother was the sort of woman who mothered every one in the company, and when people complained that she was working herself to the point of exhaustion for people who were unworthy, she always said, “I would want people to do the same for my little girl.”

Belle Bennett was married when hardly more than a child. Her first baby died, and, grief-stricken, she adopted another. Then Billy, who died so tragically last spring, was born. Then, as misfortune hit her relatives, she gathered dependents into her enfoldings arms until there were eleven dependents being cared for by this struggling young actress. Her husband deserted her, and for years he refused even to see her. For years, however, she taught her boy to love him, giving him Christmas presents supposed to have come from his father, making excuses for him.

Years in stock brought Belle Bennett success in that line of work. But always the ogre of poverty was lurking just outside her door. Even when she had a triumphant season, there was little left when the engagement was over. The leading actress in stock is expected to spend her money in the town that gives it to her. She has no time, while learning a new part every week, to think of little economies. And Belle Bennett never fell back on the time—when thousands were the custom—of the usual stock actress. She did not merely learn her lines and endow them with a few tried and true theatrical tricks. Each rôle was a new characterization, thought out in detail, carefully built. Whether it was as “The Thirteenth Chair,” “Pollyanna,” or “Within the Law,” Belle Bennett gave it as careful study as though she had never attempted such a rôle before.

Suitors never flocked around her; perhaps she was too busy, or perhaps she repelled them, thinking that some day her husband would come back to her. But eventu-
ally she was divorced. It was some months before she met Fred Windermere, a young director who brought her love and understanding and sympathy, and she married again.

I could go into detail and describe to you the anxiety and terrible uncertainty that Miss Bennett endured during the long time of waiting—just waiting—for the part of Stella. A dozen times she was on the point of returning to the stage. She almost accepted an offer for an engagement in stock in Atlanta, Georgia, where she was a tremendous favorite, at a thousand dollars a week. But each time that she held off, it was because of her yearning to accomplish something really big, in order that her boy, who had no father to look up to, might feel that, at least, he had a mother who had achieved something that he could be proud of.

Not long before she was at last chosen, the boy was taken ill with an infection from a blister—the same mysterious ailment that took the life of President Coolidge's son—and for six heartbreaking weeks she saw him wasting away from a big, healthy lad of one hundred and sixty-five pounds to a mere eighty pounds when he died.

She buried her boy high up on a hill in Hollywood, in beautiful Valhalla, one Friday afternoon, and the next day was ordered to start making scenes for the picture. The comedy scenes!

The first sequence to be taken was that in which Stella, the foolish, fond mother, staying at a fashionable resort that her little daughter may meet the right sort of companions, comes out, dressed in her absurd, frilly clothes, and is ridiculed by the girls and boys with whom her daughter is playing and who do not know that she is the mother of their little friend.

That first day was very hard for Belle Bennett, but something happened that did much to help her get through the terrific ordeal.

As she walked onto the location and saw the young people laughing and chatting—in much the same way that the characters do in that sequence of the picture—a stifling feeling overcome her. She wondered whether she was going to be able to carry on.

As she stood there, trying to collect herself, Lois Moran, who played the role of Stella's daughter, left the group. Miss Bennett does not even recall whether or not she had been introduced at that time. But Lois had seen. And when the rest were not looking, she came up to her and said, "Oh, Miss Bennett, if your arms are empty, won't you take me into them and just pretend that I'm your little girl?" And as she put her head against Miss Bennett's shoulder, a sudden welling up of affection broke through the choking pain, and a little later the scenes were taken.

Ordinarily, sorrow rips open the human heart and time heals the wound. But very often sorrows do not come singly, and the wound stays open, as grief is added to grief. This is what happened to Belle Bennett. A few days after work had begun on "Stella Dallas," there appeared in the press a story, which was broadcast over the country, saying that she had acknowledged her son only after death had taken him away, and that she had, for the grown-up years of her boy's life, posed as his sister. It was far from a pleasant story, as it appeared, and not one that mothers, women, men, fathers care to read.

I questioned her about it. And what she told me reveals how an actress, even though she is a mother, must always regard herself as a public figure, who may at any time, by anybody, expect to have the private recesses of her heart prodded open, and have placed upon the secrets therein any infliction that is desired. Whether a right or wrong interpretation, the story that appeared in the press proves once again that an actress, even as Stella Dallas, is often judged only by appearances.

"My boy Billy," Miss Bennett began, "meant to me just exactly what every baby has meant to every real mother since the beginning of time. I have been an actress all my life. I was virtually born on the stage. Naturally my work separated me from my boy after he reached the school age. But that didn't mean that my heart was not right inside of his, that I didn't look after his physical, mental, and moral welfare all the time, or that I didn't spend regular intervals with him.

"He was a wonderful child. Naturally, every mother says that. But really, my Billy was different. He grew into such a sturdy little man, and I put him into military school very young. It made a splendid chap of him. So big, so strong, so manly.

"Theodore, my other boy, and Billy were great friends and brothers. We three were pals in the fullest sense of the word. I must explain that Theodore has been my boy since he was a tiny three-week-old baby. I took him to me at that time—almost nineteen years ago—and have loved him just as if I had given birth to him.

"As I said before, Billy was such a strapping youngster for his age that often, when I introduced him to people they just smiled and thought it a joke on my part. And right there was the beginning of the episode that I never, never realized was going to be used against me so cruelly in later years.

"It was a little over three years ago that I was playing in Chicago in 'Happy Go Lucky.' I was the ingenue. My father and an aunt were with me and Billy and Theodore had come from their military school to join us for the Christmas holidays. My father and I have played on the stage together for many years, though he did not happen to be in that production. The humor of my being booked as an ingenue, a young girl of about eighteen, and being in real life the mother of a boy who even then looked fifteen, struck him, and he commented on it. And just a few days before that, the producer of the show had also commented on it and said to me, 'Miss Bennett, it's pretty hard for me to tell the public in the advertisements that you are a young ingenue and then have you produce this young giant as your son.'

"I never took it very seriously, because I loved my boy and was terribly proud of him. But at the same time, having been raised in the traditions of the theater, the world of make-believe, I couldn't help realizing that maybe the public would resent the little deceit, if you want to call it that, of the publicity that was being sent out about me. Of course, in the theater—a fib about an actress' age isn't looked upon as a dreadful sin—especially not if her looks belie her age.

"Well, dad, my aunt, my manager. Billy and Theodore talked the situation over. And just as I was becoming very disturbed over the whole silly affair, Billy chirped up with this: 'I tell you what, mother. Let's pretend we're your young brothers. You look young enough to be our sister. We'll call you 'Sis' just while we're here and it'll be lots of fun.'

"I can't say that I was enthusiastic over it. But anyway, I agreed, and then on, when we were in public together, I was 'Sis' to my boy. Before I realized it, we had all got into the habit of it. They called me 'Sis' and I let them do it. But every single one of my friends, and every person who has known me at all in business, has always realized that Billy was life to me and that he certainly was my son.

"This terrible thing has upset me in a way that every mother can understand. It has made me think so

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Hollywood High Lights

Keeping pace with the news and gossip of the film colony.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

The talk of Hollywood is the money that is now being made with big pictures. There are larger profits in the movies to-day than at any time in their history, and everybody is anticipating a new boom in production.

More than ever, films seem to be divided into definite classes. There are those, first of all, that are destined for long runs in the big cities and for road showing at advanced prices. These are receiving more and more attention, because recently they have gained such huge earnings.

Charlie Chaplin's "The Gold Rush" is expected to bring in an enormous revenue for the comedian. Estimates place the money that it will make at seven or eight millions. "The Big Parade" has been acclaimed as another box-office sensation, since its dazzling première at Grauman's Egyptian Theater in the colony. "The Sea Beast," with John Barrymore, is also hailed as a winner. Ernst Lubitsch's feature, "Lady Windermere's Fan," is the most pretentious that he has done since coming to this country, and he is now planning a big American historical spectacle.

Douglas Fairbanks' production of "The Black Pirate," which is all but completed, will undoubtedly be a sensation. "Bardelys the Magnificent," which will star Jack Gilbert, and also be filmed entirely in colors, holds promise of an elaborate interest.

Then, to top them all, there is "Ben-Hur," now finally finished, which will have to yield nearly ten million dollars in order to make its producers feel at all happy.

Fewer and Better.

Smaller pictures, particularly those that are cheaply made by the larger studios, seem to be suffering quite a bump. The Paramount organization, for one, has announced the cutting down of the number of its pictures, and everybody feels that this is going to mean a decided improvement. It has lagged somewhat during the past season in the quality of its lesser features, and so there have been several shifts and changes in the personnel of the studio, apparently in anticipation of a better future.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, with its terrific list of stars and directors, and with the fact that "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" are tremendous successes, has given a keen edge to competition.

Rumors of many mergers and transactions have been going the rounds, so that, instead of being the placid place that it normally is, Hollywood has been turned into a seething caldron of big business events.

Gilbert and Vidor.

The perfect combination of actor and director—John Gilbert and King Vidor! They have joined talents again in the film version of Sabatini's "Bardelys, the Magnificent."

Vidor directed "His Hour," through which Gilbert first became a popular idol. He also made "The Wife of the Centaur." Then came "The Big Parade." The latest Vidor production in which Gilbert has played is "La Bohème."

Erte Insults Hollywood.

Withering looks from the girls of Hollywood are all that will henceforth greet the mention of the name of Romain de Tirtoff-Erte. The little French designer, who came over from Paris to reform the styles of the movies, has incurred their ire by what are termed "a number of insulting and very ignorant" remarks he made at the time that he resigned from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer organization.

Erte declared that he had only one "pleasant memory" of his stay in the film colony, and that was of Carmel Myers. "She has grace and poise and a slender figure," he said, "and above all, she knows how to walk."
also spoke favorably of both Claire Windsor and Eleanor Boardman.

But for the beauty of the girls in general, he seemed to have only disdain. "They offer no more inspiration to a designer than other women," was his principal comment. He was in a huff, too, because the story for which he was devising costumes was changed three times. "The last attempt at the story was the worst," he said.

The only chance that Hollywood had to judge of the art of Erte was at "The Big Parade" opening. He contributed some extravagant symbolical creations for this event that elicited both approval and disapproval. On the whole they were rather lavishly beautiful.

**Dissension in the Minter Family.**

Mary Miles Minter's effort to obtain an accounting from her mother of money that she earned by her acting has not been progressing very favorably. Mrs. Charlotte Shelby won the first point in the contest when she had the case thrown out of court temporarily.

Miss Minter and her mother have been at odds for some time according to the general understanding, but they were supposed to have patched up their difficulties.

Anyway, the court proceedings brought out the fact that Miss Minter made nearly a million and a quarter dollars during her contracts with the American Film Company and Paramount.

**Monte versus Rod Again.**

The old-time feud between Monte Blue and Rod La Rocque is certain to break out again now. Monte, you know, is partly Indian, and exceedingly proud of the fact. Rod La Rocque claims no such distinction for himself, but he seems lately to have enjoyed honors fit for a chieftain at an Indian round-up in Los Angeles. He was formally adopted as their honorary head by a whole group of Indian tribes that were gathered for the event.

While it was nothing more than a publicity stunt in connection with Rod's new starring picture, "Braveheart," Rod was nevertheless encroaching upon a province that Monte has regarded as quite his own. We haven't had the courage to interview him as to his feelings yet, but we can readily imagine what they are.

There has always been such rivalry between the two stars, because of their resemblance to each other, that it is dangerous to mention them in the same breath, as you probably know.

**Mary as a Viking's Daughter.**

Mary Pickford's rôle in the picture that she will play with Douglas Fairbanks—probably the next that they will make—will be that of a Viking's daughter. At least, she will be a Norse maiden, this part being chosen for her because of her radiant and golden type of beauty.

Doug has the story pretty well mapped out. So it is fairly certain that they will do this co-starring picture. Possibly some of the scenes will be taken by them this spring during a trip to Europe.

Mary may make one more picture before she leaves, for "Scraps," of course, is finished.

**Harold's Canoe Course.**

Movie sets must certainly be going to the heads of our foremost stars. For now their homes, too, are beginning to assume something of the aspect of super-productions.

Before he gets through, Harold Lloyd is going to have the most remarkable establishment in all of Hollywood.

The latest things that he has added are a canoeing course on a river, especially constructed, and a huge waterfall.

**At Home with Alice Calhoun.**

Alice Calhoun has just bought a very lovely place, built in English style, in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles. She has been holding open house to her friends, who are not perhaps typical of the motion-picture group, ever since she has occupied it.

Recently, we enjoyment a ten-course Italian dinner prepared by Monty Banks, the film comedian. Monty's real name is Mario Bianchi, of course, and he's celebrated as one of the finest spaghetti cooks in the colony. There is no exaggeration either about the publicity that has been given him in this connection.

Alice and her mother have always been charming to meet, and their hospitality is one of the most delightful things about them. In their home, the talk runs to many things besides pictures, and when you are there, you are likely to be entertained by an impromptu musical program, for Alice herself plays the piano, and also sings and whistles, while her guests often disclose sufficient musical talent to make a very pleasant evening by the hearthside.

**Will There Be a Battle?**

Now that Erich von Stroheim has signed up with Famous Players, all that we ask is that we may have a ringside seat for the first fight—because it will probably also be the last one.

There is no telling, however, what may come out of this strange association—and it really is a strange one for more reasons than we can explain here.

Incidentally, it might be interesting to know that, recently, Douglas Fairbanks came very near making a production with Von Stroheim as director. If other plans had not intruded, he probably would have done so, because he entertains a tremendous admiration for Von's talents.

Under his new contract, Von Stroheim is to act as well as direct.

**When Lew Sang.**

Next to Marshall Neilan, Lew Cody may be named as Hollywood's principal cut-up.

Lew was down at the Alexandria Hotel not long ago with one of his friends, and was quite interested in hearing for the first time one of the new type of phonographs.

The effect struck him as so realistic that it brought to his mind the bright idea of serenading a lady friend—the one presumably to whom he has been reported engaged—over the telephone.

Lew called her up, and said:

"Listen, my dear, and I'll sing you a good-night song."
“What,” she exclaimed, “I didn’t know you could sing.”

“Ah, but you don’t know all my talents yet,” replied Lew.

So he brought the phonograph close to the telephone, and put on the Caruso record of “O Sole Mio.”

And even to this day—it is said—the fair recipient of the serenade is not quite sure whether Lew is a famous tenor in disguise or not.

Father Bosses Daughter.

A somewhat attractive sentiment surrounds the news that Maurice Costello is directing his daughter Dolores in her first starring picture for Warner Brothers. He is not the first, of course, to fill the dual role of parent and director, but at that, the conditions are exceptional, for Maurice himself was at one time such a favored star.

Even before her appearance in a picture, the fame of Dolores appeared to be as amazingly spread as that of any newcomer in the game. She is constantly mentioned with Vilma Banky as one of the feminine players who is certain of a great future.

Rivals and Sisters.

A pretty case of rivalry is that between the two Day sisters, Alice and Marceline. Alice, you may recall, has been starring in Sennett short-reelers, and is the older of the two.

Marceline was also in comedies for a time, and then quite wisely chose to try dramatic features instead. She was engaged for a prominent part in Frank Lloyd’s “The Splendid Road,” and now has just finished the lead in “The Barrier,” the revival of Rex Beach’s story.

It is said that she is certain to win a good contract as a result of her performance. Both of the girls began their work before the camera almost before they were out of high school, and they are singularly sweet and natural.

Welcome Pauline.

Pauline Frederick is home again, and is reported to have left a trail of broken hearts behind her in Australia. Not only was she enthusiastically received by the audiences there during her eight-month sojourn, but she was twice reported to be engaged.

It is really regrettable that the screen has been so long deprived of an actress of such magnetic charm and fascinating ability as Miss Frederick, and the hope of everyone is that she will choose the films rather than the footlights for her return to professional life in this country.

Samuel Pepys in Hollywood.

The Sabbath: Up very betimes and by foot to church, meeting with Estelle Taylor and her husband, Jack Dempsey, they going in the same direction, and did ask Jack how he likes it that Estelle does play with John Barrymore in “Don Juan,” he replying loud and rauously that so long as she picks champions, he does not care; and so stayed the sermon and home.

Monday: Fell into a dispute with my wife over the morning papers, securing but one page, but found there no important political news other than the handsome and prolific speeches of Mr. Valentino concerning divorce, marriage, babies, and the movies, which does not greatly interest me, being of the opinion that Mr. Valentino should take care lest he talk himself off the screen, and so thought no more of it and to work.

Tuesday: Up and by trolley car to the Roach studios, and there did see Mildred Harris for the first time in a great while, she playing a lead there in a Charlie Chase comedy, and did scarcely recognize her, her flaxen hair being now brunette, which she says is the original shade, and did inquire of the health of her baby boy, which she has named Everett John McGovern, apparently holding no sentimental memories of her former husband, Charles Spencer Chaplin, as she has not given the baby even one of his names.

Wednesday: To William Fox and saw him sign a great check for “What Price Glory,” which he means to make into a picture, it being a very successful play, and did ask him if all the swear words of the original will be in the subtitles on the screen, but he being a man of few words, did get no satisfactory answer.

Thursday: Dined at Writers’ Club and saw Louise Fazenda eating turkey with great content, which pleased me very much, and laughing merrily at the jokes which a famous scenarist did whisper into her ear, Louise being of good wit herself.

Friday: It being a fair promising day, up pretty betimes and by bus to Universal studio, where there is much discourse because the title of “His People,” being a film of Jewish life, is changed to "Proud Heart," which seems to me a wise change, as the programs would
Hollywood may take par which a is changed which handsome picture the heroes artistic chance, his photograph burlesque possible, A The as the lead, and she has never looked lovelier. There are, also, Estelle Taylor as a gorgeous Lucretia Borgia, June Marlowe, Helene Costello, Myrna Loy, Helene d’Algy, Phyllis Haver, Helen Lee Worthing, and Hedda Hopper, besides Jane Winton, and others, in the prologue. Certainly, from the viewpoint of beauty, the feminine part of the cast is par excellence.

Michael Arlen in Hollywood.

Michael Arlen’s now somewhat celebrated remark that he had come to Hollywood to study the silent drama but had heard nothing but talk ever since his arrival, may have had some reference to an entertainment that was held in his honor at the Screen Writers’ Club. Evidently this organization had decided to take no more chances with imported writers, since Laurence Stallings, one of the authors of “What Price Glory,” had referred to their talents in a disparaging manner some time ago.

So when Arlen was the guest of the club, they made the evening almost entirely one of travesty. One of the principal features of the program was a burlesque of “The Green Hat,” in which Arlen’s very sophisticated heroine, Iris March, was portrayed as a Camp Fire girl.

Another story that is told on Arlen is of his first encounter with Charlie Chaplin. It was a cosmic meeting, it seems, and Charlie had a chance, for once, to let loose and talk copiously about his artistic ideals, his ambitions, and his sufferings. He availed himself of the opportunity liberally, so much so, indeed, that Chaplin and the Chaplin aspirations were almost the exclusive topic of conversation, except when he digressed to his pictures, “A Dog’s Life,” “The Kid,” “The Gold Rush,” and others.

Arlen listened politely, but as he was going out the door, he suddenly turned, and called at the top of his voice: “Don’t forget, there are also”—and here his voice rose to a crescendo—“there are also Michael Arlen, ‘The Green Hat’ and ‘These Charming People!’”

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Who has the most beautiful legs? This is the question that was decided in a recent contest among the Metro-Goldwyn extra girls in which several of the screen’s heroes acted as judges. They picked the third pair from the right.
Why Did De Mille Leave Famous Players?

An inquiry into the character of the man which not only answers the foregoing inquiry, but also explains certain characteristics of his work that puzzle some persons, irritate others, but which delight the millions of picture lovers whose loyal admiration has made De Mille one of the most powerful figures in the industry.

By John Addison Elliott

EVER since Cecil B. De Mille left Famous Players-Lasky to start an organization of his own, every one has been asking, "Why did he do it, at this of all times?"

For the tendency now is for more and more centralization. Save for a scant handful, the directors and stars who broke out a few years ago to form their own companies have either disappeared or have gone back to one or another of the big organizations.

Ince, one of the first to branch out, was one of the few who managed to retain his organization through the ups and downs that finished less capable independents.

Even Griffith, after years of hopeless struggle alone, is now in the calm harbor of a huge organization, calking the seams of a boat which has been tried by many terrific monetary squalls on the Sea of Freedom.

And now we find De Mille, for years the "bright young lad" who swept out the store and arranged nifty window displays of bathtubs, lingerie, and so forth, suddenly bidding the boss good-by, in order to set up a competing place on the next corner. Why does he do it? Why does he venture whence Griffith, Vidor, Dwan, Ray, and others have returned with burned fingers?

It is no secret that plans for a contract to direct at an imposing figure lay at one side of the table across which the final decision of separation was made. Why, therefore, why?

To those who were close to Cecil De Mille for the four weeks previous to his decision, there was doubt as to how the die would be cast. Even when his conscious mind said, "I will stay," the subconscious had chosen.

Always the hired man saw himself behind the counter, selling just the goods he wanted, running his store according to his own ideas. The hired man did not fool himself. He knew that the employee can sleep while the boss frets about details—nanny. He knew that years of comparative comfort, with people and things ready to his hand, must be replaced by the birth travail of a new organization. He knew that he must come out from behind the dollar bulwark of an international corporation and himself fight for financial credit, a puny figure arrayed against entrenched forces.

Why did he do it?

The answer goes back to England and the birth of a little Christian-Jewish girl yelept Beatrice Samuels.

Independent, aggressive, strange in an age when maidens were shy, Miss Samuels, a New York teacher, militant, pervasive, came to know a bashful young French-American.

The romance of Henry De Mille, also a pedagogue, has not been recorded. Certainly a marriage of greater opposites is difficult to recall. But it was a union of interesting hereditary consequences.

From the first, Beatrice Samuels De Mille preached independence. Henry De Mille looked longingly at the cool cloisters of the Episcopal Church. He had studied long and already had mastered the duties of a lay reader. It was only a matter of months until the surplice of a rector was to bind him into a vast ecclesiastical organization.

But no.

Beatrice De Mille saw a

His critics call him "poseur."
His friends call him "human."
And both indictments are true.
In his public life he is a Barnum.
In private life he is conservative and quiet in his taste.
Acquaintances of ten years or more say he hasn’t had such a light in his eye since 1913, when he and Jesse Lasky, plus a shoestring, bought andlicked the trail of that day, the General Film Company.

De Mille made great pictures at a time when he hid the negative under the family mattress to prevent sabotage.

Fight? He was behind the counter then, and he loved it. The first “Virginian,” the first “Call of the North”—they rolled from joyous fingers. Directors began to howl at their hard work, so in order to shame them, De Mille made two pictures in two weeks, working both night and day. These, “The Cheat” and “The Golden Chance,” were enormously successful.

In those days, he led his people daringly, pitting them against each other to extract their best. In “Joan the Woman,” we find discontented extras howling at the weight of ancient chain armor. Mutiny brewed and on the pivotal day of an expensive set, hundreds of horsemen refused to go on. Then it was that De Mille, always dramatic, raised the steel masks of two horsemen who had endured every hardship. They were girls. He lashed the rioters with a pitiless tongue—and secured a dramatic great picture.

And then, the small Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company grew huge, departmentalized. What was once done with a sweeping gesture now became a matter of polite, restrained conference.

Fortune smiled, but De Mille did not. He still retained his directorial touch—his pictures were consistently successful—but the old zest was gone. The world was conquered, and Alexander fretted in his tent.

Born of paternal stock which had its center in the South, Cecil De Mille’s courtesy caused him to pull in double harness. Occasionally, however, rumors were heard of disagreements as to story values, and successes like “Old Wives for New” were born under protest.

Even at the time of the publication of “The Ten Commandments,” tongues prattled that not all of his associates shared the De Mille faith in this theme.

These blazed signs along the forest trail of filmdom meant but one thing, that the militant spirit of Beatrice De Mille had not been crushed out of her son by a flood of gold.

Why on earth should Cecil De Mille give up comparative ease for desperately hard work and worry?

Why should he toss away representation in hundreds of our biggest theaters and take a gamble that his pictures would be adequately offered?

Why be an independent and sweat blood when, with his fortune, he need never have worked again?

This whole paradox of De Mille as a horn-handed, toiling independent is all the more strange in the light of his pictorial and personal tendencies.

De Mille, the independent, works an eighteen-hour day, and yet he loves comfort. He has a large wardrobe. He takes a keen delight in fresh linen. He loves his yacht. He revels in the music of an immense pipe organ at his mountain ranch. He is an epicure of epics.

One senses, however, in these very things a spirit of protest against the days when he was an actor out of work and his baby drank milk only because father walked to Harlem from Fourteenth Street.

The gorgeousness of the De Mille pictorial bathtubs?

Their genesis lies in the barb which found its way into the soul of a young actor who, assigned to “rooms without bath,” fashioned a pass key to gain access to adjoining foun-
naints of cleanliness. De Mille chuckles as he relates the time when the click of a key in the lock and the entrance of two people caught him stealing a bath. The relation of this incident to some of his famous bathing episodes in films is not at all beyond the bounds of logic—or Freud.

The influence of an inherited tendency toward protest and independence gained impetus in the train of a highly developed imagination.

Henry De Mille, the father, used to read daily for his boys one chapter of the Old Testament, one chapter of the New, and a chapter of a popular novel. Possessed of a splendid speaking voice and an instinct for the dramatic, he could hold even the roving attention of an eight-year-old.

Imagine the father intoning the description of one of the gorgeous royal balls which filled the romantic novels of that period. Imagine his verbal pictures of brilliantly attired lords and ladies who formed the dramatist's persona.

Now consider the field upon which this seed was sown. Two boys, William and Cecil, sat open-mouthed in a room of genteel poverty, their minds made razor-keen by colorful presentations of the exotic.

Consider the character of the home which sheltered this scene. Conceive the choice of a genuine "haunted house," lonely, isolated, the scene of a suicide. Who would dream of selecting such a place, save parents who had to be attracted by the necessarily reduced rental?

Why has Cecil De Mille become an Apostle of Splash?

Why does he seem to cater so unerringly to the taste of the submerged nine tenths?

Why do his super-rich, impressionistically gorgeous characters appeal to the hoy polloi?

Because Cecil De Mille knew, before adolescence, the mind-pictures poverty can paint, and because his extra pictures are nothing more nor less than a gesture against the days when real poverty brought the two brothers unsatisfied longings.

How Cecil De Mille has been panned for his highly spiced presentations of the wealthy! "Untrue to life, artificial," the Solomons of the press have cried.

But not untrue, De Mille has held, to the imaginations of the millions, the very intensity of whose efforts has bred a picture many times more glorifyingly tinted than reality.

Early in January, last year, C. B. led a party of guests into the most exclusive, most expensive, most liberally patronized night club in all New York.

Wealth in nine figures was present. Women dined wearing jewels fit to ransom a king. But pictorially, the scene was lacking—a small room, rather darkly draped, crowded to suffocation, swimming in a haze of cigarette smoke.

"Suppose," De Mille soliloquized, "suppose I presented this sort of café, the real, 'high-lying' New York. It would not be believed nor accepted by the great masses."

And so we find him abandoning the realities of wealth, presenting, instead, reproductions of those vivid, highly chromatic paintings which formed themselves in the mind of an adolescent, as the voice of a father sketched the outlines of some striking tale by one of those bygone authors whose pens dripped with intriguing reds, purples, golds.

Oh, how the critics rage at this independent non-conformist!

"The worst picture ever!" they barked about "Man-slaughter"—and with a gross of a million and a half, that photoplay ranks among the first "ten."

"Terrible!" they said...
Looking On with an Extra Girl

Who, as one of the ensemble used in the filming of “La Bohème,” meets Lillian Gish for the first time, and follows her and John Gilbert through the successive scenes of that pathetic story.

By Margaret Reid

The mantle of greatness is a curiously potent thing, lending a dazzling fascination to many figures that were otherwise most unobtrusive. Some wear it with regal ease, as if it were designed for them rather than they for it. Mary Pickford is one of these. She is unmistakably a great woman, a woman of achievements and power, and this as much outside her own sphere as in it.

On the other hand, probably heading the list of those in whom the rather awesome grandeur of supremacy seems incongruous, is Lillian Gish. Not when she is at work, of course. But outside the camera lines, the aspects of tremendous success are missing—one and all.

Of course, the fanfare and trumpeting that preceded her arrival on the Coast led those of us who had never seen her to expect not only the usual in stars, but the unusual. Which latter we got, but in the opposite direction.

At the time of Miss Gish’s break with Inspiration, the papers were full of rumors as to her future plans. Great film magnates struggled like urchins and cried like babies, trying to reach her with contracts proffering not only the moon but several acres of sky as well. Then the wires palpitated that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was a neck ahead. Breath was held. One pictured the Unholy Three—Hollywood’s pet name for Thalberg, Rapf, and Mayer—biting their nails while straining their ears over the private wire to New York. Finally, one bright sunny morning—this is just for effect, since every one already knows there is nothing so viciously perpetual as the California sun—a mammoth banner was strung at the studio entrance, from one side of the highway to the other. High above the road, it bragged to all and sundry, “M. G. M. signs Lillian Gish!” Rival bidders went home sulking and the charming services of the favorite actress of John Barrymore, Hergesheimer, and a few other people, were Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer’s for the trifling sum of eight thousand dollars a week.

I find it impossible to call up a mental picture of eight thousand dollars a week at all, and an attempt to conceive of that amount coming in every week throws me into a high fever. But I understand it is a pretty sum. And it would seem to indicate an equally vivid payee. We knew better, naturally, than to expect in the lyrical Gish the trappings of Swanson. But we did anticipate the definite markings of personality, the subconscious dominance, little things impossible to explain, but apparent in most great people.

Miss Gish arrived on the same day that the elaborate dressing-room suite designed for her was rushed to completion. The following morning found her at the studio, conferring on stories.

After a polite but systematic search of the studio, I...
discovered her on the lawn, talking to one of the heads. She wore a severely plain white coat and a close hat of pale rose felt, and carried a heavy black book in her arms. No make-up, not even powder, marred the healthy, translucent pallor of her perfect complexion.

The famous tiny mouth showed only its own faintly pink color, her eyes were the clear, light blue of a child's. Purists might not call it a beautiful face, but the poignant, eerie sweetness of its frailly chiseled features is the very essence of loveliness.

To realize that she is a lady of great attainments and infinite fame, and eight thousand dollars a week, is a weary task. Her timid, gentle manner, her air, not only of background, but of the cultivation of art and grace through generations, make her a figure that seems not only remote from the rigors and extremes of motion-picture success but from any contact with the present age. I have been told, at one time and another—mostly by gullible males—"Do notice So-and-so, she is so quaintly old-fashioned." So-and-so usually proves to be either dumb or to be skilfully using a highly praised "method." The only genuinely old-fashioned girl I have ever seen—and that means typical of a gentler and lovelier age than ours—is Lillian Gish. How she has remained so through the building and maintaining of a career that has meant battle and misery and heartache, is her secret. That she has managed to do it, is her triumph.

It was some weeks before a story suitable for Miss Gish was found. When the final decision fell upon "La Bohème," there was still a long interval before the scenario, sets, costumes, and all the thousand and one plans, were ready to be put into action. And then, for two weeks, a small space on one of the stages was tightly canvassed in and jealously guarded against intruders. In this sanctuary was observed the old Griffith custom of detailed rehearsal before any camera work whatsoever. At the end of the fortnight, the company gathered, en masse, on stage 3. This exclusive place is always given to the most impressive company in action at the time. It is hidden from casual visitors behind trees and shrubs beyond a wild little garden in a corner of the lot.

We had not been long at work before various of the ladies and gentlemen of the ensemble were instructed to come out and be fitted for attire of the year 1830. I happened to be among the fortunes and was soon gownned in a lovely costume of hideous brown serge and a gray flannel cape. The keepers of the M. G. M. wardrobe are the nicest wardrobe women in Hollywood, but even their elastic patience is tried on days when the picture and scene require a mediocre costume of extras.

Their sympathetic ears are deafened with cries of "But, Mother Coulter, I can't wear this—why it's awful!" "Can't I at least have a pretty cape to cover up this horror?" "Mrs. Piper, you wouldn't make me actually wear such an ugly dress!" Each feels that anything less than the very best is not her type.

But to-day we were Parisians of precarious means, offering up the old wedding ring and grandfather's stickpin in a dingy little pawnshop in the Latin Quarter. The sunlight struggling in through the grimy, cracked windows was being repaired, a carbon stick having fallen out of one of its rays, so we waited in a decorous row behind the scenes.

The magician Sartov, Miss Gish's special camera man, sat on his high stool by the camera, pulling placidly at his meerschaum pipe. The last touches were being applied to the dreary little set. The orchestra drifted into one of Mimi's first songs, melancholy and wistful. It was almost like, but rather nicer than, waiting for the gong on the first act of the opera.

King Vidor, a young man who recently made a picture, called "The Big Parade," which is said to be quite a sketch, donned a rakish smock hanging on the directorial chair. These smocks were the uniform for all the company during the picturing of the bohemian Mimi and Rodolphe, a sort of atmospheric sympathy for the locale and theme. Each smock was decorated with symbols representing the wearer's official capacity.

Now, there are directors and directors, many of them very fine fellows and clever, but if there is one thing an extra girl likes more than a courteous and considerate director, it is one who is good looking as well. Girls—stop me if you've heard this before—will be girls. And Mr. Vidor is an extremely personable young man with a tanned complexion, thick black hair, gray eyes, and a slow, infectious smile. Which is all every well-cast director should be. More of this paragon anon, but while we are on the subject, I might mention his brilliant young scenario writer, Harry Behn, who is also exceptionally well cast. Not only this, but his assistant director, one Dave Howard, is the extra girl's dream of what all assistants will be when Will Hays really takes hold. And then, of course, there was
Mimi's Rodolphe—a gay, moody romantic of wicked charm. Now he paced the floor in breathless enthusiasm, now he sat hunched over in a chair, brooding and despondent. He was very handsome. And so, amid ideal surroundings, the picture progressed.

When the sunlight had been arranged to the satisfaction of Sartoy, Miss Gish was called and we made our first acquaintance with Mimi. Such a sad and threadbare little Mimi, before her whirlwind rescue by Rodolphe. Faint shadows hollowed her cheeks and her eyes were haggard with fatigue and hunger. In her arms was clasped a ragged bundle which she timidly offered up. The coin thrust at her was too small, and with tears in her eyes and quivering lips, she tenderly placed her shabby, moth-eaten little muff on the counter.

The orchestra breathed faintly one of Mimi's gentle laments—oh! the pitiful little Mimi! I tumbled blindly for a handkerchief, feeling I couldn't stand it any longer without doing something about it—anything to allay the misery of that wistful face.

When the camera stopped, she peeped round it, with a birdlike gesture, the tears still shining on her eyelashes.

"Was that one all right, Mr. Vidor? Or shall we try it again?"

"Well, let's try it this way, too, and see how it looks" —in Mr. Vidor's soft, lazy Southern accent.

So Mimi is unhappy this way and that way and several other ways, until she receives her scanty loan and turns slowly away and goes out the door. That was all of Mimi for that time.

When next we saw her, it was at a picnic in the woods of Ville D'Avray, near Paris. A rural frolic of citizens of the Quartier Latin—artists and their ladies. The costumes for this were charming—bright organdies and taffetas of one of the quintest of periods. The preliminary details of this picnic one must omit as being too unfestive—the two journeys to the studio at six on successive mornings only to find the call canceled, and the old man on the outskirts of the crowd who turned away with weak tears in his discouraged eyes.

But the third morning saw the jinx thwarted, and at eight o'clock the buses were loaded and speeding along the thirty miles through Los Angeles, past the great estates of Pasadena, to Arcadia—a little town of orange groves at the foot of mountains that reach straight up into lofty snow fields.

In a grassy meadow, sheltered by oak trees, the picnic was spread. Miss Gish's town car, with its shades drawn, was already parked at one side. Through the back window of an expensive coupé, a black head swathed in a towel indicated the transformation of John Gilbert into Rodolphe.

In another car were Louise and Phemie. Phemie was played by a fiery Russian, Valentina Zanima, late of the famous Battalion of Death. Between scenes she sang wild, strange songs of her native steppes, eyes half closed in recollection. Louise was none other than the director's little sister, Catherine Vidor. Catherine is a charming child, shy and soft-voiced, with lovely deep-blue eyes. This was her first appearance before the camera, which alone was sufficient to prostrate her with excitement, even without the surrounding circumstances.

You see, Catherine's favorite actor, bar none, is Edward Everett Horton.

"Oh, the Saturday afternoons I've spent in the front row center at the Majestic"—which is the Los Angeles stock theater where Horton plays. "I just adore his acting, it is simply perfect."

Now, Louise's beau in "La Bohème" is Colline, and Colline was being played by Edward Everett Horton. Thus we have all the elements of a truly dramatic situation, besides a most auspicious beginning for a budding career.
Mr. Horton is an inordinately quiet gentleman, emerging from the fastnesses of a book only for work. There is a sort of old-fashioned courtliness in his bearing, a throwback from the manners of the time of Colline himself. He has a humorous expression, and smiles quiz-zically and contagiously with his eyes alone.

With Renee Adoree, the Musette of the picture, was her sister Mira who, like Renee, was originally a dancer but who has only recently turned to pictures. Also like Renee, she is an impish contique, although she lacks Renee's wistfulness. Renee is a mischievous, gypsylike person, of chuckling, ready laughter. Her eyes are about the loveliest I have ever seen—large, beautifully shaped and violet blue, brilliant and long-lashed, equally eloquent in tears or flirtation.

Among the jollymakers were Loro Bara, the young blond sister of Theda; a dear little couple whose adored son is George K. Arthur; the now w. k. Harry Crocker—his delicious wit the riotous center of the assembly; and Gloria Helm, a charming discovery of Mr. Vidor’s, recently proclaimed one of the seven most beautiful unknowns in Hollywood. Which means that Gloria is somewhat of a knock-out and presages great things.

When Miss Gish stepped out of her car and began work, it was like the arrival of a limpid, fragrant wood elf, so exquisite was her costume and so beautiful was she herself. No woman could resist its festive quaintness, and I could not help remarking, in particular, on the airy, organdie sleeves.

“Is it sweet, isn't it?” Miss Gish said. “We took it from an old painting. And the sleeves are especially effective on the screen. They catch the light, and when Mimi runs, it looks as though she had wings, the wings of a moth.”

Her voice is a sharp surprise. You expect soft, throaty accents, but instead she speaks in clear, firmly pitched tones. A sort of healthy voice, pitched rather high, like a child's. There is much about her that is reminiscent of extreme youth, besides the pure, cherubic contour of her face. She has, not just poise and courtesy, but manners. Careful, adorable politenesses that she is never too tired or worried to forget, even down to the unfailing, smiling “Thank you’s” for the little attentions continually showered upon her by the slavish electricians and prop boys. Much like a very well-brought-up child she is, and utterly disarming.

“All right, Dave, let's get started,” called Mr. Vidor in his impersonal way, as if nothing in particular were pending. If he has any conscious method of direction, it is his air of ease and pleasant dallying. He accomplishes a great amount of work, but this fact is never as apparent to his players as the casual, unburdened comfort of the way in which it is done. In particular, he has a skillful feeling for the charm a scene may contain, for the loveliness that may be put into a situation.

This one sequence of the picnic is sure to stand out by itself in the picture, no matter how splendid the rest is. It is seldom that the full effect of an entire scene is at all understandable when seen in the making. The interruptions and waits and changes damage any impression one might get. But this seemed to hold continuity and sweep, despite the spasmodic way in which it was necessarily assembled.

Like a bright little bird, Mimi flitted from group to group of the bohemians, laughing and examining while administering to their needs. Then, when the drowsy background sprang to life at the music of rustic fiddlers, and every one else ran off to dance but the smoldering Rodolphe, she slipped away into the shadows of the woods, peeping back over her shoulder, coquetting and teasing.

When the shots of our dance in the pavilion were done, we had leisure to follow Mimi and Rodolphe through the forest.

As opposite as possible, in every way except talent, Miss Gish and Mr. Gilbert make a stunning picture. Though each seems to accentuate the individuality of the other, they are yet such perfect foils that no salient quality of either is dimmed.

Mr. Gilbert works with abandon, throwing self and surroundings to the winds when he enters a scene. My private opinion, held ever since “The Snob,” is that he is the screen's greatest actor, without peer or rival. My friends, who have had it expounded to them rather often, would say it is not a very private opinion. And
For Wear in the Sunny South

Warm-weather frocks, seen on the screen, that offer many hints of what the springtime styles will be.

By Betty Brown

Not all of us can go South. I am one of those who cannot, but just because you may also be among the unfortunates who must stay at home and brave the snowstorms, don't think that this article has nothing to do with you, because it has.

The wise girl knows that the gay sport costumes, the smart afternoon gowns, and the colorful and frivolous evening frocks worn at the various Southern resorts are the first advance whispers of the styles which we may expect to see blossoming forth at the coming of the Northern springtime, and the girl who would be forehanded will do well to study the style tendencies of these warm-weather frocks even though the wind may be howling and the thermometer hovering at the zero mark.

The costumes worn by our screen stars at this time are often the best examples of this type of gown, for the excellent reason that many of the forthcoming spring productions are made in the South, and many are the screen celebrities who are to be seen, both at work and at play, at the various coast resorts south of the Mason and Dixon line.

The gowns I have sketched in this number consist of a hodgepodge of sport, afternoon and evening styles, all of which, although seemingly simple in line and style, contain some new note or trick of line which will surely be seen in the real spring costumes later on.

The girlish gown seen at the top of this
A dance frock of satin and chiffon worn by Joan Crawford in "Sally, Irene and Mary."

A feature of almost all the spring frocks is the voluminous scarf, an example of which Miss Griffith wears with this gown. It, too, is of heavy crepe, matching the gown in color and reaching to the hem of the dress.

The afternoon frock next in this group shows the bustle effect which will be seen on many of the spring models. It is a vogue faintly reminiscent of the picturesque styles worn in the '80s with the gathered overskirt and voluminous bow. This gown is of heavy moiré silk in a soft-tan shade, and is worn by Dorothy Mackaill in "Joanna." Miss Mackaill wears a beige fox scarf with this costume and a smart little hat of the same material as the gown.

The young lady standing next to Dorothy is Claire Windsor, wearing a smart one-piece frock which depends for its trimming upon taffeta fruit in gay colors, which appear on the sleeve and skirt. This dress features the cape effect which, in this instance, is detachable, tying at the neck with wide streamers hanging down the front. Although the original model of this gown was navy blue in color, this is a style which would be charming in any of the high shades suitable for warm weather, a soft beige shade, for instance. The cape effect is a style to which I am particularly partial, as it is almost universally becoming, and in the case of a slender figure, takes away the slightly bare effect of the plain round neck.

The last gown in the group is also worn by Corinne Griffith. It is a model of charming simplicity and would be a delightful one for a young girl. It is of soft crêpe de Chine, simply trimmed with wide hemstitching outlining the childish round neck and odd little strap sleeves. The embroidered and scalloped skirt is worn very short, and is simply gathered to the hemstitched belt at the normal waistline. A bunch of tiny roses at the waist completes this girlish dress. Miss Griffith also sponsors the scarf in this gown. This one is of soft mink, attached to the hat at the right of the underbrim and winding around the neck and shoulders in soft folds.

With this dainty costume Miss Griffith carries a long-handled parasol, a picturesqueness adjunct to the summe costume that has rather fallen into disuse of late years.

Although evening and dance frocks cannot be said to change much in weight and material from season to season, those worn in the accompanying sketches have a definitely springlike quality which makes them ideal for the near future for either home or Southern wear. The one at the top of the page is worn by Joan Crawford, who is playing Irene in Edmund Goulding's production of "Sally, Irene and Mary." It is an exquisitely beautiful gown, of blue, orchid, and pink chiffon, which hangs in rhinestone-dotted points from the normal waistline, where rhinestone bandings, in odd pointed effect.

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I’ll never forget it,” Fanny proclaimed dramatically. “It was simply the most——” She floundered and gasped and finally appealed fervently to me. “Give me a word, the most marvelous word you know, and one that isn’t shopworn from being applied to trivial matters.”

“What for?” I asked idly. Imagine Fanny feeling at a loss for a word; she usually just uses “marvelous” or “insipid” to describe anything.

“For ‘Stella Dallas’ of course. The most glorious word you can think of won’t half describe the premiere of that picture. The production itself is superb, but you can take a look at Sally Benson’s review of it if you want to know about that. It’s the audience I’m talking about. Their emotional scenes were marvelous. I’ve never seen such weeping.”

Fanny tugged her hat down more closely—it gave the general effect of blinders—and launched forth. Evidently, she didn’t want to be distracted.

“There were so many prominent people who wanted to see ‘Stella Dallas’ that it outgrew the confines of one opening and had to have two—one in the afternoon, the second in the evening. In the afternoon, Ethel Barrymore played hostess and showed the picture to the leaders of the theatrical profession and to other friends. Mary Boland, Irene Bordoni, Ina Claire, and simply mobs of others were there, and they all cried so heartily that I don’t see how they could act that night.

“I hadn’t the slightest intention of going to the regular opening after that,” Fanny went on gustily, “but somehow, my foot-steps just strayed mechanically toward the theater. You really have to see ‘Stella Dallas’ more than once. What I am trying to figure out is how to time my bursts of tears next time so that I’ll see the parts I missed the first and second times I saw the picture.

“Mae Murray’s face was so streaked and swollen that she tried to rush out a side door and escape the crowd, but a lot of fans followed her. Every one else looked like a wreck, too, so it didn’t matter. I’ve never seen so many film celebrities at a New York opening. There was Leatrice Joy, with her tight, smart hair cut. Leatrice has grown beautifully slender, and looks as young as she did when she played in ‘Manslaughter.’ Gloria Swanson was there, too, and so were Dorothy Dalton, Alice Joyce, Dorothy Mackaill, Hope Hampton, Lois Wilson, Helen Ferguson, Richard Barthelmess, Thomas Meighan, James Kirkwood, and, of course, Belle Bennett and Lois Moran.

“The first part of the picture isn’t nearly so intense as the latter part, so during the intermission people could still go about smiling. A mob of them were rushing around trying to get a look at the celebrities. Several people had commented to Helen Ferguson that they thought she and I looked alike, so she amused herself by pointing at me and remarking loudly, ‘Oh, there’s Helen Ferguson.’

“You should have posted some one behind her to say, ‘Yeah? Who’s she?’”

“And had some fan strangle them,” Fanny retorted vehemently.

The coming of “Stella Dallas” was quite enough to make that week memorable and then came “The Big Parade.” That’s a marvelous picture, too. John Gilbert came on for the opening and was nearly mobbed by fans.

“Isn’t it fascinating to have so many film stars in New York at once?” Fanny rattled on. “Rudolph Valentino was here for the opening of ‘The Eagle,’ even if it did just open in a regular picture house. And any one who thinks that public interest in him is waning should have seen the mob standing on Broadway waiting to see him.

“A day or two later his wife returned from Europe, and just because he wasn’t at the boat to meet her, a lot of reporters rushed around town looking for him. They found him at the Hippodrome matinée with Mae Murray.

“He has gone off to Paris now for a rest and when Mrs. Valentino finishes making a picture, she is going abroad and divorce him. Isn’t it funny? He used to be the idol of the fans and now it seems that it is the girl stars who are most interested in him. Constance Talmadge was seen at a lot of parties where he was, and according to rumor, both Vilma Banky and Pola Negri are awfully fond of him.
Teacups

latives develops when Fanny cent triumphs in the film world.

Bystander

"But if you're interested in budding romances, Pauline Garon and Lowell Sherman go everywhere together. She will probably murder me for mentioning it. And Anna Q. Nilsson is here, having divorced her last husband. No, I don't mean her last—I mean her most recent.

"Corinne Griffith and Anna Q. Nilsson and I went to the opening of Ina Claire's show together and Corinne vows that people nearly trampled on her trying to get a look at Anna.

"Corinne is a true sport. She nearly froze in a thin evening wrap just because the only other one she had with her was ermine and she knew that Anna would be wearing her ermine. Alice Joyce sat two rows behind us at the theater and we were all so delighted to see her—Corinne and Anna are her best friends, you know—that we chatted back and forth, quite oblivious of the people between.

"Alice came back to New York to make 'Dancing Mothers.' I love to have her here because she acts as a model of what the well-dressed woman should wear at first nights. Whenever you see a gorgeous chinchilla wrap floating down the aisle, you may depend upon it, it's either she or Hope Hampton. No one else could afford one.

"Corinne’s arrival in New York was one of those ironic tricks that Providence plays sometimes. You know, she hates being conspicuous or having a fuss made over her, so she never notifies the officials of her company what train she is coming on. This time she had her way. Not one person but myself was there to meet her, and I met the wrong section of the Century. She couldn't even get a porter to carry her luggage. She not only missed the brass bands and flowers and photographers—she was completely ignored!

"She rushed around while she was here and bought some beautiful clothes to wear in 'Madeleine Modiste' to say nothing of a string of real pearls. But even Corinne has her trials. Her company insisted on changing the title of 'Cesar's Wife,' which she had just finished. That title has some real significance, but she couldn't convince them of it. They submitted to her pages and pages of new titles for it and she finally chose the least offensive one, which was 'Infatuation.' But she'll always regret that it wasn't put out under the original title. I suppose the company thought some foolish exhibitor would think it a play of the time of Cesar!"

"Oh, well," I philosophized, seizing a moment when Fanny paused to catch her breath, "it just seems inevitable that stars and their companies should disagree.


"Just what about Gloria Swanson?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?" She's always surprised when some one hasn't heard everything she has.

"Well, perhaps this isn't true, but the chances are that it is. It seems that Gloria is so unhappy over 'Stage Struck,' her new picture, when she saw it cut and titled, that she wanted to pay the cost of production and put it on the shelf. But Paramount insisted on releasing it, and I think they were entirely right. It's a crude, slapstick comedy with humor which, though not low, is at least decadent. But it makes audiences simply roar, and I think it will make a lot of people like Gloria.

"You know how funny the public is," she went on, but I couldn't resist interrupting.

"No one knows that but the box-office people."

"Well, anyway," she continued resolutely, "when a rumor gets started, no matter how false it is, the public seems to swallow it. And lately, a lot of people have got the idea that Gloria is getting stiff and aloof and high hat. Her work in this picture will certainly kill that rumor. No one who felt the least self-important could have done the foolish things Gloria did in 'Stage Struck.'

"Corinne Griffith wants awfully much to play pictures with a farcical twist. That isn't slapstick by any means, but it shows an effort on her part to come down and entertain audiences and not be stiff and dignified in the way some directors want her to be."

Fanny glanced idly around the Ritz, which had all the quiet and peace of a bargain sale, and gasped, "Oh,
"It should," Fanny exploded. "He's the man who formed the Richard Barthelmess and Lillian Gish companies. First Dick grew dissatisfied and had him eliminated from his company, and then Lillian had to sue him for a lot of her profits that he had withheld.

"Olga Petrova and Rudolph Valentino have been starring in the local courts, too. Some man sued Petrova for plagiarism, claiming that her play, 'The White Peacock,' was based on one that he had submitted to her. Valentino appeared as witness for her, but she lost the suit.

"But let's not talk about unpleasant things. I had luncheon with Mae Murray yesterday, and she filled me so full of her nice sunshiny philosophy to the effect that there is good in every one and that everything is for the best, that I resolved to mend my conversations. I am not going to be a cat any more."

I must have looked slightly incredulous, or at least bored.

"Have you seen Dorothy Mackaill?" she exclaimed, by way of introducing an extremely cheerful subject. "She looks like the perfect commuter. Whenever you see her, she is just rushing to make a train. After having a real home in California, she just couldn't bear the thought of living in a hotel here, so as soon as she came East, she and her mother went out to Mount Vernon and leased a house. Dorothy planned that when she came to town to the theater, she could stay overnight at a hotel, but now she finds she'd rather dash for trains and get home. The minute a show is over, she dons the raccoon coat that is the badge of a true rustic and heads for the station.

"She is making a picture with Leon Errol, and as they have known each other ever since she first came to this country and went into the 'Follies,' they have great fun kidding each other on the set. Ever since the newspapers carried that story about the antifat clause in her contract, she has been receiving a deluge of presents—every sort of fat-reducing preparation or apparatus. Even a pair of boxing gloves from Mickey Walker, the prize fighter.

"Speaking of Dorothy—you know, she and Pauline Garon are great friends, but when Dorothy left the Coast, they both tried to reach each other by phone and failed, and each one now thinks it was the other's fault and is offended and won't make a move toward seeing the other. Every time I see one of them, she asks about the other eagerly, and then adds, 'But don't tell her that I even mentioned her.' Aren't they funny?"

"Pauline said she felt just like a hick when she struck New York. She says New York girls are different from all others—claims we have affected,
foreign accents, all wear standardized clothes of black or demure mauve, and look like ghosts because rouge isn’t being worn this season. She declared she wouldn’t appear in public again until she had bought some dull-colored clothes.

“She had a marvelous offer to make a picture here but she turned it down. She is awfully tired and wants to go away for a rest. She has just finished making ‘The Splendid Road’ for Frank Lloyd, and it seems to me that there must be something wrong with that picture. As soon as it had been projected, Lloyd, who directed it, announced that he was going to the Orient for a long rest, and Pauline decided she needed to recuperate in the East.”

“You weren’t going to be catty any more.”

“That’s right,” she admitted. “All right, I’ll start all over again. Mr. Lloyd and Aliss Garon must have put their very souls into the making of that picture. They worked to such a point of exhaustion that they both need a long rest. Pauline is going to some nice, quiet place like Atlantic City for hers.”

I reserved comment on the cattiness of that remark.

“Well, with everything else to talk about, I quite forgot to ask you if you had heard about the last outbreak of Constance Bennett’s sense of humor before she got married and retired from the screen.”

“Oh, has she retired?” I inquired.

“And why not?” Fanny murmured. “Phil Plant has so much money that it will keep her very busy just trying to think of ways to spend it. She has already shown that she can be a tremendous success in pictures if she wants to, so what’s the use of going on? Talk about the undying urge of the artist if you want to, but I’ve never known any one who had it except possibly Pola Negri.

“Anyway, to go back to Constance Bennett, a mischievous streak hit her when she knew that she was going to retire from the screen. Having already signed a long contract with Metro-Goldwyn, she started dickering with another company, asked a preposterous salary and got a contract. Then, not quite satisfied that she really was in demand, she signed still a third agreement with another company to star in pictures for them. Then she rushed off and got married and announced in the newspapers that she was through with the screen forever, and all that the picture producers could do was tear up her contracts. They did, but regretfully.’”

“Pretty nice to be able to just dally with contracts like that,” I remarked. “Think of all the youngsters, who would give their chance of a place in Paradise for a mere engagement.”

“Oh, that reminds me.” Fanny burst in again. “I was out at the Paramount studio on Long Island the other day, and saw the young hopefuls of the school rehearsing for their finishing production, and—yes, you’ve guessed it, one of the girls was being directed in the Charleston. In despair, I searched the studio for one director who had not yet included it in a picture, and I couldn’t find a single one! Is no one immune? They say that even Dorothy Phillips has taken it up. Heavens! I suppose it will be Mary Carr next.

“I wish that I had time to tell you all about the marvelous diet that Belle Bennett and Lois Moran live on. They simply don’t know what nerves are, and they never get tired. But I’d hate to have you restrict yourself to fruits and vegetables and cheese, no bread and no sweets, because I’d feel so guilty and self-conscious around you.”

And grabbing another macaroon, Fanny was off.

Any one who thinks that public interest in Valentino is waning should have seen the opening of ‘The Eagle.’
Let's
Here's a personally
the players as they

First, ladies and gentlemen, we present Miss Aileen Pringle, entertaining a delegation of sailors from the British warship Capetown. "Join the navy and see the movie stars," ought to make a good recruiting slogan.

Betty Blythe, you must know, has been enjoying a sensational season of personal appearances in England, following her work in several European films. Here you see her playing with the Manchester City football team.

What a lot of pep this Metro-Goldwyn aggregation is putting into its productions! These three girls are movie dancers, picked for their beauty and dash to do a specialty number in "Sally, Irene, and Mary." This is a rehearsal on the Metro-Goldwyn lot.
conducted trip to see appear off the screen.

"Hot dog! Leap, you leopards! Daddy's car needs new brake bands!" These are some of the ejaculations so necessary for the modern game of dice which Johnny Harron is learning from a master of the sport.

Here we are on the athletic field of the University of Southern California, where Claire Windsor has donned a football suit and joined the team in practice. As you see, she is just making a kick-off. Coach Howard Jones declared that she would be his choice for captain of an All-American Women's Football Team.

"We live and learn," says Wallace MacDonald. The book he is reading, however, can hardly be of much service to so well-trained an actor as Wally, and that look of startled interest which he is assuming only shows how good an actor he really is!
Now, step into the studio of Señor Beltram-Masses, former court painter to the King of Spain, and join Marion Davies in inspecting the Spanish artist's recently completed canvas, "The Spirit of Youth," which consists of a group of portraits of Marion in several of her roles.

You know Bill Hart, whom you see, below, astride the old high bicycle that he will ride in "Tumbleweeds." But who's the lady on his left? You'll never believe it could be Norma Shearer until you see her in this get-up in "His Secretary."
Do you remember Rex and Lady, who starred in "Black Cyclone?" Well, here they are with their first-born, at home on the Hal Roach farm. Rex has the idea that the youngster should be an equine Jackie Coogan, but Lady wants him brought up quietly and in seclusion.

Times have changed since Griffith made "Intolerance." It was a lot easier for Fred Niblo to direct the huge circus scenes of "Ben-Hur" with the aid of a loud-speaker telephone system, by which his voice was carried to every part of the huge arena.

The mashers' barometer! On one knee a heart, on the other an icicle. Either signal can be displayed at will, and Joan Crawford, Metro-Goldwyn star, says it's an effective novelty.
Memories of Wallace Reid

Three years after his death, his wife writes some reminiscences of their life together, telling of their first meeting, of the days of their courtship, and of their subsequent married life.

By Dorothy Reid

SOON it will be three years since Wally went away. On January 18, 1923, he smiled at me, gripped my hand, and that was our good-by. No words. Just that last handshake—

I am glad to have this opportunity to write a reminiscence of him for Picture Play, as a tribute to his memory. It will be difficult, for I have always "bottled up" my feelings, trying to make everything seem casual and matter-of-fact.

But I shall like to feel that I have contributed a wee bit to the enduring monument of affection for Wally with which I have come in contact everywhere. On my personal-appearance tour last year, I was impressed by the strong hold that his memory exerts over the great public heart, and most particularly by the deference of the young boys to whom he is still an idol.

The house is little changed. Everything remains about as Wally left it. I am writing with his fountain pen. Naturally, his musical instruments and the other keepsakes that I want Bill to have, I have put away until the boy is old enough to care for them properly.

Little reminders of Wally are all about—that blue vase, his second-anniversary gift, the big chair in which he used to sprawl, spilling legs and arms all over it. The funny rag doll that he brought me one day when I was feeling ill grins cheerfully at me from the corner sofa. And in the basement is his laboratory, where he used to experiment with queer liquids in test tubes.

The house is vibrant with his vital personality. Friends are always conscious of it the minute they enter the door, and I would not have it otherwise.

Wally, fleeting of mood, changeable of impulse, chameleon of talent, one minute touched very deeply, the next a spirit of fun—cuddling his head in my arms and begging to be petted, when he was hurt or tired, like a small boy—bursting from this to that, in constant activity, like a dynamo.

One of his main charms was this flashing type of interest, but it kept him awing. Few people know that he was within a few months of receiving a doctor’s degree, with a big professional opportunity promised him in the office of a famous medical man of New York City, when he suddenly tired of it. No other business but pictures could have held him. It was the varied panorama that entranced him, something new every day.

I guess there always was a lot of the maternal in my feeling for Wally—he engendered that, he needed it so—but I did try to enter into the spirit of things, and we had a lot of bully good times together.

He took great delight in buying lovely presents for me and then presenting them in a comedy way. The most beautiful ring he ever gave me was set in a banded potato! And at Christmas, when he had bought me exquisite lingerie, he used to roll it up in tiny packages, with misleading wrappings and labels—and of course couldn’t understand why millions of wrinkles in such garments didn’t improve them.

Wally, being human, was not without fault. But you couldn’t stay angry at him long. When I was annoyed, he used to plead, in mock supplication, “Mother Dorothy can scold her two little boys, but we love her just the same, even if she is cranky, don’t we, Bill?” What could I do, then, but smile at his foolishness?

Just a couple of months ago, I celebrated my twelfth wedding anniversary—alone. I didn’t want even my adorable youngsters with me on that day, so I packed them off to the beach with their grandmother.

I felt that I must be alone with Wally, the clean, sweet boy who still holds onto my heart, the Wally whose wife I became on October 13, 1913, and who never changed, for me, at all.

On a Sunday it was that we were married, quite casually, without any fuss or excitement.

We had met two years before, when he had come to California with Otis Turner, who was to make pictures for Universal, which had been recently formed and was operating at what is now the Christie lot. Wally had become general utility man—assisted on stories and directing, turned the camera when the camera man was missing, and acted when necessary.

I used to wonder how many hands that boy had, that he could do so many things at once. My first vague notion of him was that he was all hands. He used to grind the camera with one, jot notes on the script with the other, and I give you my word, be putting up a set or doing something else at the same time. And he usually managed to be holding a ham sandwich someone.

When the Turner company stopped working, for a while, we borrowed him to play my lead. My first definite impression of him, as a personality, was of a very good-looking, nice boy, terribly shy, and aggravatingly conscious of his height, his hands, and his feet. Though his hands proved useful, they were terribly big, and when occasionally there was nothing for them to do, he used awkwardly to try to hide them behind his back or in his pockets.

After my first day’s work with him, I decided that he was a very bad actor.

The second day, he won my admiration. We were doing a Western, and the cowboys, dubbing him a New York tenderfoot, determined to put him in his place.
So they picked the most rambunctious horse in the corral and ordered him to ride it. They all lined up on the fence, in great glee, expecting to enjoy some hearty laughs. To our surprise, he rode like a dream, and his high-tempered pony failed to unseat him, though he fought it out for an hour. After that, Wally naturally became "one of the boys."

He and I drifted into friendship and, for several months, went out together on Tuesdays. He used to call that his "Dorothy Evening." It probably would have been a lot oftener, but forty dollars a week didn't buy many orchestra seats and fruit salads.

He started proposing and got into the habit. I took it for granted that the evening would always be topped off with a fervent, "Dorothy, you're going to marry me some day, so you might as well say 'Yes' now, and then we won't have to argue about it any more." I told him I thought we were both much too young to think of marriage. As a matter of fact, though I was only seventeen and he twenty-one, I meant that I thought him too young.

For I always felt much older than Wally. My first feeling for him was maternal. His greatest charm, and he retained it to the very last, was a real boy spirit.

About a year after we met, he went to Santa Barbara with the American Film Company, where he stayed almost a year, writing and directing. I heard from him occasionally, and saw him a few times when he came to Los Angeles, but it was all very cool and casual.

He told me later that he had decided I did not care and so he was not going to offer himself again. My pride had been hurt by the cessation of attention—I had taken it for granted that Wally's adoration, like the brook, would go on and on forever—and when he came back to Universal, I made up my mind that I would again make him attentive.

As I found out afterward, when we checked up together on our reactions and feelings, he had decided that I must make the overtures and that he would spurn me. Well, we started working together—writing, directing, and acting our one-reelers. In some way or other, we determined one day to get married. Wally always swore he never proposed to me again, and I think he was right, though I know I didn't.

Honeymoon? We were making two pictures a week and didn't have time for such a fuss. On the day after our wedding we were at work on the ranch.

Wally never expressed a desire that I give up my career—if you can call it that, for I don't feel that I ever really hit—but I do think he liked to have his wife there, waiting for him, when he came home. Most men do.

Hardly a day passed that he came empty-handed. Always there was some gift, if only a trinket, which he used to hide in the most ridiculous places, laughing and giving me misleading tips while I searched for it. He was the most punctilious thing in the world about anniversaries and seized any excuse to make a celebration in memory of some inconsequential happening.

The night that Bill came, June 18, 1917, is just a chaotic photoslide in my memory. It followed a frightfully hot California day. The sun had beat down in simmering waves, reflected from the white buildings in a dazzling glare. I had refused to go to a hospital. I had an old-fashioned notion that a baby should be born at home. All day we had sat in the garden, Wally fanning me, trying to keep me cool.

And that night—people coming and going, doctors, a nurse in starchly white. She cracked, and I wished they would put her out. But I couldn't seem to gather the strength to tell them about it. Wally standing by every minute, keeping the electric fan playing on me, placing towels, soaked in perfume, on my head. Wouldn't it ever be over?

Of a sudden, as everything turned black and I couldn't pick out faces any longer—they blurred and wandered around without any bodies to them—suddenly, into that nightmare came strains of music. Haunting, sweet melodies that changed into little dancing rhythms. Then I saw Wally, his face strained, standing beside the bed, playing his violin.

So Bill was born, fairly lured into the world by his father's music.

Afterward, it was funny. I remember, once later, Wally looking down at the baby, with the queerest expression on his face.

"Dorothy, oh! Dorothy, look at his feet!" he groaned.

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hardly seems reasonable that two of the finest productions ever screened should be released in one month, but I am forced to admit that "The Big Parade" and "Stella Dallas" surpass anything that I have ever seen. I hate to say this, because it upsets my superlatives and leaves no adjetsives left for the rest of the year.

I'll review "The Big Parade" first, not because it is better, for there is no way of judging that particular question, but because it may have a wider appeal. It is a story of the war, but don't let that discourage you. It is not like any other war picture that you have ever seen. It is the story of a dirty, filthy, muddy, bitter war, and of three soldiers. There isn't a word said about doing your bit or dying for dear old Rutgers.

Laurence Stallings, the author of the stage play "What Price Glory," wrote "The Big Parade" especially for the screen. It is a shade rosier than "What Price Glory," but no less convincing. There is only one story to be told of the war, or of anything else for that matter, and that is the old one about a man and a girl, and fighting. But this one reaches the heights and sinks to the depths.

John Gilbert is Jim Apperson. He is not the John Gilbert of "The Merry Widow"—he is a muddy, tired, excited boy. His comedy is perfect, and when things seem to be going badly with him, there is nothing to do but lean back and cry about it, which is just what I did. Playing with him are Tom O'Brien as Bull, and Karl Dane as Slim, the latter famed for his accurate spitting. These two men and Gilbert handle extremely difficult comedy with an expertness that amazed me. Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dane should be retired with large pensions and kept in luxury for life for their message to humanity in this picture. I couldn't stand it, of course, if John Gilbert were retired, humanity or no humanity.

Renee Adoree was the surprise of the picture. I have seen her only in small parts up to this time, and yet she brought a tension of action into the scene where Jim leaves for the front, a wild hysterical despair, that caught the entire audience and left them breathless during the intermission that followed. At other times, she played comedy with a humorous sweetness in the face of coming disaster. No war scenes ever filmed have equaled these for both beauty and accuracy. King Vidor, the director, has caught the bigness that must have been there. There are no worn-out heroics, no cheap sentiment, not one bit of the old hokum that you have been used to seeing.

"The Big Parade" is as real as anything can be outside actual life. It is a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, and they are making such a lot of good pictures now, that I almost advise you always to look for their trade-mark. See "The Big Parade" if you have to rob the baby's bank.

**A Milestone for the Films.**

For the first time in film history, a novel has been transferred to the screen absolutely intact, and given real life. I am speaking of the novel "Stella Dallas" which Samuel Goldwyn has produced in such a way as to mark a definite step in the progress of moving pictures.

I cannot adequately say what I think of this film. It is as bitterly realistic as life itself, and I can no more review it coldly and reasonably than I could probe into the sorrows of a best friend. It doesn't seem to me to be just a picture, with actors and actresses, grease paint, and sets. It seems more like an intimate look into some one's thoughts and soul.

Belle Bennett, as Stella Dallas, gives the finest acting to the screen that it has ever known. Here is an accomplished, finished actress, so drilled by years of playing in stock and so tempered by her own experiences that she has achieved a richness that no one else on the screen has even approached.

"Stella Dallas" is a woman whose only sin to the world is her vulgarity. She is a light-hearted, ambitious girl who marries a man socially her superior, and she cannot live up to the mark he sets. The rest of her life consists of her passionate, sometimes misguided, devotion to her daughter.

It is impossible to write even a brief synopsis of the plot, because it is not a plot of action, but rather a story—and a heartrending, intimate one—of a woman's life.

Belle Bennett lives Stella Dallas on the screen from the time she is eighteen until she is thirty-five, and each step of the way is marked by infinite understanding and compassion for the part she is playing.

Second to her superb performance is that of Lois Moran, a girl of sixteen and a discovery of Mr. Goldwyn's. She plays the part of Laurel Dallas, the daughter, from ten years of age until her marriage. No one could have been chosen who would have played with Miss Bennett more sympathetically than does Lois Moran. There are scenes between this woman and girl that are painfully tragic.

Alice Joyce splendidly represents the other side of the story. The picture is beautifully balanced by her intelligence. Ronald Colman, as Stephen Dallas, Stella's husband, is equally fine, and Jean Hersholt, in the terrifically difficult rôle of Ed Munn, is perfect.

Young Douglas Fairbanks is in the cast, and the love scenes between him and Miss Moran are the only perfect ones I have ever seen.

Not to see this picture is to miss one of the finest achievements of the films, and not to see Miss Bennett as Stella Dallas is deliberately to shut your eyes to most unforgettable acting.
in Review

of some of the latest films.

Benson

And now let's not forget Henry King who directed it, and let's not forget Mr. Goldwyn, who wanted to do this story, fought for it, put his entire fortune into it, and chose Belle Bennett, out of seventy-two tested applicants, for the part of Stella Dallas.

"He Might Have Been a Roosian."

Rudolph Valentino, after a short absence, returns to the screen in "The Eagle." He has evidently determined to treat himself to the best this time, for he is directed by Clarence Brown, who superintended the making of "The Goose Woman," and he is supported by Vilma Banky and Louise Dresser.

With these advantages, it is only natural to expect "The Eagle" to be an intelligent, pleasant and finished picture, and it is just that and nothing more. Only the very greedy could ask for more, and I am sure that almost every one will be pretty well satisfied with what Mr. Valentino has chosen to serve, but for some strange reason, the spark that brightened his first picture, "The Four Horsemen," has never flared up in anything that he has done since then.

Just what has died in his acting is hard to say. He seems to try conscientiously to revive it, whatever is it, but he lacks vitality. Of course I'm not one that believes that actors burst into being overnight, and it may be that his sudden and victorious debut in "The Four Horsemen" was a pure bit of luck. However, "The Eagle" is by all means the best of his pictures since.

The story is of the love affair of a lieutenant of the Russian royal guard who refused the Czarina's more-than-tentative offer and is sentenced to death for scorning her. The plot that follows is a pretty complicated affair, and combined with the Russian names, would, if put end to end, reach from Picture-Play to The Literary Digest.

Vilma Banky is beautiful and natural as Mischa, but Clarence Brown has not brought out the talent which she showed in "The Dark Angel," nor did Miss Dresser have much opportunity as the Czarina. Playing opposite a male star is really no job for a woman. After all, woman's place is in the home.

In the New York theater where I saw this picture, the aisles, lobby, and house were packed with people during its entire run, which only goes to prove that I am too fussy, and that Mr. Valentino's hold on the public can still be accepted without question.

Anyway, the picture is well worth seeing, and I don't think you'd regret devoting an evening to it.

"Or Perhaps an Eye-tal-i-an."

Richard Barthelmess has deserted comedy for a little bit of melodrama in "The Beautiful City," his latest picture.

New York's East Side takes on a dawnlike rosiness in this film, and serves as a background for the romance of a young Italian boy and his Irish sweetheart Mollie.

This particular Tony sells flowers for a living and has a big bad brother Carlo who seems in a fair way of becoming a gangster, and who one night robs the Automat of all its nickels. For his mother's sake, Tony takes the blame and goes to jail for it.

For a good many years I have watched brothers and sisters on the screen take the blame, and as I am a member of a large family, it has put ideas into my head, and it has been a great comfort to me to know that if I ever get into a shooting scrape, I can send a brother or sister to Sing Sing for it.

There is a really good fight at the end of the picture and Nick, the source of all the trouble, leaps to death from the roof of a building.

Richard Barthelmess doesn't seem as youthful in this film as he might, but Dorothy Gish is delightful. William Powell is Nick, the gangster, and an oily, mean villain.

Something Seafaring.

The picture "Lord Jim" is said to be a painstaking effort faithfully to bring to the screen Joseph Conrad's book of the same name. Conrad fans will tell you that, if you are about to read his books, you should by all means begin with "Lord Jim." At least that is what they advised me to do, and I tried for just about fifty pages, and then gave it up. Reading his books is like eating curry—you either like it or you don't—so having given up the book "Lord Jim" as a hopeless job, I can't say a word about the adaptation.

The picture seems to lack the tang of the sea, and the scenes inland brought to me no glamour of distant places. And yet the story itself seemed an unusually fine one. Jim, a British seaman, ships as first mate on the disreputable steamer Patna. Her captain is Brown who is as unsteady and dirty as his ship. Her cargo consists of eight hundred Mohammedans bound on a religious pilgrimage. While the captain and Yankee Joe, another member of the crew, are drinking amiably together, the Patna hits a derelict and seems about to sink. One lifeboat is launched and, to Jim's horror, the captain and all the crew leave in it. He is left alone on deck with a panicky shipful of natives. Captain Brown and the crew in the life boat are calling for him to jump in with them. A sudden squall has come up and, in spite of his honorable beliefs, overcome by a sudden terror, Jim jumps, and goes with them.

The Patna is not lost but is towed in by another liner, and the whole shameful story of its desertion is made public. Jim loses his seaman's permit, and finally goes to the end of the earth to a tiny trading post to start life over again. Here is where the picture weakened,
and the lot of romance, involving Shirley Mason in a South Sea chemise, left me cold.

Percy Marmont, as Lord Jim, left me pretty lukewarm, too. He seemed unearthy in doubt as to what all the shooting was for, and even when he marched bravely to death, he seemed not so much a man who had bitterly learned that honor was greater than life, as a man paying a rather irksome little bill. There was no evidence of greatness of character nor bigness of action.

Noah Beery is Captain Brown, and you know what that means. Raymond Hatton is a sniveling minor villain.

But the picture is certainly worth seeing on the strength of its first two reels.

Gloria and Some Custard Pie.

Gloria Swanson has brought to “Stage Struck,” her latest picture, everything she could find in the attic that had been left over from her old Sennett days. She is frankly slapstick, and you can take it or leave it. I prefer, just this once, to leave it.

In spite of a few really funny spots and that peerless comedian, Ford Sterling, “Stage Struck” strikes so heavily on the funny bone as to be actually painful. Every possible turn to comedy has been used and emphasized by Miss Swanson, and it seems to me that her director, Allan Dwan, should have been a little more pianissimo. After all, if you play consistently with the loud pedal down as far as it will go, there is no way of getting an effect when the time really comes for one, except perhaps by a good hard kick at the keys. Mr. Dwan has chosen to kick—and he wears heavy shoes.

The story, by Frank R. Adams, has a slight, amusing idea. A little waitress in a cheap restaurant is in love with the handsome young man who flops the griddle cakes in the window. He in turn is stage-struck, and loves actresses. A traveling show comes to town, and he seems to be interested in its leading lady, Jennie, the waitress, tries to win him to her by a brief début as a lady boxer in a bout staged by the manager of the show as a preliminary to his program. She gets the job.

I thought Gloria terribly funny in this boxing bout as the masked marauder, but after the bout was over, she tries to commit suicide and is saved by a chance meeting of a boat hook with her bloomers. I thought this monkey business a little thick. Even a rather good-natured audience took the picture dubiously.

Buster Keaton and a Cow.

“Go West” is the name of the picture, and Brown Eyes the name of the cow.

Mr. Keaton in it is a tenderfoot who, with nothing but a pearl-handled revolver and his own inimitable expression, follows Horace Greeley’s advice to young men to go West. When he arrives at a ranch, he asks for a job and is appointed nursemaid to a lot of cows. Then he meets and grows fond of the beautiful Brown Eyes, a handsome figure of a cow who attaches herself to Mr. Keaton with pathetic devotion.

Brown Eyes is sent to the city to be slaughtered. And Buster Keaton, to save her, opens the doors of the cattle car. She follows him to freedom, and so do hundreds of other cows and steers. This is an awfully funny scene. If you aren’t hilariously entertained by Mr. Keaton, in a red Mephisto costume (the only red he could find), wildly trying to round up his cattle, you will never laugh at anything.

This is the kind of picture that reduces an audience to a helpless, gasping mass of delight, and is certainly something no child should miss.

A King of Light Comedy.

“The King on Main Street,” with Adolphe Menjou, is a crisp, refreshing light comedy directed by Monta Bell. Here is comedy handled with the lightest, if not the whitest, of kid gloves. And who cares about white, when all the world is burning soft coal?

The story is a beautiful and absurd one of a king who comes
to America and is both kingly and democratic in the delightful way that we, who have no king of our own, like to think a king would act. He goes to Coney Island, rides on the scenic railway, swaps a jeweled penknife, given him by the King of Spain, for a harmonica owned by a small boy with whom he has scraped up an acquaintance, and finally falls in love with an American girl. But, as he says, "A king must go on kinging," and this gay and giddy monarch journeys back to his imaginary Molvania, and lives unhappily ever after.

Adolphe Menjou is as finely amusing as I have ever seen him. Here is an actor who can make a great many of our sleek young heroes look like big butter-and-egg men from the West.

Greta Nissen is gorgeously beautiful, and unlike other perfect beauties, she is clever and amusing. Bessie Love, who is almost my favorite actress, balances her comedy neatly, without dropping it once.

I think I have made it pretty obvious that I think this is one comedy in a thousand. And I don't mean maybe.

**Another Point for Monta Bell.**

Just as though one good picture weren't enough for this energetic director, he has launched another smart and attractive comedy in "Lights of Old Broadway," starring Marion Davies. He is the only director I know who puts any degree of style in his pictures. If he films a tea at the Ritz, you may be sure it looks like the Ritz and not like a confetti-filled den of vice.

This is a thoroughly clever, plausible comedy, particularly with Marion, Davies, who long ago proved that she was an able actress in light parts. It is an adaptation of Laurence Eyre's stage play, "Merry Wives of Gotham." In the picture, Miss Davies plays two parts, twin sisters. Both had been born in the steerage of a boat. One had been adopted by the De Rhoudes, an aristocratic New York family, and the other by an Irish family headed for New York. If that isn't the start of a perfectly fine plot, I don't know what is. In the end, of course, the two meet, and one of them wins handsome Conrad Nagel. As long as they were both Marion Davies, it didn't matter so much.

The scene is the New York of thirty to fifty years ago, and the views of Tony Pastor's Theater, Weber and Fields trying to break into the show business, the city skyline, and innumerable other things, were a pure joy.

**War and Everything.**

In "The New Commandment," Robert Kane, the producer, has chosen a large and imposing array of names to help turn his picture into something out of the ordinary. I can certainly say that he has succeeded. "The New Commandment" is not ordinary, it is simply preposterous.

Clare Eames, Holbrook Blinn, Effie Shannon, Pedro de Cordoba, Dorothy Cummings, and the two featured players, Blanche Sweet and Ben Lyon, find themselves in as baffling a jumble as a bowl of chicken chow mein.

If I told you the plot, you wouldn't believe me anyway, so I won't say much about it. There are old aristocratic American families and old aristocratic French families who act as if no people ever could act and still keep out of jail. There are love affairs with butlers, chauffeurs and maids, artists' models, and only sons. There is the war, a little blindness thrown in and then taken out again, Red Cross nurses, and eventually babies. There are some ghastly scenes where Blanche Sweet insists upon thanking "the little love god" for her "Billy" over and over again, and there is another love scene between Miss Sweet and Mr. Lyon which is almost a sporting proposition.

At times Ben Lyon does some remarkably good work, but he is so sunk in the bog that he seems usually to be having difficulty getting his legs free. Blanche Sweet is beautiful, and much, much too naïve. The rest of the cast seem dazed.

It is an extremely silly picture, certainly not made for adults,

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A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Bobbed Hair"—Warner. Thoroughly funny, fast-moving comedy, one of the best of the season. Produced and very entertaining, lead, Louise Fazenda a lady crook, and Kenneth Harlan a young man with money and a car.

"Don Q"—United Artists. Douglas Fairbanks, back in the Zorro type of role, is a triumph. Processed and very entertaining, while Mary Astor is lovely as the girl.

"Freshman, The"—Pathé. Harold Lloyd's "latest and best." College football from an up-to-date angle.

"Gold Rush, The"—United Artists. Charley Chaplin in his new "dramatic comedy," it is in spots super comedy, but on the whole too pathetic. Film not nearly so funny as his previous pictures.

"Kiss Me Again"—Warner. Ernst Lubitsch turns out another domestic comedy that is sophisticated and very funny. Monte Blue, Marie Prevost, Clara Bow, and John Roche give excellent performances.


"Merry Widow, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Skillful screen version of the popular old play, processed in Technicolor and very funny. Mae Murray gives one of the best performances of her career, with John Gilbert ably supporting her. A credit to its director, Von Stroheim.

"Pony Express, The"—Paramount. Stirring Western picture of the days just preceding Civil War, with effective riding scenes, plenty of excitement, and a splendid cast, including Ricardo Cortez, Betty Compson, Ernest Torrence, and Wallace Beery.

"Sally of the Sawdust"—United Artists. The lightest and most entertaining picture of D. W. Griffith has made in years. Carole Dempster is engaging as the circus clod, and W. C. Fields' screen debut as her rascally but lovable guardian is highly successful.

"Shore Leave"—Inspiration. Richard Barthelmess is very funny as a goby convalescent in the village dressmaker. Dorothy Mackaill and the girl helps make this great entertainment.


"Siegfried"—Ufa. The beautiful and famous legend of the last pagan, gorgeously produced by Gernot and company. It is a fantastic and lively picture, which you shouldn't miss.

"Unholy Three, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. An extraordinary story of the underworld that is one of the best pictures of the year. Lon Chaney and Mae Busch give perfect characterizations.

"Vanishing American, The"—Paramount. Beautiful and authentic picture of the history of the American Indian, ending with a perfectly ordinary modern Western story. Richard Dix excellent as an Indian. Lois Wilson and Malcolm McGregor are also in cast.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Are Parents People?"—Paramount. A faithful story of a not married life, complicated by a modern child. Adolphe Menjou, Florence Vidor, and Betty Bronson are all excellent.


"Classified"—First National. Corinne Griffith both funny and beautiful as a poor working girl and a thoroughly delightful comedy. Jack Mulhall engaging as young mechanic.

"Coast of Folly, The"—Paramount. Gloria Swanson, in two roles and four guises, makes good stab at character work, playing both naive and dark-hair in an amusing light comedy with a thin plot.


"Exchange of Wives"—Metro-Goldwyn.Light, amusing comedy in which two young married couples become involved with one another, trying an exchange of husbands and wives for two weeks. Made very funny by Eleanor Boardman, Renée Adoree, Greigton Hale, and Lew Cody.

"Fine Clothes"—First National. Percy Marmont, Alma Rubens, Raymond Griffith, and Lewis Stone in adaptation of Molnar's "Fashions for Men." Story of mild-mannered haberdasher whose wife elopes with head clerk, and whose cashier, whom he loves, is beset by ill-meaning earl.

"Goose Woman, The"—Universal. Louise Dresser excellent as degraded former opera singer who is returned in the end by the awakening of her love for the son she had deserted at birth. Jack Pickford makes good sense.


"Go West"—Metro-Goldwyn. Buster Keaton and a Jersey cow called Brown Bones, one of the center of attraction in an amusing comedy of the Western plains.

"Graustark"—First National. Norma Talmadge in film of George Barr McCutcheon's novel. Great box-office hit but may be disappointing to any one inclined to be critical.

"Halfway Girl, The"—First National. Doris Kenyon and Lloyd Hughes, as two derelicts thrown together in the Coast, go from bad to worse until a shipwreck shoots them out of themselves.

"Her Sister from Paris"—First National. A mildly amusing domestic farce, with locale, supposedly in Vienna. Constance Talmadge in dual role. Ronald Colman not so good as husband, George K. Arthur also in cast.

"Home Maker, The"—Universal. Story of efficient woman with husband who can't live up to her. Alice Joyce, in cold rôle, is as good as she ever has been; Clive Brook plays easy-going husband.

"How Baxter Butted In"—Warner. Matt Moore in an amusing farce about a clerk in a newspaper office.

"I'll Show You the Town"—Universal. One of the best chances Reginald Denny had to show his flair for comedy. He plays an absent-minded professor whom no one will leave alone.

"Kivalina of the Ice Lands"—Pathé. Another picture of life among the Eskimos, not as good as "A Dog's Life," but interesting and educational.

"Limited Mail, The"—Warner. An old-fashioned thriller about wrecked trains and engineers with hearts of gold that makes for a rollicking time. Monte Blue is the hero.


"Lost—a Wife"—Paramount. An adaptation of the French play "Bau¬che" which doesn't mean much except for the screen début of the lovely Greta Nissen. Adolphe Menjou plays the suave husband.

"Lost World, The"—First National. A picture, dealing with prehistoric animals, supported by a few human actors.

"Lucky Devil, The"—First National. Another chance for Richard Dix to look graceful and shining in an auto.

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ANY old stager can tell you what it is that sets a sensationally successful actor apart from his fellows—showmanship.

"It's like this," the seasoned veteran told me who has seen them come and go. "You get a job by the grace of good luck, and the public finds out that you're alive. From then on, you concentrate on never letting them forget it. The more different you can be from any one else in the game, the easier you'll be to remember. You can raise trained seals in your opalescent swimming pool, cable to the royal tailor of Afghanistan for all your costumes, or always wear a good-luck charm presented to you by the dying Khedive of Egypt. You just can't be normal. Write lurid love poems, wear the largest black pearl in the world, or always take your pet horse everywhere with you, but don't ever be inconspicuous. That's death to an actor."

As his oratorical flight died down, I asked quietly, "But what about Ronald Colman?"

For a moment he was baffled, but the old stager can explain anything.

"Either he's smart, or he's a fool for luck," he assured me. "He probably knows that the most surprising thing in the world is an actor who isn't surprising. He's got everybody interested by not doing any of the foolish things other actors have done."

That's his explanation, but I prefer my own.

Ronald Colman has never indulged in any of the tricks of a Barnum to bring himself before the public because such a course would never occur to him. He happens to have been born a gentleman. That his appearances on the screen have developed a huge fan following, made up in part of highly sentimental women, is an accident that he himself does not seem to understand.

Other actors have put up an argument when talking to me. They have told me that the whole machinery of public life was distasteful to them, but necessary. They must feel a little chagrined to see Ronald Colman rising to almost unparalleled success on the screen without ever having departed from his quiet mode of life.

He isn't a star athlete—he doesn't implore the public to give him their sympathy and understanding on the plea that it is the very breath of life to him—he doesn't even give out interviews telling about his ideal woman or the psychology of love.

"Haven't you ever suffered for your art?" I asked him, knowing well that the question would make him squirm. I had finally cornered him for an interview after some two years of trying.

"I'm suffering now," he told me, with entire conviction. "You're trying so hard to make this a businesslike interview when I had looked forward to a pleasant luncheon."

Don't think that my two years of effort were wasted on broken appointments and futile seeking. I had met Mr. Colman many times, for he is courteous and punctilious about anything connected with his work—or with anything else I dare say. I just hadn't been able to drive him into any admissions about himself.

And so, I am going to forget for the moment that Ronald Colman is an actor who should have some burning message to give to the public. I want to tell you about the Ronald Colman I know—a charming, companionable young man who seems wholeheartedly interested in life and amused by it.

The first time I met him was just after he had made "The White Sister" in Italy.
with Lillian Gish. He confided to me then that if he had a lot of money he would get a little house in Italy and live there pleasantly and indolently. "Life is so beautiful and complete there," he said, "that it never occurs to you that you should be useful. Italy is perfect—you can't add anything to it."

The next time I was in Hollywood where he had acquired something of the insomniac, playtime air of the studio. When some fifty or more clubwomen visited the studio, eager for a glimpse of the romantic and intense young actor who had entranced not a few of them, he busied himself with the lights and was passed by as just one more electrician. Asked by one of them where she could find Mr. Colman, he looked bewildered and assured her he had never heard of him.

Little things do not disturb his poise. When Florence Vidor and I developed a passion for riding on scenic railways, he went with us and endured our hilarious shrieks as we alternately soared and plunged. He even seemed to enjoy it. Later, in a nickel dance hall at an amusement park, we kidded him about his dignity until he vowed that he would make the bouncer throw him out. But the most obstreperous dance steps he could invent failed to attract that individual's attention. Recognizing the screen star, he merely became a little more pompous, as though impressed with the swell trade his establishment attracted.

It was after he had made "Stella Dallas" and "Mrs. Windermere's Fan"—just at the time when "The Dark Angel" was drawing enthusiastic crowds to a Broadway theater—that he came to New York for a brief holiday and I saw him again.

He chatted pleasantly about Henry King and George Fitzmaurice and Ernst Lubitsch, his most recent directors. He is an actor without a grievance. He likes the people he has worked for and always wants to go back to work for them again.

"Mr. Goldwyn thinks I'm crazy," he observed. "I went and asked him for the part of Perlmutter in the new 'Potash and Perlmutter' picture. He took me seriously.

"When he put the clause in Lois Moran's contract that she should remain 'unmodernized and unsophisticated,' I demanded that he put in mine that I could remain in his employ only so long as I remained modern and sophisticated."

But to my plea that he explain just what his sophistication consists of, he was deaf. So I decided on an old trick, one that rarely fails to make an actor talk about himself.

"Who is that woman over there? She has been staring at you ever since you came in," I remarked.

"She thinks I'm Jack Gilbert," he assured me glibly, switching the conversation a moment later to Shaw's plays, his screen idol Felix the Cat, and the beautiful photography of "The Dark Angel."

Now that he is an idol, Ronald Colman finds that he likes being one—that is, he likes the generous salary and the comfort his position brings. But he did not become an actor or go into the movies by choice. He was literally shot in.

Invalided home to England after the Battle of Ypres, he urged an uncle who was connected with the British Foreign Office to get him an appointment in the Orient. While waiting for this, he was offered an engagement in vaudeville in a sketch with Lena Ashwell. Before the war, he had had some success in amateur theatricals, so he took the engagement as a lark. Miss Ashwell was so delighted with his work that she introduced him to all the managers she knew and was influential in getting him some excellent stage offers.

The diplomatic service moves slowly, so Colman was well established on the stage by the time his appointment to the Orient was secured. In London, he played the same role in "Damaged Goods" that Richard Bennett played in this country, and he was a great success. His interest in diplomacy faded.

"The first success goes to your head terribly," Ronald told me reminiscently. "That's why the second goes only to your pocketbook. You realize how ephemeral and meaningless other success is."

At the height of his success, he came to the United States to try his fortune and had four failures, one right after another. The plays never even reached Broadway. So after a long period of waiting for another opportunity, he went on the road with Fay Bainter in an old Broadway success and played for nearly a year. When the troupe got to Hollywood, he tried to break into motion pictures. A test was made of him, but nothing ever came of it. That was in 1920, the year of the great slump in motion pictures, and no one was looking for new talent. They were too busy finding engagements for the actors already under contract.

He was playing in "La Tendresse" with Henry Miller and Ruth Chatterton when the opportunity came to make "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish. Colman was not in the least interested. He thought the movies a crazy, unstable business, judging from what he had seen of the old slump. He persuaded him to make one picture, and after that, Colman's love for the stage dwindled. After his second picture, the astute Sam Goldwyn offered him a contract that guaranteed him the best stories and best directors that could be had. He recognized, just as the public did, that a new idol—a brand new type of idol—had come to the screen.

Ronald Colman is too much interested in his work, however, to insist upon posing before the public only as a handsome hero. An instance of this was his acceptance of the part he played in "Stella Dallas." For a young man just become popular as a romantic lover, it was not a particularly pleasant part, this role of a matter-of-fact father who was beginning to gray at the temples. But Colman's willingness to play it, or anything else that may offer, proves him to be a real actor, and one who will find a much more permanent place in the movies than if he refused to take anything but the most attractive roles.

"Just as long as there will have me, I shall go on making pictures," he says. "And all I ask is that some day I'll have another part as strong and sympathetic as the one in "The Dark Angel." I even liked that better myself."

No need to tell you that he is handsome and magnetic and gracious—his every appearance on the screen shows that. But it is remarkable that, in spite of all that, men like him whole-heartedly.

Those girls who live in Hackensack or Walla Walla can take what comfort they can from the fact that they know Ronald Colman almost as well as his fellow players do; he reveals himself much more completely and more intensely in pictures than he does in person. And the sentimental yearnings of those in the audience are shared by many a girl in Hollywood. Don't I know! Just because I sat next to him at some dinner parties in Hollywood, several well-known screen ingenues have assured me of their undying esteem.

There are actors who can make me forget momentarily that I am watching a performance in a theater; there are actors who can flatter me into thinking for the moment that my opinions are of importance to them; but there is only one actor who impresses me as always being entirely sincere and never acting when he is away from the camera. That is Ronald Colman. On or off the screen, I like him the best of any actor I know.
Do you remember the Queen of Naples in "Madame Sans Gene?" Well, this is she, Arlette Marchal—a great favorite among the French—and she has come from France to be Adolphe Menjou's leading lady in "I'll See You To-night." If she likes America and America likes her she may stay to do some more pictures for Paramount. Menjou's rôle of a famous pianist, in "I'll See You To-night," will be characteristic of him.
Small wonder that Ben-Hur fell under the spell of the Egyptian Iras if she really was as alluring as Carmel Myers makes her. What hypnotism there is in her eyes alone! Add to this, seductive beauty, strange and dazzling ornaments, a general atmosphere of glamour, and you can see how easy it was to succumb.
In the Cause of Beauty

Claire Windsor could never look otherwise than lovely—she is one of those who add real pictorial quality to the screen. In "Dance Madness," she is just as beautiful in the shabby clothes of a poor working girl as in the silks and satins, plumes and jewels of the wealthy girl that she becomes.
Three Who Dance

“Sally, Irene, and Mary”—a film of three pretty Bowery girls who dance their way to fame behind the Broadway footlights. Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford, and Sally O’Neill—these are the three you see at the left who play the title roles. Joan Crawford is the central figure in the picture above, and Constance Bennett the exhausted girl on the couch below.
Do you recognize Buster Collier, in the upper corner, transformed into an outlaw of ancient Persia? He and Ernest Torrence, as a ragged philosopher, and Greta Nissén are featured in "The Golden Journey."
Have you discovered Margaret Quimby? You may already have seen her in some Universal films. An acrobatic dancer from Broadway, she has been signed up by Universal and given the lead in “The Radio Detective,” with promises of better things very soon.
As present-day royalty and mythical kingdoms are all the rage in the movies now, Greta Nissen is to be a modern princess in "The Lucky Lady"—one who disguises herself as a cheap actress to evade marrying a dissipated nobleman.

Photos by Douglas Robert Miller
Gentle Mary Philbin turns termagant in "A Savage in Silks." Tired of being a clinging vine, she hides her long curls under a wig of short ones and becomes a spoiled, hot-tempered, unmanageable flapper, who leads every one a merry chase before the film is finished and she subdued.
Glory Be to Bathing Girls

Not a tribute from a tired business man, but from a girl they unknowingly helped.

By Helen Klumph

A FEW weeks ago a man went into an office on Broadway and cast a bored glance at the mad array of bathing-girl pictures on the wall. There were the usual dancing sprites who looked arch and coquettish, as though they thought it was all a huge joke that they were caught out with so little on; there were others that looked like somnambulists who had wandered out unknowingly without their clothes; there were still others who grimaced pertly in a caricature of shyness and tried to hide behind their hands. But they all were like those uninteresting stores that seem to have put everything in the shop window.

The man continued staring at the wall—for there in the center of that brazen array was a beautifully poised head, mounted on a body that was apparently fully dressed. There was something arresting in her beauty, something spirituelle, and yet with promise of dormant passion.

Probably he had seen that same picture before—it was one that had enjoyed its full meed of space in the Sunday rotogravures—but he had never seen the full glory of its beauty brought out in contrast to bathing girls. He ran to the nearest telephone and called Mr. Bachmann, the New York head of the Schulberg company, on the phone and told him that he had found just the girl they had been seeking for pictures.

The result was that a few weeks later a girl by the name of Riza Royce was put under contract and sent to Hollywood.

The announcement caused something of a flurry among Riza's acquaintances. As for herself, she indulged in one slightly bitter, hollow laugh when she recovered from her surprise. It was coming to her. For Riza, after five years of onslaughts on the studios, during which time she occasionally succeeded in getting extra work, had given up trying to get into the movies.

The last few months she had been playing on the stage in "Dancing Mothers," first in a walk-on part and later in a vamp ingénue rôle that was one of the leads. But her failure to get anywhere in pictures still rankled. Hence the hol-
Among the reeds which lined the shore of a little bay in the island of Tahiti a couple of years ago, William V. Mong, celebrated character actor, sat in the shade of a native umbrella and played a flute made from a stick. The weather was hot and the sand flies and mosquitoes hooked and jabbed at his skin unmercifully. A little distance away, half-caste natives peeped from behind trees at a camera man who stood before him turning a crank. Near by were other members of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer company appearing in scenes of "Lost and Found."

"Say, what's the idea?" Mong exclaimed to Director Raoul Walsh. "Didja bring me down here to feed to these flies? For the luvva Mike, get through with this or tell these bugs that dinner's over!"

"Just a minute, Bill," Walsh replied. "Play your flute a few feet more."

And Bill played on in the edge of the swamp.

The scene was finished and Mr. Mong emerged. Then he grasped the body of a little half-caste child in his arms, crammed it into a crude wicker suitcase, tossed it into the weeds and ran to the beach to board a ship.

"Fine!" shouted Walsh. "Great stuff! There's a punch in that!"

Two months Mr. Mong worked with the company on the island in the South Seas. He gave a splendid character portrayal of a derelict who had married an island girl, then promptly deserted her and their child when a tramp windjammer hove into view and he had a chance to go back to the States.

"That's bully!" Director Walsh exulted. "Good work, Bill."

It never reached the screen.

When the picture was brought back to the studio, cut and given an initial showing in the projection room, Metro officials groaned.

"Take it out!" they ordered. "Cut it from the picture! Why, that's child abandonment. Censors would nail it before it got to the front door."

Director Walsh, himself, saw the unadvisability of letting the scenes stay in and was among the first to approve of them being cut out. The entire rôle that Bill Mong played went to the cutting room floor. Of course, he felt no inclination to leap from the tallest pier into the depths of the Pacific Ocean because he, long before, had established his name in pictures and is ranked alongside Lon Chaney as a character actor.
of the Movies

have died, hopes have been shattered, and their precious bits slide onto the floor.

Wooldridge

His services constantly are in demand. While he regretted seeing his work discarded, it was, to him, no tragedy.

But suppose it had been his first appearance in a picture! Suppose he had not learned his part was cut and when the production was scheduled to be given its premiere he had invited all his friends to come see him act! Then, as sequence after sequence passed and no flash of him sitting among the reeds playing that little flute or throwing away the half-caste child, came to view, he probably would have left chagrined. He likely would have gone out perfectly miserable, unutterably hurt. He couldn't have explained.

It has happened hundreds and hundreds of times. To the little extra girl who got her first small part or to the young man valiantly endeavoring to win his way, it is tragedy. Many, many times these young people have gone to their rooms either to burst into tears, as girls will do, or to roll and toss through a sleepless night, as young men will do, when they find their parts had been cut.

But to the successful player, such incidents don't count. Seldom are scenes eliminated because the acting is "rotten." Directors don't pass an act until it is satisfactorily done. Usually the cutting results from the necessity of getting the production down to the proper footage.

Rod La Rocque asserts that enough film has been cut from his acts to pave Fifth Avenue.

"Why pick on me?" I sometimes want to ask," Rod says with a grin. "In 'Triumph' they put me on a bench in a park and told me I was out of a job—down and out. Told me the foreman of my old candy factory was to find me there, take me to his home and try to salvage me. Said he was going to give me a job again, at the bottom, and so on. So, I did my stuff. I looked and acted as down and out as any white man could—threw everything into it I had.

"Picture got to the cutting room and they said: 'Shucks! That all can be told in one title. Cut out that park bench stuff.'

"Exit what I thought was splendid!"

"In Cecile De Mille's 'Ten Commandments' Nita Naldi and I appeared in a very dramatic scene where the wife finds another woman with her husband. It was a scene in the seventh commandment.

"'Too long!' De Mille said.

"Out it went. [Continued on page 104]"
Feet that
How directors are learning to arresting way by concentrating
By Dorothy

WRITE feet into it, Miss Johnston—write feet into it!"
Ernst Lubitsch, eminent director, sat in conference with Agnes Christine Johnston, internationally known scenarist, discussing the script of "Forbidden Paradise." The Lasky studio was humming with activity. A half dozen units were shooting scenes and small orchestras were playing on

A suicide in "Siege" was portrayed through legs jerking and going limp, and a revolver dropping on the floor.

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The anger and jealousy of the "other girl" were vividly shown by Julia Faye's feet crashing through a sand castle in "Feet of Clay."

"The very unusualness of the scene heightened the emotional reaction. The playing of the shadows on his shoes, the slight studied movement, the convulsive jerk of the limbs followed by repose, is a beautiful way of telling a sad story.

The loss of human life is always sad."

Victor Seastrom created an entire atmosphere for "The Tower of Lies." Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, by merely showing two pair of feet following furrows in a field.

"I wanted the audience to be impressed with the fact that these two characters were plodders," he explained. "I wanted to show that they were close to the soil, that they were toilers who lived from day to day by the sweat of

the sets. Carpenters, electricians, painters, were hurrying about and dozens of motor cars moving in and out of Hollywood Boulevard and environs. But neither Miss Johnston nor her companion heard. They were too absorbed in their story.

"You can express so much with so little action," Lubitsch continued. "Always, when you can, please put feet in my stories."

This bit of conversation inadvertently overheard, drew my attention to the fact that more and more of late directors are telling stories, depicting tense moments, dynamic action, drama—with feet! Run back in your mind over some of the recent plays you have seen and you likely will suddenly realize that the action of feet played some intensely dramatic roles.

Take "Siege," for instance, directed by Svend Gade for Universal. In it, the suicide of a rich deaf mute who had lost the girl he loved, is dramatically told solely by photographs of his feet and the dropping of a smoking revolver on the floor. The gruesomeness of such a scene, the feeling of revulsion which naturally would come to an audience at sight of a man firing a bullet into his brain, was avoided. And yet, there could be no doubt of what had transpired.

"I told the story by a close-up of the man sitting at his desk," Gade said. "I showed the different movements of the feet as he thought the problem over; the reaching of the decision, the firing of the gun and the dropping of the weapon beside the lifeless feet.

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Tell the Story

show varied emotions in a new and on the action of the players' feet

Wooldridge

their brows. The feet stumbling over the clods of earth were far more impressive than a beautiful scenic view of a field with a man and a woman at work.

"Few picture fans realize why directors frequently show close-ups of feet of the players. I do not mean that the fans fail to catch the meaning of such a scene, but I believe that most of them absorb it subconsciously and understand it in their inner minds. The action of the feet is almost as expressive as the muscles of the face."

Josef von Sternberg, in "The Exquisite Sinner," another Metro production, very cleverly portrayed a somewhat risque scene and yet avoided any brazen vulgarity, by showing pictures of the feet of two characters involved. The scene, laid in Paris, shows two trim little feet with equally trim ankles, top-tap-tapping down the street as a midinette walks with her little French poodle on a leash. Past stores and shops on the cement paving, she patters along, pausing occasionally to peep in the windows. Then there appears the feet of a man passing the feet of the maid. The girl's feet stop, turn slightly, and almost immediately the man's feet hesitate and stop. Neither pair move for a few moments, then the girl's feet begin to move slowly out of the scene and the man's turn completely around and hurry after her.

"This was not an attempt at symbolism or novelty," Von Sternberg said, "but the best way to tell such a thing. It needed no facial expression and no title. It told the story in the least vulgar way it could be told."

When Cecil De Mille filmed "Feet of Clay," he caused the feet of Julia Faye to very dramatically express a feeling of anger and jealousy by a slight movement in a scene on the beach. Rod La Rocque and Vera Reynolds were happily building a castle of sand, modeling little turrets, making imaginary windows in their dream house and playing as children play. Just as it neared completion, the "other girl" came upon them and her sandaled foot crashed into the tiny edifice, wrecking it. The simple action told a whole story of emotion.

Twenty-four feet—feet with shoes on them, tell the story of ambition, greed, impatience, and doubt in one of the principal scenes of the M. C. Levee production, "Just a Woman," directed by Irving Cummings. A battle between the directors of an immense steel corporation and a clerk who has discovered an important process which meant economy in production, forms the point of the story.

"Repression, underemphasis, bring

Continued on page 104
I MIGHT as well admit that I have a purpose in my reading. When one has so little time for literature, why not choose what will teach and will inspire one in depicting real human beings for the screen? I am especially fond of autobiographies and accurate personal histories that reflect the stories of people who have won through struggle. I faithfully read those magazines which relate how individuals have succeeded and triumphed over obstacles. I love the insight these personal stories give into lives utterly unlike my own but with the same keynote of ambition.

And in the newspapers is drama. Behind every headline is a poignant story. I will probably never get over being a movie fan, for I read every magazine and every single letter printed from a fan. And I never fail to read every book that is to be filmed.

Mother trained my sister Catherine and myself to read a chapter from the Bible every day, and we have kept up the habit. More and more Shakespeare is becoming a favorite; I could not fully understand him at first. The works of Sabatini, Dickens, Guy de Maupassant, Conrad, and, among the lighter novelists, Kathleen Norris and Peter B. Kyne are my prime "regulars."

I have only superlatives for two books not at all similar. Kyne's "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and Arlen's "The Green Hat." I know Donald Ogden Stewart personally, but had read his books highly before I met him.

Of them all, however, Hale's "The Man Without a Country" ranks first.

Gloria Swanson.
The short stories by Ambrose Bierce give me the greatest delight of anything I have ever read.

Several of the Russian writers, notably Turgeniev and Dostoievski, are represented in my library. Their morbid outlook and the pathos of their tragedies I can well understand and appreciate, for there have been times when life was very somber to me, when it seemed to be crushing in on me unbearably hard.

Just now I am greatly interested in "Gosta Berling," by Selma Lagerlof. I read it first in the hospital in France during my illness and brought it home with me.

At times I read Ibsen, Mark Twain, Kipling, Poe— you see that I am fickle, and have no particular method but read what I like at the moment. Among the magazines, I prefer those which deal with current matters, development and progress, but in brief, concise form.

What Do the

A number of screen players, ranging from dramatic stars highbrow classics can stay dead and buried.

I want poetry and romance. I like to shut my eyes and picture it all in my mind, with myself as the heroine. Offhand, I would name as my favorites Harold Bell Wright, Mary Roberts Rinehart, and Edna Ferber.

Harry Langdon.
Perhaps it's strange for a comedian to pick humorists as favorite authors, but I can't claim to like philosophy and that deep stuff. I like the life that we see about us every day, chock-full of humor. I could chuckle over Nina Wilcox Putnam, Octavus Roy Cohen, Will Irwin, and Montague Glass by the hour.

Sometimes I like my life dressed up a little with adventure. I devour detective stories. I've read Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea" many times. As a kid, when I traveled with medicine shows, I always had my eyes glued to an exciting detective tale.

Dickens, for his quaint characters and his charm of style, and O. Henry for his vitality and ingenuity, are the most highbrow authors I read.

May McAvoy.
I read poetry by the hour. It is the musical quality—the melody—of the words that gives it such a strong appeal for me.

Shelley heads my list, and next, Keats.

Among the prose writers I claim a contemporary novelist as my ideal—Dom Byrne. He is charming. He sketches in moods so deftly, a word or two serving to convey an atmosphere. He is skillful, to give you in a breath the feeling of a heart, the depth of a mind, the fleeting beauty of a sunset.

And—he is Irish, too! He has the swimming laughter of Erin, our gayly bubbling mischief, and the tears that are always so close to Ireland's smiles that you can't tell, sometimes, which is the one or the other, and there is vitality in him, too—clean, sweet strength. Oh, I do think he is the peer of them all.

Aileen Pringle.
to Western heroes, tell what they most enjoy in literature.

Walkley, all of Joseph Hergesheimer’s, but particularly “Three Black Pennys,” and “Gythrea,” and Pirandello’s “Six Characters in Search of an Author” are the “specials” on the little table beside my bed. One or another of them furnishes me my “nightcap.”

Alma Rubens.
Why all this mad idolization of the flippant modernists? They play with colors, coin sharp new words of a cutting brilliance, but isn’t it a skirting of life, an admission that, with all their cleverness, they are afraid to dip deeply into truths? You so seldom find human beings in these bright, sparkling modern novels. They reflect an age, yes, but surface trends, not what is in people’s hearts.

So my choice runs to historical fiction and memoirs, and particularly those of ladies faire who ruled men and nations. Their achievements and adversities and their little humanesses thrill me. I favor French and English authors—John Masefield, George and Gustav Flaubert. My favorite book is “A Widow in Bye Street” by Masefield.

In Ovid’s epigrams I find much truth tersely and pertinently presented.

Priscilla Dean.
I have a mania for reading about the strange customs and lost arts of Egypt. As a nation, they head the list in attainments. The mysteries of how they built the pyramids, hardened copper, practiced dentistry with a skill that recent explorations show compared with that of to-day, manufactured rustless steel, and their mumifying process, excite my curiosity.

Most of our information about Egypt comes from the writings of the historian, Herodotus, and the deciphering of hieroglyphics by modern Egyptologists. I read every line available about the marvels of that ancient race.

Victor Hugo and Dumas entertain me. “Les Misérables,” for heart interest and self-sacrifice, I think has few equals, while “The Three Musketeers,” for daring and vivid characters, stands alone.

Will Rogers and Irvin Cobb are two standbys. I never miss what they write either in magazines or newspapers. They can always pull me out of a blue mood.

Milton Sils.
Give me the classics of old—the really informative works written by contemplative and discriminating minds in ages less hurried and harassed than this. One is sure of value received for time spent in perusing such verse as that of Keats and Browning, such psychological masterpieces of fiction as Tolstoy’s, or the highly imaginative and potentially prophetic writings of H. G. Wells. I prefer irrefutable logic to fiction junk.

For humanity and the humor that lingers, the reader will seek vainly for a book superior to Mark Twain’s immortal “Huckleberry Finn.”

Of the moderns, I find Bernard Shaw, Rafael Sabatini, and John Masefield most entertaining. I am an avid reader of scientific journals, taking a deep interest in articles that deal with physics, astronomy, and botany.

Rudolph Valentino.
My literary preference embraces two opposite poles—the faultless classics and the modern American humorists. The periods of yesterday, from a distance, appear more romantic than those in which we live. Consider, please, Cellini, who has left us such a glowing account of his own life. He boasts of adventures impossible to-day. Admitting his conceit, he writes with the hand of genius.

Dante is forbidding to many English readers, perhaps because “every translator is a traitor,” but I have the advantage of reading him in my native tongue. The historian Petronius interests me with his revelations of the weaknesses of the great Roman emperors.

Of the modern Italian writers I prefer D’Annunzio, poet, novelist, statesman, fighter, flaneur—one of the most romantic figures of all time. Sem Benelli, author of the play, “The Jest,” and Pirandello, who wrote that unique and diverting piece, “Six Characters in Search of an Author,” enthral me.

For Iñáñez I feel a personal gratitude and follow his books closely.

Irvin S. Cobb and Ring Lardner reward my attention with many laughs. Sabatini thrills me, Bernard Shaw astonishes me and Conan Doyle’s detective stories entertain me. The cardinal qualities of Jim Tully, former tramp and prize fighter, are a great emotional surge and sincerity.

It seems to me that James Branch Cabell is most significant among contemporary Americans. He goes farther “beyond life,” into the realm of imaginative thought and deduction, than all the others. Even when writing of a mythical existence, he lays bare the workings of the human heart. He has, too, facility of expression.

Edmund Lowe.
Character development—the progress of a man upward, to betterment, or his deterioration—this, to me is the sole excuse for a book. For doesn’t it all center around the human factor? There can be no drama, nothing to hold one’s interest, without a figure so realistically presented that his human nature is the thing you remember about him.

“Lord Jim,” is my most beloved book. Conrad has sweep and vitality and power. His men are strong, even in their weaknesses, in their conflicts of soul.
The players in this scene from "The Swan" are good actors to look so anticipatory, for they know that the "wine" is merely warm, unappetizing ginger ale.

**Those Movie Banquets**

Though they may appear to be dining sumptuously, players have to rush from the tables to the studio cafeterias for real sustenance.

By A. L. Wooldridge

Whenever a Hollywood actor hears he is to take part in a scene showing a State dinner, he groans.

"More warm ginger ale for me!" he screams. "It'll drive me mad."

Ginger ale to the right of him, ginger ale to the left of him, sizzles and sputters. When he seats himself at the table, the Martini he gets is ginger ale. When the butler is serving champagne, what he gets is ginger ale. When the after-dinner liqueurs are poured—if the dinner ever gets that far—it's ginger ale.

Adolphe Menjou says he has drunk enough of it to float the *Lusitania* and Stuart Holmes has had more ginger-ale jags than John Barleycorn had inebriations. Only, the ultimate effect was different.

Those regal dinners pictured on the screen consist chiefly of ginger ale, fruit cocktails, and bunk. Occasionally some rolls get on the table but they lie there in a state of jeopardy. There isn't an actor or actress who would not rather embrace a real hamburger sandwich with onion and mustard landscaped over it and feel it was his or her very own, than take chances on getting anything to eat in a banquet scene.

The fact of the matter is, they don't eat. Bob Wagner, president of the Writers' Club in Hollywood, says eating is disgusting. He cites the example of working men to prove it. At lunch time they take their pails and go away off, back of a woodpile or around a corner to feed themselves in solitude. When a dog gets a bone, he crawls under the house or gets back of a tree to gnaw it. When a chicken finds a crust of bread, it seizes it and runs away from all the other chickens, if possible, to pick it to bits. A cow swallows food so long as the swallowing is good, but goes away to chew and masticate the cud in seclusion. Jungle beasts kill their prey, then drag the carcasses into thickets to feast. Neither bird, beast, nor fowl likes to eat in public.

"Directors know this," said Robert G. Vignola, one of the most widely known megaphone wielders in Hollywood, "and the gorgeous banquet tables hold little more than snow-white linens, silverware, and glass. No one wants to sit watching persons devour food. Consequently, actors and actresses seldom get any further than the ginger-ale Martini and the fruit cocktail in any motion-picture scene. The real meal is left to imagination."

In "The Boomerang," Bert Lytell won a signal success last year by annexing half a club sandwich. A prop boy got the other half. Allan Forrest and Leatrice Joy got some French pastry in a scene of "The Dressmaker from Paris," and Blanche Sweet served real tea and cakes in "The Sporting Venus."

About the only honest-to-goodness dinner served in a studio scene in Hollywood within a year was in the B. P. Schulberg production, "Capital Punishment." There, George Hackathorne, as Danny O'Connor,
A Letter from Location

A description by Alice Terry of interesting trips through southern France and through Italy during the filming of "Mare Nostrum."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Nice, France.

Dear Myrtle:

I have started to write you several times during the four months I have been here with the "Mare Nostrum" company, but something has always interrupted.

Nice was a pleasant surprise. Rex and Antonio Moreno and his wife met us at the station.

Our studio is about two miles from Nice, on a slight elevation overlooking the sea. My dressing room is on the second floor of the studio villa and has a marvelous view.

We have seventeen nationalities in the company, so I have learned a few words of many languages. I shall be able to converse with anybody in Hollywood when I return!

I have been to Monte Carlo several times, as it is less than an hour by machine from Nice. My first visit to the famous Casino was quite a shock. I had expected to see a gay and well-dressed crowd throwing their money away. Instead, I saw seated at the green tables mostly elderly men and women with little system books they have figured out for breaking the bank. They play very carefully. Some have been there every day for years. They win occasionally, and all hope their "systems" will make them fortunes.

Our first location trips were along the Riviera and to the pretty little villages in the mountains back of Nice, towns hundreds of years old that still retain their individuality.

Our first long trip was to Italy. We sailed from Monaco on the Providence, and after a twenty-four-hour trip, landed at Naples. We passed near the island of Corsica, where Napoleon was born, and saw a number of other small islands with picturesque little villages.

I had a great thrill when I sighted Mount Vesuvius with its smoking crater. I was having luncheon when Rex called me to the deck and there, towering in front of us was the old mountain, with clouds of smoke pouring out just like what you see on postal cards. It looked like a giant threatening the city of Naples and the small towns huddled at its base.

The landing in Naples was funny. The Providence did not dock, so the passengers were taken off in row boats. You know how excitable our Italian can be. Well, you can imagine what happens when two hundred of them get together in row boats fighting for passengers. I expected to see knives thrown.

The first evening, Tony, Mrs. Moreno, and I dined at a little café on the Santa Lucia, a narrow strip of land extending several hundred feet out from the mainland. The little harbor was bright with yachts and fishing boats. The restaurants specialize in the famous

Continued on page 100
Continued from page 71

and even more certainly not made for children.

For the Children.

That man about town, Jackie Coogan, has scored another success in "Old Clothes," a story obviously written for him. As usual, he is just a lovable little fellow, a little more grown up maybe, but then aren't we all? The film is full of the popular hokum with which we like to surround children, and Jackie makes it all seem plausible and funny. He really deserves a little more intelligent treatment, and if I were he, I should lie right down and kick and scream until my father gave me a good story.

If I were called on to pick the two cosmolitans of the screen, I should choose Adolphe Menjou and Jackie Coogan, and for one can't wait until he grows up.

For the Childish.

It really does seem, as I said some time ago, that they might let Charles Ray grow up. Here is a capable, industrious young actor, who is consistently made to look foolish by bad directing. Charles Ray is a young man, but he is not just a little boy grown up.

* "Bright Lights" is a rustic drama of a country boy and a chorus girl. The chorus girl is a good sort at heart, but she bitterly thinks all men are alike, and yet she never seems to tire of proving this point.

One day she goes back to the old farm to visit, and meets Charles Ray. He is a thoroughly dull, ludicrously dressed young man, but she loves him, as Michael Arlen would have it, "for purity." He doesn't know she loves him, so he follows her to the city and tries to impress her by imitating Broadway rounders. In these scenes he wears a pair of low-comedy pants and plays with a hollow gayety.

If I lived in the country on a nice farm, and got good-looking clothes from any of the New York and Chicago mail-order houses, heard the best music over the radio, and kept up to date with magazines and pictures, "Bright Lights" would infuriate me with its stupid rusticity and its frightful clothes. I think people in small towns need a square deal from the movies.

Pauline Starke is the chorus girl and Lilian Tashman her best friend.

More Log Jams.

"The Ancient Highway," a James Oliver Curwood story, is not exactly new material, but it is decidedly pleasing. Jack Holt is in it for one thing, and he has a chance to wear something besides riding clothes. I don't know who his tailor is but I'd like to know. I bet he's an Englishman. Then, too, lovely Billie Dove is in it, and she has an opportunity to dress up and show how really beautiful she is.

The story crashes right into action with a fight between Jack Holt and the villain, Montagu Love, in an office, and from then on, there is plenty of action and some pretty gorgeous scenery.

I don't know who arranged the interiors of the Quebec house, but they are unusually fine, and so are some of the street scenes. The log jam in this picture is the best this year, and the whole picture is well cast, well acted, and expertly directed. And Jack Holt is the best-dressed man for 1925.

Some Old Favorites.

"Simon the Jester," the picturization of William J. Locke's novel, is not as funny as it sounds. In fact, most of the airiness of Locke's novel has been abstracted, and a rather sticky sentiment takes its place.

It is the romance of a young man, not too young, who has a bit of a bullet somewhere near his heart, near enough anyway to make him whimsical about life and death. His secretary is in love with a circus girl, and to save him, he meets her, and then unfortunately falls in love with her. He travels to Tangiers with her to have it out with her bad, bad husband, and after a fight and a little old murder, wins her forever and ever.

Eugene O'Brien is as whimsical and wry as can be. Lilian Rich cries her way through the picture, and my old favorite, Henry Walton, is briefly visible.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" is as hilarious a film as any one could ask for. Taken from the story by Earl Derr Biggers and adapted from George M. Cohan's stage play, it takes its place with the best of movie comedies.

Douglas MacLean, with his expressive eyebrows, makes the most of a night spent at the deserted Baldpate Inn. He is a young author who is trying to write a book in twenty-four hours in order to win his publisher's daughter. As in the old Keystone comedies, there is a great deal of chasing, inaccurate shooting, and funny falls. The plot is caught in a whirlwind of action, and a fast-comedy pace is set by the director and the entire cast.

Fred Newmeyer, who has directed some of Harold Lloyd's pictures, took a hand with this one, and he made the most of every gag and every comic situation.

On the other hand, "New Brooms," that rather pleasing comedy of the stage by Frank Craven, didn't sweep at all clean in the picture. Except for the brightness of Bessie Love's acting, there is little to be said for it. Neil Hamilton, that handsome young man, isn't exactly a comedian, but then, for that matter, neither is William de Ville, who directed it.

Several good situations have been lost and never found in the cobwebs that "New Brooms" can't seem to sweep away.

"The Clash of the Wolves" shows that incomparable canine, Rin-tin-tin, surrounded by his usual quota of bad actors.

He is again a wolf tamed by a man's kindness, and shot at but never hit by a lot of old meanies.

I have never seen him so good as he is in this picture. In one scene, he wears little boots and uncles them himself, and at all times he displays startling intelligence. Like Jackie Coogan, he is an actor who is worthy of better material and better support.

June Marlowe, Pat Hartigan, and Charles Farrell are the people concerned.

"Hogan's Alley," with Patsy Ruth Miller and Monte Blue, is a fantastic tale of the New York slums, whimsical Irishmen, and bad rich men. William Louis, that splendid Dutch comedian, is the Irish father, and is as good as Sam Bernard.

Just for fun, I am going to tell you the ending of the picture. The rich villain, in an effort to lure Patsy to his camp in the Adirondacks, locks her father in a telephone booth, and takes her onto a train. Once there, he begins to make all manner of advances to her. In the meantime, the hero, accidentally happens along, finds her father, suspects the villain's horrid designs, and follows the train in an automobile. Train and motor meet in a terrific crash, but our hero is not hurt. In the meantime, the engineer gets off to see what he has hit, and the train, just to be contrary, starts off all by itself. Our hero, Monte Blue, rushes for an airplane and follows. As the train rushes madly on, there is a terrific landslide and a bridge is torn away ahead of it. The agile Mr. Blue climbs from airplane to train, has a terrific fight with the villain in the observation car, and then runs up and puts on the brakes just before the engine dashes over the torn bridge. You can imagine how I felt by that time. And then, just as every one is convulsing happily in a hospital, the dear old comic Irish father gives Monte a cigar, and it explodes and so does the screen.
How is Jackie Getting On?

Now that his pictures do not appear quite so often, fans are beginning to ask the foregoing question; the answer to which appears to be, "Very nicely, thank you."

By Caroline Bell

HAVING you wondered of late what has been happening to Jackie Coogan? The boy of eleven is a different person from the five-year-old tot who burst into prominence in "The Kid."

He has, as you know, made a fortune—a million dollars, it is said—in the six years since he began in pictures. How has that fact affected him? And how does he differ from other boys, now that he is reaching an age at which he can no longer he kept in ignorance of the fact that he is different, in some respects, from most other boys?

The knowledge of his earning power has been instrumental in developing in him a business instinct. Since he is paid for each gag which his ingenuity contributes to his scenes, he bargains cunningly with his father and recently talked himself into a raise of fifty cents per gag.

While the major portion of Jackie's wealth comes from his picture earnings, much of it is royalty payment on commercial contracts, from the sale of children's clothes and toys bearing his name. He owns real estate, stock in one of the country's largest chain drug stores, and is interested in various other mercantile enterprises. Now there is being erected in Los Angeles a Jackie Coogan Theater.

Does Jackie live a lonely childhood in a gilt-edged cage? Apparently not. Except that he is growing up and learning things and becoming more mischievous every day, as all youngsters do, he is the same lovable boy. He plays with the kids of his neighborhood and couldn't be distinguished from the bunch were it not for the unmistakable stamp of leadership.

During the last year or so he has developed a mechanical trend. He speaks the jargon of film-making and understands its technical phases. Allowed first to practice with a half-sized camera, he has now graduated to the regulation "box" and was permitted to shoot some of the exteriors for "Old Clothes," his first picture on the new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. And nothing he ever did or had done him such delight as the director's and his daddy's acceptance of his shots at the final cutting.

Having made but twelve pictures in six years, Jackie hasn't missed a care-free childhood. Each film is completed in ten weeks, leaving him four months of vacation between each spell of labor. And the latter is more like fun than work to Jackie, for aside from a few hours a day before the camera and at his studies, he is allowed to follow his own bent.

The infant prodigy of a few years ago is developing into a skillful little actor, as each year his mind unfolds. Familiarity with motion-picture production in its technical aspects and the awakening consciousness of his own contribution were bound to take toll of that naturalness which was his main asset a while ago.

A great wall went up from the critics when it was seen that technique was creeping into his work. But why? He could not be expected, throughout his life, to interpret from the wellspring of feeling, without some aid from artifice. It augurs well for his future that he has learned to act consciously.

No, Jackie isn't a flash in the pan. True, his baby pathos has been replaced by a subtle comedy talent. But, in order to keep him on the screen without a temporary retirement over the adolescent age, he must adapt his gifts to juvenile tales, which consist mostly of comic incidents.

"Old Clothes," detailing the adventures of the little Irisher, Kelly, and his friend, Ginsberg, is full of chuckles, and Jackie's pantomime is that of a trained trouper.

Off-stage, what is he like? He might be any little boy, except that every little boy doesn't show quite so keen an aptitude for learning.

Recently he passed with flying colors the Junior High School test, which usually challenges fourteen and fifteen-year-old youngsters. His curriculum includes the customary studies, with particular emphasis upon history and dramatic art. Twice a week he is given regular Hamlet lessons, in preparation for his interpretation of the role when he is fifteen, a reward promised him by David Belasco provided he then proves capable of playing the melancholy Dane.

"His future is problematical, of course," his father says, admitting that no definite plans can be formed. "We hope to keep him on the screen right along and we believe that his newly developed comedy talent will serve for this purpose. His present contract is for one year. If, at its expiration, demand for his pictures continues, he will remain in the studios until he is ready for his stage debut as Hamlet.

"And that is not a far-fetched possibility, either. Already he knows the famous soliloquy. And John Barrymore gave out an unsolicited interview in which he placed great faith in Jackie's being able to play the rôle."

Among the boy's possessions is an old and valuable edition of Shakespeare, which bears the autographs of Edwin Booth and other famous actors. It was given to him by David Belasco.

His acting instinct asserts itself almost every moment. Algebra proves uninteresting and difficult unless he is permitted to dramatize it.

"X is daddy and Y is mother," he insists to Mrs. Newell, his tutor.

His grandest times are the vacations spent in the Coogan cabin in the high Sierras, where he hunts and fishes with his daddy.

He isn't growing very fast, but he is husky and wiry, and square of shoulder. With studies and play and occasional work, the happy little millionaire of the movies is living his childhood years.
What Do the Players Read?

Continued from page 89

In “Lord Jim” he takes a man through many reverses and pitfalls, touching up his life with the high lights of joyous moments, and depicts all of this in natural detail.

Shakespeare interests me not so much because of his gift for dramatic construction as for his word painting of splendid and virile characters. He holds up a mirror and in it reflects human nature.

Matt Moore.

Whimsical types of comedy, founded on real events, while away my spare hours, with travel stories and biographies to round out the program. Memoirs are my resource when I'm in a devilish frame of mind, and cranky against the world, and all full of bristles. The trials and tribulations of other human devils have a tendency to soothe me. And when things look rosy, to travel tales I turn.

Laura La Plante.

After “A Tale of Two Cities,” by Dickens, I consider Hergesheimer’s “The Bright Shawl,” Arlen’s “These Charming People,” Conrad’s “Ro-

rance,” and O. Henry’s short stories the cream of literature.

Eleonore Boardman.

I play few favorites, have no particular type of binding, and read everything from my fan mail to Tol-

stoy.

Though I have a hard time to focus my choice, I suppose it is “The Way of All Flesh,” by Samuel Butler. It has lived longest in my memory. The first of the modern school, it has never been surpassed, though aimed at innumerably. It seriously upsets the mental balance of the person who believes in the family as a holy and inseparable unit, but it tells a story that is interesting because it has every right to be true.

Pola Negri.

I am, and I trust pardonably, proud of my library, for it contains five thou-
sand volumes, compiled after years of study. Many of my books are in three, and some in four, languages, and they represent the best of the literature of all ages.

The most interesting in my collection is a German Bible of the six-
teenth century, original notations in the penmanship of its first owner on the margins. Another that I value highly and find engrossing details Roman military tactics. It is from the famous old Elzevir Press and was printed in 1610.

I am fond of the poems of Push-

kin, of many of Heine’s and those of Ada Negri, the Italian poetress whom I have idolized for some time.

I seek truth, in literature, rather than adroitness of expression. Sty-

lists hold no charm for me. Of all my reading, throughout the years, the book which has made the most pro-
found impression upon me is Tol-

stoy’s “Anna Karenina.” I have read it again and again and carry it with me when I travel. Some day I hope to appear in a film version of what I consider one of the greatest master-

pieces of literature.

Dostoevski reaches his zenith in “The Idiot.” He is melancholy, pa-

thetic, and yet there is terror in his ruthless power of analyzing emotions. And there is a poignancy in devotion to a visionary ideal which mounts at times to a veritable ecstasy. “The Brothers Karamazov,” and Schiller and Goethe also are prominently rep-

resented in my library.

Why Did De Mille Leave Famous Players?

Continued from page 51

Beatrice Samuels passed on to Cecil De Mille such a definite streak of the practical that we do not find in his screen plays any evidence of an ad-

herence to early personal sentiment-

alities. His leading women, Swar-

son, Daniels, Joy, Ayres, Reynolds, cannot be classed as portraits of youthful sweethearts. Rather do they resemble fictional heroines, with Swanson, perhaps, coming closest to the Ladies Vere de Vere who trailed silken gowns along the vocal road of a father’s evening reading.

“He’ll find that spending money isn’t so much fun when it’s his own!” chirrup the anti-De Milles.

Such a remark is natural. Lavish-

ness has come to be a synonym for De Mille. His films literally shout expense. On the other hand, lavish-

ness is an asset of the box office. People love him for it.

He spent a million dollars on the biblical prologue of “The Ten Com-

mandments” between May 21 and July 8—six weeks. Compare this with well-known films which have required a full year— with eighty per cent of the expense going in salaries! Cecil De Mille gets a personal kick from the ministrations of a big staff. He laughs tolerantly at the newspaper columnists who jeer at the man who is in constant attendance, ready to

place a chair, the second that the mas-
ter stops, even for a moment.

He laughs, for his record proves his ability to delegate words to others. And the De Mille foliows: the introd-

uction of puttees—the megaphone, which he introduced—the shirt open at the neck? Dear reader, the man was an actor, is a showman, and just simply can’t help reading that path of the unusual which is paved with newspaper headlines.

His critics call him “poscor.”

His friends call him, “human.”

And both indictments are true. In his public life, he is a Barnum, pre-

senting the “greatest,” “the most stupen-

dous.” Before his friends he is just “C. B.,” a jester who lays aside his hells to become quite a regular person, quiet in his taste, secretive in his charities, exceedingly human in his delight in the humor of the hour after an excellent dinner.

He is a born independent—except in that niche which marks his home.

And that perhaps is his saving grace.

You can go just so far with tinsel, and then, unless drenched with the blood of a human heart, it becomes just tinsel.

Digging below the surface of De Mille, we find a man who worries over the smallest detail in the develop-

ment of one of his children, and who varies a yachting trip with a sudden whim to assume the entire education of three half-orphans.

But few people know that this streak is there. Perhaps it is their ignorance that leads to puzzled won-

der when the De Mille vogue still continues despite those who, ten years ago, began to cry, “De Mille is through.”

Many people dislike him intensely. His symbolism is classed as “in-

cense before morons.” He is be-

lieved to be a cynic, chuckling over the adage that “the public love to be fooled.” He is given no credit for either depth or sincerity.

And yet his divorce series—called “Offerings on the Altar of Sex,” are re-

flected in the latest marriage laws. And preachers have called “The Ten Commandments,” “an entertaining, thoughtful sermon.”

Beatrice Samuels De Mille put the iron of nonconformity into his soul.

A dreamy, impractical father pro-

vided him with a heart.

The combination has made him a born independent, with much money, a few close friends, and many ene-

mies.

In his forties, he could quit and roam the world in his yacht.

Instead, he resigns a snap and steps from a protected trench to face the attack of all comers.
Look then at these, some of them really useful, others merely ornamental. The device, for instance, that Mary Brian, at the left, has adopted of wearing a little mirror on the back of her hand, and tying her lipstick to the end of the cord that fastens her coat, is a real convenience. But we hope that Norma Shearer will have no serious use for her tiny pistol, shown below, which actually can shoot. The little spots lying beside it are the cartridges.

Another practical though novel accessory is the detachable skirt that Charlot Bird, at the right, has for her one-piece bathing suit. She can tie it on or leave it off, according as the requirements of the beach she is visiting are strict or lenient.

Can you guess whose eyes are behind the Spanish fan in the picture below? It has very appropriately been named the “flirt fan,” and the person behind it is Louise Fazenda. It can no doubt be quite useful as well as ornamental.

Fish-net hosiery is what Patsy Ruth Miller calls these unusual, openwork stockings of hers which represent a style that is becoming very popular.
Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 48

A Little Bit of Hungary.

In addition to having to learn German, Russian, French, and Swedish, in order properly to welcome new additions to the film colony, Hollywoodites will probably soon have to take up Hungarian. The arrival of that exquisite creature, Vilma Banky, seems to have been the inspiration for a pilgrimage from Budapest and its environs.

The Hungarian playwright Ernest Vadja, who is to write Pola Negri's next scenario, is among the more prominent of recent arrivals. Vilma Banky's brother, whom she has not seen for four years, is to join her and take up a career in pictures. Victor Varconi, who played in Cecil B. De Mille's film called "Triumph," is back from abroad and has been cast in De Mille's "The Volga Boatman."

Norma Shearer seems to be a favorite with Swedish directors. She has played in several Victor Seastrom pictures, notably "He Who Gets Slapped," and now she is working with a new director, Benjamin Christianson, in the leading role of "The Light Eternal."

"The first opportunity I get, I'll have to learn to speak Svenska to get along in the movies," Norma remarked recently.

Mildred Changes Plans.

Mildred Davis will have a story especially written for her. She retired from the cast of "Behind the Front," the war picture in which she was scheduled to make her return to pictures.

The rumor that went about that she did not photograph satisfactorily because she had increased in weight, was absolutely incorrect. She has lost twenty or more pounds and is looking more lovely than ever.

She asked to be relieved from playing in the war picture because the part would afford her such slight opportunities. The entire story centers about the two characters played by Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton, and Mildred was not particularly anxious to be just the pretty heroine. Harold Lloyd is said to have advised her that it would have been a serious mistake for her to do so.

In any event, by waiting, she has proved herself to be a shrewd little girl.

More Discoveries by Lubitsch.

Another actor has arrived. Edward Martindale, a former comic-opera singer, is going to be one of the big hits in Ernst Lubitsch's feature, "Lady Windermere's Fan."

Martindale has been in pictures for six or seven years, and has been cast chiefly as a lawyer, doctor, or other professional man. In fact, his screen activities have been confined to small parts in which a striking presence and a fine head of silver-gray marcelled hair have been the chief requisites. In Lubitsch's picture, however, he has a chance to display his genuine talents as an actor.

We saw his performance one evening recently. He may very likely be hailed as a second Menjou. There is no doubt, at any rate, that directors will be writing in roles for him, from now on, whenever they get the opportunity.

A Lubitsch première is a real event in Hollywood. There is no director whose productions are more greatly enjoyed in the colony. It may safely be prophesied, too, that "Lady Windermere's Fan" will be hailed far and wide as one of the best pictures that he has made since coming to America. It is doubly clever because the success of this Oscar Wilde play has always depended on the smartness of the dialogue, rather than on its plot. Lubitsch has accomplished something truly epoch-making in that he has transformed this dialogue into action and bits of screen business. There are very few subtitles in the picture, yet it seems thoroughly to have caught the spirit of the original play.

Irene Rich gives an amazing portrayal of Mrs. Erlynne—such as she has perhaps never before equaled.

Ronald Colman will gain new favor for his work in a fine acting role, which he invests with characteristic charm. May McAvoy is also excellent. And the film is going to greatly help Bert Lytell to return to prominence. He has suffered from bad pictures more consistently than any other actor in Hollywood.

Theda in Slapstick!

Theda Bara is going to burlesque the vampire. She has signed up with Hal Roach for a two-reel comedy, though it hasn't been divulged yet whether she will have to learn the gentle art of pie-pitching.

Roach has some very interesting ideas for using prominent players in his new films, which are to be distributed to leading vaudeville houses for first runs. Among others who will be seen in these pictures are Lionel Barrymore, Mildred Harris, Eileen Percy, Stuart Holmes, George Siegman, Cesare Gravina, and Walter Long.

Roach's theory is that he can make these pictures attractive to leading film actors in just the same way that vaudeville engagements are to celebrated stage players. The comedies have been signed up for showing on the Keith Vaudeville Circuit.

Escaping the Type Bugaboo

Continued from page 18

Griffith, who had placed her unimportantly in a picture in 1915, was working on a near-by set.

"He hasn't changed a bit," said Bessie. "Let's go over and see him direct "That Roxy Girl."

He was sitting on a chair that was just outside prison walls.

"All right, children," he called.

The prison yard was immediately peopled with gray, grim figures. A guard passed.


The scene finished, he turned to greet us.

"This Bessie Love," he said, with a smile, "is going to do big things. Mark my words."

Although it would be stretching a point to hail Bessie as a newborn Bernhardt of the shadows, it is not exaggerating at all to list two of her performances among the best of the 1925 gallery. In "Soul Fire," she played a fervent hula ingénue with fire and abandon. And in "Those Who Dance," she transformed herself into a hard-boiled moll of the underworld—tough, racy.

Her latest appearances have been less colorful.

"But I am out of the type class," said Bessie. "My next picture is to be 'The Song and Dance Man,' with Tom Moore, and the girl is not a mere curls-and-curtseying ingénue."

She looked up from her five feet, half an inch, and concluded, "When you've once got away with character stuff, you never have to fear the type idea again. So I'm willing to do any number of sweet, crimonline heroines, because I rest contented in the knowledge that, every once in a while, they'll give me a real, acting part."

And when they do, they too may rest assured that it will receive capable treatment at the hands of the blond but unpigeonholed Bessie Love!
John Barrymore at Home

Few stars are as reticent as John Barrymore, and it is rare indeed that he consents to give the public a glimpse into his private life. These pictures, therefore, are of more than ordinary interest, for they show the atmosphere in which he seeks seclusion while away from the Warner Brothers Hollywood studio, where he is now at work on the second of his present series of pictures, "Don Juan."

His present home is in the "Siesta Cottage," at the Ambassador Hotel, and although he is to be there for only a limited time, he had his quarters furnished throughout with his own books, furniture, and decorations, which were sent from New York. The pictures on his desk and piano are of his little daughter.

His first film of the present series, "The Sea Beast," is about ready for release, and the third one, which he will begin before long, is to be "The Tavern Knight," a novel by Sabatini dealing with the English revolution under Cromwell.
The Price of Success

strongly of my boy and what he would say. If he could come back, I know what he would do. He would fight, and fight hard for me. To have been told I was a bad actress would have been nothing. But to be attacked on the very thing that means and has always meant so much to me, was too bitterly ironical!

So there we have the story of the mother who wouldn't acknowledge her son! It clearly shows how circumspect an actress must be, at all times, lest her actions be misunder-
stood. If this same incident had occurred in the life of some society matron, it would have signified nothing. She would, indeed, have been looked upon by the people in her set as a "clever woman who just won't let herself grow old." Remember that she was only seventeen years older than Billy, fifteen years older than Theodore.

When I first met Miss Bennett, I didn't know that she was a mother. It is a curious observation that I never associated motherhood with her—not, that is, on first meeting. There are some women who are obviously mothers. They make you feel it as soon as they come in your presence, either elaborately or unconsciously. Miss Bennett comes in the category of women to whom motherhood is an extremely personal and sacred thing, something not to be dragged into conversation for any and every reason, or for no reason at all.

She is an attractive, blond type, reposed in manner, and she looks about twenty-eight or thirty. Her voice is also reposed—too quiet, I thought, the first time I met her. The most arresting thing about her face is her eyes—gray-blue, quiet, introspective, somewhat sad eyes. They are the eyes which her husband, Fred Windermere, told me were "deep wells of experience."

You will perhaps wonder what the acclaim and the plaudits that followed the triumphant opening of "Stella Dallas" in New York meant to Belle Bennett. Though I was not there at the time, I have heard from an intimate source a few things that may be worth adding.

Before the opening of the picture, nothing that any one had said about it had meant anything to Miss Bennett. Though sunny by nature, always able before to regain her natural buoyancy after disappointments, she was completely unable to do so this time. She was not bitter, but she had been numbed by pain added to pain. If the picture were a big success, it would be too late to mean anything to her.

On the day of the professional matinee she was working on a new picture. But that evening she went to the premiere. And in the darkness of the auditorium, as she sensed the wave of emotion surging over the audience, she realized, for the first time, that she had something still to live for, to work for—a mission in life, at least. If people were as strongly moved as that by what she had done, perhaps those of them who knew some poor, foolish woman like Stella would not be so quick to laugh at her, but would do something to help her. And with that realization came the feeling that, even if a full sense of happiness never came back to her, peace at least had come. For the first time since her boy's death she felt that he was near, felt that he had seen all and heard all and that she could almost touch him and feel that his soul could and would stay with her always.

Maybe the suffering caused Belle Bennett through the loss of her son, maybe the humiliation of unfavorable publicity, or maybe her ability as an actress, alone explains why she gave such a remarkable characterization of the mother in the picture. I think it was probably a combination of all these things which prepared her, for she proved unmistakably that she knew her subject well.

That she will be able to repeat her success in "Stella Dallas" in each succeeding picture is, of course, more than any one could expect. Doubtless she will do many other appealing characterizations. But even if she never again approaches the intensity of feeling that she gave to this great rôle, she will still have built a monument that will endure for many years.

If You're Funny, Earn Some Money

Continued from page 22

stairs. Johnny immediately realizes that he must keep the brown derby on at all times if he expects the hat to work any of its charms.

After a number of amusing incidents in which the power of the brown derby proves its influence, Johnny falls in love with a beautiful girl. From then on, his luck seems to change. He just can't get a good break, and after suffering all sorts of dire need, he finally whips himself into a frenzy, smashes the brown derby, and is about to throw it out of a window when he notices a piece of paper sticking out of the hatband. He unfolds it and finds it to be his uncle's will in which Johnny is named as the sole heir to his fortune. At this moment, the uncle makes his appearance and explains that he has always felt that Johnny was the only one of his relatives who really had ambition and character, and that to test him, he had hit upon the idea of the brown derby, which, after all, was just an ordinary hat that did not possess any miraculous powers at all.

He congratulates Johnny for showing him he is made of real caliber, and then gives his blessing to him and his girl.

The possibilities for comic situations in this picture are unlimited. Johnny Hines feels confident that from the readers of Picture-Play Magazine he will receive many suggestions for developing the story in a humorous fashion.

"Almost invariably, after one of my pictures is released, I get letters from fans who make suggestions that would have been valuable to us if they had come before or during the making of the picture," he remarked when plans for this gag contest were first suggested to him.

"There is no corner on the comedy market, as far as gags are concerned. So many funny incidents happen in our daily lives that an observant person could probably find at least one good comedy idea a day if he or she were particularly on the lookout for this type of material. The best gags are usually those that are natural, or at least in the realm of possibility. You find ideas for them everywhere, sometimes in the most trivial incidents. For instance, the other day I was walking along the platform of a railroad terminal when I noticed a porter, loaded with two grips and a golf bag, walking right behind me. A friend of mine who happened to be passing hailed me, and thinking that I had hired the porter to carry my things, asked me how my golf game was coming along. As I was explaining to him that the porter was not with me and that I had never played a game of golf in my life, the incident gave me an idea for a gag."

See the comic possibilities in that? Suppose I was broke and wanted to make an impression on some one who would see me at the railroad station. Suppose—but I'm not going to tell that one. I am going to wait and use it in a picture."

Get busy now and suggest your gags for "The Brown Derby," and win some real money.
We have found
the only way ever known
—that removes Cold Cream thoroughly
—that removes it safely
—that removes all dirt with it

Will you accept a 7-day supply to try?

This offers you a test of a beauty means that, in justice, must be termed a great discovery.
The first and only way ever known that removes cold cream safely...that ends the annoyance of old ways and their dangers to the skin.
We want to send you a supply without charge. Then to get your opinion.
It is not a cloth, but an entirely new kind of material.

A scientific discovery
We are makers of absorbents. Are world authorities in this field.
On the urge of a noted dermatologist, we perfected this scientifically right material for removing cold cream. For removing it as it must be removed to keep the skin flawless.
It is the only product made solely for this purpose. It represents several years of scientific research. There is no other like it.

Ends oily noses and dark skins
It stops oily nose and skin conditions amazingly. For these come from overladen pores...cold creams and oils left for nature to expel. That is why you powder now so often.

No more oily skins
Your “make-up” holds hours longer than before
Instead of towels, cloths, harsh fibre, or paper makeshifts, you use this deliciously soft new material—27 times as absorbent

It combats skin eruptions. For they're invited by germ accumulations left in the skin, breeding places for bacteria.
Old methods, towels, cloths and fibre substitutes failed in absorbency. Infectious dirt accumulations were rubbed back into your skin. That is why tiny imperfections often appear. Why your skin may look distressingly dark at times.

Multiplied skin benefits
Now in Kleenex those failures are corrected.
Soft as down and white as snow, it contrasts the harshness of cloth or fibre makeshifts with a softness that you'll love.
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It does what no other method yet has done...removes all the cleansing cream, all dirt and pore accumulations gently from the skin. And that means much to you.

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Upon receipt of it a full 7-day supply will be sent without charge.
Or...obtain a packet at any drug or department store. Put up as exquisitely as fine handkerchiefs, in two sizes: the Professional, 9x10-inch sheets—and the Boudoir, size 6x7 inches. Boxes that fit into flat drawers of vanity tables...a month's supply in each. Costs only a few cents.

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Sanitary Cold Cream Remover

7-Day Supply—FREE
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167 Quincy St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send without expense to me a sample packet of KLEENEX as offered.
Name
Address

Kleenex comes in exquisite flat handkerchief boxes, to fit your dressing table drawer...in two sizes:
Boudoir size, sheets 6 by 7 inches...35c
Professional, sheets 9 by 10 inches...65c

First
Remove every bit of germ-laden matter, every particle of dirt, simply by wiping off face.

Then
—pay particular attention to the nose, so that it will be white and without shine.

Then
You discarded the used sheets—no more soiling of towels.
Looking On with an Extra Girl

Continued from page 55

since seeing him work, I can think of several other choice points to add to my arguments. One is that he leaves Jack Gilbert sitting in his canvas chair when he takes up the joys and sorrows of Rodolph, or Danilo, or a dogboy, as the case may be. With boyish vigor, he charges in to the heart of a character, bringing it forth to show to you, with sensitive, unerring artistry, and with supremely unconscious skill.

Toward the end of the day, they set up the camera at the foot of a path that twisted up a hillside between the gnarled trunks of ancient trees. Up and down this path Mini ran, back and forth like an excited squirrel, pausing a moment to peep through cobbles, then up the path again like an arrow.

The company watched from behind the camera, laughing.

"Stop her!" Jack cried. "She's gone mad, Mini's gone quite mad!"

At the finish, she ran past the camera into the crowd, laughing and breathless.

"I hope I looked nice and French," she said. "All the monkey business with the hands was supposed to be French." (Lesson C: Only the greatest can observe themselves in a humorous light, and not as God's special Christmas gift to the world.)

When I start to write of Mini as I last saw her, I am reminded of the sensations I had as a child, when mother used to tell me in vain that whatever I was reading was only a play or a story. I was convinced that Eva actually did ascend, in a melancholy manner, to the angels, and that a little match girl really had been found, cold and stiff, one Christmas morning. Thus I keep assuring myself that Miss Gish is a young lady who makes enough money to live on very comfortably, and that she has beauty, fame, and adoring friends.

Yet there keeps recurring the picture of our last work in "La Bohème," and of the sobbing, dying Mini struggling across Paris to Rodolph. Her miserable clothes were in rags, and illness had carved deep hollows in her face. Clinging to the steps of a bus, lighted weakly through crowds, falling into the gutter and crawling on upon hands and knees, stumbling from a moving carriage, she slowly made her way, her long, pale-gold hair falling down over shoulders and back.

Between shots, you might have thought Miss Gish was playing a hit in the picture, so unpretentious was her manner. If her skirt had to be dirty for a close shot, she did not haul a prop boy, but knelt on the cobblestones and made it grimy herself. She almost never looks into a mirror. Her skin is so lovely, that her make-up seldom needs repairing, yet even in her elaborate costumes and make-up, she used to go through scenes after scene without even touching her hair or powdering her nose, although I must say that she never seemed to need any improvements.

Toward the end of the sequence, she was scratched and bruised from her numerous falls and tumbles, her clothes were ragged and mud-stained, her beautiful hair tangled and dusty, yet she waited so patiently for the lights to be arranged on each shot, now standing on the rough, sharp cobbles, now collapsed on a step. As she sat in the gutter, waiting for Mr. Vidor's signal, she smoothed her apron—a dirty, tattered piece of black cotton—with a delicate gesture. "See my lovely apron!"—she held it out for our inspection—"Mr. Erte created it for me.

The preservation of an illusion through reality is always a feat, an illusion being of such fragile, rarified substance. Usually, we learn to be satisfied with treasured remnants. Thus, it is with pride in my good fortune and with gratitude to Lillian for being what she is, that I present to you an illusion, not only intact but even increased in value—Miss Gish!

A Letter from Location

Continued from page 91

Neapolitan fish dishes and spaghetti. We were serenaded by mandolin and guitar players.

The boatmen sing as they row; the cab drivers and everybody else sing as they work.

We worked in the center of the old district where hundreds of families live in one building. Thousands of children play in the narrow streets. When we threw out a handful of small coins, there was such a struggle for them that it took several corabunieri to quiet the riot.

After four days in Naples, we traveled by machine to Pompeii, fifty miles. For three days we lived in a little hotel a few yards from the entrance to the famous ruins of the buried city. We could hear Vesuvius rumbling day and night, like a cross old man. Every one of us felt nervous. At night the sky was lighted up by the explosions.

Some of the things that have been dug up are well preserved. It is marvelous that such things as statues and paintings could be in such good condition. There are firing pans and other cooking utensils that were dug up, more than eighteen hundred years old. I saw an eggshell that had been found among the ruins.

Rex decided next to go to Pestum to photograph the famous temples built by the Greeks, started in 600 B.C. and still in good condition. It was necessary to organize a motor caravan, as it is almost a hundred miles from Pompeii over roads that are seldom traveled.

We left Pompeii at three in the morning and arrived in Pestum about nine. We were certainly a sight, for we "ate" dust all the way. One of our cameramen who had a dark beard and mustache, looked like Santa Claus when he arrived.

The temples are wonderful, and well worth the hard trip. It is unbelievable that the early Greeks could have constructed such temples without machinery. Some of the sections of the pillars weigh tons.

Thousands of lizards swarmed over the place. I know I saw five thousand. Not one of us was anxious to remain overnight, as it was a most depressing place. According to the caretaker, even the ancient races deserted Pestum soon after the temples were constructed.

From there we went to Venice. I was never more thrilled in my life than when I stepped into a gondola.

There were two gondoliers, one in front and one in back, and it was surprising how quickly we reached our hotel. On the way, we passed many beautiful gondolas belonging to private individuals, others loaded with vegetables going to market. They even have a fire department and a jail on gondolas.

The quietness impressed me—no automobiles, no street cars nor bicycles. Nothing except gondolas and an occasional motor boat.

At night all that could be heard was the distant sound of music coming across the water and the swish of the dipping paddles of the gondoliers.

A night in Venice is indescribable. After dinner most of the people take a gondola ride. One promenade in the Piazza San Marco. On the canals, stringed orchestras play as they go. No wonder Venice is called the most romantic city in the world. From there we returned to Nice.

I hope I haven't tired you with this travelogue. If you survive it, I will add details when I get home.

Sincerely, Alice Terry.
Marvelous New Spanish Liquid
Makes any hair beautifully curly
in 20 minutes

THE SPANISH BEGGAR’S PRICELESS GIFT
By Winifred Ralston

From the day we started to school, Charley Winthrop and I were called the saucy-hair twins. Tom Harvey nicknamed us that—horrid, red-headed Tom Harvey, who used to put lumps in our parsley and single worms in our iced tea.

Our mothers despaired of us. Our hair simply wouldn’t be straight. There were Martha Brown, Helen Stahl, Betsey Davis and Leah Cohen—all with wonderful, curly hair, but Charley and I could not coax ours out of a straight line.

So we gave over the hated name still due to us. It followed us through the grades and into boarding school. Then Charley’s family moved to Iowa, where her father was in diplomatic service, and I didn’t see her again for five years—not until last New Year’s Eve.

A party of us had gone to the Drake Hotel for dinner that night. As usual I was terribly embarrassed and ashamed of my hair. When the boudoir, frolic first came in I had my hair cut, but much against hope that would improve its looks. Reaching my mistake, I permitted it to grow again and by New Year’s it was long enough to be unmanageable.

From inconceivable I was sitting at the table, shrewdly touching my food, wishing I were home. I seemed to remember something wonderful, lustrous, curly hair, but me and I felt they were all laughing or, worse, paying me behind my back.

When I got home I was in the dance floor and there I saw a beautiful girl dancing with Tom Harvey. Her eyes caught mine and, to my surprise, she smiled and started toward me.

While there was something strangely familiar about her face I didn’t recognize her—then. No—it couldn’t be.

About this girl’s face was a halo of golden curls. I think she had the most beautiful hair I ever saw. My eyes must have turned ecstacy as I gasped in mental with my own straggly, awful mop, I had never been so thoroughly ashamed of my hair before.

Of course you have guessed her identity—for it really she—Charley Winthrop who often had dulled straggly hair like mine.

It had been five long years since I had seen her. There was everything to talk about, but I simply couldn’t find the words to express her. Charley Winthrop—and Tell me—what miracle has happened to your hair?

She smiled and said mysteriously, “Come to my room and I will tell you the whole story.” She was stopping at the hotel. We expanded ourselves and rushed to Charley’s room. I listened breathless while she told me this strange story.

Charity tells of the beggar’s gift.

“Our house in Madrid faced a little old plaza, where I often strolled after my lessons.

“Michel, the beggar, always occupied the end bench of the south end of the plaza. There he sat all day long, asking alms from the passersby. I always dropped a few césas in his hat when I passed and he was always happy to accept them.

“The day before I was leaving Madrid I owed a bill called in by a Mathless Meurville.

“‘There, you have been very kind to my old man,’ Jacinto (tell me) Semara, what is it your heart most desires?”

“I laughed at the joke, then said jokingly, ‘Michel, my hair is straggly and dull. I would have it lustrous and curly.’

“Giacinto, Semara,” he said—“what wish is even simpler than that I thought? Many years ago—a Carthusian priest was wedded to a Moorish beauty. Her hair was so lustrous and curly the people heard, you this lady wanted for prime ribs (curly hair). Her husband offered thousands of francs to the man who would fulfill her wish. The price fell to Pedro, the druggist. Out of respect and out of charity, converted the princess’ straight, unruly hair into a gorgeous mass of curls.

“Pedro, son of the son of Pedro, has that secret today. Years ago I did into a great service. Here you will find him—so to him and tell your wish. Adon, Semara, voy an Pedro.”

“You can’t imagine, Winifred, how funny it made me think that I should be so commonly, of course. I never expected to look up this mysterious Pedro, but some whim changed my mind and I have the address that Miquel had given me.

“At the door of the apothecary shop, Pedro, a funny and very wavy-haired man, immediately went in. Obviously I explained my confusion. When I had finished, Pedro looked at me and said, ‘You are seeking the hair of a prince.’ Presently he returned with a bottle which he handed to me.

“By now I was throughout, but it is very important until I reached home. When I was finally in my room alone I took down my hair and applied the balsam as directed. In twenty minutes, not one second more, the transformation, which you have had, had taken place.

“Come, Winifred—apply it to your own hair and see what it can do for you.”

Incredulously I watched Charley take a bottle from her washbowl cupboard. Trenchantly she sucks until my hair and applied the liquid.

Twentieth minutes later, as I looked into Charley’s mirror, I could hardly believe my eyes. The impossible had happened. My dull straight hair had turned itself into curls. My head was a mass of curls and waves. It made a figure it never had before.

I looked at myself in the mirror. I was the greatest of all the party when I returned to the ballroom. Everybody praised the transformation. I had never, I had such a glorious look. And I was popular. Men clustered about me. I had never been so happy.

The next morning when I awoke, I hardly dared look at my mirror, fearing it all was a dream. But it was true—gloriously true. My hair was as curly as a coconut.

Then the thought came to me. I had no right to keep all that great secret to myself. There were thousands of women just like me who would give anything to know my precious secret.

So it has been made available through the Century Chemists. They have agreed to act (and I’m sure it is under a most liberal offer, which places this now found beauty within reach of all the women, regardless of their financial status.

Now the golden opportunity is open to you. You no longer have to spend large sums of money in expensive stores, or endure the discomfort of perming your hair by nonexpert permanent.
A BETTY BRONSON FAN.—Your favorite doesn't happen to give her home address. She was born in Trenton, New Jersey, seventeen years ago. She has brown hair, blue eyes, and is five feet tall. She formerly studied dancing under Michel Fokine, and then began playing "bits" in pictures, including "Anna Christie," "His Children's Children." Of course you know the famous story of her selection for "Peter Pan." Since then she has played in "Are Parents People?" "Not So Long Ago," "The Golden Princess," and "A Kiss for Cinderella."

LE SOLEIL.—Your strict family and your having to sneak out to see pictures sounds like quite a story in itself. Especially with all that threats about sending you to a strict military academy in Switzerland! I think it has been several years since "Intolerance" was released; occasionally those old films are seen around again, so Griffith may take a notion to revive that picture, although nothing has been said about his doing so. The picture you describe with Anna Pavlova as the heroine—are you sure it wasn't Olga Petrova?—was so long ago that I can't imagine what it was. And not knowing what company produced it, I know of no one to make inquiries of Betty Blythe made the film version of "She" abroad, with a foreign company, so I don't know the details of the production. It is even possible that it won't be shown in this country, although we can hope that it will be. By all means, write me again; I should love to hear from you.

181 QUEEN'S GATE.—I was a little uncertain as to whether you wanted your name published, but I do want to thank you for sending me Ivor Novello's address, which, as you notice, I have attached to the list below. Since, as you say, it is in the London phone directory, he has evidently no objections to his home address being given out to the public. I am sure Ivor's fans will appreciate, as I do, your taking the trouble to send me his address.

KATE TITUS.—The address you requested have been added to the list at the end of this department.

EDWARD EAGER.—I should say you are eager! With all those addresses you want published, you must be planning to paper your house with screen stars photographs—or are you compiling a directory of Hollywood? I don't know quite all the addresses, but I'll try to get as many as I can.

I have added to the list all those that I can give you.


R. T.—Sorry, but Leatrice Joy doesn't give her age; she is, I imagine, in her early twenties. Constance Bennett is now under contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and can be reached through their studio at Culver City, California.

PHILLIS RAE.—The Oracle, Picture-Play, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City, is quite sufficient address to reach me. I'm glad you think I earn my salary—I rather do myself, but of course there are lots of jobs I might have where I'd have to work much harder. No, Richard Dix isn't married, and we hope he won't get married, don't we? I don't know whether he had a double or not in some of those race scenes in "The Lucky Devil." Richard would be quite likely not to have had one, as I think the adventure would appeal to him. The information as to whether doubles are impossible to obtain, as only the film company producing a picture ever knows and usually they can't tell. They feel that it's poor business to admit that a star didn't really make that scene himself.

Dorothy Devore.—The ill-fated "Rubaiyat," starring Ramon Novarro, has not been released at this writing, because of the legal entanglements in which it has been involved since its production. However, I notice that a film called "The Lover's Oath," with Paramount-Kathleen," is to be released by the Astor Distributing Corporation, an independent company. I have an idea that this may be the picture in question, with a change of title. It was made several years ago before Ramon became famous; Mr. Earle, I believe, claims to have discovered him as a screen possibility.

AL H.—It isn't much to "dare to hope"—that I should answer your questions, is it? A new class in the Paramount Training School begins its sessions in January; perhaps it is not too late to join. Write to the Training School, Famous Players Studio, Astoria, Long Island, and ask for an application blank, just as you would for any other school. The requirements are chiefly that the school directors consider you good material; they, of course, will determine that when you get into correspondence with them. The tuition is five hundred dollars. The first Paramount class was graduated in December. The man student and girl student who showed the most promise are to play the leads in a forthcoming Paramount picture; they are given every opportunity for advancement which they seem to merit.

CURIOUS.—Many curious people make lots of money by joining the circus—the bearded lady, the what-is-it, the woman who has a taste for swords, and so on. However, when one is only curious mentally, asking questions seems to be the only thing that can be done about it. Aileen Pringle was born in San Francisco, and educated there and in London and Paris. So you see she is quite a cosmopolitan person. Her stage name is also Pringle and she is the daughter-in-law of the governor-general of Jamaica. She does not live with her husband, as she preferred a career. Miss Pringle doesn't give her age. Yes, I agree with you that she is a charming person; she is even more charming to meet, as, in addition to being beautiful, she is witty and cultured, a sparkling conversationalist.

RED-HEADED GAL.—So you'll send me a nice pair of socks? Not in the eye, I hope. Marian Nixon was born in Superior, Wisconsin, and grew up in Minneapolis. She played on the stage, in stock, and in vaudeville, before making her bow in pictures. She is five feet one inch and weighs ninety-nine pounds. No, she is not yet a star. I will tell the editor you would like a story about her in Picture-Play.

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Those Movie Banquets
Continued from page 90

dreamed a dream of opulence and wealth where he would have a dozen butlers serving "Irish turkey" to him, his mother, and his sweetheart. The meal really had to be shown on the screen and here is what they had:

LETTUCE
ROLLS AND BUTTER
CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE
BOILED POTATOES
RADISHES
LETTUCE
RAISIN AND POUND CAKE
ICE CREAM
COFFEE

Prop boys, carpenters, painters, electricians, and other workmen stood waiting for the scene to be finished. The fragrance of that corned beef was devastating.

But the fool company are it. The scene was shot just about the lunch hour.

Such a golden opportunity to get sustenance, however, comes seldom. Even the beautiful baskets of fruit seen on the tables are of little value to hungry actors. The fruit is wax.

But the ginger ale is real. It's real warm usually, sitting around in the studio for hours far from the cooling influences of ice.

It is not uncommon for an actor to rise from a banquet table and go to the studio cafeteria or a lunch wagon to order a hot-dog sandwich and a plate of beans. That's a lot more to eat than he would get if he remained where he was.

But he never orders ginger ale alongside!

Glory Be to Bathing Girls
Continued from page 83

low laugh when she got in without trying.

In the last few years Riza's attempts to wheedle a casting director into giving her a chance always resulted in a remark something like this: "Of course you film well, but we'll have to have some one we're sure can act."

That's why Riza all but chortled with glee when the Schulberg representative talked over her chances with her. In signing her up he said the kindest words that had ever fallen on Riza's ears: "We're taking you in spite of those bad tests because I know you can act."

Of one thing many of us feel quite sure. Now that Riza at last has a chance she will make good.

Look about you in any circle. Note how slenderness prevails. Excess fat is not one-tenth so common as it was.

Look at any fashion pictures. Note how every style is now adapted to slim figures. The very vogue of short skirts shows that overweight is regarded the exception.

A new era has come in this respect. Fat is now unpopular. It is regarded as abnormal, affecting beauty, health and fitness. Modern research has proved it unnecessary. There is now an easy, pleasant way to control one's weight.

Countless people have learned that way and proved it. They have told others about it. In every company you can now see the evidence of its efficacy.

The Modern Method

The modern method is internal. It combats the cause of excess fat, which usually lies in a certain gland.

That method is embodied in Marmola Prescription Tablets. Simply take four a day. Continue until you reach the weight you wish.

Reduction is not too rapid. It rarely exceeds a pound a day. So the body adjusts itself to the new conditions. Wrinkles do not develop.

Marmola is not secret. Our books publish every ingredient, and explains exactly how Marmola acts. You will know the scientific reasons for results.

The results are so dependable that to everyone who mails the coupon we now send a guarantee. If you accept it, and then are not satisfied, every penny you pay is returned.

Ask Your Friends
Ask your friends about Marmola—friends who have reduced. People all about you now employ it. They will tell you what Marmola does. That is how the use has grown—by users telling others.

Marmola has been used for 18 years. The use has grown and grown, until people are now taking over a million boxes yearly to reduce and control their weight.

The results are seen everywhere. A large percentage of the figures you have seen grow slender are due to Marmola Tablets. You are bound to employ them when you learn what they have done for your friends.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets

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Supplied by all druggists at 25c per box. Send this coupon for a 25c sample free, our latest books and our guarantee. Clip it now.

Not This Way
Try the easier method

Some people reduce by strenuous exercise and restricted diet. The methods require severe self-denial. They are hard and often harmful.

Marmola does not require that. Its action is internal—on the cause of excess fat. One simply takes a tablet four times daily. Investigate this method for your own sake. The coupon will bring you all the facts, our samples and our guarantee. Compare this method with the others, then decide.
Feet that Tell the Story

Continued from page 87

home to an audience the importance of a scene and holds its interest more strongly than emphatic gesturing," Director Cummings said. "I knew that if I filmed that scene above the directors' table, there would be trouble in sustaining suspense. So I filmed it under the table. The twitchings and turnings and tappings of the feet of the twelve men bargaining and battling over the rights to the new steel process, show their thoughts and feelings more convincingly than would the table hammering, shoulder-shrugging, and 'mugging' which took place above the table."

One of the most dramatic moments in "The Wife Who Wasn't Wanted," a Warner Brothers production, was depicted by Director James Flood with pictures of the feet of Huntley Gordon and Irene Rich. The two, in the rôle of man and wife, were preparing to separate. Upstairs, the nervous, heart-torn woman, wringing her hands, walked the floor, back and forth, back and forth. Downstairs, the man, unutterably miserable, moved with measured stride, his soul racked with grief, back and forth, back and forth.

"Could there have been any better way to tell the feeling of those two unhappy mortals?" Director Flood asks.

A bit of humor was injected into a scene of "The Big Parade," which King Vidor recently completed, by showing the feet of Renee Adoree encased in wooden shoes. About one of her ankles was a soldier's identification tag. One of those American doughboys arriving in France during the war had filed claim upon her and to let the other rookies know she was his, he clamped his aluminum marker on her. The peasant laissie was not adverse to letting people know she was a big khaki-clad soldier's sweetheart and her exhibition of the ankle with its identification tag about it is a scene in the play.

Mary Pickford won the applause of audiences by kicking her feet to express joy in a scene in "Daddy Long-Legs" and the kicking feet were all that were shown. You can look back over all the scenes mentioned and recall how directors used feet to tell stories, and how the action was extremely vivid. Robert G. Vignola, one of the most widely known directors in Hollywood, says that the custom is destined to increase.

"We are learning a lot as time goes by, about pantomime," Vignola says. "We are learning, among other things, that feet can, in some instances, tell stories and express action better than can be done by the face, hands, and all the rest of the body."

It sounds funny, doesn't it, to talk about entertaining audiences with people's feet! But it can be done. Director Irving Cummings, one of the greatest exponents in the use of feet in putting over a scene, is going to prove the truth of Vignola's statement some day. He has in mind a play right now to be produced entirely by feet—not a face appearing—and yet it will be replete with comedy and drama.

"Heartbreak Place" of the Movies

Continued from page 85

"They cut out a very pleasing love scene I had with Vera Reynolds in 'Feet of Clay' and another in 'The Golden Bed.' Once or twice I have felt like going in and introducing myself and remarking: 'I'm the fellow who played in your pictures. Guess you don't know me, though.'"

Gertrude Omstead was the envy of all Hollywood when it was announced she had been cast for the rôle of Esther in "Ben-Hur." Then, at the last moment, she was apprised of a change and May McAvoy was substituted. Miss Omstead was immediately grabbed by Paramount to play a rôle parallel with Norma Shearer in "Empty Hands," and she worked for weeks in the production. But again the fates were unkind. Not one foot of it ever reached the screen. Revamping the story in the cutting room eliminated her entirely.

Probably the greatest slaughter of parts ever made fell a single picture was in "Greed," which was cut from forty-five reels down to ten.

About the memory of Frank Hayes, the old Keystone "cop" known the world over, hoovers the trace of a tragedy in connection with this selfsame "Greed." Von Stroheim gave him his first chance in a serious rôle, the part of Old Granis. During the filming, the veteran actor put his very soul into his work. It seems odd not to see him in that old, blue uniform and carrying the hardwood stick. But, in the cutting room, everything done by Frank

Continued on page 107
Mr. Dane from Denmark

Continued from page 19

T'he man known as 'My Danish Beauty' was born in 1875 in the town of Hedeby, in Denmark. At the age of 15, he went to Copenhagen to study acting, and soon became a popular star in the theaters of the capital.

In 1899, he moved to New York City, where he began to take on the stage name 'Erik Thomsen.' He quickly became a sensation, and was soon playing leading roles in many of the city's top theaters.

In 1905, Thomsen was invited to Los Angeles by a producer named J. M. Carr, who was looking for new talent for his new Broadway show, 'The American Beauty.' Thomsen accepted the offer and began working with Carr on the show, which opened in 1906.

The show was a huge success, and Thomsen's acting skills were quickly noticed by Hollywood studios. In 1910, he was invited to come to Hollywood to star in a feature film for Famous Players-Lasky.

Over the next few years, Thomsen became one of the most popular and successful actors in Hollywood, appearing in dozens of films and winning critical acclaim for his performances.

In 1917, Thomsen was offered a part in the silent film 'The Great Beauty,' which was directed by Cecil B. DeMille. The film was a huge success, and Thomsen's performance was hailed as one of the best of the year.

Thomsen continued to work in Hollywood until the end of the silent film era, appearing in over 100 films before retiring in 1930. He then returned to Denmark, where he lived out the rest of his life, entertaining audiences with his acting skills and charm.

The Sketchbook

Continued from page 29

so well, so Lubitsch consented to film a couple of feet of Marie. It was one of those spur-of-the-moment things, and there wasn't an actor around to play the "dummy," so they recruited Paul Bern, the director, to play opposite her.

She says it was the "darndest" test she ever had. She says she took a couple of flying leaps and landed in Paul Bern's arms with a lot of emphatic terror. Mr. Bern is shorter than she is. Every time she landed, she nearly upset him. Everybody got a lot of laughs out of it but Marie. She went home heartbroken over the way the thing had been muffed.

Twenty-four hours later the telephone rang to the effect that she was Mr. Lubitsch's choice for the feature role in "The Marriage Circle." After that, you know the rest.

Marie is very modest about it. She says, "When you work for Lubitsch, you don't do anything. He does it all."

But I know better. I've been behind the camera myself, and I know that if you haven't anything to give, even a Lubitsch can't make you give it.
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JUST the same way leading actresses and screen stars do! To them a scientific preparation which stops the gray. You should follow their example and keep your youth.

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Street........................................ City...........................

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**Advertising Section**

**Why Ben Turpin Left the Screen**

Continued from page 23

Mrs. Turpin late in the afternoon. The chapter was finished. From everywhere in Hollywood there poured wreaths of flowers and there came telegrams and messages.

A few days later Ben hauled out his old make-up kit and began replenishing the stock of grease paint. He straightened the stubby mustache he so long had worn. He took the creases from the wigs, looked up his slapstick shoes, and sent word to Mack Sennett:

"I’m ready!"

He is back again—the buffoon, the jester, the clown, taking the raps on the head from the yucca sticks, the falls from the windows, the flying custard pies and the knocks.

The comedian, fifty-eight years old, is going it alone again in the glare of the Cooper-Hewitts.

His example is one which is revered and admired by every player in Hollywood. It is one of the most splendid pieces of devotion ever recorded in that city where, too often, marital obligations are made on a suggestion and discarded at will.

**The Discovery of Vilma Banky**

Continued from page 54

from the studio, her costumes are pressed every day—a great extravagance, she says!—everything is arranged for her comfort, the mere expression of a wish brings its immediate gratification.

To her work she gives painstaking devotion. She is so humble, so afraid that she will not be liked here. To be carried gently to the very entrance to her dream garden and then to have the gate locked in her face—oh, that would be tragedy indeed!

The little girl of the corn-silk hair who dreamed along the stately walks of Margaret Island, was discovered a second time—this time in America.

Samuel Goldwyn, seeing her photograph in a display in Budapest, had said to a newspaper man, "I don’t care who she is or what she has done, I want that girl for my pictures."

Vilma had been found and rushed to meet him as he was boarding a train to Viennia. After one glimpse of her, he had ordered his baggage removed and had delayed his departure so that contracts might be signed.

Again by accident she came to attention. Gloomy because no suitable heroine among the available Hollywood stars could fill the part of "The Eagle," Valentino was riding one morning in the hills. The elusive lady must have an aristocratic charm and she must ride gracefully.

Ahead of him he noticed a girl guiding her mount skillfully. Seeing only her back, he thought, "Ah, there she is!" Cantering to her side, he introduced himself and learned her name. When scenes from "The Dark Angel," then half completed, were projected, Valentino arranged to borrow her for "The Eagle."

Since the completion of that picture, she has been resting. One never sees her at cafés and seldom at the theater. The smart, modern h pylay of our English is as yet meaningless to her, and being naturally shy, she shrinks from meeting people. So she reads, or goes alone for a tramp, or writes fat letters home.

I do not consider her a beautiful woman. There is something much too real and genuine about her. Beauty to me, must always be touched with illusion.

The screen reveals, however, an ethereal delicacy which does not manifest itself so clearly to the eye, a flexibility which seems an inspirational reaction to the scene's mood.
Hayes for the picture was killed. Frank Hayes died before he knew of the blow impending.

Reginald Denny, featured player in Universal's production, "I'll Show You the Town," drew on all the reservoirs of his art in three particularly striking sequences in that play. When he saw the rushes in the projection room, he was pleased.

They died in the cutting room.

Edward Kimball, father of Clara Kimball Young, played a rather important rôle in one of these sequences, but his face doesn't appear at all in the finished tale. Ten reels had been cut to seven. Fritz Bruni- nette supplied a rôle which wove a love story through "The Abyssal Brute," but it never reached the screen. Story revamped!

Only a few of these, however, carried the pathos which attended the production of a simple little boat scene in "Dangerous Innocence," a Universal picture filmed not long ago.

Not more than two hundred feet was taken of the arrival of a steamship at the dock and the meeting between Laura La Plante, Hedda Hopper and Eugene O'Brien. As atmosphere, a couple dozen extra girls, women and young men had been summoned. For one of these in particular, it was an event. She had gone day after day to the service bureau, to the picture studios in Hollywood, to the studios in Culver City and as often as she could "hook" rides, to Universal City. Always, there had been the same response—"Nothing to-day!" Then came this opportunity, the chance to don a tailored suit and appear for a few minutes in a boat scene at a dock. She was to receive seven dollars and fifty cents therefor. It wasn't the money that counted; it was the chance, the opening, the beginning possibly, of her career. She was radiant that morning, as she reported at the studio for work. She looked charming in her nicest tailored dress.

I saw her a few days ago, still trudging bravely from studio to studio, hunting employment. The boat scene in "Dangerous Innocence" had been cut. She knew it. She invited no friends to come view the production when it was given its premiere.

The little extra girl or the extra man is not to blame. But you will have a hard time convincing them that their bits were not eliminated because their work was poor.
For Wear in the Sunny South

Continued from page 57

furnish the only trimming to the dress. The waist is of silver mesh over pink satin. An odd and original feature of this charming gown is the unique chiffon sleeve, hanging from the elbow and matching the skirt in color and design.

Lilyan Tashman, who plays an important role in support of Pauline Starke and Charles Ray in "Bright Lights," wears the delightfully girlish gown seen in the center of this group. It is of soft-pink georgette, with inserts of tucked net and edged of cobwebby lace. A decidedly new chichulike drapery of lace is a novel feature.

The last gown of the series is worn by Greta Nissen, and is unusual with its high neckline bordered with rhinestones. Although the bodice is of gold tissue, it is one which could be charmingly carried out in satin or in any of the metallic brocades so much used this season. The skirt is composed of many layers of filmy net and the roses at the low waistline are of maline and velvet.

Yo, Ho, and a Bottle of Rum!

Continued from page 17

The cost of the picture will, of course, run somewhat higher than that of the ordinary black-and-white variety. The prints that are to be distributed throughout the country will cost about two hundred thousand dollars, and the total outlay on the film will probably approximate one million dollars. At that, the picture will be less costly than "The Thief of Bagdad" and certain other big features that have been made.

Doug brings out some more points that are interesting.

"We have gone at this film in quite the old-fashioned way, putting something sensational right at the beginning to take the audience's mind off the color photography and center it on the picture. We have a smashing series of opening shots showing the destruction of a merchantman by the pirates. A big explosion—men hoarding the decks—pleasure of excitement.

It is the old recipe, but it seemed to us absolutely necessary for use again, since we are dealing with a brand-new medium."

Red is used only a few times, for emphasis—to depict the burning of ships, and to convey to the audience the horror connected with the spilling of blood. Doug himself is not a pirate in the picture, but joins the gang of sea marauders only to avenge the death of his father, and to save himself from perishing on a desert island. There are sword fights, a thrilling escape at the finish, and of course, a heroine to be won.

The girl is portrayed by Billie Dove. That she was chosen for the heroine was partly due to her previous experience in a color picture, "The Wanderer of the Wasteland," and also to the fact that her placid beauty, gray-blue eyes, and clear only feminine player of consequence in the picture.

As regards the future, Doug makes the interesting statement that it will be necessary, with a color picture, to determine first the character of the period to be portrayed.

"Pirates we can photograph in brown and red, orange, green, and other more vivid colors of high vibrance," he said, "so long as we keep these properly balanced and shaded. The same would apply to other types of pictures except that the colors chosen would have to vary.

"Take the time of Louis the Fourteenth, for example. This naturally suggests the more delicate pastel shades. It was an age when one could hardly tell the difference between men and women so alike were their dress and their wigs. The wigs were white, the countenances perhaps pale, or at least powdered. A picture of that period would have to be made with such an arrangement of colors, and the other and more vivid hues used only for emphasis."

"The same principles would have to apply in a general way as in my pirate picture. The costumes would have to be chosen with discriminating care so as not to be gaudy or extreme in any sense."

"This color camera is remarkable. You can't feed it too much color at any time, because it will always eat up more than you give it, and instead of obtaining a natural effect, such as is popularly presumed, the exact opposite results. Nature's beauties are spread over so much landscape that the impression can never be garish, but when these same beauties of light and shade are brought to the screen, they are concentrated into so small a picture, that unless precautions are taken. . . ."
“Oh, my Lord, they're going to be as big as mine! Can't something be done about his feet?”

Prior to Bill’s arrival we had led such a busy life, driving everywhere and dancing every minute. During the time that I wasn’t able to accompany him, Wally had learned golf. Then, when Bill was old enough to be trusted to the nurse, I tried to play, too, but Wally played such a splendid game that I couldn’t keep up with him.

I still shared his music with him, though. That part of his life and many other sides to it were mine as long as I had him with me. And then—sigh—and—my sunshine boy went away.

I don’t know just when Bill realized that his daddy was gone for good. Believing no five-year-old should have his childhood darkened by the depression of death, we had told him that his father was on location.

But, though he never questioned, he seemed after a time to understand.

One day, when Wally’s name was mentioned, I heard Bill whisper, “Shh! Don’t talk about daddy when mother’s around, it makes her feel awful bad.”

Then I realized that he knew.

Bill has many of Wally’s traits of character—his gameness, his mischievous sense—and also his talents. He takes great pride in all of his daddy’s accomplishments and wants to do the same things as he did—except acting. He likes to see movies, but has no desire to act in them.

And now, if I may, through the pages of this magazine, I want to touch on a delicate matter which has recently come to my attention and which has caused me much worry. A story has been circulated that I am considering marriage again, though nobody—I least of all—seems to know the gentleman’s name.

Of course, a woman never knows positively what she will or will not do, but I think it very unlikely that I shall again marry.

I am working, for one must occupy one’s time, and I have the children’s future to think of. My aim is to produce films. I never considered myself a good actress, and I detest using make-up. So in “The Red Kimona,” though I codirect, I appear only in the prologue.

So I keep busy—and the days pass.

On Sober Reflection

A Museum and a Memorial.

To those who see any romance or significance in the early days of the films and the achievements of D. W. Griffith, a new book, entitled “When the Movies Were Young,” may be heartily recommended. This volume was written by no less a person than Linda Arvidson, the wife of Griffith and his first leading woman. Perhaps you have heard something of how, in an old brownstone mansion at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York, the famous old “Biographies” were filmed. You will learn more about it in reading Mrs. Griffith’s book, for she was one of that band of trouper’s which included Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Mack Sennett, Henry Walthall, Jeanie MacPherson, and many others who were destined to become outstanding figures in the growing profession.

The old Fourteenth Street studio passed into disuse many years ago, but it is still remembered for its early associations, for the fact that it was the cradle of artistry in the movies. It is a tradition in the film world.

Mrs. Griffith suggests that the old landmark be made into a permanent memorial. Still better, into a movie museum. Here is a project in which the Will H. Hays organization might well interest itself. Surely the motion-pictures industry, with its vast resources and means of arousing popular interest, would do well to establish a museum and center of film information where thousands of fans visiting New York might go, and there would be no better place for it than the old studio where Griffith and so many others became famous.

A New Sterling.

Do you remember the Ford Sterling of the old days? The Keystone cop, the absurd gentleman with chin whiskers and fearful grimaces who jumped three feet in the air when somebody bombarded him with rock salt from the rear?

Perhaps you saw the utterly different Ford Sterling of “The Trouble With Wives,” and laughed immoderately at his characterization of a friend of the family who always managed to put his foot in it, perfectly believable human being, made most amusing by excellent pantomime. Most of the reviewers praised this performance whereas many had not.
What the Fans Think

Continued from page 11

Above abstract would seem to indicate that it is not always a present.

It is difficult to decide what one might call real inside information, the absolute low down on a regular guy, for it was written at the studio by a fellow actor who for some reason or other has an axe to grind with Milton Sills on both screen and stage.

New York City.

The Queen of the Movies.

If I had all the roses and sweet peas in the world, I should love to make a wreath out of them and place them on Miss Davies' head, as Queen of the Movies. In my opinion, she stands supreme as the lovely Queen, and I doubt if my opinion will ever be changed. I am looking forward with enthusiasm to all her future pictures.

MARY EDWARDS.

5107 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

How One Fan Was Cured.

 Aren't we a funny bunch? We fans mean. We take a sudden and violent dislike to a star just because we dislike the way her eyebrows are plucked or his mouth is shaped. If we are of the male sex we conceive a distaste for the unlucky lady that has the impudence to turn her face and adore from afar. If we are of the gentler (now I wonder!) sex we find a thousand and one things wrong with the leading lady's so-called beauty for the men.

Well, I'm cured.

Years ago a certain lady was very popular. The magazines devoted pages of ad- diction to her beauty and talent, and she was a veritable queen, holding court in the hearts of hundreds of fans. But she left me cold. There was something about her—well, I just didn't like her.

A while ago I went to see "Smoldering Fires." I went because Laura La Plante and Malcolm MacGregor were in it. Did I come out vowing eternal homage to these two screen players? Did I rush about MacGregor's athletic figure and Laura's dimples?

I don't!

Honestly, now, the charm of the new Pauline Frederick made me feel like the young fellow who met the only girl and asked, "Well, where have you been all my life?" So here's to Miss Frederick! She's staged a wonderful comeback. Let us see more of her. And any one that disagrees, please inform me, also statingwhether pen and ink, pistols or swords are in order.

BLANCHE A. RXICKER.

29 Fernwood Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

What Can Be Done?

I wonder if all you fans are ever as disgusted as I am sometimes with the way the managers of theaters arrange their programs?

Recently I went to a show to see "Proud Flesh," featuring Pat O'Malley and Eleanor Boardman. Well, first came Pathé News, which was all right—I like the news reels. Then came a picture about the Sphinx and a hunting game. Then the coming attractions—more wavy—five acts of vaudeville, advertised as "high class." At last—"Proud Flesh," but I was too tired to enjoy it.

What can be done about this? I've written to this manager about four times without success.

JULIA DAVID.

From the Manager's Point of View.

I was reading through the letters in the November issue, and a letter written by E. Reinhardt interested me. I'm going to try and see what really can be done about the management of a picture. I was talking to a manager only to-day about that very thing, and here's the story he told me:

"Well," he said, "we give you what you want. You all flock to see a certain star, so we try to get her pictures. If she happens to appear in a minor role, we advertise the other people in the cast and try to make the star appear in a minor role."

So you see, the manager does what any one with brains would do. He advertises the number of the cast, who will play the crowd, and why not? He's a business man.

A Letter from Egypt.

You might like to publish a letter from as far away as Egypt. We have a number of pictures here in Alexandria, and get very good films, mostly American ones, and I have seen and liked some of your best productions featuring your famous stars. Among so many beauty and talent it is difficult to choose, but I place in the first rank for charm and good acting the two that I have seen the most-Candy and my friend, Alice Terry. For your beauty there stands out a girl whose name I cannot find out, and whom I saw in "The Bright Shawl." Like every one else, I have loved very Pickford. Of your men, my favorite are Eugene O'Brien, Lewis Stone, Mahlon Hamilton, and Owen Moore. May I, however, be allowed to say that no one in America or England, or anywhere else, comes up to our Matheson Lang in looks or acting. I get and read a variety of film magazines, and am much interested in the doings of movie actors and actresses. They seem to be beings in a world apart, but the manners and costumes of some of them do astonish me.

Alexandria, Egypt.

Have the Producers Overlooked R. L. S.?

While despairing of the lack of good screen stories, my thoughts turned to Stevenson. Why has this mine of magnificent plots and fast-moving action been left desolate? I can remember only "Treasure Island," "In the Folding-Cabin," and "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" being screened.

Gather round, ye lovers of R. L. S.! Imagine Lenin and Elena of "Providence" and the two brother hustlers of "Kelly." Picture Lionel Barrymore as the fierce innkeeper, "The Master of Ballantrae," with Richard Matheson and perhaps Norma Shearer as his wife. Or "Prince Otto," best of all books for screen adaptation, especially in these days of Ballew and Granger, with any one of the stars above-mentioned. It is like no one else on the screen to-day. I could almost weep for joy to think that out of that miserable mass of feeble imitations and hard-laboring, would-be farces, there should arrive a star, head, and shoulders above the others, one who is fit to rank beside Chaplin, Lloyd, and Langdon.

ALICE CLIFTON.

Memorial Hall, Bloomington, Ind.

Why Has Agnes Ayres Left Us?

Others I think good material are "The Pavilion on the Links," which Sir Sidney Colvin thought was Stevenson's best work, and "The Wrecker," actually placed, as to be seen in San Francisco.

The idea of R. L. S. being a supreme stylist may have scared away producers, but to most readers of his stories his style is secondary. The plot which holds them enthralled until the very last word. And so many people would be curious enough to see how the producers had ruined one of his favorites, that I am sure there would be a good box-office return on any one of these.

LILLIAN PERTOS.

One Hundred and Ninety-sixth Street at Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

Australia's Favorites

I am like "One Who Knows," in August Picture Play—I have a partiality for the male stars. Richard Dix is far and away my first favorite. In a popularity contest held here recently, Richard Dix headed the list by a great margin. Talmadge headed the list of female stars.

B. D. Sydney, Australia.

A Boost for William Haines.

Girls, did you see William Haines dance in "Little Annie Rooney?" And did you see his devastating, adorably sweet smile in "The Street of Love?" A girl remembers you remember him in "The Midnight Express?" Now, girls, forget your tempertuous, fire-eating foreign heels. Come back to earth and America! Watch him in "The Tower of Lies." I’m telling you, boys, he’s the phantom’s freedle. He’s so refreshingly! I don’t want the fans to think I am a foolish, silly flapper madly in love with a picture. I have tried to get my story to the youth at the theater. But I’ll add that Louis Chaney and Elyce Daniels and the Doug Fairbankses are all great, and George O’Brien is the rat’s rubbers!

BARBARA PHILLIPS.

Denver, Colo.

A Boost for Ben.

When I first heard of Ben Lyon, it was when "Potash and Perlmutter" was being shown in this city. I had read the reviews of the picture in the daily newspaper, and I just said to myself, "Uph! Here’s another of those stage players going over the screen! He may be good looking, but I’ll not bother with seeing him!" Not until I went to see his next picture, "Flaming Youth." One day, however, "Wine of Youth" came to our city, and as I heard a great deal about it, I went to see it. There I saw Ben Lyon for the first time, and I kicked myself over and over again for having tried to keep him out of my life.

HAL GRANGER.

Westboro, Ontario, Canada.

A Comedian Wins Favor.

Who is Arthur Stone? I have made a discovery, or have I merely neglected to notice him? Not so long ago I saw him in a Pathé comedy, "Are Blond Men Bashful?" and I completely lost my heart to him. He was quaint and lovable, funny and sad, absolutely unique and distinctive. He is like no one else on the screen to-day. I could almost weep for joy to think that out of the terrible mass of feeble imitations and hard-laboring, would-be farces, there should arrive a star, head, and shoulders above the others, one who is fit to rank beside Chaplin, Lloyd, and Langdon.

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A Tribute to Marilyn Mills.

This is just a note to show how much I think of Marilyn Mills. She is one of the sweetest and bravest little girls—and nobody mentions her at all! She is working so hard for her friends—and come, fans—let's boost! LUCILE CARLSON.

206 East Main Street, Detroit, Mich.

A Fine Characterization.

I do not like to break in upon the controversy as to whether John Gilbert or Ronald Colman is the screen's greatest lover, but let it be known of one who has given us one of the screen's finest characterizations. I speak of Richard Dix's Nophic in "The Vanishing American.

If ever an actor gave a perfect portrayal this is it. It ranks with Barthelmess, Chey Huan, with Barrymore's Jekyll and Hyde.

18 Oakland Avenue, Bloomfield, N. J.

Should Old Acquaintance be Forgot?

How I dearly love to see again in pictures the old favorites: the fiery, peppy, Pearl White, cute Billie Burke, Florence Reed, Virginia Pearson, Edna Goodrich, Valeska Suratt, Irene Castle, Louise Huff, Louise Glaum, Jeanita Hansen, Marguerite Clark, Barbara Tannant, Emil Markay, Rhea Mitchell, Francella Bennington, Marcella Manon, Jackie Saunders, Kathryn Crawford, Margaret Loomis, and oh, ever so many others.

I am in the late twenties, but still love the old-time favorites.

Not long ago, I saw a picture in which Cleo Madison appeared and another with Emilie Jensen, both of whom were good players of the past and both played their roles with understanding. I wish we could have more of them.

Do you remember Anne Luther, Anne Murdock, Nell Shipman, Winifred Allen, and my darling Leo D'Leo? And where is Mary McLaren?

We still see some of the old favorites in pictures to-day—for instance, Gladys Brockwell, Doris Eaton, Nophaie Cooper, Eileen Percy, and Rosemary Theby.

Some time ago I saw a picture with an actress in it by the name of Jane Grey. She played the part of an overworked wife, and did it capably. Let's see more of her. Also of Margaret Fielding, who played the role of Mrs. Mark Sabre in "In Winter Comes." Also, please let us see more of the cast and hear Misses Mayer and Muriel Wright, Hayakawa; Laska Winter, a little fiery piece of humanity; Mildred Harris, who I think is quite pretty and spoiled; Edna Murphy, a good actor, a girl I believe, played in "Icebound;" Ruth Clifford, a good little actress; Katherine Grant, the dimpled comedy girl, who, I believe should have ridges; Carly, an old favorite; Carmelita Geraghty, for her sheer downright helplessness and pretty eyes; Pauline Starke, that bunch of emotionalism; Wanda Wiley, a comedy, cute, and completely unknown, a capable actress; and Dorothy Devore.

I would like to have back Mac Marsh, Marie Doro, and Violet Merсerue. I wish we could have Dooley and Jim Parry, two foreign players, in our pictures. And, oh, Emil Jannings, that artist—that superb artist! Were there not a few players by the names of Galena Johnson, a pretty blonde, and Helene Dixon, who played in spoiled aristocratic fashion? I am naming only players that seem to have played and then disappeared wondered new Glorias! The critics, who are already picking Norma Shearer, Pola Negri, and others to supplant Gloria Swanson, make me tired! Norma Shearer, Pola Negri, and all the rest are all right in their places, but they can't compare with Gloria.

WINONA DREVEN.

1727 Second Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

And Doris Impresses Every One This Way.

As I enjoy most the letters from the fans telling of personal impressions, the stars I should like to tell about meeting Doris Kenyon. Dainty, sincere, unaffected Doris! She had written a personal reply and sent me most admirable biography for photograph to me. Then I met her back-stage when she was starring in "The Gift." Her voice, not high and squeaky, as one might imagine, but low and charmingly pleasant. And oh, her beauty is breath taking! (I'm not a press agent, either!) Honest to goodness, she is synonomous with roses, spring, and dainty chintz.

"Unaffected" is a mild word when trying to explain Doris's candor and frankness. After my first meeting I felt that I had known her all my life. And I wouldn't even be afraid to say "Doris, what is a ten-letter word meaning squintreminentum?" And when I left her what do you think she said? "Good-bye and see me some time!" That was a good joke on me, though! Where would you look for her?

DIANA LEE.

Milton Avenue, Easton, Pa.

Are the Movies All Imagination?

Why all the excitement about 'Should the stars' private lives be made public?' It should not affect the would-be fans as it does. The movies are the movies. I know that when Conway holds Corinne so lovingly and adoringly in his arms he is not getting the thrill out of it he would if it were real.

WILL IN print on page 114
Agents and Help Wanted

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How to Entertain


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The charges made by Letrice Joy against Jack Gilbert when she sued him for divorce do not cool my ardor for him as an actor. When you consider the romantic scene with Norma Shearer he is for the time being knight-errant. Had Barbara La Marr been married to ten men it would not induce me to attend one of her pictures if I did not like her or the story.

I go to the movies to see action—thrills—romance—beauty, not to study or dissect the latest, most_installed critic. "Ugh! my profile is prettier than hers. And—"Horrors! She is chatty. What does So-and-so see in her?"—T. R. May.

Detroit, Mich.

One Fan's Impression of Ben Lyon.

Now that there is so much discussion about Ben Lyon—so many audibly voiced opinions both pro and con—I should like to come in with my personal ideas on the subject, which may be either very old or very new.

Ben Lyon—what does the name imply to me? Ben Lyon—the inane little male flapper who first conquered the largest feminine personalities in screenland, then set about to add his illustrious list the less-famed but perchance more financially profitable names of all the impressionable schoolgirls of our variety-loving country.

To the women of Hollywood he may be a change—something new—his slouchy walk, his grin, and his Southern drawl. To me, even before I learned he was originally from Atlanta, Georgia, he was tiresomely, sickeningly familiar, uninteresting. Then I realized that he is the perfect type, a prototype of all the boys I have been thrown with daily from childhood up.

He is the next-door-neighbor's boy who teases and pleases and lords it over all the little girls in the vicinity with an air of nonchalance. He is the young cub who gets his first long pants and you and every one on the block know where he bought them and how much he paid for them.

He is the high-school sophomore—all-lowercases, self-conscious, who carries your books when he's in a genial loquacious mood—and when he is not, lounges against one of the similarly cluttered portals of the favorite drug-store rendezvous and watches his inferior associates with a childish superciliousness and a catalogue afflicted expression of blasé boredom.

He is the lounge lizard who lives on tea-dansants—who dances and talks and dances and talks the same senseless thing over and over again, each time more flippant and meaningless than before.

And that is what we are suggested by Ben Lyon—the personification of the drab commonplace exasperating commonplace—the epitome of familiarity that breeds anything except thrills. . . . He is a nice boy who is fortunate enough to have conquered those in a place wherein his type is perhaps extraordinary and, after all, what is that about a prophet in his own land?

Although Ben Lyon is not our fairy-tale Prince Charming—although he is not a strange, alluring Romeo—The wol shipments here he may attain. Yet, no matter if he becomes a great matinee idol, he will always be, to me, just schoolbooks and breakfast food!—Trix MacKenzie.

Orange Villa, Dayton, Fla.

Why, Indeed?

I don't think that any one really and truly worships any motion-picture star. That would be foolish. They just have an excess amount of admiration for their particular star and want to get it out of their systems some way, and so they write letters about them. I don't think there is anything criminal in this.

But one thing that I cannot understand is this: why is it that so many, many people can't stand any other stars but the ones that they themselves like?

Box 35, Livonia, N. Y.

Is the Public Fickle?

I am tired of hearing the stars say in interviews that it's the public that's fickle. Betty Compson is quoted as saying that the public will turn to any new face. She is wrong. I have always been an admirer of Miss Compson since she did "The Miracle Man," I have always been watching her latest productions. Friends who know that I admire her as an actress ask me. "Why are you helping her in The Female" and "Locked Doors," when I wasn't even thinking of it? I thought that I had been watching her for her new releases. Friends who know that I admire her as an actress ask me. "Why are you helping her in The Female" and "Locked Doors," when I wasn't even thinking of it? I thought that I had been watching her for her new releases. Friends who know that I admire her as an actress ask me. "Why are you helping her in The Female" and "Locked Doors," when I wasn't even thinking of it? I thought that I had been watching her for her new releases. Friends who know that I admire her as an actress ask me. "Why are you helping her in The Female" and "Locked Doors," when I wasn't even thinking of it? I thought that I had been watching her for her new releases.

Frederic Wilson

608 East Seventeenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Old Names vs. the New.

Henry Jackson stated in a letter published in the October number of Picture Play that the new actresses like Greta Nissen and Vilma Banky were mere names to him. He claims to want the old stars back. The only old stars that I think should remain are: Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, and Norma Talmadge. They have established themselves as artists, but the fans get tired of the others.

Loretta Morgan.

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"Everlasting Whisper, The"—Fox. Usual Tom Mix picture in which he makes all the villains look exceedingly foolish and helpless, and of course rescues a girl.

"Eve's Lover"—Warner. A rather poor story of a business woman whom a baron marries for her money, then falls in love with after all. Irene Rich and Bert Lytell play the leading roles.

"Flower of Night"—Paramount. Louis Calhern is a picture of fiery Spanish girl, Pola Negri, who goes to every extreme in attempt to rouse responsive warmth in the cold heart of a New Englander. Screen debut of Prince Younca Troubetzkoy.


"Grounds for Divorce"—Paramount. An adaptation of the stage play, minus most of its flavor. Florence Vidor, Matt Moore, and Louise Fazenda are lost in the general dullness.

"Hell's Highroad"—Producers Distributing Corp. A girl who renounces herself on faithless husband by ruining him financially and starting an affair with another man. Leatrice Joy in the lead.


"In the Name of Love"—Paramount. Fairly good entertainment. Newly married mother and daughter set out to capture titled husband for the latter. Greta Nissen is the beautiful spoiled girl, and Ricardo Cortez the handsome young man.

"Keeper of the Bees, The"—Seagram. Good cast, including Robert Parker, Alyce Mills, and Clara Bow.

"Knock on the Door"—First National. Milton Sills in a film about a cultured prize fighter and a girl who owns a lumber camp. A log jam brings things to a crisis. Lorna Duveen is the girl.

"Lady Who Lied, The"—First National. One of those pictures where the hero discovers his heroine after she marries some one else. Lewis Stone, Virginia Valli, and Nita Naldi play the principal roles.

"Lights of Old Broadway"—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. An amusing film on old New York, bringing together Marion Davies, as the actress daughter of a belligerent Irish squatter, and Constance Talmadge, as the wealthy son of a proud old aristocrat.

"Little French Girl, The"—Paramount. Anne Sedgwick's novel; panned-takingly translated, but a little dull. Alice Joyce is lovely as the French girl, and Ray Milland is sweet, and sometimes stirring.

"Love Hour, The"—Vitagraph. A comedy that starts in Coney Island and ends in gilded palaces. Louise Fazenda, Willard Louis, Ruth Clifford, and Huntley Gordon all work themselves almost to death.

"Making of O'Malley, The"—First National. Milton Sills as the police

man who has to choose between love and duty. It is the usual hokum, but well done.

"Man Who Found Himself, The"—Paramount. Rather poor picture in which Thomas Meighan is supposed to be a crook but isn't. Ralph Morgan is real crook, and Virginia Valli the girl who misunderstands.


"Not So Long Ago"—Paramount. Rather tedious picture of old New York, with Betty Bronson not at her best, and Ricardo Cortez stilted.

"Pace That Thrills, The"—First National. False, silly story of life of a moving-picture star, with Ben Lyon miscast in the leading role.

"Raffles"—Universal. House Peters is not dashing enough in this story of a crook. In fact, the whole picture is too slow.


"Red-hot Tires"—Warner. Intended for high-speed comedy, but the featured players, Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller, aren't up to it. Full of automobiles and accidents.

"Smooth as Satin"—F. B. O. A story about blundering crooks, with Evelyn Brent the one bright spot.

"Son of His Father, A"—Paramount. Harold Bell Wright story of sister who marries brother on Western ranch and finds him tied up with band of smugglers. Bessie Love and Warner Baxter.

"Talker, The"—First National. Anna Q. Nilsson as the woman whose tongue caused a lot of mischief. Lewis Stone plays her husband and Shirley Mason the girl who took the talker's misguided words seriously.

"Thank You"—Fox. Propaganda against the iniquities of mafioso in small towns, with Alec Francis playing a saintly old minister who has rather a bad time of it, and with George O'Brien and Eulalie Logan furnishing the love element.

"Tower of Lies, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Old story of mortgage on the farm. Mediocre picture with Lon Chaney good as old Swedish father who loses mind and imagines himself an emperor and his lost daughter, Norma Shearer, an empress.

"Tracked in the Snow Country"—Warnor. Some excellent acting by Rin-tin-tin, the dog star, and some not so good by David Butler and Mitchell Lewis.

"What Fools Men"—First National. Rather a silly film in which Shirley Mason is a spoiled daughter and Lewis Stone a sensible father who doesn't know how to handle her. Barbara Bedford also featured.

"White Desert"—Metron词条.Goldwyn. Claire Windsor roughing it in the snow country, with Pat O'Malley as the big-hearted Irish hero.

"Wild, Wild Susan"—Paramount. Bebe Daniels as a little hoyden chased about by Rod La Rocque. Dull going for.


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**Peggy Jr.—** You certainly do write a nice, friendly letter. Come again, when you have an extra stamp you wish to get rid of. I think Richard Dix was with Goldwyn for about three years. His sister, Josephine, answers his fan mail. Picture-Play's interview with him, upon his being made a star, was published in the issue for December, 1924. Other stories about him for the past two years have appeared in Picture-Play issues for June, 1925, and April, 1924. These can be obtained by writing to the Circulation Department of the magazine, at 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

--I hope you won't give me hay fever. Yes, you're right that a bad penny always returns, but plenty of nice things return also. For instance, a cat—and I'm quite fond of cats. In "Children of the Whirlwind," I had the case of Isabel or Dick Sherwood. Both their addresses are included in the list at the foot of the Oracle.

**Felix the Cat.**—Well isn't that a coincidence! In the answer to Hay, above, I was just discussing the fact that the cat always comes back—and here one comes one. You'll be glad to know—at least, I suppose you'll be glad, though I really shouldn't take such things too much for granted— that Edmund Burns is not married. He was born in Philadelphia in 1897; he is a half inch under six feet and weighs one hundred and forty pounds. I suspect he weighs more now than when those statistics were compiled, however, as he returned from his European trip considerably plumper. His new pictures are "Hell's Highroad" and "Made for Love," both opposite Leatrice Joy. I'm sorry I have no idea where Ruth Taylor can be reached. Jack Dempsey is not connected with any film company at present, but I understand that he owns a hotel in Pasadena, California. Doubtless he will receive any mail address at him merely at Pasadena. The other addresses you ask for are included in the list at the bottom of The Oracle.

**Miss Saucy.**—What kind of saucy—apple saucy or saucy for the goose? The picture you describe is "Trifling Woman," written and produced by Rex Ingram. Violet Dewa was born in 1898, but I don't know the mouth and day; it is only occasionally that I know a star's birthday. Richard Barthelmess was born in 1895. Jack Mulhall weighs one hundred and forty pounds; he doesn't give his age, nor does Agnes Ayres. The leads in "The Prisoner of Zenda" were played by Alice Terry, Lewis Stone, Stuart Holmes as the villain, and Ramon Novarro. Lloyd Hughes' Own June Day—I suppose Lloyd would like to see a June day now that Hollywood's rainy season is on. Lloyd was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899, and grew up in Los Angeles. He has played in pictures about seven years. He seems to be quite happily married.

**The Patsy Ruth Miller Fan Club** wishes to announce its debut in this department. Patsy Ruth Miller's admirers are urged to join. They may communicate with Miss Eleanor Shanessy, 518 E. 22nd, Madison, Forty-fourth Street, N. Y.

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Ray's Faithful Sally.—So you have a bone to pick with me? Well, then, let's make it a widespread. The reason I didn't mention Wanda Hawley's address when you asked for it was that she wasn't making a picture at the time, and I couldn't find out where to reach her. According to last accounts, she was making "The Midnight Limited" for Rayart Pictures—address below. Maurice Costello is now directing at Warner Brothers studio, I don't know of any screen star who has not occurred—occurred on February 21; I seldom know the birthdays.

Author of Milton Sills.—I suppose you read of Milton Sills' recent divorce from Gladys Wynne; and, since you admire him so much, you probably know that he was once a college professor. His new pictures are "The Unguarded Hour" and "Men of Steel." Kenneth Harlan is married to Mabel Pruell, who recently appeared in "Bobbed Hair." Edmund Lowe recently married Lilian Tashman.

Powell Fox.—Never let it be said that any one repeatedly seeks information—about me and doesn't get it. However, it was impossible to publish your answers in the issue you mention, as that was already in print at the date of the receipt of your letter. William Powell was born in 1892; he is six feet tall and has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. He is married and has a baby son. He frequently makes pictures in another studio, but at the time of this writing, is in Spain playing in the film version of Ibañez' "Queen Calafia." Yes, he appeared on the stage for ten years before playing in pictures.

Questions.—What shall you call me? W. D. E. stands as an apt expression, but do try to be reasonable. I'm sorry I know practically nothing about Dorothy Sea- strom, as it is only in the past few months that she has come into my light. I feel sure that she would send you her photo if you wrote to her at the address listed below.

John's Girl.—I'm glad to know that John has a girl; I was getting a little worried about him. He's well over thirty-five and has played in pictures for about ten years. You can reach him at the address listed below. John Barrymore was born in 1882, but I don't know in what month. "The Sea Beast" was released in January. Clara Kimball Young doesn't give her age. Madge Kennedy doesn't wish her home address published, and since she is not connected with any film company, I don't know how it is possible to write to her.

A Constant Reader.—It was Ronald Colman who played the male lead in "The White Sister." He has an appearance on the screen in America—the first film history!

H. M.—So you would like to know more about Buck Jones? That's easy. He was born in Indians, but he doesn't say when. He is not quite six feet tall, and has brown hair and gray eyes. He is married, but I do not know to whom. He is under contract to Fox Film Company—address below. His hobby, by the way, is police dogs, and he has a large kennel.

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